

ALEKSANDRA LIČANIN

DVIJE LJUBAVI
I JEDAN RAT
EVE PANIĆ NAHIR

Aleksandra Ličanin
Dvije ljubavi i jedan rat Eve Panić Nahir

Nakladnik

mh

maticahrvatska

Ogranak Matice hrvatske u Čakovcu

Sunakladnik

Židovska općina Čakovec

Čakovec, 2015.

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Tisak
ZRINSKI d.d.

*Knjiga je tiskana uz potporu Međimurske županije,
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*Sjećam se tog prijepodneva
kad su mi odveli majku, kao danas.
Još sam molila Miomu da ne pojedemo sve
jer moramo ostaviti nešto mami,
da ruča kad se vrati.
Naravno, nije se vratila.*

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*Nikada u životu nisam otišla vidjeti
Auschwitz. Mene to uopće ne zanima.
Znate zašto?*

*Jer nisam smatrala da ljudi trebaju šutke i
poniženi otići u logore, već sam bila uvjerena
da se moraju ići boriti.*

EVA PANIĆ NAHIR

Ovo je priča o Evi Panić Nahir r. Kelemen.

Eva je prošla kroz, za većinu nas, bezizlazne situacije kroz koje je samo ojačala i stekla ogromno životno iskustvo.

Život je prema Evi bio i više nego surov, a rečenica koju danas od nje čujemo „Ja sam dobro.” govori kako je pronašla mir i smirenje.

Njen današnji životni moto: „Ne postoje dobri i loši narodi, već samo dobre i loše osobe.” dokazuje da živi život ispunjen tolerancijom i ljubavi.

Hvala Aleksandri koja je u Evi našla inspiraciju i razgovore s njom pretočila u knjigu, koja ostaje kao zalag za budućnost.

Hvala prof. Pranjiću na stručnoj pomoći i sugestijama.

Hvala Matici hrvatskoj na ponovno uspješnoj suradnji.

Hvala Gradu Čakovcu i Međimurskoj županiji koje su pomogle izdavanje ove knjige.

Andrej Pal, dr. med.
Predsjednik Židovske općine Čakovec

Na nagovor predsjednika Židovske općine Čakovec, doktora Andreja Pala i moga gimnazijskog profesora Ivana Pranjica, postala sam dijelom životne priče Eve Panić Nahir, rođene Kelemen. Bila sam joj sugovornicom u dugim razgovorima tijekom 2012. i 2014. godine koji su prerasli u ovaj životopis. Pred vašim je kritičkim okom, ali ako se si u čemu smijem založiti za njega onda je to činjenica da ima stanovitu trodimenzionalnost. Pisan je, naime, trima ženskim rukopisima; Evinim, Tijaninim (Evin kći) i mojim.

Puno sam naučila uz Evu. Prije svega, još sam više zavoljela mjesto u kojemu sam stasala. Čakovec je grad bogate povijesti, poprište mnogih ljudskih tragedija, ali i ljubavi. Eva je o njemu svjedočila na jedinstven način. Između dva svjetska rata u njezinim je sjećanjima to grad europskog ozračja. Lijepo je bilo slušati ovu nena-metljivu, iskrenu i izvanredno lucidnu damu u čijem društvu vrijeme naprosto leti. Kada govori o svome prvom mužu Radoslavu Paniću, kao da piše roman. Oslobođajuće je spoznati da je takva ljubav postojala u realnom svijetu, da se rasplamsavala tu, na mjestima koja i mi volimo. Ona ju je i povela iz rodnog Čakovca, spasila joj život, dala mu smisao. U vihoru Drugoga svjetskog rata odvela ju je u špijunski svijet, a kasnije u zatvor i Ženski logor na otoku Sveti Grgur.

Nije ovu izuzetnu osobu vrijedilo upoznati samo zbog njezina nevjerojatnog životnog puta, već i zbog karaktera, životnog stila, humanosti, zbog vrhunske jednostavnosti s kojom tvrdi: „I u skromnosti se može vrlo dobro živjeti”. Rođena je u bogatoj obitelji. Nakon životne kalvarije prati ju krajnje siromaštvo, potom opet živi građanski solidno te, na kraju, potpuno smireno u kibučkoj socijalnoj jednakosti. Ovu knjigu nisam pisala s nakanom da iznesem puku faktografiju. Željela sam da čitateljstvo upozna Evu kao osobu. U tome mi je pomogla i njezina kći Tijana Wages, kojoj od srca zahvaljujem. Prije svih, gotov su tekst čitali moja majka i još jedna osoba. Žao mi je što to nije mogao učiniti i moj otac. Volio je pisanu riječ, naročito povijest, imao bi što reći. No, odabrala sam ovaj dvojac zato jer sam im, svakome na svoj način, draga, ali su tome usprkos spram mene vrlo kritični. Kad znate od koga dolazi, kritika je uvijek smjernica.

