



GLASNIK

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Vukovar, sinagoga prije 1941. Synagogue in Vukovar before year 1941

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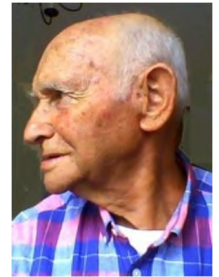
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Darko Fischer, urednik "Glasnika"

Uz dvadesetdrugi broj BB Glasnika



Poštovane čitateljice i čitatelji,

Nastavljamo u ranijem broju najavljen običaj i donosimo zapis o stradanju za vrijeme Holokausta. U ovom broju donosimo prvi dio sjećanja Đure Švarca (Schwartz) iz Zagreba koji je bio izbačen iz zloglasnog logora Jasenovac nakon godinu dana boravka i patnje. Spasila ga je supruga koja je nije bila pod udarom rasnih zakona. Svoja sjećanja je ovaj kasnije profesor Sveučilišta u Zagrebu i skrivao u strahu sve do svoje smrti. Taj potresni tekst objavljen je nakon smrti njegove žene 1995. godine u Biltenu Židovske općine Zagreb (Bilten 39-40, ožujak/travanj 1995) i mi ga ponovo reproduciramo. Povod za ovo objavljivanje je knjiga prof. Z. Benčića o profesoru Švarcu, koja je izašla prošle godine i u kojoj su također reproducirani neki dijelovi sjećanja ovog stradalnika najgoreg logora i mučilišta zloglasne NDH.

U ovom broju donosimo još tri kratka prikaza aktualnih događaja u Hrvatskoj. Profesor Arhitektonskog fakulteta u Zagrebu, Zlatko Karač napisao je knjigu o sinagogama u Hrvatskoj. Donosimo kratki osvrt na tu knjigu i navodimo tužnu sudbinu većine sinagoga u Hrvatskoj. Donosimo i prikaz najnovije prevedene knjiga Amosa Oza na hrvatski. Radi se o knjizi „Što čini jabuku“ a prikaz je napisala naša suradnica Narcisa Potežica. Također donosimo i kratak prikaz o židovskoj porodici Müller iz Zagreba.

Darko Fischer, editor of "Voice of BB"

Editorial to the twentysecond issue of The Voice of BB

Dear readers

We continue, as the previously announced to bring records of the suffering during the Holocaust. In this issue, we bring the first part of records written by Đuro Švarc (Schwartz) from Zagreb, who was rescued from the infamous Jasenovac camp after a year of residence and suffering. He was rescued by his wife who was not under the impact of racial laws. This later professor of the University of Zagreb hid his memories in fear until his death. This shocking text was published after the death of his wife in 1995 in the Bulletin of the Jewish Community of Zagreb (Bilten 39-40, March / April 1995) and we reproduce it again. The motive for this reproduction is the book by prof. Z. Benčić about Professor Švarc, which was published last year and in which some parts of memoirs of this victim of the worst camp and torture place in the infamous NDH were also reproduced.

In this issue, we bring three more brief overviews of current events in Croatia. Professor of the Faculty of Architecture in Zagreb, Zlatko Karač wrote a book about synagogues in Croatia. We bring a brief review of this book and emphasize the sad fate of most synagogues in Croatia. We also bring you a review of the latest translated book by Amos Oz into Croatian. It is about the book "What makes an apple" The review was written by our collaborator Narcisa Potežica. We also bring a brief overview of the Jewish Müller family from Zagreb.

Hrvatske sinagoge

Nedavno je u Zagrebu objavljena knjiga o sinagogama u Hrvatskoj, reprezentativna monografija najboljeg hrvatskog poznavatelja sinagogalne arhitekture i profesora Arhitektonskog fakulteta u Zagrebu Zlatka Karača. Profesor Karač se već godinama bavi urbanističkim i arhitekturnim nasljeđem u Hrvatskoj, ovo mu je peta knjiga na sličnu temu i sa sličnim nazivom.



Prof. Zlatko Karač

Ovoj knjizi o sinagogama autor je dao naziv „Studije o arhitekturi sinagoga u Hrvatskoj“ i u nju je autor uvrstio brojne dosadašnje radove na ovu temu. Knjiga je dobila pozitivne recenzije u općoj i stručnoj javnosti, pa su gledatelji hrvatske javne televizije imali priliku vidjeti intervju s profesorom Karačem na temu njegove knjige a čitatelji židovskih časopisa mogli su pročitati stručni osvrt povjesničarke umjetnosti Snješke Knežević u časopisu Ha Kol, glasilu Židovske općine Zagreb.

Zato ćemo se mi u ovom prikazu, pored samo kraćeg osvrta na sadržaj knjige, fokusirati na tužnu sudbinu sinagoga u Hrvatskoj, posebno to ilustrirati s nevjerojatno žalosnim ishodom sinagoge u Vukovaru, koja je, kako se iz brojnih ilustracija Karačeve knjige vidi, autoru posebno draga, jer je i sam rođeni Vukovarac.

Zlatku Karaču je ovo druga knjiga o sinagogama u Hrvatskoj, uz još nekoliko popratnih tekstova uz izložbe. Prva, znatno skromnija od ove, izašla je još 2000. godine („Arhitektura sinagoga u Hrvatskoj u doba historicizma“).

„Studije o arhitekturi sinagoga u Hrvatskoj“ nije kronološki ili po zemljopisnom rasporedu sastavljen popis već se u nekoliko dijelova knjige navode različite osobine ovih sakralnih građevina. Opisani su tipovi sinagoga, njihovi graditelji, urbano okruženje, sinagoge iz razdoblja historicizma i sinagoge iz 20. stoljeća. Ipak, u posebnom poglavlju „Odabrani primjeri sinagoga“ autor daje nešto opširniji opis nekih sinagoga građenih prije 1900. , njih 18 i opis još 10 sinagoga iz 20. stoljeća. Pored sinagoga u knjizi se nalaze osvrti i na druge židovske sakralne građevine, mrtvačnice na grobljima i zgrade prilagođene za židovske vjerske objekte. U dodatku knjizi nalazi se glosarij judaističkih pojmova.

Knjiga je obogaćena brojnim fotografijama, nacrtima i crtežima, sve u crno-bijeloj tehnici, pa smo se odlučili u ovom prikazu uvrstiti neke naše novije snimke u boji istih objekata. Na omotu knjige, prilično diskretno, „viri“ kupola vukovarske sinagoge, što je razumljiv autorov izbor.

Čitalac će iz knjige saznati, da su se po tipu sinagoge u Hrvatskoj mogle razvrstati u tri bitne kategorije. To su kupolne sinagoge, tripartitne sinagoge i sinagoge s tornjevima. Autor je našao 8 tripartitnih, 3 kupolne i 9 sinagoga s tornjevima. Pored toga su postojale još i neke netipične građevine, tako se spominje broj od 79 objekata.

Vukovarska i vinkovačka sinagoga bile su primjeri kupolne građevine, centralno simetrične zgrade nad čijim središtem se uzdizala kupola. Zagrebačka sinagoga bila je tripartitna, pročelje se sastojalo od centralnog dijela i dva simetrična bočna dijela. Takve su bile i

sinagoge u Koprivnici i Sisku. Obje osječke sinagoge, sinagoga u Slavonskom Brodu i Našicama primjeri su sinagoga s tornjevima.

U knjizi je također navedeno da je o hrvatskim sinagogama snimljen i na javnoj televiziji prikazan film čiji koautori uz Karača su Snješka Knežević i Mira Wolf osobe koje su u mnogo navrata promovirale kulturno nasljeđe Židova u Hrvatskoj, posebno u Zagrebu.



Sinagoga Osijek, Gornji grad, oko 1920.

Većina od 79 sinagoga u Hrvatskoj imale su tužnu sudbinu. U doba Holokausta namjerno su uništavane: rušena, paljene, devastirane, korištene u ponižavajuće svrhe. Kao građevine, opstale su samo 20. U upotrebi kao sinagoge koriste se samo tri i to Rijeci, Splitu i Dubrovniku, dijelu Hrvatske koji je bio pod talijanskom okupacijom u do talijanske kapitulacije, pa su tamo progoni Židova i uništavanje židovske baštine bili manje djelotvorni.

No, posebno je žalosno, što stradanje sinagoga nije završeno sa završetkom Drugog svjetskog rata. U vrijeme komunističke vladavine, odmak nakon oslobođenja od fašizma, vlasti nisu dobronamjerno gledale na religiozne osjećaje i aktivnosti stanovnika. Religija je bila proglašena zastarjelom i štetnom ideologijom koja zaglupljuje i eksploatira „narodne mase“. Ako u tome možda ima djelomično i istine, to ne opravdava kulturocid nad sinagogama kao sakralnim objektima, koje su bile ukras grada.

Nekoliko sinagoga koje su više slučajem nego s namjerom očuvane kao građevine gotovo u cijelosti, srušene su iako su se mogle obnoviti. Da apsurd i tragedija bude još veća, tom uništavanju doprinijele su i židovske zajednice tadašnje socijalističke Jugoslavije. O rušenju sinagoga u Osijeku (koja je bila spaljena još 1941. ali su židovi i pomoćne prostorije ostale sačuvane), Karlovcu i Kutini moglo bi se opširno pisati, no ovdje ćemo se zadržati na vjerojatno najvećem kulturocidu, rušenju vukovarske sinagoge.

Prije rata vukovarska sinagoga bila je dominantna građevina na veduti Vukovara. Kako prikazuje naša slika, u pogled na grad s Dunava dominirala je na brežuljku kupola ove značajne građevine iz 1889. godine. Za vrijeme Holokausta, sinagoga je bila opljačkana i devastirana, u joj je bio zatvor za Židove a kasnije nekakvo skladište. No kraj rata je građevina dočekala u donekle upotrebljivom stanju. A onda, 1958. godine je srušena i prodana kao građevinski materijal. Do prodaje je došlo po želji tadašnjeg vlasnika, Saveza jevrejskih opština Jugoslavije.

Kako je moglo doći do takvog vandalizma na prvi pogled izgleda sasvim nerazumljivo. Za nas koji se dobro sjećamo tih vremena postoji objašnjenje. Židovske općine su u poslijeratnom razdoblju bile krajnje siromašne. Sredstava za obnovu ruševnih građevina uopće nije bilo. Prijetile su opasnosti da se takve građevine uruše, izazovu nezgode i povrede slučajnih prolaznika. Vlasništvo nad takvim građevinama bilo je više opterećenje i briga nego bilo kakva dobit. Osim toga, pretpostavljalo se, da će sve građevine biti nacionalizirane,

prijeći u vlasništvo države. Zato se nastojalo na bilo koji način od oštećenih građevina izvući bilo kakvu korist.



Vukovar, obnova kapelice na groblju

U takvom razvoju događaja, kada u Vukovaru nije više bilo Židova a pravno je vlasnik sinagoge postala krovna židovska organizacija tadašnje države, taj je Savez odlučio prodati sinagogu kao građevinski materijal! U arhivu Židovske općine Osijek postoji o tome dokument. Odvjetnik, kome je bilo povjereno provođenje tog posla piše „Savezu“ kako ima poteškoća oko realizacije ovog posla, jer lokalne vlasti nisu suglasne s rušenjem.

Sinagoga je ipak srušena. Novac koji je „Savez“ dobio za prodani građevinski materijal bio je, vjerojatno, neznatan. Na jednom dijelu lokacije bivše sinagoge sada

stoji jedna stambena zgrada. Drugi dio tog terena je u vlasništvu Židovske općine Osijek i, kako prikazuje naša slika, taj dio ne služi nikakvoj svrsi. Svojevremeno nastojanje Židovske općine Osijek da se to mjesto nekako obilježi nije naišao na razumijevanje ni lokalnih vlasti niti židovske zajednice Hrvatske.

Jedino što je Židovska općina Osijek postigla vezano za sakralne židovske objekte u Vukovaru je djelomična zaštita i obnova ceremonijalne zgrade na vukovarskom židovskom groblju. Potporu za ovu vrijednu akciju Židovska općina Osijek dobila je baš od profesora Zlatka Karača.

Darko Fischer:

Synagogues in Croatia

(Translation by Google)

Recently, a book about synagogues in Croatia was published in Zagreb, a representative monograph by the best Croatian connoisseur of synagogue architecture and professor of the Faculty of Architecture in Zagreb, Zlatko Karač. Professor Karač has been dealing with urban and architectural heritage in Croatia for years, this is his fifth book on a similar topic and with a similar title.



Jewish Cemetery Chapel in Đakovo

The author called this book on synagogues "Studies on the Architecture of Synagogues in Croatia" and the author included his numerous previous works on this topic. The book received positive reviews from the general and professional public, also viewers of Croatian public television had the opportunity to see an interview with Professor Karač on the topic of his book. Readers of Jewish magazines could read an expert review by art historian Snješka

Knežević in Ha Kol magazine published by Jewish community of Zagreb .

Therefore, in this review, in addition to a brief review of the of the book, we will focus on the sad fate of synagogues in Croatia, especially with the incredibly sad outcome of the synagogue in Vukovar, which, as can be seen from numerous illustrations of Karač's book, is especially dear to the author as he was born in Vukovar.

This is Zlatko Karač's second book about synagogues in Croatia, with several other accompanying texts to the exhibitions. The first, much more modest than this one, was published in 2000 ("Architecture of Synagogues in Croatia in the Age of Historicism").



Vukovar synagogue as seen from Danub river

"Studies on the Architecture of Synagogues in Croatia" is not a chronological or geographically compiled list, but several parts of the book list the different features of these sacral buildings. The types of synagogues, their builders, urban environment, synagogues from the period of historicism and synagogues from the 20th century are described. However, in a special chapter "Selected examples of synagogues", the author gives a somewhat more extensive

description of some synagogues built before 1900, 18 of them and a description of 10 other synagogues from the 20th century. In addition to synagogues, the book contains reviews of other Jewish religious buildings, mortuaries in cemeteries, and buildings adapted for Jewish religious activities. In the appendix to the book is a glossary of Judaic terms.

The book is enriched with numerous photographs, blueprints and drawings, all in black and white, so we decided to include in this review some of our more recent color shots of the same objects. On the cover of the book, quite discreetly, the dome of the Vukovar synagogue "peeks", which is an understandable choice of the author.

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The reader will learn from the book that according to the type of synagogue in Croatia, they could be classified into three important categories. These are domed synagogues, tripartite

synagogues and synagogues with towers. The author found 8 tripartite, 3 domes and 9 synagogues with towers. In addition, there were some atypical buildings, so the number of 79 buildings is mentioned.

The Vukovar and Vinkovci synagogues were examples of a domed building, a centrally symmetrical building with a dome rising above its center. The Zagreb synagogue was tripartite, the façade consisting of a central part and two symmetrical side parts. Such were the synagogues in Koprivnica and Sisak. Both Osijek synagogues, the synagogues in Slavonski Brod and Našice, are examples of synagogues with towers.

The reader can also find information about a film on Croatian synagogues made and shown on public television. Besides Professor Karač the co-authors of the film were Snješka Knežević and Mira Wolf, persons who on many occasions promoted the cultural heritage of Jews in Croatia, especially in Zagreb.

Most of the 79 synagogues in Croatia had a sad fate. During the Holocaust, they were deliberately destroyed: demolished, burned, devastated, used for degrading purposes. As buildings, only 20 survived. Only three of them are still used as synagogues, namely Rijeka, Split and Dubrovnik. These towns are in the part of Croatia that was under Italian occupation during WW II until the Italian capitulation, so the persecution of Jews and the destruction of Jewish heritage was less effective.

What is additionally sad with Croatian synagogues is the fact that their destruction did not end with the end of World War II. During communist rule, immediately after the liberation from fascism, new authorities did not look favorably on the religious feelings and activities of the inhabitants. Religion has been declared an outdated and harmful ideology that dulls and exploits the "masses". If there may be some truth in this, it does not justify the culturicide of synagogues as sacral objects, which were the decoration of the city. Several synagogues, which survived WW II in its form as buildings, were demolished in this period although they could be rebuilt. To make the absurdity and tragedy even greater, the Jewish communities of the then socialist Yugoslavia also contributed to this destruction. The demolition of the synagogues in Osijek (which was burned down in 1941 but the walls and auxiliary rooms have been preserved), Karlovac and Kutina experienced such a fate and we could write about them too, but here we will focus on probably the biggest culturicide, the demolition of the Vukovar synagogue.

Before the war, the Vukovar synagogue was the dominant building on the view of Vukovar. As our picture shows, the view of the city from the Danube was dominated by the dome of this important building from 1889. During the Holocaust, the synagogue was looted and devastated, there was a prison for Jews and later a warehouse. But at the end of the war the building still was in a somewhat usable condition. And then, in 1958, it was demolished and sold as a building material. The sale took place at the request of the then owner, the Federation of Jewish Communities of Yugoslavia.

How such vandalism could have occurred seems, at first glance, quite incomprehensible. For those of us who remember those times well, there is, however, an explanation. Jewish communities were extremely poor in the post-war period. There were no funds for the reconstruction of the dilapidated buildings at all. There was a danger that such buildings would collapse, causing accidents and injuries to passers-by. Ownership of such buildings was more of a burden and a concern than any profit. In addition, it was assumed that all buildings would be nationalized, become the property of the state. Therefore, an attempt was made to derive any benefit from the damaged buildings in any way.