Za ovaj predgovor citirat ću komentar: „Sviđa mi se dio u kojem se realno opisuje Sveti Grgur i razlozi zbog kojih je Eva tamo zaglavila. To je bila jugoslavenska realnost, sumrak komunizma. I nekad i danas, ljudi grade karijere na tuđim leđima.

Zadivljujuće je da jedna Židovka čiji su roditelji završili u Auschwitzu, dio obitelji u Jasenovcu, a ona sama na Svetom Grguru, i danas smatra da je komunizam kao ideja dobar”.

Eva uvijek ima nokte nalakirane crveno, iz kuće ne izlazi bez osnovne šminke, pazi što i koliko jede. Zato i jest prošlog proljeća u Čakovcu silazila niz stubište sigurno poput vjeverice, ostavljajući mene koja sam joj nudila prostor uz rukohvat - bez riječi. Uz nju, iznenađenjima nema kraja. Zahvaljujem joj na svim susretima u kojima je osigurala duge sate za naše razgovore, na dobroti, na brojnim prepiskama elektronskom poštom (da, da, Skype i mail su stalno upaljeni), na ustupljenim privatnim fotografijama i dokumentima, na razotkrivanju svijeta kojeg mnogi ne poznaju.

Pisanje ovih stranica otvorilo mi je brojne nove spoznaje, u život dovelo ljude koje vjerojatno ne bih srela, a onima koje poznajem dalo još jednu dimenziju. Pred publikom je moj prvi autorski rad koji se zove knjigom. Svaki put kad ga uzmem u ruke, nešto bih promijenila, no važnije od mojih intervencija je ozračje koje su Evine priče ostavile. Tijana mi je u jednoj od prepiski, a sve su bile na hrvatskom osim rijetkih na engleskom kad mi se obraćala osobno, napisala: „No need to change anything - your text is perfect. Each time and place has it's pluses and minuses. No place is perfect”. (Nema potrebe za promjenama, tvoj tekst je odličan. Svako vrijeme i mjesto ima svoje plusve i minuse. Nijedno mjesto nije idealno.) Zahvaljujem Andreju Palu na svakoj pomoći koju mi je pružio i slobodi koju mi je kao autorici dao. Također, osjećam zahvalnost prema Ivanu Pranjiću za svaku lijepu riječ kojom me ohrabrio i Kristianu Novaku koji je bez razmišljanja izrazio spremnost da napiše recenziju. Hvala Mariji Miščančuk koja u prijevodu teksta na engleski jezik ništa nije prepuštala slučaju pa je tražila pojašnjenja mojih eventualnih dvosmislenosti, a tu je i kolega Dane Ilić s RTS-a u Beogradu. Hvala njima i mojem kritičarskom dvojcu.

... i svakome tko uzme ovu knjigu u ruke.

23. prosinca 2014.
Aleksandra Ličanin

Tko se boji siromaštva, nije dostojan izobilja.
(François Marie Arouet poznatiji kao Voltaire)



I. Eva KELEMEN

Ema

Ema Kohn radila je kao glavna knjigovotkinja u jednoj od najboljih trgovačkih radnji Nagykanizse. Birane tkanine i svila, obuća i odjeća za kojom su mađarske dame i gospoda žudjela, pristizali su iz europskih modnih meka. Bio je konac 1904. godine kada je predvidivu svakodnevicu suzdržano ljubazne Eme, nepovratno promijenio njezin poslodavac.

Ponudio joj je samostalno vođenje trgovine u gradu u kojemu takva ponuda još nije postojala. Doduše, ne baš potpuno samostalno.

- *Gospođice Ema (stotinu i deset godina kasnije, priča njezina kći Eva), ako se želite udati za našeg novog službenika Belu Kelemena, ja ću Vam dati robu da otvorite trgovinu u drugom gradu, u Čakovcu. Tako je poslodavac rekao mojoj majci i naveo ju na drugačije promišljanje budućnosti. Bilo joj je 27 godina, živjela je s roditeljima koji nisu imali za miraz jer joj je otac poslao trojicu braće u Budimpeštu na studij. Bez poputbine za brak Židovka se nije mogla vjenčati. Jako je dvoumila, ali na kraju, ipak, odlučila se udati za moga oca. Dogovoreni brakovi u ono vrijeme nisu bili ništa neobično. Znaate, to nije bio najbolji život. Tata je bio strašno strog, a mama je uvijek drhtala za nas djecu* - govori Eva Panić Nahir, rođena Kelemen, o ispreplitanju okolnosti koje su 1905. godine dovele bračni par Emu i Belu Kelemena u Čakovec.