Vukovar, former synagogue terrain

In such a development, when there were no more Jews in Vukovar and legally the owner of the synagogue became the umbrella Jewish organization of the then state, (the "Federation") they decided to sell the synagogue as a building material! There is a document about that in the archives of the Jewish community of Osijek. The lawyer, who was entrusted with the implementation of this work, wrote to the "Federation" that he had difficulties in carrying out this work, because the local authorities did not agree with the demolition.

The synagogue was demolished, however. The money that the "Federation" received for the sold construction materials was probably insignificant. On one part of the site of the former synagogue now stands an apartment building. The other part of the terrain is owned by the Jewish community of Osijek and, as our picture shows, that part serves no purpose. The timely efforts of the Jewish community of Osijek to somehow mark the place were not understood by either the local authorities or the Jewish community in Croatia.

The only thing that the Jewish community of Osijek has achieved in relation to the sacral Jewish buildings in Vukovar is the partial protection and restoration of the ceremonial building in the Vukovar Jewish cemetery. The Jewish community of Osijek received support for this valuable action from Professor Zlatko Karač himself.

Narcisa Potežica:

Amos Oz: "Što čini jabuku?"

Početak ove 2021. godine izašla je u Hrvatskoj nova knjiga Amosa Oza pod naslovom "Što čini jabuku?" (u nakladi Frakture, a s hebrejskog je prevela Andrea Weiss Sadeh). Amos Oz, jedan od najpoznatijih suvremenih svjetskih i izraelskih pisaca, koji je umro koncem 2018. godine i uz njegov najpoznatiji antologijski autobiografski roman "Priča o ljubavi i tmini" na hrvatski je prevedeno i tiskano trinaest njegovih knjiga. Prije nešto više od godine dana preveden je i objavljen roman "Fima", djelo o osamljenosti u prepoznatljivom ambijentu suvremenog Izraela.

Nova knjiga "Što čini jabuku?" sastoji se od razgovora, koje je Amos Ozom vodio sa Širom Hadad, svojom izraelskom urednicom i dugogodišnjom prijateljicom. Šira Hadad doktorirala je na djelima Šmuela Josefa Agnona na Sveučilištu Columbia, radila je kao urednica suvremene hebrejske proze u izraelskoj nakladničkoj kući Keter, a trenutačno radi kao samostalna urednica i piše scenarije za dramske serije.

U ovoj zbirci na 176 stranica objavljeno je šest razgovora koji ukazuju na srž prijateljstva s njegovom urednicom, a nastali su prije više od desetak godina, točnije 2008. Podnaslov je "Šest razgovora o pisanju, ljubavi, osjećaju krivnje i ostalim užicima" ukazuje da su to intervjui, naravno pomno izabrani, jer je u njima obuhvaćena osnova njegova životnog puta i svjetonazora koje je svojim djelima na neki način slao svima oko sebe tijekom pripovijedanja njegova životnog puta. Kroz intervjue s Ozom ponovo su oživljeni trenuci koji

su i bit njegova književnog djela i kroz njih je ostavio poruku svijetu. To je knjiga iznimnih razgovora, to je esencija cijeloživotnog dijaloga koji je veliki pisac vodio sa sobom i svijetom koji ga okružuje. Pred čitatelje postavljeni su dijalozi koje je pisac vodio s urednicom njegovih djela ali i prijateljicom Širom Hadad, pa je to najintimniji portret Amosa Oza. Knjiga donosi Ozova razmišljanja o djetinjstvu, odrastanju, važnim knjigama i autorima, o stvaralačkom procesu i nadahnuću, o pitanjima ljubavi i braka, roditeljstva, odnosu među ljudima.



Naslovna stranica Ozove knjige

Tako u razgovoru, među ostalim, govori zbog čega je promijenio ime nakon majčina samoubojstva, sjetimo se da mu je pravo ime Klausner, rodio se ulici Amos u Jeruzalemu, dok prezime Oz uzima jer to znači i hrabar, snažan kakav je želio postati kad je sa četrnaest godina otišao u kibuc, gdje je upoznao buduću ženu, oženio se, rodila mu se djeca i tamo je ostao preko tri desetljeća. O životu u kibucu s puno kritike i ujedno pohvale ali s dozom nostalgije napisao je zbirku pripovjedaka "Među svojima".

U zbirci razgovora "Što čini jabuku?" govori o specifičnosti stvaralačkog čina i zašto je napisati roman jednako kao sagraditi čitav Pariz od šibica i ljepila. A više puta se navodi njegovo objašnjenje stvaralačkog čina pisanja i uspoređuje s pripovijedanjem: "... Što čini jabuku? Voda, zemlja, sunce, drvo jabuke i malo gnojiva. Ali ona nije nalik nijednoj od tih stvari. Napravljena je od njih, ali nije im nalik. Tako je i s pričom, i ona je sigurno načinjena od zbroja susreta, iskustava i slušanja."

Zatim saznajemo kako Amos Oz razmišlja o važnim životnim pitanjima, govori otvoreno i intimno o svemu što je važno njemu i svima nama – govori o ljubavi i o seksu, o feminizmu i fanatizmu, mržnji i suživotu, prošlosti i budućnosti. Također odgovara i na pitanje može li književnost promijeniti čovjeka i može li se uopće promijeniti svijet.

Knjiga i razgovori u njoj su duboko emotivni, osjeća se toplina i spontanost ali i njegov posebno karakterističan humor i ironija čime su prožeta Ozova razmišljanja o djetinjstvu, odrastanju, važnim knjigama i autorima, o stvaralačkom procesu i nadahnuću istinski će zasjati dok s prepoznatljivom mudrošću i jasnoćom bude dodirivao osim pitanja među ljudima u ljubavi i braku, važnu temu politike i vjere, starenja i smrti.

Evo što o toj knjizi kaže David Grossman: "Ova knjiga otkriva Amosa Oza onakvoga kakvoga smo poznavali mi, njegovi prijatelji: otvorenog i s nevjerojatnim smislom za humor i ironiju."

Zbirka razgovora "Što čini jabuku" kako je i mnogi ocjenjuju je ujedno esencija cjeloživotnog dijaloga koji je veliki pisac vodio sa sobom i svijetom koji ga okružuje, ali je to ispovijed iskrena, bez tabua i laži. Ova zbirka razgovora je najosobnija knjiga Amosa Oza, kao što mnogi ističu - jednoga od najutjecajnijih intelektualaca 20. stoljeća, knjiga koja kroz razgovor s velikim piscem donosi prva i posljednja pitanja našeg postojanja, sve ono od čega je izgrađen i njegov život od djetinjstva, njegova sudjelovanje u ratu, stvaranje Izraela ali i njegovo veliko mirotvorstvo i zagovaranje mira i suživota. Sve je tu po čemu ga

prepoznajemo, poštujemo, volimo i sada još bolje upoznajemo pisca koji se rodio, živio i umro u Izraelu a svojim djelom jedan je od velikana našega vremena.

Narcisa Potežica:

Amos Oz: "What Makes an Apple?"

(Translation by Google)

At the beginning of 2021, a new book by Amos Oz "What makes an apple?" was published in Croatia (published by „Fraktura“, and translated from Hebrew by Andrea Weiss Sadeh). Amos Oz, one of the most famous contemporary world and Israeli writers, died at the end of 2018. His most famous anthological autobiographical novel "A Tale of Love and Darkness" is one of thirteen of his books translated and printed in Croatian. About a year ago, the novel "Fima" was translated and published, a work about loneliness in the recognizable ambience of modern Israel.

The new book "What Makes an Apple?" consists of a conversation, which Amos Oz had with Shira Hadad, his Israeli editor and longtime friend. Shira Hadad received her Ph. D. from Columbia University for her work about Shmuel Josef Agnon. She also worked as an editor of contemporary Hebrew prose at the Israeli publishing house Keter, and she currently works as a freelance editor and writes screenplays for drama series.

This 176-page collection contains six conversations that point to the core of his friendship with his editor. This was created more than a decade ago, in 2008. The subtitle "Six conversations about writing, love, guilt and other pleasures" indicates that these interviews, of course carefully chosen, encompass the basis of his life path. It presents his worldview which he, in his own way, sent to everyone around him during the narration of his life path. The moments that were the essence of Oz's literary work were revived through interviews with him, and through them he left a message to the world. It is a book of exceptional conversations, it is the essence of the lifelong dialogue that the great writer had with himself and the world around him. The readers can find dialogues that the writer had with the editor of his works, and his friend Shira Hadad, so this is the most intimate portrait of Amos Oz. The book brings Oz's thoughts on childhood, growing up, important books and authors, the creative process and inspiration, on issues of love and marriage, parenthood, the relationship between people.

Among other things in this conversation, he explains why he changed his name after his mother's suicide, but reveals that his real name is Klausner, and how he was born in Amos Street in Jerusalem. He took the surname Oz because it meant being brave, strong what he wanted to be when at the age of fourteen he went to a kibbutz, where he met his future wife, married, had children, and remained there for over three decades. He wrote a collection of short stories "Among My People" about life in a kibbutz with a lot of criticism and praise at the same time, but with a dose of nostalgia.

In the collection of conversations "What makes an apple?" he talks about the specificity of creative acts and why writing a novel is like building the whole Paris with matches and glue. His explanation of the creative act of writing is quoted several times and compared to the narration: "What makes an apple? Water, soil, sun, apple tree and a little fertilizer. But it is not like any of those things. It is made of them, but it is not like them. So it is with a story, which is made up of encounters, experiences and listening."

We also learn how Amos Oz thinks about important life issues, speaks openly and intimately about everything that is important to him and all of us - he talks about love and sex, feminism and fanaticism, hatred and coexistence, past and future. He also answers the question whether literature can change a man and whether the world can be changed at all.

Both the book and the conversations in it are deeply emotional, you feel warmth and spontaneity but also his particularly characteristic humor and irony which permeate Oz's thoughts on childhood, growing up, important books and authors, the creative process and inspiration. It truly shines with recognizable wisdom and clarity. The book, besides issues among people in love and marriage also touches important topics of politics and faith, aging and death.

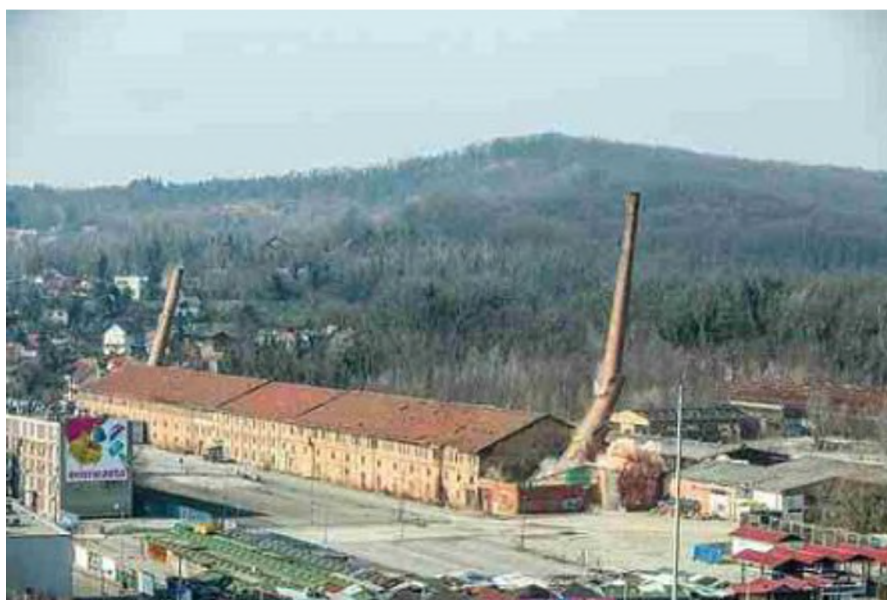
This is what David Grossman says about that book: "This book reveals Amos Oz as we, his friends, knew him: open and with an incredible sense of humor and irony."

The collection of conversations "What makes an apple", as it is assessed by many, is also the essence of a lifelong dialogue that the great writer had with himself and the world around him, but it is a sincere confession, without taboos and lies. This collection of conversations is the most personal book of Amos Oz, who, as many persons point out, is one of the most influential intellectuals of the 20th century. This book through conversations with a great writer brings the first and last questions of our existence, all that made up his life, his participation in the war, the creation of Israel but also his great peacemaking efforts and advocacy of peace and coexistence. Here we find everything by which we recognize him, respect him, love him. Here we learn better how the writer was born, lived and died in Israel and how with his works he became one of the greats of our time.

Darko Fischer:

Zagrebačka obitelj Müller

Nedavno su u istočnom dijelu Zagreba srušena dva tvornička dimnjaka bivše ciglane. Rušenja takvih dimnjaka uvijek izaziva posebnu pažnju, slike su obično spektakularne jer se dimnjak „prelomi“ pri padu točno na dvije trećine udaljenosti od svog vrha. Fotografiji žele uhvatiti taj trenutak, pa su tako i zagrebačke novine prikazale tu snimku nedavnog rušenja dimnjaka stare ciglane.



No pored ove atrakcije pažnju novinara i javnosti privukla je povijest ciglane kojoj su nekada ti dimnjaci služili. Gradski kroničari su se prisjetili da je ciglanu osnovala i pripadala židovskoj porodici Müller koja je izgradnjom i drugih vrijednih građevina

Rušenje dimnjaka u bivšoj Müllerovoj ciglani

znatno zadužila glavni grad Hrvatske.

Prvi poznati član ove porodice, Adolf Müller rodio se u Zagrebu 1857. godine gdje je završio bačvarski zanat (podaci o porodici Müller uzeti su iz Židovskog biografskog leksikona, WEB izdanje Leksikografskog zavoda „Miroslav Krleža“, urednik prof. dr. sc. Ivo Goldstein) . Oženio se s Fanny Mühlhofer te se preselio u Josipdol i tamo otvorio trgovinu i gostionicu. Posao je dobro išao pa su Müllerovi ubrzo zaradili dovoljno novca da se presele u Zagreb i tu započnu novi posao. Trgovao je ugljenom i ciglom i postao suvlasnik ciglane Müller i Lubinski. Gradio je i kino dvorane i dva značajna objekta, današnji kino Europa i Dramsko kazalište Gavella su njegovo djelo. Također je u blizini ovih objekata u centru Zagreba sagradio i nekoliko stambenih zgrada. Adolf Müller umro je kao bogat čovjek i omiljen dobrotvor u 75. godini. Posljednja mu je neispunjena želja bila sagraditi zagrebačku Židovsku bolnicu.

Adolf i Fanny imali su dva sina, Alfeda Ivana i Lea. Alfred Ivan bavio se kinematografijom i bio kino operater. Alfred je vodio kino u kojem je među prvim pijanistima koji su pratili nijemi film bio Bruno Bjelinski, kasnije jedan od najvećih hrvatskih skladatelja po porijeklu isto Židov.

Alfred se prije rata odselio se u Francusku i od tamo je 1944. odveden i ubijen u logoru Dachau iako je prethodno prešao na kršćanstvo. Njegova supruga, kći i sin su preživjeli Holokaust, sin Alan umro je u Zagrebu 2014. godine.

Drugi sin Alfreda i Fanny zvao se Leo. Naslijedio je očevu ciglanu a sa suprugom Nadom



Grobnica Muler, groble Mirogoj, Zagreb

Spitzer je imao tri sina: Marijana, Rajka i Branka. Prema jednom izvoru ubijen je 1941. u okolini Zagreba nakon bijega iz zatvora u Kerestincu, dok po nekom drugom izvoru poginuo je u jednom od ustaških logora. Supruga Nada i sinovi Marijan i Rajko preživjeli su Holokaust u Londonu, dok je Branko preživio skrivajući se pod lažnim imenom u Kosovskoj Mitrovici gdje su Müllerovi imali rudnik i gdje se o Branku brinula jedna guvernanta čije ime, nažalost, nije poznato, iako je prema nekom navodima kasnije živjela u Zagrebu

i doživjela duboku starost. Rajko i Branko su nakon rata postali poznati atletičari. Naročito se isticao Branko, posebno kao prvak i reprezentativac tadašnje Jugoslavije u skoku u dalj. Opširan članak o njemu napisao je sportski novinar Fredi Kramer u časopisu židovske općine Zagreb „HaKol“ (br.120. svibanj/lipanj 2011),. Branko je nakon aktivne sportske karijere otišao u Njemačku gdje je radio kao sportski trener. Marjan se iselio u Izrael koncem 40. -ih godina prošlog stoljeća. O njegovim vezama sa starom domovinom i mjestom rođenja se ništa ne zna. Rajko Miler ostao je u Zagrebu gdje i danas živi njegov sin Dubravko Miler.

Na zagrebačkom groblju Mirogoj grobnica porodice Müller nalazi se na istaknutom mjestu, u arkadama i posebno je ukrašena velikim spomenikom poznatog hrvatskog kipara Roberta Frangeša Mihanovića

Darko Fischer:

Müller Family from Zagreb (Translation by Google)

Recently, two factory chimneys of a former brickyard were demolished in the eastern part of Zagreb. Demolition of such chimneys always causes special attentions, the pictures are usually spectacular because the chimney "breaks" when falling exactly two thirds of the distance from its top. Photographers want to capture that moment, so the Zagreb newspapers also showed that photos of the recent demolition of the chimneys of the old brickyard.

But in addition to this attraction, the attention of journalists and the public was drawn to the history of the brickyard to which these chimneys once served. City chroniclers recalled that the brickyard was founded and belonged to the Jewish Müller family, which significantly indebted the Croatian capital with the construction of other valuable buildings.