Obiteljska kuća Kelemenovih u srcu Čakovca, s trgovinom u prizemlju, na početku 20. stoljeća. Danas je to Ulica kralja Tomislava s kućnim brojem 5.

Eva Kelemen rođena je 3. kolovoza 1918. u Čakovcu, u obiteljskoj kući u Ulici kralja Petra. Danas je to Ulica kralja Tomislava, kućni broj 5, u srcu grada. Suvremenici zgradu prepoznaju kao poslovnicu Zagrebačke banke u prizemnom dijelu i stambeni prostor na katu. I prije više od stoljeća bilo je jednako tako - dolje poslovni, a gore prostor za stanovanje.

Ostakljeni izlozi privlačili su svojim dimenzijama i neodoljivim sadržajem - od austrijskih cipela i u Francuskoj obrađene svile, do talijanskih tkanina i njemačkih odijela. Bela, rodom iz Kaposvara, trgovinu je vodio znalački, čvrsto, brinući da uredski dio posla bude do detalja razrađen. Ema je svojom toplinom oplemenjivala kontakte s kupcima koji su ju voljeli i poštovali.

- Radnja nam je bila vrlo otmjena. Kod nas se kupovala najkvalitetnija odjeća, obuća i tkanine. Ništa nije bilo domaće proizvodnje, sve je stizalo iz inozemstva. Mogu reći da smo bili imućni. Živjeli smo u krasnom stanu s puno posluge, kuharicom, sobaricom, slugom. Kuću je zimi grijalo šest kamina. Jako smo lijepo živjeli u materijalnom smislu, no djetinjstvo je obilježila očeva strogoća. Dobivale smo puno batina. Ništa mi nije od



Eva Panić Nahir rođena Kelemen ispred svoje rodne kuće i nekadašnje obiteljske trgovine 2012. godine. Danas je u prizemlju poslovnica Zagrebačke banke, a na katu privatni stan.

tih batina, ali sestre i ja smo se oca jako bojale. U kući smo govorili mađarski i njemački, roditelji nisu znali druge jezike. Konačno, Čakovec je do 1918. godine bio mađarski pa to za našu obitelj nije bilo neobično - prisjeća se Eva djetinjstva.

Imala je sestre Žužu, rođenu 1908. i Klaru koja je svijet ugledala 1910. godine. Tužna je bila 1914. za Kelemenove, mrtvorođena je Katinka. Pupčana vrpca omotala joj se oko vrata. Kada je rodila Evu, Emi Kelemen bilo je punih 40 godina.



Iz Matične knjige Židova - Židovske općine Čakovec, matičnog područja Čakovec

Plavi anđeo čuvar

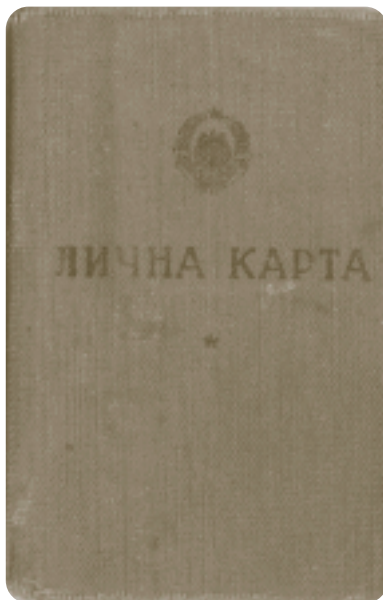
Niska, sićušna, bujne crne kose, s tek navršenih šest godina, Eva Kelemen je 1924. pošla u školu. Baš kao u obitelji i u razredu je bila najmlađa i najmanja. Počela je učiti hrvatski jezik.