Adolf Müller (1857-1932), first of his family in Zagreb

The first known member of this family, Adolf Müller, was born in Zagreb in 1857, where he finished the cooperage (data on the Müller family are taken from the Jewish Biographical Lexicon, WEB edition of the Lexicographic Institute "Miroslav Krleža", editor Prof. Ivo Goldstein, PhD). He married Fanny Mühlhofer and moved to Josipdol and opened a shop and inn there. The business was going well, so the Müllers soon earned enough money to move to Zagreb and start a new business there. Müller traded with coal and bricks and became a co-owner of the Müller and Lubinski brickyards. He also built cinemas and two significant buildings, today's Europa cinema and Gavella Drama Theater are his work. He also

built several residential buildings near these buildings in the center of Zagreb. Adolf Müller died as a wealthy man and a favorite benefactor at the age of 75. His last unfulfilled wish was to build a Jewish hospital in Zagreb.

Adolf and Fanny had two sons, Alfred-Ivan and Leo. Alfred Ivan was a cinematographer and cinema operator. Alfred ran a cinema in which Bruno Bjelinski, later one of the greatest

Croatian composers of Jewish origin, was among the first pianists to play during silent films performances.

Before the war, Alfred moved to France and from there in 1944 he was taken and killed in the Dachau camp, although he had previously converted to Christianity. His wife, daughter and son survived the Holocaust, son Alan died in Zagreb in 2014.

Alfred and Fanny's second son was named Leo. He inherited his father's brickyard and with his wife Nada Spitzer had three sons: Marijan, Rajko and Branko. According to one source, he was killed in 1941 in the vicinity of Zagreb after escaping from the prison in Kerestinec, while according to another source, he died in one of the Ustasha camps. Wife Nada and sons Marijan and Rajko survived the Holocaust in London, while Branko survived by hiding under a false name in Kosovska Mitrovica where the Müller family had a mine and where Branko was cared for by a governess whose name is unfortunately unknown, although according to someone sources she later lived in Zagreb until an old age. Rajko and Branko became famous athletes after the war. Branko was best known as the champion and representative of the former Yugoslavia in the long jump.

An extensive article about Branko and Rajko Miler (as they changed their names after converging to Christianity) was written by sports journalist Fredi Kramer in the magazine of the Jewish community of Zagreb "HaKol" (No. 120 May 2011). After an active sports career, Branko went to Germany where he worked as a sports coach. Marjan emigrated to Israel in the late 1940s. Nothing is known about his connections with his old homeland and place of birth. Rajko Miler remained in Zagreb, where his son Dubravko Miler still lives today.

At the Mirogoj cemetery in Zagreb, the tomb of the Müller family is located in a prominent place, in arcades and is specially decorated with a large monument to the famous Croatian sculptor Robert Frangeš Mihanović



Đuro Švarc (Schwarz) (1901-1980) u godini 1932.

Đuro Švarc (Schwarz):

U jasenovačkim logorima smrti (1)

Prošlo je već tri godine što sam izašao iz jasenovačkih logora, ali me užas i groza nije ostavila, niti će me ikada ostaviti Tek sada se usuđujem o tome govoriti, tek sada se usuđujem izvući iz đona stare papuče moje bilješke o tome. Sitno ispisane tamo sam ih sakrio.

Neopisiv je strah onih, koji su prošli Jasenovac. Neizbrisiv je užas, koji su doživili i nesavršen je ljudski jezik da približno opiše stvarnost. A ipak, zar da boli i najstrašnije muke najvećih mučenika, koje je ova zemlja ikad

nosila, nestanu u ništavilu bez ikakvog ma koliko slabog odjeka!?

Uhapsili su nas 30.VIII.1941. na ulici i satjerali u Kristalume na Zavrtnici poput lakovjernih ovaca, koje ništa ne slute. Reklo se je da idemo na rad, da ćemo graditi nasipe za isušivanje Lonjskog polja. Dakle - ništa strašnoga! Počeli smo sami između sebe sprovoditi neku organizaciju. Uveli smo dežurstvo, požarčenje. U šupi u dvorištu uredili smo -brijačnicu, uveli službu kod klozeta. Ustaše se tu ponašaju još kao ljudi, iako grubijani. Izmlatili su dvojicu, trojicu. Spavamo na betonu, a jelo nam se donosi izvana. Valjda nećemo izvan Zagreba. Zatvorili su nas samo za vrijeme Zagrebačkog zbora - misli se naivno. Dolaze novi, neke otpuštaju, da ih opet uhapsu. U opljačkanom automobilu dnevno dolazi činovnik ustaške policije. Jedanaesti dan primaknu vagone. Dakle - ipak logor! Dolazi neki ustaški dopukovnik, svrstava nas u redove i komandira sarkastično: Naprijed hrabra vojska Chamberlaina! Ima nas oko 350, starih i mladih, intelektualaca i neukih, bogatih i najsiromašnijih. Za četiri mjeseca ostalo nas je najviše dvadeset, a danas smo možda samo još dva, tri na životu.



Jasenovac, ulaz u Logor III

Prenatrpani vagoni, ustaše sa šljemovima i puškama. Na stajalištima zlobne primjedbe pakosnika na naš račun, nijema sućut nepokvarenih, međusobni razgovor i konačno na večer - stanica Jasenovac.

Noć smo prespavali pod stražom u vagonima pod komandom ustaškog natporučnika Beniša. Ujutro nas svrstavaju kraj kolosjeka, okružuju ustašama i vode u logor.

Velika većina smo čistokrvni pripadnici tako zvane inferiorne rase, ali ima i mješanaca, pače takovih,

koji su već sasvim zaboravili da imaju dijelak krvi, koja ih stigmatizira krivcima za rat, za bijedu čovječanstva, za poraz Njemačke u prošlom ratu, itd.

Ni traga zabrinutosti, ni traga zlim slutnjama!

Dolazimo pred logor. Okružuje ga žica visoka 3 m, a isto toliko široka. Naokolo osmatračnice. Oduzimaju nam nožice, britve i slično. Još smo izvan žice i znatiželjno promatramo one, koji su već unutra. To su većinom Srbi, izgladnjeli, upalih obraza, pognuti, grozničavih očiju. Mi još uvijek ne shvaćamo situaciju i niti ne pomišljamo, da ćemo naskoro i mi tako izgledati

Nakon pretrage ulazimo kroz vrata u žicu, koja će nas skoro sve zauvijek zadržati. U svemu su tri barake, svaka je duga 20, široka oko 10, visoka oko 4 i pol metra. Dvije su već zaposjednute, svaka sa 500 ljudi. Smješteni smo u tri etaže. Oni u najdoljnjoj ne vide ni po danu, na najgornje curi voda za vrijeme kiše. Na pojedinog čovjeka dolazi po širini otprilike 50 cm, ali kad pridođu novi, onda manje. Unutra je stiska. U barake su upereni mitraljezi, a po noći lete meci iznad naših glava.

Ujutro je „nastup za rad“. Za zajutrak smo dobili malo tople vode. Još je sumrak. Okruženi ustašama krećemo prema nasipu, koji je udaljen oko 3 km. Stupamo dva i dva, a ustaše nam dobacuju: „Bez razgovora!“ Nasip se ima izgraditi u dužini od 30 km, gornje širine 25 m, a visine poprečno 5 m. Najprije odstranjujemo šiblje i drveća s terena. Dolje u grabi, udaljenoj otprilike 100 m, kopamo tvrdu zemlju i u tačkama je odvozimo gore na nasip, a batovima je nabijamo. Ispočetka dovozimo oko 3 kubika na dan, a kasnije više. Kad je kiša i tačke propadaju u zemlju, kopamo komade zemlje obrasle travom busenje i stavljamo te komade na kosinu nasipa. Kraj ceste rade Srbi, a iza njih smo mi Židovi. Ustaše su posjedali u hladu na uzvišena mjesta i povicima nas tjeraju na brži rad. Tačke moramo dobro puniti vrhom. Taj rad nije lak, a osobito ne za nenavikle i starije. Da razbije monotoniju, zalazi po koji ustaša među nas i kundači bez ikakvog razloga, mene zato, što sam si rupčićem zaštitio vrat od sunca.

Kasnije okreće pušku i bode bajunetom po rukama, jer da tobože zatočenik ne vuče tačke kako treba. Oni ustaše pak, koji imaju više humora i kojima se ne da ostaviti ugodan ležaj u hladu, zovu nas k sebi. Treba da pred njih kleknemo, a oni nas ćušaju. Naročito tjeraju „šegu“ s onim zatočenicima, koji moraju vršiti nuždu. Ti moraju spuštenih hlača pridolaziti na koljenima i uz smijeh i grohot primati udarce. Osobito bjesni neki ustaša od svojih drugova prozvan „Jazo“, valjda radi svoje sličnosti sa njuškom jazavca.

Neki naivčine među zatočenicima pokušavali su s ustašama postupati „psihologički“ ili kako su rekli s „lijepim“. Tako mi je na pr. dr. Vlatko Donner rekao: »Pa i oni su ljudi! A s čovjekom treba uvijek na lijepi način. Vidjet ćete kako će prema meni biti prijazani“. I uistinu! Kad je ustaša došao k njemu, i udario ga kundakom, on mu je molećivim glasom dokazivao: Brate, nemoj me tući, vidiš da sam slab i bolestan. Ali reakcija je bila sasvim drugačija, nego je to zamislio, jer ga je „brat“ maznuo po glavi, da je omamljen pao. Još ga je počastio sa nekoliko udaraca nogom. Takav je bio rezultat psihologije i pedagogije.

S ceste se začula tutnjava auta. Dolazi kasniji poručnik Ljubo Miloš, desna ruka Luburića. Mladić visokog rasta s crno obrubljenim naočarima. Vlastitom je rukom na razne načine ubio samo za vrijeme mojeg boravka u logoru javno pred nama mnogo stotina ljudi. Kroz nasip prođe riječ „kiša“, to znaci oprez. Kopamo svom snagom. Prilazi s naperenom automatskom puškom. Prati ga Josip Matijević, ustaški vodnik, njegov šofer. Ovaj potonji vadi revolver, puca nasumce, tuče i udara nogom. Miloša zamjenjuje kadšto poručnik Ille sa fesom na glavi.

Trkom nas tjeraju natrag na ručak, tj. nekoliko zrna graha bez imalo masti ili brašna. Za pola sata je opet nastup na rad sve do večeri. Dnevno prevaljujemo 12 km. Iako smo umorni, da jedva dižemo noge, moramo na povratku pjevati. „Večera“ je slična ručku,

I tako to ide dan za danom. Slabiji malakšu. Pojavljuje se jak krvavi proljev, koga taj zahvati za kratko vrijeme svršava, Naša baraka još nema uši, dok drugima uši žderu i ono malo krvi, što im je preostalo. Sa vodom su poteškoće unatoč podvodnom terenu, jedan slabi zdenac ne izbacuje dovoljno vode za sve nas.

Još nam nisu oduzeli novac ni dokumente. 20.IX. 1941. po podne moramo iznijeti sve stvari iz baraka i svrstati se u dva reda na dvorištu. Tu je Miloš, koji više visokim glasom: Ustaše, stanite iza njih i pucajte odmah na svaku njihovu kretnju Nitko da se makne. Stojimo nepomični na suncu duže od jednog sata. Odjekuju hici. Ne znamo da li ne strijeljaju. Miloš trči sav zajapuren naokolo: pretražuje svaki kutić, a ustaše trgaju daske sa zidova baraka i traže sakriven novac. Napokon krenemo dva po dva na pretragu. Oduzimaju nam novac, papir, olovke, prstene, satove. Ako se koji prsten ne da lako skinuti, groze se rezanjem prstiju. To traje do mraka. Ostalo je još nekoliko nepregledanih. Nas pregledane tiskaju sve u jednu baraku, gdje je užasna gužva. Ne znamo u tami gdje ćemo se smjestiti, pa gazimo po onima koji su pali. Starci se ne mogu pridići

Kulturbundaši u crno obučeni sa šljemovima na glavi cesto dopremaju nove zatočenike. Tom prilikom vrše i inspekciju na nasipu. Govore njemački, iako znadu hrvatski. Ismijavaju nas i groze nam se. Jednom, kad je padala kiša, a mi smo svi bili mokri i blatni, čuo sam da su izjavili: »Das ist der richtige Ort und das richtige Wetter für die Juden.

Za nekoliko dana odijelili su među Srbima 30 do 40 ljudi i smjestili ih pod jednu strehu. Ti su tamo čamili danju i noću. Onda su ih vezali žicom dva po dva, pa kroz čitav red opet provukli žicu i odveli, da se više ne vrata. Odmazda je bila navodno radi bijega dvojice Srba, koji su u šumi pri sječi drva svladali stražara i pobjegli.

U srpskom dvorištu napravljen je kavez od žice kamo su stavljali kazne radi zatočenike na dulje i kraće vrijeme. U tom kavezu se nije moglo ni leći ni uspraviti, a noći su već bile vrlo hladne.

Na srpskoj strani ležalo je sve više lešina iskešenih, nepokrivenih. To je bilo prirodno umiranje od gladi.

Oko 25.IX. 1941. pozvali su sve zatočenike, koji su se osjećali slabima, da se jave za odlazak u veliki obližnji logor Kraplje, koji je već otprije bio pun zatočenika, jer da će se tamo oporaviti. Prijavilo se je skoro polovica. Kasnije smo od preživjelih saznali kakav je to bio oporavak. Dobivali su još manje hrane, nego li mi, i počeli su ih sistematski ubijati. Pri radu u šumi dolijetali su kroz granje meci. Jednom je jedan metak ubio dva brata. Naročito se isticao ustaša imenom Štrk. Sa strahom su išli na rad, jer se nije znalo hoće li se tko vratiti. Jedne noći oko 12 sati naređen je nastup na dvorištu. Kada su se zatočenici skupili zaštektao je mitraljez. No, slučajno se je tane zaglavilo, te je palo samo oko 30 ljudi.

Oko 7. oktobra naređeno je svim inženjerima da ne idu na rad, jer će doći povjerenik. Čekali smo oko 9 sati. Dojuri auto iz koga izađe Miloš i omanji čovjek star oko 30 godina, kosih prodornih tatarskih očiju, koji kao da se je pri hodu malo njihao -Luburić. Održao nam je stilistički dobar, a po sadržaju rafinirani govor, kako ćemo biti zaposleni u industriji prema našim kvalifikacijama u novom logoru u Ciglani. Tamo postoji električna centrala, mehanička tvornica, električarska radionica, pilana, ciglana. U govoru se ne grozi, nego upravo laska, spominje da su u prošlosti Hrvati dobro živili sa Židovima i da Hrvati nisu zaboravili dra Franka, da nije volja ustaša i Zagreba da se sa Židovima zlo postupa, da se ne zna da li ćemo poslije rata ostati među Hrvatima ili biti iseljeni i da ćemo izgrađivati hrvatsku prijestolnicu u Banja Luci. Međutim sada neki dr Büchler želi osnovati komunističku republiku negdje na Plješivici, ali da će s takvim pokušajima ustaše sada gdje imaju vlast znati obračunati. Kasnije smo čuli, da su radi navodne veze s drom Büchlerom iz Kraplja odveli i ubili 83 zatočenika.

Istoga dana popodne šalju u ciglanu sve tehničare. Ostali ostaju u starom logoru.

U ciglani nam je prva nastamba na tavanu mlina. U početku nas ima oko 600 i organizirani smo prema strukama. 20.X.1941. oko 3 sata nastup je na dvorištu u obliku četverokuta. Dovode iz zatvora oko 30 ljudi. Taj je zatvor zapravo spremište za ugljen bez vratiju, samo sa rešetkama tako, da je u njemu ista temperatura kao vani. Zatočenici čuče na ugljenu. Onih 30 dovode u sredinu dvorišta pred upravnu zgradu. Tu se nalazi Miloš. Moraju se nalegnuti na prečke, jer će svaki primiti 25 udaraca. Miloš nam objašnjava i ističe blagost kazne. Kazne? Nitko ne zna zašto je ta kazna, ni sami osuđeni. Ustaše udaraju. Broje se udarci, ali se ne prestaje kod 25, nego se udara dalje. Ustaša (mislim, da se je zvao Metež) udara veselo i više, da je ovo dalje za zdravlje. Mnogi udareni se ne mogu svladati i tule kao bikovi. Ustaše se jagme tko će tući. Tu su i braća Modrići i ostala elita. Miloš se zajapurio, zahvatio ga je bijes i počeo je sam udarati svom snagom. Padaju mukli udarci. Udaraju do krvi kao bezumni.

Nakon nekoliko dana opet novi nastup. Gledamo se zaplašeno, Čudna je tišina zavlada dvorištem. Miloš crven u licu stoji bez riječi. Trgne se i pristupa nam: Šta si ti? Zatočenik odgovara: „Težak“ Vuče ga van iz reda. Pomaže mu šofer Adžija, koji zatočenike udara nogom. Kad je izvukao Srbe, dolazi red na Židove, među kojima traži advokate. Izabrani 25 do 30 ljudi stoje u sredini, Miloš govori da je netko u gradu potegao revolver na ustašu, a za to smo mi izglednjeli bijednici krivi. Viče: „Mitraljez!“ Na to se otvaraju vrata upravne zgrade, gdje je mitraljez za koji sjeda šofer Matijević. Ustaše skaču na uzvišena mjesta a ostali pak s naperenim puškama okružuju osuđene. Jedan pada od straha. Vode ih prema dnu dvorišta, gdje se nalazi stražara. Tu ih Miloš sve sam strijelja. Mi moramo gledati. Svi umiru bez riječi.

U to vrijeme nismo više bili na tavanu mlina, jer su tamo uselili katolike. Mi smo spavali po radionicama, gdje smo si iz gradili potkrovlja. Svaku večer je Miloš sa ustašama vršio ophodnju. Iza prvog sna trgli su nas hici. To su Luburić i Miloš kraj nas ubijali stolare, jer su ovi radi zime legli kraj peći u kojoj je ostalo još malo nepogašenog žara.

Glad je bivala sve groznija. Dnevno je umiralo oko 20 ljudi. Nosili su ih kraj Pilane cestom na groblje, podno kuhinje. Groblje? Jame pune golih tjelesa pokrivene sa nekoliko decimetara zemlje po kojoj se je hodalo, bez ikakvog znaka, križa ili slično. Ostala groblja, ono kod jezera su već puna. Sve su to masovni grobovi.

I ovdje se gradi nasip, iako mnogo manji, nego onaj u šumi. Trebao bi zaštititi logor od poplave. Ubijanja na tom nasipu su dnevna. Na rad dolaze i oni iz prvog logora u šumi, jer se na velikom nasipu više ne može raditi. Hrana se nosi za njima, a sastoji se dnevno od 2 do 3 krumpira, ne velikih. Mi dobivamo nešto bolju hranu u novom logoru, takozvanom III, pače u početku i kruh. No, to traje samo koji tjedan, a onda nas počnu hraniti slično kao i ostale. Mi smo u grupama pomiješani sa Srbima, a tek kasnije i sa katolicima. Od hrane mi je u ugodnom sjećanju ostao osobito smrznuti krumpir, koji smo dobivali zimi i koji je sav bio izmiješan sa slamom i smećem iz trapova. Jedva si ga progutao i uz najveću glad.

Sve češće su u logor ustaše dovažali popljačkanu imovinu siromašnih seljaka. Ormare, stolove, posteljinu, perje, posude, seljačke tkanine itd. To se onda istovarivalo na dvorištu. Jednog su dana dotjerali mnogo rogata marve, svinja, kokoši, pataka, gusaka. Pred logorom je izgledalo kao da je stočni sajam. Smijali su se i bili su vrlo dobro raspoloženi, jer će to sve svršiti u njihovim želucima. Bila je to stoka sitnoga rasta, valjda iz Bosne. To je sve išlo u Ekonomiju s onu stranu jezera. Naravno, da bi i pomisao, da bi zatočenici imali koristi od toga, bila kažnjena smrću, kad bi se misao mogla registrirati. Mi nismo smjeli dignuti ni u blatu zaostala zrna kukuruza, što su ih ostavljale svinje, koje su tim kukuruzom hranili. Sa pohlepom smo gledali ta zrna. Mještani, seljaci, naročito pravoslavci, htjeli su nam pomoći. Samo kako? To je i za njih značilo nositi glavu u torbi. Kad su cestom prolazila seljačka kola dogodilo se je kao slučajno, da bi koji klip pao u blato. Mi bismo ga neopazice podigli. Miloš bi odmah svakoga strijeljao kod kojega bi našao takav corpus delicti. Uostalom za što sve on ne bi strijeljao!? U početku je latrina bila iza upravne zgrade, prema polju, blizu benzina. Ako bi netko slučajno mokrio nekoliko centimetara dalje nego što se je Milošu svidjelo, ubio bi ga.

Logor kod Ciglane sastojao se od tri dijela: našeg logora III, III.b i III.c. Ovi zadnji su se zvali kazneni logori. Zatočenici u njima bili su uglavnom ljudi bez tehničke profesije: trgovci, seljaci, ali i oni prekobrojni tehničari, koje nismo mogli uvrstiti u radne grupe. Jednog dana određen je nastup u prisutnosti Luburića, te nam je sigurno po njegovom nalogu, logornik Bruno Diamantstein održao govor. Neka stvari, koje će nadoći, promatramo bez sentimentata,



Logor Jasenovac, zatvorenici

a mi, ti tehničari, da se nalazimo pod zaštitom Luburića. Diamantstein je bio zatočenik, takozvani slobodnjak, tj. mogao se je slobodno kretati. Smio je stanovati izvan logora i dobivao je plaću. Međutim, to slobodnjaštvo nije bilo skoro nikad trajno, jer se je ukidalo i ljudi su se opet vraćali u logor. Tih slobodnjaka bilo je oko 4-5. Pojedine grupe imale su vođe, koji su

se zvali grupnici, njihovi pak zamjenici stotnici, a kod Srba su se vođe baraka zvali zapovjednici. Na čelu logora je bio logornik sa logorskom kancelarijom. Od svih tih ljudi, koji su za vrijeme mojeg zatočeništva imali dublji uvid u strukturu logora, mislim da sam ja, koji sam nakon četveromjesečnog običnog zatočeništva postao grupnik električara, jedini još na životu. Diamantsteinova uloga nije bila jednostavna, jer je s jedne strane morao izvršavati naloge ustaša, a s druge strane je kao čovjek, unatoč eventualnim svojim manama i kadšto na oko grubom postupku, htio zaštititi zatočenike. To dvoje u isti mah nije bilo moguće, osobito ne pod komandom jednog Miloša!

Mi isprva nismo znali što znači taj Diamantsteinov govor, ali razjašnjenje nismo trebali dugo čekati. Počelo je kazneno uredovanje, tj. ubijanje. Iz svakog kaznenog logora po 20 ili više zatočenika dnevno. Veli se, da iznimka potvrđuje pravilo. Toga tu nije bilo. Između tih monstruma, koji su takoreći lizali ljudsku krv (neki prema pričanju stvarno), nije bilo nikakvih iznimaka, svi su bili jednaki krvnici.

Sjećam se kako su jednom doveli, valjda iz logora u šumi, grupu zatočenika. Oni se nisu znali brzo i po vojnički svrstati u red. Miloš, crven kao rak, uperio je đavolskom gestom s prozora u prvom katu upravne zgrade revolver u njih. Na dvorištu je postajalo sve življe. Grupe od 50 ili više ljudi su dolazile sa terena. Stajale su pred upravnom zgradom pola sata, a onda su ih otpremali na ubijanje iza kuhinje.

14. XI. 1941. u petak pala je komanda ujutro, da se nitko ne smije maknuti iz nastambe. To je trajalo do oko 9 sati. Kad smo se cestom uputili prema lančari, stajala su kraj električne centrale velika plateau kola, a na njima brdo lešina blatnih, golih, napola obučениh, ispremiješane glave i noge. Slika grozna! Na dvorištu smo primijetili neku čudnu atmosferu, ali smo morali nastupiti na rad. Stajali smo pri radu svi na svome mjestu. Najedanput se je pronio šapat, da se u ciglari ubija željeznim motkama i toljagama. Željezne motke služile su za ložišta parnih kotlova kao žarači. Ubojice su bili razdijeljeni u više grupa. U Miloševoj grupi bio je neki visoki i sudeći po odjeći „emigranti“ ustaša, napadno kosih mongolskih očiju kojega nisam više nikada vidio. Pred ciglanom, kraj stare električne centrale, ležali su leševi onih, koje su bacali iz gornjih spratova ciglane. Svi smo bili kao u nekom ludilu i takoreći već osjećali toljagu po glavi. Morao sam iz službenog razloga poći kroz stražnja vrata lančare po trijemu ciglane do lifta. U smrtnom strahu jurio je kraj mene neki slabunjavi zatočenik, a za njim visoki ustaša sa debelim štapom. Tih štapova je bilo puno u tunelu. Proizvodila ih je pilana i primjenjivali su se kod parketiranja. „Ne ćeš mi uteći!“ - vikao je ustaša. Na sreću nije mene zapazio. Jedan starac je vikao nekoliko koraka dalje: »Samo da se pomolim Bogu!“ ali je odmah pao smrskane glave.

Na liftu je službovao zatočenik Ivo Jungwirth. Oko podneva se vratio, i zamolio da ga netko drugi zamijeni, jer nije u stanju da dalje sluša jauke i vrisak ispod sebe. Po njegovom pričanju ustaše su se od vremena do vremena odmarali, tada bi pripaljivali krvavim rukama cigaretu. Napadnuti su na koljenima molili život radi svoje djece, ali to je Miloša još više raspaljivalo. Uopće je, kako sam i sam često puta vidio, teško podnosio plač i to ga je još više razbješnjavalo. Kad bi tukao, a zatočenik jauknuo, derao se: „Šutil“

Okolo 11 sati prije podne morao sam ići na pregled pumpe kraj Save nasuprot logorskoj kapiji. Uvijek je bilo opasno prolaziti kraj straže, jer ma da si išao po službenoj dužnosti, i ma da je stražar to znao, to je čovjek ipak riskirao da izvuče makar samo koji udarac. Pratio me zatočenik Boris Schwarzenberg. Brzim koracima, ne gledajući ni lijevo ni desno, pošli smo prema pumpi. Pogled smo uprli k zemlji. Najednom sam se našao među samim lešinama strahovito izmrcvarenim, neke takoreći bez pola lica, a neke su se još micale. Stražar je pjevao. Spustili smo se brzo u šaht pumpe, da nestanemo takoreći s lica zemlje. Pumpa je bila natkrivena, ali se ispod krovića moglo vidjeti što se vani zbiva. Kad bi vidio, da se koji teško ranjeni miče, skočio bi stražar na njega, i dotukao ga bakandžama, da su kosti prskale. Kad smo se vratili s pumpe, trajalo je i dalje ubijanje u logoru. Luburić je šetao po lančari - valjda da prouči efekat, koji je njegova akcija proizvela na zatočenike. Oko podneva nije više bilo onih lešina kraj Kapije, nego samo pokoja zaostala cipela i lokve krvi. Luburić se je šalio sa seljankama, koje su prolazile. Dovikivao im je: „Ej, curo mala“. Stražaru je rekao: „Evo, ovdje ti brije, imaš i tu vrh Velebita.“

Toga dana doveli su u naš logor sve preostale zatočenike iz Kraplja, jer se je tamošnji logor napuštao. Moglo ih je biti oko 800 do 1000. Ta grupa je izgledala kao brodolomci sa Sjevernog pola. Omotanih glava radi zime, blatni, jadni, zamotani u prnje. Vodio ih je zatočenik Dr. Leon Perić, liječnik iz Sarajeva. Smjestili su ih u tunel, odakle se je odmah začula vriska i zapomaganje. Naziv tunel zapravo ne odgovara pravom stanju stvari, to je bila velika nadstrešnica, otvorena sa svih strana, u kojoj je bila naslagana drvena roba, da je ne

pokvari kiša i snijeg. Biti u tom tunelu značilo je isto što i biti vani. Ubijanje, mlačenje svim i na svaki način, potrajalo je u tunelu još cijelu noć. Sutradan, kad sam slučajno prošao tunelom, izgledalo je kao da je dan prije tamo bila bitka. Ostaci odijela i razne stvari ležale su po zemlji. Kad smo se iza nekoliko dana razgovarali s kojim novodošlim, pričali su nam strašne stvari, koje su se zbivale za vrijeme njihovog marša od Kraplja do Jasenovca. Bilo je tog dana vrlo hladno. Ustaše su im ipak svlačili cipele i prodavali ih seljacima. Ako bi naišli na kakvu baru ili potok, onda je čitava kolona morala onuda proći, a ustaše su ih s druge strane obale udarali po glavama. Mladi su uspjeli da izađu, ali stariji ili slabiji padali su onesviješteni ili ubijeni u vodu. Isto tako su ubijali svakoga, koji nije mogao dosta brzo ići, metkom ili bajonetom.

U 12 sati je bio nastup za jelo u dvorištu. Onda bismo se pod vojničkom komandom svrstavali u redove u dvorištu, i prolazili kroz glavnu kapiju prema kuhinji, praćeni podrugljivim opaskama stražara i ustaša skupljenih na kapiji: Ide vojska kralja Petra - i slično. U 1 sat bi započeo opet rad. Sjećam se, da je 14.XI. 1941, valjda radi ubijanja, rad neprekidno trajao do oko 5 sati. Taj dan smo prozvali Crni petak.

Novaca nismo više imali, jer su nam ga oduzeli, ali ipak su neprestano tražili novac i pokušavali ga lukavošću izmamiti od onih koji ga nisu predali. Određivani su termini za predaju novca logorniku bez „kazne“, koja je međutim, ukoliko su ustaše saznali imena, ipak uslijedila. Kad smo bili na nasipu u šumi, i kad smo još smjeli imati novaca, zvali su nas stražari onako „povjerljivo“ pojedinačno na stranu, da nam tobože prodaju kruh. Ako bi koji tome povjerovao, i otišao sa stražarom na stranu, za koji grm, onda bi se naskoro vratio naravno bez kruha, ali i bez novca, sa nekoliko modrica.

Osim novaca željeli su vunene stvari kao što su sviteri ili rukavice. Čovjek je to morao nekako sakriti ispred njihovih pogleda. Poslije, kad više nismo imali novaca, ali oni ipak priželjkovali pljačke, služili su se opet kruhom kao mamcem i kad bi koji nekako uz najveću opasnost, uspio sakriti desetak kuna, zagrizao u tu meku, onda bi ga redovno ubijali. Ali glad je bila tolika, da su i inteligentni ljudi izgubili pri pomisli na kruh logičnost, i zaboravljali sve mjere opreza.

Kako je postajalo hladnije, to su sa više veselja stavljali ljude u zatvor. Pripovijedao mi je jedan kasnije ubijeni rođak, koji je iskusio taj zatvor, da su noću svakih 10 minuta dolazili ustaše iz stražare, koja je bila udaljena nekoliko koraka na posjete. Tu su ih silili na međusobno onaniranje i da viču: „Živio kralj Petar“ A kad se zatočenici, unatoč najvećih muka, nisu to usuđivali, onda su ih tukli radi neposluha. Onako izmlačeni i premlaćeni morali su ujutro nastupiti na rad na bajeru, koji je bio osobito naporan, jer se brzim tempom, kako su dolazili vagoneti, morala kopati teška masna zemlja za pravljenje cigli.

Kad nije bilo u dvorištu dolaženja, odnosno odlaženja novih grupa, onda su se ustaše zapošljivali prema vlastitoj inicijativi. Tim inače lijenim ljudima je zaposlenje prema njihovom ćefu tj. mučenje zatočenika, bila, kako mi je izgledalo, zabava i potreba. Kroz prozor glavnog skladišta i kroz pukotine na vratima od lančare zirkao sam na događaje u dvorištu. Ne iz radoznalosti, nego radi orijentacije, pogotovo kad sam morao proći dvorištem. Tu su se odigravale najživahnije scene. Zatočenici, koji su nosili amo tamo daske ili druge predmete, morali su naleći na prečke, a ustaše su ih tukli svim i svačim. Naročito su u tu svrhu bili omiljeni električni kablovi sa mnogo žica. Ali ma kako god teški bili ti kablovi, uvijek su dolazili u radionice i tražili još teže. Naravno, mi smo ih pod cijenu najveće vlastite opasnosti sakrivali.

Nisu se pred nama uopće ni najmanje „ženirali“. Kad su za ubijanje trebali žicu, kojom bi vezali zatočenike, to su onda tu žicu tražili po radionicama i pred nama ispitivali debljinu i elastičnost žice. U isto vrijeme naručivali su u pilani maljeve, svaki prema vlastitom ukusu. Ti maljevi nisu im bili dovoljno teški i dovoljno spretni.

Zatočenike, koje su ubijali ispod kuhinje, vodili su u grupama po 50 ili više svezane cestom kroz glavnu kapiju. Iz kuhinje su kuhari gledali kako se malj diže i spušta. Već prema veličini

odvedene grupe vraćali su se za kojih 20 minuta ili više sa krvavim maljem kao trofejom. Strašno je bilo gledati te grupe kako bez kaputa u onoj cičoj zimi 1941/42. hodaju tom cestom. Sastavljanje takovih grupa išlo je vrlo brzo. Obično je tkogod te zatočenike, npr. Spiller, pozivao pred glavnu kancelariju i to iz mjesta rada. Tako je na pr. dr Hinko Löwy baš jednom zatočeniku iz moje grupe rezaao čir. Drugi pak, sjećam se dobro, radili su na nacrtima u crtaoni. Treće su odvodili iz lančare sa radnih „banka“.

Jednog dana pozvao je Diamantstein sve grupnike i zapovjednike, i rekao im, da se u Đakovu osniva novi logor za starije i slabije. Ja onda još nisam bio grupnik, ali sam se slučajno tamo nalazio. Diamantstein je uvjeravao, a vidjelo se je na njemu, da je i sam tako mislio, da se ovoga puta uistinu radi o novom logoru, a ne o ubijanju, jer su mu Luburić i Miloš dali svoju riječ. Sjećam se Diamantsteinovog razlaganja, koje je počelo sa: „Prijatelji“ - što je bio ugovoreni naslov među nama zatočenicima.

Mi smo povjerovali u Đakovo, i zatočenici, koji su u tu svrhu bili određeni, sakupili su se pred upravnom zgradom sa prtljagom. Odmah je rečeno, da prtljage ne trebaju. To nam je bilo čudno. Još nam je bilo čudnovatije, da su odmah na licu mjesta ubijeni petorica ili šestorica. Ostali su utovareni na teretne automobile, koji su krenuli na desno prema Jasenovcu. Oni ubijeni ili napola ubijeni ostali su ležati, gdje su i bili, još duže vremena. Nakon otprilike sata i pol vratili su se automobili, naravno prazni. Sad nam je odmah postalo jasno u čemu se je sastojalo to „Đakovo“. Od tog vremena ušlo je u naš logorski žargon: Otišao je u Đakovo

Pred upravnom zgradom obično je uvijek bilo nešto krvi, jer se crvena boja krvi dugo ne gubi. Nikad nije kome od ustaša palo na pamet, da nam naredi, da se ta krv odstrani. To je spadalo u sam kolorit logora.

Ispočetka su se automobili „iz Đakova“ vraćali prazni, ali kasnije sa odjećom ubijenih, koji su se morali na gubilištu svlačiti.

Iz crtaone zirkao sam na zbivanje u dvorištu. Sjećam se kako je jednog dana bilo ubijanje između zdenca i stražare. Nije se čula nikakova pucnjava. Kad su tjelesa ležala na zemlji i micala se, stajao je između njih Miloš i dotukivao ih. Gledanje je bilo vrlo opasno, nisam duže promatrao. Sjećam se Miloševog izraza lica. Izgledao je samo vrlo zaposlen.

Drugom prilikom izvlačili su zatočenike iz zatvora, da ih vode na stratište. Pred zatvorom je bilo 15 časnika i potčasnika. Bili su izvanredno raspoloženi, igrali su se poput djece, preskakivali jedan drugoga. Među njima je bio i Miloš. Iz stražare je izašao Dane, jedan od najvećih krvnika zloglasne 17. satnije, zbijen, brutalnog izgleda, plećat. Ta satnija je u to vrijeme, valjda kao najpouzdanija, stražarila u logoru. Po cijeli dan su leškarili, vodili računa o jelu, bili su nedisciplinirani.

Kad je trebalo stražariti po kiši ili zimi, onda bi jedan slao drugoga. Hodali su često u papučama, zgužvane mondure od ležanja. Miloš je dnevno obilazio stražaru i derao se je: „Boga vam vašega, sve ću vas postrijeljati!“ Jednom se Dane vozikao na dvokolici po dvorištu. Dvokolica je bila vlasništvo zastavnika Modrića. Kad je on zahtijevao, da mu ih vrati, Dane, koji je onda bio dorojnik, gotovo se na to nije ni obazirao, premda je Modrić kleo i psovao. Vratio je onda, kad mu se prohtjelo. Takova disciplina. je razumljiva, kad se uzme u obzir, da su svi zajedno bili sudrugovi u najgroznijim zločinima. Za njihovo vršenje nisu bili nikad lijeni, nego pripravnici danju i noću. Iz crtaone sam vidio kako je Dane prišao zatvoru iz kojega je izlazio jedan po jedan zatočenik, koji je odmah svlačio kaput. Dane, koji je bio snažan poput životinje, pogrbi bi se poput tigra, zahvatio zatočenika za ruke i tresnuo ga teškom čizmetinom u mošnjice, da je zateturao. Tada bi ga vezao i prslonio na zid zatvora. Kad je tako dovršio svoj posao, i bio vezan dovoljan broj zatočenika, uputili su se svi na gubilište. Ing. Kalman, koji je bio u takvoj grupi, pričao mi je, da je prije pogubljenja Miloš kontrolirao imena zatočenika prema listi, a kako se on nije nalazio u toj listi, pustio ga je.

Kad smo još bili u logoru u šumi, opomenuti smo mnogo puta, da će za svakog bjegunca biti pogubljen najmanje 50 drugih. Mi smo se obazirali na tu prijetnju, premda je kasnije postalo

jasno, da je ta prijetnja bila sasvim iluzorna, pošto su u logoru ionako svi na bilo koji način umrli, pak je ubijanje imalo gotovo prednost brze smrti. Bježalo se je vrlo rijetko, jer je izgled na uspjeh bio minimalan.

Jedno od najuspjelijih bjegstva izvedeno sa mnogo hrabrosti, opreza i lukavosti, bilo je bjegstvo Marka Spitzera, grupnika pilane, sa četvoricom, petoricom drugova. Izvršeno je kasno popodne na Crni petak. Marko Spitzer uspio je spretnim ophođenjem i čvrstoćom živaca predobiti povjerenje ustaša, a kao grupnik pilane iskonstruirao je potrebu za drvima. Sava je onaj dan bila vrlo uzburkana i on je pošao sa drugovima čamcem na drugu stranu po ta drva. Na drugoj strani fingirao je nezgodu, i ustaše, koji su ga gledali, vidjeli su da se je čamac prevrnuo, a zatočenici nestali u valovima. Međutim, po položaju čamca ili po čemu drugomu spoznali su nakon nekoliko dana, da je sve bila varka, te su poubijali za odmazdu mnogo zatočenika.

Jednom prilikom pokazivao nam je zastavnik pred barakama nekog zatočenika, koji je bio ulovljen u bijegu i kojemu je bio poklonjen život, jer da je dao neka priznanja. Njegov izgled imao nas je odvratiti od svakog pokušaja bijega. Lice mu je bilo izbrazdano kao koža od zebre, kosti su mu bile polomljene i jedva se vukao. Dane, koji je bio prisutan, namigivao je zastavniku rekavši: „Da ga malo meni prepustite“

U crtaoni je bilo nekoliko izvanrednih crtača, pravih umjetnika i ti su morali risati poprsja naših krvnika. Tako se sjećam kako je Walter Kraus iz Beča crtao baš Daninu sliku, valjda za dar odabranici srca tog krvnika.

Svaki zatočenik-stručnjak imao je o zapučku kaputa ovješenu tablicu sa naznakom svoje grupe i zvanja. To je bilo vrlo važno zato, jer bi ubijali najprije one koji nisu imali tu tablicu, tj. koji su bili bez profesije. Zbog toga iskrsele su često puta i sasvim komične profesije, samo zato, da je zatočenik mogao objesiti tu tablicu. Ustaše naime nisu razumjeli sadržaj te tablice, njima je bilo glavno, da je na njoj nešto napisano.

U to vrijeme već smo svi bili puni ušiju. Neki su imali tako „slatku krv“, da su upravo vrvjeli ušima. Kad bismo se sakrili u kakav kutić ili pak navečer u baraki, bilo je glavno zanimanje trijebljenje uši. To smo već činili skoro automatski pa nitko nije ni primjećivao, kad bi mu drug za vrijeme razgovora, počeo s tom manipulacijom i svlačio si košulju. Kako smo svi bili zamazani, jer rublja uopće nismo mogli mijenjati ili prati, to se naravno uši nisu mogle odstraniti. Među nama se raširila fama, da se u zamazanom rublju uši manje drže, nego li u čistom. Kasnije su uredili praonicu rublja naravno bez sapuna, a i uvela se je dezinsekcija, no sve tako primitivno. Za dezinsekciju je bio samo jedan kotao, pa se je dnevno moglo očistiti nekoliko zatočenika. Nakon nekoliko dana bili su opet puni usiju. Prilikom dezinsekcije, u šupi, kroz koju je propuhivalo, morali smo se svući. Bilo bi za liječnika poučno da vidi naša tjelesa, koja su izgledala poput onih na fotografijama „Glad u Indiji“.

Radili smo u načelu uvijek. Tu nije bilo nedjeljnog počinka, a ukoliko ga je bilo, onda ga je bilo samo radi stražara, a ne radi nas. Kad smo mi radili, šetali su se između nas ustaše i jao si ga onome, kojega je na pr. vodnik, a kasniji zastavnik Matijević, opazio da zastajkuje. On bi se znao tiho došuljati do vratiju radionice, i kroz staklena okna zirkati da li radimo. Kad bi opazio, da tko prema njegovom mišljenju ne radi kako treba, zaletio bi se, izmlatio zatočenika i odveo ga sa sobom u stražaru, da ga stražari bolje udese. Mi smo se razumije se služili raznim trikovima i signalima, da tome izbjegnemo. Obično bi uredili posao tako, da je netko morao vršiti popravak kakvog stroja pred radionicom, a taj je bio zapravo na straži. Naravno, sve je to bilo opasno i nipošto jednostavno, ali nam drugo nije preostajalo. Moja je grupa imala posla i u samom mjestu. Kad bi nas tamo pratili stražari po dvojicu-trojicu, to smo se pod raznim izlikama, kao da moramo početi posao oko popravka električne mreže, sa više strana radi naravi posla, tako porazdijelili, da bi nam uspjelo prišapnuti kojem prolazniku ili djetetu na cesti, da nam da kruha.

Često put smo radi tobožnjeg čišćenja dijelova postrojenja fingirali potrebu, da idemo po vodu na zdenac u pojedine kuće ili pak da preispitamo kućne priključke na tavanima. To su

sve bile prilike, da si pribavimo hranu. Ako nikako - kradom. U tim lukavštinama bio je nenadmašan majstor pok. ing. Armin Goldstein, inače izvrstan drug, koji je slučajno saznao za imena dvaju ili triju pilana kraj Ogulina. S tim svojim poznavanjem Ogulina redovno bi započimao razgovor sa stražarima, koji su obično bili odanle, i time odvratio njihovu pažnju od drugih zatočenika, koji su onda mogli sigurnije „operirati“. Tu pribavljenu hranu, (najčešće kukuruzni kruh, a kadšto i druge stvari), nije bilo lako sakriti, a pogotovo je bilo teško unijeti je u logor. Ako bi koga uhvatili, smrt je bila sigurna. Jednom su tako uhvatili limara Filipa Steina, koji je hranu sakrio u pumperice. Diamantsteinu je slučajno uspjelo da ga izvuče iz zatvora tik pred odlazak na gubilište, ali je u zatvoru toliko ostario, kao da je u njemu bio više godina, a ne tri ili četiri dana. Zatvor je mijenjao izraz lica ljudima, koji su u njemu proboravili samo 24 sata. Filip Stein mi je pripovijedao, da ga je Matijević tukao po glavi, a Miloš mu je kliještima čupao i frkao kosu. Kad je pak refleksivno radi udaraca dizao ruke, da se obrani, uperio je Miloš u nj revolver i rekao da će ga odmah ustrijeliti, ako samo trepne. Morao je raširiti ruke i gledati u cijev revolvera, a Matijević ga je tukao po čitavom tijelu, po glavi i po mošnji. „Ali vjerujte, kao da uopće nisam primjećivao udarce, jer sam gledao samo revolver“. Osim njega bilo je u zatvoru još 53 zatočenika, koji su došli unutra isprženi po nogama i rukama kako je rekao u „furuni“, sasvim pocrnjelih udova. Bili su uglavnom intelektualci. Pola sata nakon njegovog izlaska iz zatvora pobijeni su svi, iako su se nadali, da će ostati na životu. Sutradan je Miloš s njime razgovarao, jer je morao raditi u upravnoj zgradi, i premda ga je još jučer tukao i skoro ubio, razgovarao se je kao da ništa nije bilo, čak mu je poklonio cigaretu. Kad je Stein sve to pričao, navaljivale su mu suze na oči:

Kadšto smo išli na rad 14-oj satnji u Jasenovcu. To su bili dobri dani, jer smo dobivali ostatke jela, a ako ih nije bilo, jeli smo iz napoja određenog za svinje.

Sa onom grupom katolika, koji su došli u naše prijašnje nastambe u mlinu, nismo imali veza. Ti nisu s nama išli na rad. Kasnije su nam pridolazili katolici u naše grupe, gdje smo već bili izmiješani Židovi Srbi. U mlinu smo nuždu vršili u obližnjoj latrini ili pak, kad nismo smjeli izaći, u velikoj kaci smještenoj na dnu ljestava u prizemlju. Izlaziti noću na latrinu bilo je i opasno i nezgodno. Trebalo je najprije zvati stražara. i zamoliti ga za dozvolu i pratnju do latrine. Stražari bi nas pak obdarili kundakom ili oni sa više humora bi nam zapovijedili da legnemo u blato ili lokvu vode. U novoj nastambi u potkrovlju bez obzira na zimu bilo je na onom uskom prostoru u koji smo ulazili puzajući, vrlo nezgodno baš radi vršenja nužde. Uvijek je bila potpuna tama, jer nismo imali žigica. Nužda se je pak vršila u za to postavljene posude. Događalo se da se sadržaj u tami radi gužve izvrnuo, te smo plivali u smradu. Na latrinu pak nismo mogli, jer je lančara bila zaključana, a kretanje vani je i ovdje bilo vrlo opasno. Uopće nas je u našem logorskom životu i kasnije u tom podvodnom terenu uvijek pratio smrad. Kad je voda rasla, izlazile su izmetine iz latrine, i voda ih je raznosila po cijelom krugu. Svi smo bili uprljani tim smradom. Na latrini uslijed skliskog terena i blata, lako se je izmakla noga i nerijetko se je mnogi našao u neugodnoj kupelji. Iako bi to sve skupa u normalnom životu bilo teško podnosivo, nije se čovjek ovdje na to previše obazirao i nije bilo začudno, ako je kome odijelo bilo malo na žuto obojeno.

Noći nam nisu bile nikada mirne. Dizali bi nas često pijani radi vršenja kojekakvih radova noću. Sve pod prijetnjom, da će nas odmah zaklati. Osobito je to bio specijalitet zastavnika Modrića.

Kasnije smo se iz potkrovlja radionica morali preseliti u baraku s onu stranu jezera, ali potkrovlje, čiji ulaz nije bio lako vidljiv, i kamo smo se penjali kroz uski otvor pomoću ljestava, koje smo postavili na bank, bilo nam je izvrsno sklonište.

Jednoga je dana pozvao Diamantstein nas grupnike u kancelariju, i saopćio nam je naređenje, da sve slabe i bolesne ljude izvedemo na dvorište, izostane li samo jedan, da ćemo izgubiti glavu. U mojoj je grupi bilo nekoliko, koje je trebalo izvesti. Nisam imao snage izvršiti taj

nalog, nego sam odlučio sakriti te ljude u potkrovlje. Tamo su umirali tri dana i ipak umrli prirodnom smrću, a mi smo ih navečer iznijeli do baraka. Naravno da svi grupnici, osobito oni većih grupa, nisu mogli tako izigrati taj nalog, nego su morali predvesti te nemoćnike, koji su otputovali u „Đakovo“. Drugom prilikom određeno je bilo, da se moraju na dvorište postaviti svi oni, koji su stariji od 54 godine, naravno radi iste stvari. Bog zna zašto im je baš brojka 54 pala na pamet! Tom je prilikom opet trebalo iskazati da su svi mladi, što međutim nije bilo tako teško, jer su nam oduzeli i spalili sve dokumente još u šumi, a s dokumentima pače i klozet-papir, a administracija im je bila poznato ustaški uredna.

Kad sam već spomenuo klozet-papir pada mi na pamet, da im je uopće bio sumnjiv svaki papir radi eventualnog dopisivanja. Najmanja bilješka, ili makar samo jedna riječ poslana bilo kome izvan logora, donosila je odmah bezuvjetnu smrt. Jednom su radi toga ubili oca i tri sina imenom Jakab. A ipak se još uvijek našlo zatočenika koji su unatoč svemu pokušavali dati glas od sebe.

Dopisivanje do 20 riječi obiteljskog sadržaja i slanje paketa dozvoljeno je bilo tek u aprilu 1942. godine.

Jednog dana pozvao je nas grupnike i zapovjednike 24 na broju, Diamantsteinov zamjenik Bernard Wiener u kancelariju. Tom prilikom bili su na stolu ispunjeni formulari sa 6 (slovom šest) potpisa iz kojih je formulara proizlazilo, da smo umrli naravnom smrću. Jedan od tih potpisa bio je – „čuj i počuj narode“ -- potpis Matkovića, glasovitog ubojice. Svaki je morao unijeti samo svoje ime i podatke u te formulare. I svi su to učinili osim mene, koji sam danas od svih njih ostao jedini na životu, a oni su pak svi do jednoga svršili naravnom smrću. Ja sam, naime, neprimjetno svoj formular strpao u džep i izašao iz sobe.

Takvi zapisnici sastavljani su prilikom svačije smrti, a na Crni petak dozvao je Luburić liječnike-zatočenike Dra. Hermana Grossa i Dra. Lustiga Leindorfera i rekao im je, misleći pri tom na one, koji su umlaćeni pred njihovim očima: Kako znate, ovi svi danas umrli su naravnom smrću, te treba da o tom potpišete zapisnik. Uostalom ako eventualno mislite, da koji od njih možda nije umro naravnom smrću, a vi ga slobodno secirajte. A mislimo, mislimo - odgovorili su ovi i potpisali ono što su potpisati morali.

Nije se uvijek tuklo samo iz bijesa, nego i iz šale. Jednom su se postavila dva ustaška zastavnika pred izlaz lančare i kad je udarilo zvono (bila je tamo i sirena) za nastup, i mi morali proći kroz ta vrata, počeli su toljagama udarati otprilike onako kao kad mlaci mlate žito. Bilo im je silno zabavno, kad smo mi divljim trkom nastojali izbjeći udarcima. Ako bi pak Miloš vidio takove ili slične tjelovježbe, onda bi cinički upozoravao: „One, one bez cipela“, jer je valjda te jadnike mrzio, što mu kvare pogled.

U logoru su tada bili samo muškarci, ali jednom su doveli jednu grupu od 50 do 70 žena seljanki sa djecom. Sve jedna, bosa čeljad. Smjestili su ih u zatvor, a sutradan u prostoriju iza crtaone. Djeca su tamo vrištala dan dva od gladi, a onda su ih sve skupa odveli u Đakovo.

Iznad naših radionica ostali smo nekako do konca godine, a tada smo se preselili u barake s onu stranu jezera. Gradnja tih baraka koštala nas je i znoja i krvi. Određeni broj zatočenika morao je nositi dijelove baraka. Naravno, da je taj određeni broj bio premalen obzirom na teret i našu snagu, te bi čovjek imao osobito na neravnom tlu, kad se je teret malko nagnuo, osjećaj da će biti smrvljen. Od naprezanja i zime bolile su nas žlijezde u preponama, ali svaki je vidio samo prema sebi uperen revolver. Jao si ga onome tko je pustio teret! Bio bi umlaćen. Kad nije bilo dijelova baraka, onda smo nosili cigle ili balvane, uvijek više tereta nego li što je bilo za nas podnošljivo.

Još mi je sada pred očima slika jadnika, koji tovare panjeve u vagone pred kapijom. Miču se kao mašine, izgledniji, prozebli i prokisli, a izlučnine im vise iz nosa, jer pri zimi i obamiranju ljudi gube osjetljivost i ne primjećuju da im iz nosa curi.

Od zime, pomanjkanja vitamina i gladi pojavljuju se čudnovate pojave na ljudima. Nekima otiču noge u koljenu i poprimaju groteskni izgled. Drugima slabi vid, oslijepuju, dobivaju

staračke bore po licu, zubi im pocrne. Uvijek pred smrt mijenjaju fizionomije. Dobivaju masku iz koje vire samo oči. Mi smo se već toliko uvježbali, da smo po izgledu mogli procijeniti kako će dugo netko živjeti. Dva, tri dana. A oni su to i sami znali. Neki mi rođaci šalju posljednje pozdrave, kako sami vele, drugi mi radnici na upit kako im je, odgovaraju: Još sutra. I za čudo obično je bilo tako.

U logoru se pojavljuje novi krvnik, poručnik Matković. Još je više ciničan od Miloša. Jednom prilikom tovarili su Srbe u teretni auto poput vreća. Jedan red povrh drugoga. Automobil je bio vrhom pun tih „vreća“, koje su morale čvrsto prionuti jedna uz drugu. Na vrhu je stajao Miloš i kundakom ih poravnavao. Dobacivao im je izraze: „Srpski skotel!“ Na to su ih pokrili ceradom i auto je odjurio cestama Jasenovca. Takovih automobila natrpanih vrećama bivalo je sve više. Jasenovčani su pripovijedali, da su čuli krikove i stenjanje iz njih. Matković je takovo utovarivanje vršio mnogo stručnije od Miloša, bez nervoze, znalacki i spretno.

Liječnici-zatočenici bili su zaposleni u svom zvanju u ambulancama. Pod nazivom ambulanta se obično zamišlja nešto sasvim drugo, nego li je to onda bilo u logoru. Centralna ambulanta bila je smještena u prostoriji, gdje su se nalazile mašine za pravljenje cigli. Kad si ušao pred vratima na golj zemlji se kesilo nekoliko lešina. Medikamenata također nije bilo.

Poslije kad smo bili u barakama, onda je baraka br. 3 nosila naziv „bolnica“. Čim si stupio unutra, udario je u nos smrad lešina, koje su bile ispremiješane sa umirućima ili još živima u boksovima. Teško je bilo u prvi mah lučiti žive od mrtvih, jer su mrtvaci ležali otvorenih očiju, kao da su živi, a živi su bili nepomični poput mrtvih. Mjesto naziva bolnica, bio bi bolji naziv „crkavalište“, Ustaški sistem nije naravno puštao na miru ni one, koji su umirali, nego su ih sa njihovih smrtnih ležišta izvlačili, tovarili eventualno gole po onoj zimi na kola i odvažali u šumu na ubijanje. Svaki je nastojao koliko god mu je bilo moguće, da ne dođe u bolnicu, jer je najveća želja svih bila umrijeti naravnom smrću. Kako je bilo zabranjeno ostajati u drugim barakama po danu, to nemoćnima nije drugo preostajalo. Ali obično duže od dan-dva nije nikome više trebala ta „bolnica“. Većina je odbijala svaku hranu, ali bilo je ipak takovih, koji su si pred smrt silno zaželjeli komadić kruha ili koje zrno kukuruza. Kad mi je umirao bratić, zaželio je malo kruha, ali je umro prije, nego što smo mu ga ja i drugi rođak mogli donijeti. Zadovoljno smo ga mi pojeli. Nije to bila mala žrtva odijeliti od sebe komadić kruha. Kruh sam dobivao tek nakon četiri mjeseca kao grupnik. Jedan stari zatočenik došao je plačući za vrijeme odmora u radionicu, jer su mu ubili jednog sina. Netko mu je pružio malo graha, kojega je pojeo zajedno sa suzama, koje su mu u zdjelu kapale, a sutradan mu se je valjda već činilo kao da mu je sin umro prije deset godina. Nemoguće je u takovim prilikama normalno misliti.

Poslije 9.11. 1942, iza dolaska poznate komisije, bilo je uređeno u baraki br. 1 nešto što je donekle zaslužilo naziv bolnica. O tome kasnije.



Jasenovac, spomenik stradalima na mjestu logora

Ljudi su umirali lako i svjesno. U boksu kraj mene rekao mi je jedne noći moj drug Ing. Erich Neumann: „Čujes, moj ruksak predaj Slavku Šlau-u iz grupe Münz, a ti si zadrži pokrivače, jer su tvoji slabi“ „A zašto“ „Pa vidiš da ću umrijeti“. To je još govorio pri svijesti, a za nekoliko minuta počne fantazirati, da će avionom u Bukurešt, jer ga nije briga da

ostane ovdje. Sutradan je bio mrtav.

Ja sam stanovao u baraci br. 5. Bilo je u njoj oko 120 Srba, oko 30 Židova i desetak muslimana i katolika. Neke dane treba naročito istaknuti! Tako je npr. na Badnjak 1941. osvanuo lijep zimski dan. Pojavilo se i zimsko sunce. Koliko se sjećam radilo se je na općem čišćenju kruga do 11 sati. Svi smo bili duboko uvjereni obzirom na blagdan, da ćemo taj dan provesti u miru. Poslije rada imali smo nastup pred upravnom zgradom. Jelo smo obično dobivali predajom žetona, koje su nam dijelili svako jutro. Međutim, toga dana rečeno nam je da ćemo jelo dobiti na cedulje, koje će nam izdati kancelarija i to prema traženju pojedinih grupnika, koje su cedulje nosile štampljku „Prometna zadruga“. Tako se naime zvala tvrtka, kojoj je ranije pripadalo to poduzeće. Dosada nam se jelo dijelilo na više kazana, koji su se donijeli na nekoliko mjesta. Toga dana određeno je samo jedno mjesto za dobivanje jela i to u Ekonomiji.

Kad su nam podijelili te cedulje, došla je kroz kapiju pred upravnu zgradu velika grupa od više stotina zatočenika, koju prije nismo vidjeli. Poredali su ih u dva reda. Iza njih postavili su se ustaše. Sjećam se dobro, da su redovi išli od lančare pa sve do stražare. Na vratima upravne zgrade stajao je Miloš gologlav, a oko njega časnici i ustaše. Jedan je vodnik imao tamno-zelenu kapu. Ti nadošli bili su dobro hranjeni, djelomice izričito debeli i mnogi su imali krcate naprtnjače. Ustaše su ih golicali bajonetama. Ostalo mi je u pameti paklenski nasmijano lice ustaše sa debelim crnačkim usnicama, koji je bockao omanjeg čovjeka u plećku. Mi smo otraga gledali iz trijema pilane što se događa. Počeli su ih klati jednoga po jednoga nožem. Interesantno da nismo uopće čuli glasa. Izvlačili su ih iz grupe pred Miloša Grobarska grupa (kasnije tako zvana grupa D) počela je nositi mimo nas prve žrtve. Zatočenike, koji su umirali ili bili ubijeni u našem logoru, bilo je lako nositi. Ali ovi su bili ugojeni i kroz razderanu košulju tresli su im se trbusi. Neki su bili potpuno krvavi, da ih je bilo nemoguće raspoznati, a neki su jedva pustili kap krvi.

Mi smo radi jela otišli prema Ekonomiji, i tamo se poredali u dugačak red. Uslijed novog rasporeda davanje jela nije se odvijalo, brzo te smo čekali satima. Kroz sve to vrijeme nošeni su mrtvaci mimo nas. Daske su se pod njima svijale, a nosači su imali velike muke, jer su išli uz kraj ceste. Ti su ljudi izgledali kao Hrvati katolici. Za jelo smo toga dana imali puru. Kad bi se ispraznio kazan, bilo je dozvoljeno nosačima kazana da poberu ostatke. Ti bi nahrupili poput divljih zvijeri na te ostatke. Opskrbnik-zatočenik Atijas-Janović vikao je na njih neka ne budu zvijeri, neka se ponašaju kao ljudi, ali to naravno nije imalo nikakvog rezultata, jer su ti ljudi gledali i vidjeli samo žutu masu. Badava ih je bilo tući, oni to nisu ni osjećali, njima je bilo svejedno, da mimo njih nose lešinu za lešinom, grozno iznakaženu, za njih je prestao egzistirati ostali svijet, oni su samo vidjeli ostatke pure. No nemojte misliti, da je to bila bogzna kako gusta pura! Bila je to vodena pura, gotovo juha.

Sve skupa je to trajalo do pol 4 sata popodne, kada su bili likvidirani svi, koji su stajali pred upravnom zgradom. Konac te povorke završila su plateau-kola sa naslaganim lešinama, pošto se je valjda tempo likvidiranja ubrzao. Još se i danas sjećam Miloša pred vratima upravne zgrade kako mu je, od velike zaposlenosti, duga kosa padala na lice. Razumljivo je, da se kod tih egzekucija morao uprljati krvlju i izgledao je kao mesar.

Duro Schwarz:

In Jasenovac death camps (1)

(Translation by Google)

It has been three years since I came out of the Jasenovac camps, but the horror and dread have not left me, nor will they ever leave me. Only now do I dare to talk about it, only now do I



Duro Švarc (Schwarz) with his son Emil, Zagreb 1941

dare to pull out of the soles of my old slippers my notes about it. I hid them there written with extremely small letters.

The fear of those who passed Jasenovac is indescribable. The horror they have experienced is indelible and the human language not enough perfect to only roughly describe such reality. And yet, should the most terrible torments of the greatest martyrs, which this country has ever endured, disappear into nothingness without any weak echo !?

We were arrested on August 30, 1941. in the street and sat down in Kristalume on Zavrtnica like gullible sheep, who have no idea of what's happening. We were told to go for work and build embankments to drain Lonja wetland. So - nothing terrible! We started to run an organization among ourselves. We have introduced duty, firefighting. In the shed in the yard, we arranged a barber shop, introduced a service at the toilet. The Ustashas were still behaving like people, even though they were rude. They beat two, there of prisoners. We slept on concrete, and food was brought to us from outside. I guessed we wouldn't go outside of

Zagreb. We were imprisoned only during the Zagreb fair – how naïve was it to think so. New ones came, some were released, to be arrested again. An Ustasha police officer arrived daily in the robbed car. On the eleventh day they approached the wagons. So - a camp after all! An Ustasha lieutenant colonel arrived, lined us in rows and commanded sarcastically: “Forward, the brave army of Chamberlain!” There were about 350 of us, old and young, intellectuals and ignorant, rich and poorest. In four months, there were twenty of us left, and today we may have only two or three left.

Overcrowded wagons, Ustashas with helmets and rifles. At the stations we listened vicious remarks of the villains against us, the silent sympathy of the uncorrupted, our mutual conversation and finally in the evening - Jasenovac station.

We spent the night under guard in wagons under the command of the Ustasha lieutenant Beniš. In the morning they lined us up near rails, surround us with Ustashas and took us to the camp.

The vast majority of us were purebred members of the so-called inferior race, but there are also mixed races, even those who have completely forgotten that they have a piece of blood, which stigmatizes them as guilty of war, human misery, Germany's defeat in the last war, etc.

No trace of concern, no trace of evil misgivings!

We arrive in front of the camp. It is surrounded by a wire 3 m high and just as wide. Around we notice observation posts. Guards take away our scissors, razors and the like. We are still

out of the wire and curiously watching those, who are already inside. They are mostly Serbs, starving, with sunken cheeks, bent, feverish eyes. We still do not understand the situation and do not even think that we will soon look like them

After the search, we enter the wire fence through the door, which will keep us almost all forever. In all, there are three barracks, each 20 meters long, about 10 meters wide and about 4 and a half meters high. Two are already occupied, each with 500 people. We are located on three floors. Those on lower floors can't see anything, neither during the day. Those on upper level are exposed to water leaks during rains. An individual can occupy not more than 50 cm of width, but when new ones arrive, there is even less space. There is a grip inside. Machine guns are aimed at the barracks, and at night bullets flu over our heads. In the morning there is an "roll call for work". We got some warm water for breakfast. It's still dusk. Surrounded by the Ustashes, we head towards the embankment, which is about 3 km away. We step two by two, and the Ustashes say to us: "No talking!" The embankment is to be built 30 km long, 25 m wide and 5 m high. First, we remove bushes and trees from the field. Down in the ravine, approximately 100 m away, we dig hard earth and with wheelbarrows we take it up to the embankment, and we pound it with hammers. At first we bring about 3 cubic meters a day, and later more. When it rains and the wheelbarrows fall into the ground, we dig pieces of earth overgrown with grass and turfs putting these pieces on the slope of the embankment. Serbs work by the road, and we Jews stay behind them. The Ustashes sit in the shade on high places and shout to force us to work faster. We have to fill wheelbarrows up. This work is not easy, especially not for the unaccustomed and the elderly. To break the monotony, the Ustashes merge in between us and hit us with butts for no reason, me because I protected my neck from the sun with a handkerchief. Later, he turns the rifle and stabs the bayonet in the hands, because the prisoner allegedly is not pulling the wheelbarrow properly. Those Ustashes, on the other hand, who have more sense of humor and cannot be left with a



Camp Jasenovac, torture of a detainee

comfortable bed in the shade, call us to come near. We need to kneel before them, and they tickle us. In particular, they make a "joke" with those prisoners who have to defecate. They

must come with their trousers down on their knees and receive blows with laughter and roar. Especially angry is an Ustasha nicknamed by his comrades "Jazo" (Croatian: jazavac, jazo, name for a badger), because of his resemblance to the badger's snout.

Some naive people among the prisoners tried to treat the Ustashes "psychologically" or, as they said, "nicely." Dr. Vlatko Donner told me: "Well, they are people too! And with a man you should always speak in a nice way. You will see how kind they will be to me. " And indeed! When the Ustasha came to him and hit him with his butt, he said him in a pleading voice: " Brother, don't beat me, you see that I am weak and sick." But the reaction was completely different than he imagined, because his "brother" stroked his head, that he fell stunned. He even treated him with a few kicks. Such was the result of psychology and pedagogy.

A car rumbled from the road. The later lieutenant Ljubo Miloš, Luburić's right hand man, arrived. A tall young man with black-rimmed glasses. He killed many hundreds of people during my stay in the camp only and in front of us with his own hand in various ways. The word "rain" passes through the embankment, which means caution. We dig with all our might. He approaches with a loaded automatic rifle. He is accompanied by Josip Matijević, an Ustasha sergeant, his driver. The latter pulls out a revolver, shoots at random, beats and kicks. Miloš is sometimes replaced by Lieutenant called Ile with a fez on his head.

We had to run back to lunch, i.e. a few beans without any fat or flour. In half an hour, we have to "roll call for work" again and work until the evening. We cover 12 km a day. Even though we are tired, we can barely lift our legs, we have to sing on the way back. "Dinner" is like lunch,

And so it goes day after day. Weaker prisoners start to collapse. Many have a strong bloody diarrhea, and die soon. In our barracks there are no louses yet, but in other barracks louses suck that small amount of blood left. We have difficulties with water despite the underwater terrain, one weak well gives insufficient water for all of us.

They haven't taken our money or documents yet. On November 20. 1941 in the afternoon we have to take all the things out of the barracks and line up in two rows in the yard. There Miloš, shouts in his high voice: "Ustashes!, stand behind them and shoot immediately at their every move. Nobody to move." We stand motionless in the sun for more than an hour. Shots echo. We don't know if they're shooting. Miloš runs around all flushed: he searches every corner, and the Ustashes tear boards from the walls of the barracks and look for hidden money. Finally we go two by two to search. They take away our money, paper, pens, rings, watches. If a ring cannot be easily removed, they are afraid of cutting their fingers. It lasts until dark. There are a few more unexamined. We are inspected and pushed all into one barrack, where there is a terrible crowd. We do not know in the darkness where we will settle, so we tread on those who have fallen. The old men can't get up

Kulturbund members (Kulturbund: association of local Nazi oriented Germans) dressed in black with helmets on their heads often deliver new prisoners. On such occasions they also inspect the embankment. They speak German, although they know Croatian. They make fun of us and terrify us. Once, when it was raining and we were all wet and muddy, I heard them say, "Das ist der richtige Ort und das richtige Wetter für die Juden (in German: This is the right place and right weather for Jews).

In a few days 30 to 40 people among the Serbs were separated and placed under an eaves. They languished there day and night. Then the guards tied them with wire two by two. Then another wire was fixed through the whole row and those people were taken away never to return. This was allegedly a revenge for the escape of two Serbs who, while cutting wood, overcame guards in the woods and fled.

A wire cage was made in the Serbian yard, where prisoners were sentenced to stay for longer or shorter periods. It was impossible to lie down or stand up in that cage, and the nights were already very cold.

On the Serbian side lay more and more corpses mutilated, uncovered. This was a way of dying by natural starvation.

Around September 25 1941, the camp authorities called on all prisoners, who felt weak, to report for moving to a large nearby Kraplje camp, which was already full of prisoners, because they would recover there. Almost half of prisoners applied. We later learned from the survivors what the recovery was like. They got even less food than we did, and Ustashas started killing them systematically. While working in the forest, bullets flew through the branches. Once a bullet killed two brothers. The Ustasha named Štrk was outstandingly cruel. Going to work with him was with fear, because it was not known if anyone would return. One night around 12 o'clock a roll call was ordered in the courtyard. When the prisoners gathered, a machine gun rattled. But by chance, the bullet got stuck, and only about 30 people fell.

Around October 7, all the engineers were ordered not to go to work, because a commissioner would come. We waited for about 9 hours. A car speeds up when Miloš and a small man about 30 years old went out. That man had slanted, penetrating Tatar eyes, who swayed a little while walking, he was Luburić. He gave us a stylistically good, and refined speech in terms of content. He told us how we will be employed in the industry according to our qualifications in the new camp in Ciglana (a brick factory). There was a power plant, mechanical factory, electrical workshop, sawmill, brickyard. The speech was not threatening, but flattering, mentioning how in the past Croats lived well with Jews and Croats would not forget Dr. Frank, (Dr. Frank was 19th century right wing Croatian political leader of Jewish origin) and it was not the will of the Ustashas and Zagreb to treat Jews badly, so it is not known whether we will remain among the Croats or be evicted to build the Croatian capital in Banja Luka. However, certain Dr. Büchler wants to found a communist republic somewhere in Plješivica (a mountain in Croatia) but Ustashas, now in power, know to deal with such activities. We later heard that 83 prisoners from Kraplje camp had been taken and killed because of their alleged connection to Dr. Büchler.

On the same afternoon, all the technicians were sent to the brickyard. The others remained in the old camp.

Our first dwelling in the brickyard was the attic of the mill. Initially about 600 of us were there and we were organized according to our professions. On October 1941 around 3 o'clock a roll call was called in the courtyard. The courtyard had a square shape. Some 30 people were brought from prison. That prison was actually a storehouse of coal with no doors, only with grates, with temperature same as outside. The prisoners were squatting on the coal. Those 30 prisoners were pushed to the middle of the yard in front of the administration

building. Miloš was there. They had to lean on the bars, because each of them would receive 25 blows. Miloš explained and emphasized the mildness of the punishment. Punishment? No one knew why that punishment, not even the convicts themselves. The Ustashas were striking. The strokes were counted, but they didn't stop at 25, but struck continues. An Ustasha (I think his name was Metež) stroke merrily and shouted how it is good for health of those beaten. Many of them couldn't endure and roar like bulls. There was a fight over who would strike.. The Modrić brothers and other elites were also there. Miloš blushed, full with rage, began to strike himself with all his might. Muffled blows were around. They stroke to the blood like fools.

After a few days again a new roll call. We looked at each other in fright, A strange silence reigned in the yard. Miloš, red in the face, stood speechless. Then he moved and approached us: "Who are you?" The prisoner answered: "I am an worker" He pulled him out of line. He is assisted by the driver Adžija, who was beating prisoners too. After Serbs, next ware Jews, among whom he was looking for an advocate. Elected 25 to 30 people are standing in the middle. Miloš said how someone in the city pulled a revolver at the Ustasha, and we hungry miserable creatures, we are guilty. He shouted: "Machine gun!" At the same time the door of the administrative building opened with the driver called Matijević sitting behind, a machine gun. Ustashas jumped to higher places and the others surround the convicts with loaded rifles. One of prisoners fell out of fear. Gards lead them to the bottom of the yard to a guardhouse. Milos shot them all by himself. We had to watch all of this. Everyone died without a word.

At that time we were no longer in the attic of the mill because Catholics had moved in there. We slept in workshops, where we built attics. Every evening, Milos and the Ustashas patrolled. After the first dream, shots awoke us. It was Luburić and Miloš who killed the carpenters next to us, because of cold they laid down by the stove in which some unquenched embers still was.

The famine was getting worse. About 20 people died every day. The dead were carried past the Sawmill down the road to the cemetery, below the kitchen. Cemetery? Pits full of naked bodies covered with a few inched of earth. People walked over it as no signs, crosses or anything like was there. The other cemeteries, those by the lake, were already full. These were all mass graves.

Here, too, an embankment was built, although much smaller than the one in the forest. It should protect the camp from flooding. Killings on that embankment were daily. Those from the first camp in the forest also came to work, because it was no longer possible to work on the large embankment. The food was carried after them, and consisted of 2 to 3 potatoes a day, not large ones. We got slightly better food in the new camp, so-called camp III, and even bread in the beginning. But that lasted only a few weeks, and then they started feeding us much like the others. We were mixed in groups with Serbs, and only later with Catholics. Concerning food, I have a particularly fond memory of the frozen potatoes, which we got in the winter and which were all mixed with straw and trash from the traps. You barely swallow them despite the greatest hunger.

More and more often, the Ustashas brought looted property of poor peasants to the camp. Cabinets, tables, bedding, feathers, dishes, rustic fabrics, etc. This was then unloaded in the yard. One day they groomed a lot of cattle, pigs, chickens, ducks, geese. It looked like a cattle

fair in front of the camp. Ustashas laughed and were in a very good mood because it would all end up in their stomachs. These were small cattle, probably from Bosnia. It all went to Economy on the other side of the lake. Of course, even the thought that the prisoners would benefit from it would be punished by death, if such thought could be registered. We were not allowed to pick up the corn grains left in the mud, which were left by the pigs, which they fed with that corn. We looked at those grains with greed. The locals, the peasants, especially the Orthodox, wanted to help us. But how? For them it also meant exposing to greatest danger. When a peasant car passed by on the road, it happened as if by accident, some piston fell into the mud. We would pick it up unnoticed. Miloš would immediately shoot anyone with whom he found such a *corpus delicti*. After all, he needed no reason to shoot a prisoner. Initially, the latrine was behind the administration building, toward the field, near the gas station. If someone accidentally urinated a few centimeters further Miloš would kill him.

The camp near Cigłana consisted of three parts: our camp III, III.b and III.c. The latter were called penal camps. The prisoners in them were mostly people without a technical profession: merchants, peasants, but also those redundant technicians, whom we could not include in the working groups. One day, an roll call was called in the presence of Luburić. The camp inmate Bruno Diamantstein gave a speech, he got orders from Luburić how to do it. Let us observe the things that will come without sentiments, and we, technicians, should be under the protection of Luburić. Diamantstein was a prisoner, a so-called freeman, i.e. he could move freely. He was allowed to live outside the camp and was paid. However, such a freedom was almost never permanent, because it was abolished and a person should returned to the camp. There were about 4-5 such freemen. Some groups had leaders, who were called group leaders, their deputies were captains (in Croatian original "stotnik" means a leader of smaller group, some 100 members), and among Serbs, the leaders of the barracks were called commanders. At the head of the camp was a camp leader who used a camp office. Of all these people, who during my captivity had a deeper insight into the structure of the camp I was only one to survive. After four months of ordinary captivity I became a group leader of electricians. Diamantstein's role was not easy, because on the one hand he had to carry out the orders of the Ustashas, and on the other hand as a man, despite his possible shortcomings and sometimes rough treatment, he wanted to protect the prisoners. Both was not possible at the same time, especially not under the command of a man like Miloš!

We didn't know at first what Diamantstein's speech meant, but we didn't have to wait long for clarification. Penalty activities, meaning killing, has begun, every day about 20 or more prisoners from every part of the camp. The saying how exception confirms the rule was not valid there. Among these monsters, who were licking human blood, so to speak (some, according to what prisoners spoke, literary did it), there were no exceptions, they were all equal executioners.

I remember how once a group of prisoners was brought from a camp in the woods. They did not know how to line up quickly as soldiers. Miloš, red as a beet, pointed a devilish gesture at them from the window on the first floor of the administration building. The yard became more and more crowded.. Groups of 50 or more people came from the field. They stood in front of the administration building for half an hour, and then they were sent to be killed behind the kitchen.

On Friday morning, November 1941, an order was given no one should move out of the dwelling. This lasted until about 9 p.m. As we made our way to the chain store, a large plate stood near the power plant, with a mound of muddy, naked, half-dressed corpses, their heads and legs mixed. The picture was awful! We noticed some weird atmosphere in the yard, but we had to get on our work. We all stood working in our places. Suddenly a whisper spread how in the brickyard killing with iron poles and clubs is going on. Those iron rods were usually used as pokers for making fire in steam heaters. The killers were divided into several groups. In Miloš's group I noticed a tall and, judging by the clothes, Ustasha's "emigrant" a man with strikingly slanted Mongol eyes, whom I never saw again. Corpses of those thrown from the upper floors of the brickyard lay in front of the building near the old power plant. We all were in some kind of madness and almost expecting clubs to fall on our heads soon. For some business reasons, I had to go through the back door of the chain workshop on the brick porch to the elevator. A weak prisoner in mortal fear, was running past me, followed by a tall Ustasha with a thick stick. There were a lot of those sticks in the tunnel. They were produced by sawmills and used in parquetry. "You will not escape me!" Ustasha Shouted. Fortunately, he didn't notice me. An old man shouted a few steps further, "Just pray to God!" But immediately he fell with a crushed head.

Prisoner Ivo Jungwirth served on the elevator. Around noon he returned, and asked someone else to replace him, as he was unable to continue listening to the moans and screams beneath him. According to him, the Ustashes rested from time to time, they would light a cigarette with bloody hands. The attacked prisoners prayed kneeling for their lives for the sake of their children This inflamed Miloš even more. In general, as I have seen many times, he could hardly bear somebody crying and this made him even angrier. While he was beating and the prisoner moaned, he would shout: "Shut up"

Around 11 am I had to go to inspect the pump near the Sava river opposite the camp gate. It was always dangerous to pass the guard, because even if you went on duty, and even if the guard knew it, the man still risked getting at least a few blows. I was accompanied by prisoner Boris Schwarzenberg. With quick steps, looking neither left nor right, we headed for the pump. We looked down to the ground. Suddenly I noticed to be among the corpses, terribly mutilated, some almost half-faced, and some still moving. The guard sang. We descended quickly into the shaft of the pump, to disappear from this world. The pump was covered, but under the roof we could see what was going on outside. When the guard saw someone severely wounded still moving, he would jump on him breaking his bones with heavy boots. When we got back from the pump, the killing in the camp was still going on. Luburic was walking around the chain workshop - presumably to study what effects his action had on the prisoners. Around noon, no corpses were seen near the gate, but only a few leftover shoes and puddles of blood. Luburic joked with the village girls, who were passing by. He shouted at them, "Hey, little girl." To the guard he would say: "Here, you have a strong wind as on the top of Velebit mountain."

On that day, all the remaining prisoners from Kraplje camp were brought to our camp, because the camp there was being abandoned. Some 800 to 1,000 of them came. That group looked like shipwrecks from the North Pole. Wrapped heads as a protection against cold, muddy, miserable, wrapped in rags. Dr. Leon Perić, a doctor and prisoner from Sarajevo led them. They were placed in a tunnel, from where there was an immediate scream and wailing. The "tunnel" was not real tunnel, it was a large canopy, open on all sides, in which wooden

goods were stacked, to be protected from rain and snow. Staying in that tunnel meant the same as staying outside. Killing, beating everyone and everything, lasted in the tunnel all night. The next day, when I happened to pass through the tunnel, it looked as if there had been a battle the day before there. Remains of suits and various things lay on the ground. When we talked to newcomers a few days later, they told us terrible things that happened during their march from Kraplje to Jasenovac. It was very cold that day. The Ustashas, however, forced them to take off shoes so they could sell them to the peasants. If they came across a pond or a stream, then the whole line had to pass there, and the Ustashas hit them on the head on the other side of the shore. Younger prisoners managed to overcome this, but the older or weaker ones fell unconscious or were killed in the water. Anyone who could not go fast enough, was killed with a bullet or a bayonet.

At 12 o'clock a new roll call was ordered for a meal in the courtyard. Military command were ordered to line us in the courtyard and pass through the main gate towards the kitchen, followed by the mocking remarks of the guards and Ustashas who gathered at the gate: "King Peter's army is going" and similar remarks were heard. At 1 o'clock we had to continue with our work. Presumably for purposes to kill us, I remember, how on November 14 1941, the work lasted uninterruptedly until about 5 o'clock. We named that day Black Friday.

We had no money, everything was taken from us, but still our guards constantly asked for money cunningly trying to elicit it from those who didn't deliver all they had. Deadlines were set for handing over the money to the camp commander without a "punishment", which, however, if the Ustashas found out the names, still followed. When we were on the embankment in the woods, and when we were still allowed to have money, the guards used to speak "confidentially" to a prisoner taking him aside from the group offering to sell bread. If anyone believed in such offer and went with the guard behind some bush, he would soon return, of course, without bread, but also without money, with few bruises.

In addition to money, guards also wanted to seize woolen stuff like sweaters or gloves. A prisoner had to hide such stuff from their view. Later, when we no longer were allowed to pose money, they still wanted to rob. Bread was used again as bait, and if someone, in the greatest danger, managed to hide ten kunas (kuna – Croatian money), bite into this, he would be killed without exception. Hunger was so great that even intelligent people lost their logic at the thought of bread, and forgot all precautions.

Getting colder and colder, we were taken to jail with more joy. I was told by a later-killed relative, who had experienced such imprisonment, that Ustashas came in a visit every 10 minutes at night from the guard post, which was a few steps away. Prisoners were forced to masturbate with each other and to shout: "Long live King Peter" And when the prisoners, despite the greatest torment, did not dare, they were beaten for disobedience. So beaten and threshed, in the morning prisoners had to go for work on the pond, which was especially hard, digging heavy ground for making bricks at a fast pace of incoming wagons.

Without arrivals or departures of new groups in the yard, Ustashas were busy with their own initiatives. For these otherwise lazy people, employment according to their own whims, as torturing prisoners was, as it seemed to me, fun and a necessity. Through the window of the main warehouse and through the cracks in the door of chain workshop, I peered at the events in the yard. Not out of curiosity, but for orientation, especially when I had to walk through the

yard. The liveliest scenes took place there. Prisoners, who carried planks or other objects here and there, had to lean on bars, and the Ustashas beat them with every possible object. Electric cables with many wires were their favorites for that purpose. But no matter how heavy those cables were, they always came to the workshops and looked for even harder ones. Of course, we hid such cables at the cost of our own greatest danger.

Guards had not the slightest "respect" towards us. When they needed a wire to kill the prisoners, they looked for that wire in the workshops and examined its thickness and elasticity in front of us. At the same time, they ordered mallets in the saw mill, each to their own taste. Ordinary mallets were not heavy and suitable. The prisoners, to be killed behind the kitchen, were led from the road through main gate in groups of 50 tied. Cooks watched from the kitchen, mallets rise and fall. According to the size of the group, murderers returned in about 20 minutes or more with bloody mallets as a trophy. It was terrible to watch those groups without coats in that very winter of 1941/42 walking that road. Assembling such groups went very quickly. Usually, some prisoners, such as Spiller, were called to the main office from their work place. For example. Dr. Hinko Löwy was called when he was busy in cutting an ulcer of a prisoner in my group. Others, I remember well, worked on blueprints in the drawing room. Some others were taken from the chain store when working on "banks".

One day Diamantstein called all the group leaders and commanders, and told them a new camp for the elderly and weak was being established in Đakovo. (in eastern Croatian town Đakovo was a transition camp for Jewish women and children) I wasn't a group leader at that time yet, but I happened to be there. Diamantstein assured, and it was clear for him, this time it was really a new camp, not killing place, because Luburić and Miloš had given him their word. I remember Diamantstein's explanation, beginning with "Friends" - which was the agreed title among us prisoners.

We believed in Đakovo, and the prisoners, who had been assigned for that purpose, gathered in front of the administration building with their luggage. They were immediately told, that no luggage is needed. That was weird to us. It was even stranger to us that five or six were killed on the spot. The others were loaded on trucks, which headed to the right towards Jasenovac. Those killed or half-killed remained lying, on the spot for longer time. After about an hour and a half, trucks returned empty, of course. Immediately became clear to us what "Đakovo" meant. From that time, it entered our camp jargon: He went to Đakovo

Some blood was always in front of the administration building, because the red color of the blood did not fade for a long time. It never occurred to any of the Ustashas to order us to remove that blood. That was part of camp colors.

At first, trucks "from Đakovo" returned empty, but later with the clothes of the killed, as they had to undress at the execution site.

From the drawing room I peeked at what was going on in the yard. I remember one day there was a killing between a well and a guard post. No shooting was heard. If the bodies lying on the ground still moved, Miloš came between them and beat them. Watching was very dangerous, I didn't watch any longer. I remember Miloš's expression. He just looked very busy.

On another occasion, guards pulled the prisoners out of the prison taking them to the execution site. There were 15 officers and non-commissioned officers in front of the prison. They were in a great mood, playing like children, skipping each other. Milos was among them. Dane, one of the biggest executioners of the infamous 17th Company, came out of the guard house. He was a brutal-looking, shoulder-squared man. At that time, this company, probably the most reliable, was guarding the camp. They lazed all day, took care of their food, were undisciplined.

When it was necessary to keep watch during rain or in winter, then one guard would send an other one. They walked often in slippers, uniforms crumpled from lying. Milos visited the guard every day and shouted at them: "By God, I will shoot you all!" Once, Dane was riding in a two-wheeler through the yard. The two-wheeler was owned by ensign Modric. When he asked Dane to return the two-wheeler, Dane, who was then a lieutenant, hardly paid any attention to it, although Modrić cursed and cursed. He returned when he found it suitable. Such behavior was understandable, considering how they all were comrades in the most heinous crimes. They were never lazy to do these crimes, whether day or night. From the drawing room I saw Dane approach the prison from which the prisoners were coming out one by one and immediately taking off coats. Dane, strong as an animal, would have hunched over like a tiger, grabbed the prisoner by the arms and slammed him with a heavy boot into the scrotum. A prisoner would stagger. Dane would then tie him up and lean against the prison wall. When he had thus completed his work, and a sufficient number of prisoners had been bound, they were forced towards the execution site. Ing. Kalman, who was once in such a group, told me how before the execution, Miloš controlled the names of the prisoners according to the list and since he was not on that list, he was released.

When we were still in the camp in the woods, we were warned many times, that for every fugitive at least 50 others would be executed. We heeded that threat, although it later became clear that the threat was quite illusory, since everyone in the camp had to die anyway, but the being killing was an advantage of a quick death. Fleeing was very rare, as the prospect of success was minimal.

One of the most successful escapes carried out with much courage, caution and cunning, was the escape of Mark Spitzer, a sawmill group leader, with four, five comrades. It was executed late in the afternoon on Black Friday. Marko Spitzer managed to gain the trust of the Ustashas with his deft behavior and strong nerves, and as a group leader of the sawmill he constructed the need for wood. River Sava was that day very turbulent and he went with his friends in a boat to the other side to get those wood. On the other side he faked an accident, and the Ustashas, who were watching him, saw that the boat had overturned and the prisoners had disappeared in waves. However, from the position of the boat or something other evidences, Ustashas realized after a few days realized how everything was a hoax, and in retaliation killed many prisoners

On another occasion, an ensign in front of the barracks showed us a prisoner, who had been caught on the run and whose life was saved as he gave some confessions. His appearance had to distract us from any attempt to escape. His face was furrowed like zebra skin, his bones were broken and he could barely crawl. Dane, who was present, winked at the ensign, saying: "Leave him to me for a while."

There were several extraordinary cartoonists in the drawing room, real artists and they had to draw the busts of our executioners. I remember Walter Kraus from Vienna drawing Dane's picture, probably as a gift to sweetheart of this murderer.



Jasenovac memorial in the place of former camp

Each prisoner-expert had a sign hung on the top of his coat with an indication of his group and profession. This was very important because Ustashas would kill first those having no such table, i.e. who were without a profession. Because of this, quite comical professions arose many times, enabling a prisoner of wearing such a table. Namely, the Ustashas did not understand the content of that table, the

main thing for them was that something was written on it.

By that time we were all already full of lice. Some had such "sweet blood" that they were just choking with lice. In some hiding corner or in the evening in a barrack or our main occupation would be removing lice. We did it almost automatically, so no one even noticed, when his friend would start such manipulating during the conversation take off his shirt. As we were all dirty, because we could not change or wash the laundry at all, of course the lice could not be removed. Rumors have spread among us that in dirty laundry lice are kept less than in clean ones. Later, laundry was organized, of course, without soap, and disinsection was introduced, but everything was so primitive. There was only one boiler for disinsection, and only several prisoners could be cleaned daily. After a few days they would be full of lice again. During the disinsection, in the shed, through which wind was blowing, we had to undress. It would be instructive for the doctor to see our bodies, which looked like those in the "Hunger in India" photographs.

We worked in principle always. There was no Sunday rest, and if there was, then it was only for the sake of the guards, not for us. While we were working, the Ustashas were walking among us. If, for example Matijevic, the sergeant, later ensign, noticed a working prisoner not working with full strength, such prisoner would be in great trouble. Matijević would sneak quietly to the workshop door, and peek through the glass windows to see if we were working. When he noticed that in his opinion someone was not doing the right thing, he would run in, beat the prisoner and take him with him to the guard, so that the guards would hit him even harder. We of course used various tricks and signals to avoid this. We tried to arrange the work in such a way that someone had to repair some machine in front of the workshop, and that one was actually on guard. Of course, it was all dangerous and by no means simple, but we had no choice. My group had also to work in a village. Two, three of us were followed by guards. Under various pretexts, e.g. to repair the electrical network, due to the nature of our

work we tried to merge between passersby or children on the road whispering to them to give us bread.

Often, for the sake of ostensibly cleaning parts of the plant, we faked the need to go for water to the well in some houses or to re-examine the house connections in the attics. These were all opportunities to get food. If not otherwise then by stealing. The late engineer Armin Goldstein was unsurpassed master in these tricks. Otherwise he excellent friend, who accidentally found out about the names of two or three sawmills near Ogulin (Ogulin – a town some 60 km from Jasenovac). With this knowledge of Ogulin, he would regularly start a conversation with the guards, who were usually from there, and thus divert their attention from other prisoners, who could then "operate" more safely. This food, (mostly cornbread, and sometimes other things), was not easy to hide, and it was especially difficult to bring it into the camp. If anyone was caught, death was certain. Filip Stein the tinsmith was once caught when he hid food in wide pants. Diamantstein managed, just by chance, to get him out of prison a moment before he should be executed. Stein got so old in prison, as if he had been there for several years, not three or four days. The prison changed the facial expressions of people, who stayed in it for only 24 hours. Filip Stein told me that Matijević beat him on the head, and Miloš pulled out his hair with pliers. When he reflexively raised his hands to defend himself because of the blows, Miloš pointed a revolver at him and said that he would shoot him immediately, if he would only blink. He had to spread his arms and look at the barrel of the revolver, and Matijević beat him all over his body, head and scrotum. "But believe me, it's like I didn't notice the blows at all, because I was just looking at a revolver." In addition to him, there were 53 other prisoners in prison, who came inside with burns on their legs and arms, with completely blackened limbs as they have been thrown in an oven.. These were mostly intellectuals. Half an hour after Stein was release from prison, everyone was killed, although they hoped to stay alive. The next day, Miloš talked to him, because he had to work in the administration building, and although he had beaten and almost killed him a day before, he talked as if nothing had happened, he even gave him a cigarette. When Stein talked about this, tears welled up in his eyes.

We used to work for the 14th company in Jasenovac. Those were good days because we were getting leftovers, and if there weren't any, we were eating from a drink designated for pigs.

We had no connection with that group of Catholics who came to our former dwellings in the mill. They didn't go to work with us. Later, Catholics joined us in our mixed group, where of Jews and Serbs. In the mill, we defecated in a nearby latrine or, when we were not allowed to go out, in a large tub located at the bottom of the ladder on the ground floor. Going out at night on the latrine was both dangerous and inconvenient. You should call a guard and ask him for permission and escort to the latrine. The guards would endow us with a butt or those with more humor would order us to lie down in the mud or a puddle of water. In the new dwelling in the attic, regardless of the winter, it was in that narrow space that we entered crawling, very inconvenient just to defecate. It was always complete darkness because we didn't have matches. The urination, on the other hand, was done in the containers set for it. It happened that the contents in the dark turned upside down due to the crowd, so we swam in the stench. We couldn't go to the latrine, because the chain was locked, and moving outside was very dangerous here as well. In general, we were always accompanied by a stench in our camp life and later in that underwater terrain. As the water rose, excrement came out of the latrine, and the water spread it all around. We were all tainted by that stench. On the latrine,

due to the slippery terrain and mud, a foot could easily slipped away and many often found themselves in an awkward bath. Although it would all be hard to bear in normal life, the man here didn't pay too much attention to it and it wasn't surprising if someone's suit was a little yellow.

Nights were never quiet for us. Ustashas often drunk would pick us up to do some work at night. This was with threat of being slaughtered immediately. Ensign Modrić was a especially known for such treatments.

Later we had to move from the workshop attic to the barracks on the other side of the lake, but the attic, whose entrance was not easily visible, and where we climbed through a narrow opening using a ladder, which we placed on the bank, was an excellent shelter for us.

One day Diamantstein called group leaders to the office, and told us an order, to take all the weak and sick people out into the yard, if only one was missing, we would lose our heads. There were several in my group that needed to be reported. I did not have the strength to carry out that order, but I decided to hide these people in the attic. They died there after three days but they died a natural death, and we took them to the barracks in the evening. Of course, not all group leaders, especially those of larger groups, could circumvent that order, and they had to bring those helpless people, who traveled to "Đakovo". On another occasion, it was determined that all those over the age of 54 must be placed in the yard, of course for the same purpose. God knows why the number 54 came to mind! On that occasion, we circumvented the order saying how all were younger. It was not difficult to make such a trick, because our documents, also every piece of paper including toilet paper, were either burned or taken away from us earlier in the wood. The camp files were typically for "Ustasha tidy".

When I have already mentioned the toilet paper, it occurs to me how Ustashas were suspicious of any paper for the sake of possible correspondence. The slightest note, or at least one word sent to anyone outside the camp, brought immediate unconditional death. For this they once killed a father named Jacob and his three sons. And yet there were still prisoners who tried to send any information, in spite of everything.

Correspondence of up to 20 words of family content and sending of packages was allowed only in April 1942.

Diamantstein's deputy Bernard Wiener called one day all 24 group leaders to his office. We were faced with already prepared documents with six (six!) signatures. These forms stated that we died a natural death. One of the line with signature of Matković, the well know murdere had also a text "To be known to all peoples". Each of us had to enter his name and information in those forms. Everyone except me did this and I am, today the only one of them left alive. They all ended up with "a natural death". Namely, I imperceptibly stuffed my form in my pocket and left the room.

Such records were compiled at the time of everyone's death. On Black Friday, Luburić summoned two doctors-prisoners: Dr. Herman Gross and Dr. Lustig Leindorfer and said to them, referring to those who were beaten to death before their eyes: "As you know, all of them died a natural death today, so you should sign a record of that. After all, if you possibly think that any of them may not have died a natural death, you are free to dissect him. "We agree, we agree.." they answered and signed what they had to sign.

We were beaten not only out of rage, but also for fun. Once two Ustasha ensigns stood at the exit of the chain workshop and when the sign for roll call was given (a siren was used for that) we had to go through the door. Ensigns started beating us with sticks the way grain is beaten. Lot of fun was this for them, as we tried to avoid the blows with a wild race. If, on the other hand, Miloš saw such or similar exercises, then he would cynically warn: "Those, those without shoes", because he hated those poor people, who spoil his view.

Men only were in the camp at that time, but once a group of 50 to 70 village women with children were brought. All poor, barefoot people. They put them in jail, and the next day in the room behind the drawing room. The children screamed there for two days from hunger, and then they were all taken to "Đakovo".

We stayed above our workshops until the end of the year, and then we moved to the barracks on the other side of the lake. Building these barracks was with much sweat and blood. Certain number of prisoners had to carry parts of the barracks. Of course, this particular number of prisoners was too small for the load and our strength. A person would have feelings to be crushed, especially on uneven ground, when the load was tilted slightly. The groin glands ached from the strain and the winter, but everybody saw only a revolver pointed to his head. Woe to someone who let the burden fall down! He would be beaten. When there were no parts of the barracks, then we carried bricks or logs, always more cargo than was bearable for us.

I can still see the image of the poor men, loading stumps into wagons in front of the gate. They moved like machines, hungry, cold and sour, and secretions hang from their noses, because of cold and exhaustion people lost sensitivity and didn't notice their noses were leaking.

Strange phenomena appeared with people caused by cold, vitamin deficiencies and hunger. Some have swollen legs at the knee and took on a grotesque look. Others have poor eyesight, go blind, get old wrinkles on their faces, their teeth turn black. They always change their faces before they die. They get a mask from which only the eyes protrude. We had already such experience to estimate by appearance how long someone would live. Two, three days. And they knew it themselves. Some relatives sent as they point, last greetings, other workers, when asked how they are, answer: Until tomorrow. And miraculously it was usually like that.

A new executioner, Lieutenant Matković, appeared in the camp. He was even more cynical than Miloš. On one occasion, Serbs were thrown into a truck like sacks. One row on top of the other. The truck was topped with these "bags", which had to cling tightly to each other. Miloš stood at the top and leveled them with his butt. He shouted at them: "Serbian bastard!" They covered them with a tarpaulin and the truck ran off the road to Jasenovac. There were more and more such trucks full of sacks. The people of Jasenovac said that they heard screams and moans from them. Matković performed such loading much more professionally than Miloš, without nervousness, knowledgeably and deftly.

The doctors-prisoners were employed in their profession in the infirmaries. The name "infirmary" in the camp was completely different from usually imagined rooms of this name. The central infirmary was located in the room where the brick-making machines were located. When you entered the door, a few corpses were lying on the bare ground. There was also no medication.

Later when we were in the barracks, then barrack no. 3 was called "hospital". As soon as you stepped inside, the stench of corpses, mixed with the dying or still alive in the pits, hit your nose. It was difficult at first to distinguish the living from the dead, for the dead lay with their eyes open, as if they were alive, and the living were motionless like the dead. Better name for such "hospital" would be "perish room", the Ustasha system did not, of course, leave alone those who were dying, but pulled them out of their deathbeds during cold winter days, loaded them, most often naked, on carts and took them to the forest to kill. Everyone tried as hard as possible to avoid going to the hospital, because everyone's greatest wish was to die a natural death. As it was forbidden to stay in other barracks during the day, the helpless had no choice. But usually no one needed that "hospital" for more than a day or two. Most refused any food, but it was nonetheless such, who before death desperately desired a piece of bread or a grain of corn. When my cousin was dying, he wanted some bread, but he died before I and another cousin could bring it to him. Then we two ate it contentedly. It was no small sacrifice to separate a piece of bread from oneself. I only got bread after four months as a group leader. An old prisoner came crying during a break to the workshop because one of his sons had been killed. Someone handed him some beans, which he ate along with tears, which dripped into his bowl. The next day it already seemed to him as if his son had died ten years ago. It was impossible to think normally in such situations.

After November 9 1942, after the arrival of the famous commission, it was arranged in barrack no. 1 something that to some extent deserved the name of a hospital. About that later.

People were dying easily and consciously. In the box next to me one night my friend Ing. Erich Neumann told me: "Listen, give my backpack to Slavko Schlauf from the Münz group, and you keep the blankets, because yours are weak" "And why" "Well, you see I'm going to die." He was still saying this fully conscious but few minutes later he began to fantasize how he would fly to Bucharest, because he didn't care to stay here. Next day he was dead.

I lived in a barrack no. 5. There were about 120 Serbs, about 30 Jews and a dozen Muslims and Catholics. Some days were special! For example, on Christmas Eve 1941, a beautiful winter day dawned. The winter sun also appeared. As far as I remember, the general cleaning of the circle was done until 11 o'clock. We were all deeply convinced, given the holiday, that we would spend that day in peace. After work we had a roll call in front of the administration building. We usually got our food by handing out tokens, which they handed out to us every morning. However, on that day, we were told that we would receive the food by presenting leaflets, which would be issued to us by the office, according to the request of certain group leaders. The leaflets would have a stamp "Transportation community". That was the name of the former company in this place. So far, our food has been divided into several cauldrons, which have been brought to several places. That day only one place in Economy building was assigned for distributing food.

When we received these leaflets, a large group of hundreds of prisoners, whom we had not seen before, came through the gate in front of the administration building. They were lined in two rows. The Ustashes stood behind them. I remember very well that lines went from the chain workshop all the way to the guardhouse. Miloš stood bareheaded at the door of the administrative building, surrounded by officers and Ustashes. One sergeant wore a dark green cap. These newcomers were well fed, partly explicitly fat, and many had packed backpacks. The Ustashes tickled them with bayonets. What remained in my mind was the infernal face of

a Ustasha with thick black lips, who was stabbing a small man in the shoulder. We watched from the back porch of the sawmill what was happening. Ustashes began to slaughter them one by one with a knife. Interesting, no sound was heard at all. They pulled them out of the group in front of Miloš. The graveyard group (later the so-called group D) started carrying first victims past us. It was easy to carry bodies of prisoners, who died or were killed in our camp. But those were fat and their bellies were shaking through their torn shirts. Some were completely bloody, it was impossible to recognize them, and some barely let out a drop of blood.

We went to the Economy building for food, and lined up there in a long line. Due to the new schedule, the meal was not served quickly, so we waited for hours. Throughout that time, the dead were carried past us. The planks curled under them, and the carriers had great trouble as they walked along the side of the road. These people looked like Croatian Catholics. We had polenta to eat that day. When the cauldron was emptied, the pot holders were allowed to collect the remains. We would swarm like wild beasts at those remains. The caretaker-prisoner Atijas-Janović shouted at us not to be beasts, to behave like people, but of course it had no result, because those people looked and saw only the yellow mass. It was useless to beat them, they didn't even feel it, they didn't care that, horribly mutilated corpse after corpse was carried past them, the rest of the world ceased to exist for them, they only saw the remains of a polenta. Well don't think it was a God knows how thick polenta! It was a thin meal, almost a soup.

All together, it lasted until half past three in the afternoon, when all those standing in front of the administration building were liquidated. As the pace of liquidation was probably accelerated the end of that procession was a carriage with stacked corpses. I still remember Miloš in front of the door of the administrative building, his long hair falling on his face because of his busy schedule. Understandably, he was stained with blood during these executions and looked like a butcher.