- Učiteljica Evica Potočnjak bila je prijateljica mojih roditelja i kada je započinjala s novom generacijom prvašića, rekla je mojima neka me upišu. Škola je bila u ulici koja je vodila prema vojarni. S jedne strane bila je Osnovna, a s druge Građanska i trgovačka škola. Znam da je danas tamo Pučko otvoreno učilište. Bila sam najmanja u razredu, a jedna visoka djevojčica, plave kose, obećala je da će me čuvati. Do kraja njezinog života, ostala je moja najbolja prijateljica. Zvala se Jagoda Rotanić. Njezin je otac bio direktor Prve hrvatske štedionice. Stanovali su u Ulici kralja Petra kao i ja, blizu crkve¹. Rotanićevi su u Štrigovi imali vinograd i vikendicu pa bih dio ljeta provodila tamo s Jagodom. Odvezli bi nas fjakерom. Znae kako je, ona je bila kći direktora banke, sve je bilo hoch.

Eva se sjeća da je svakog dana „uzimala Jagodu usput do škole” te kako su nakon nastave pratile svoje prijatelje do željezničke postaje koja je bila tik do vojarnе. Tamo bi stajao *Lendavec* koji je vozio put Vratišince, Murskog Središća i Lendave. Danas se na tom mjestu ne zaustavlja.

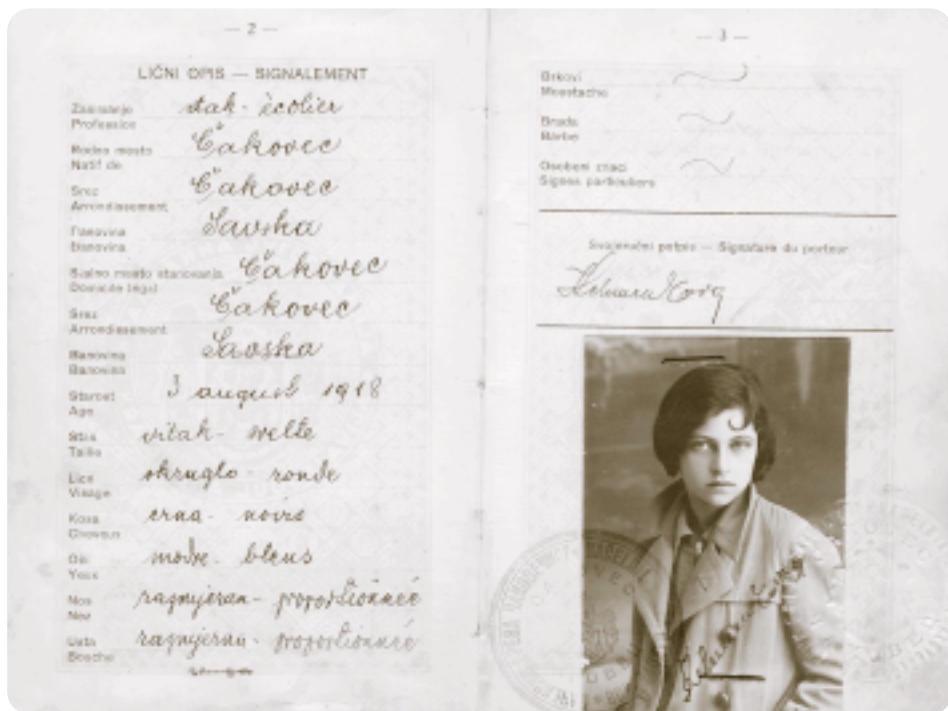
Eva Kelemen završila je Trgovačku školu i još kao djevojka ušla u mjesnu cionističku² organizaciju. Nešto kasnije, s brojnim prijateljima i znancima iz nje je istupila.

- Kad su Nijemci ušli u Austriju, Čakovec je bio pun izbjeglica, uglavnom Židova. Svi smo izašli iz plavo-bijelog cionističkog, da nas ne bi pitali jesmo li Židovi ili Cigani? Najbolji prijatelj bio mi je Mirko Weiss, imao je još dvojicu braće, a majka im je bila udovica. Sjećam se dobro da je



¹ U zgradi današnje Uprave Grada Čakovca, Kralja Tomislava 15.

² Cionizam je izraz Nathana Birnbauma iz 1885. godine, a podrazumijeva političke i nacionalne težnje Židova da stvore državu Izrael. Danas je to politički pokret.



Korice i sadržaj osobne iskaznice Eve Kelemen

udvarao Boži Glogovec, a s njom injezinom sestrom Vjerom bila sam vrlo bliska. Mirko je u veljači 1940. godine bio kod mene u Beogradu i rekao mi da ide u Makedoniju, na skijanje. Zapravo je išao po upute o tome što će se činiti ako okupatori uđu u zemlju. Poginuo je u Bosni, nagazivši na minu. Njegov brat Miki stradao je kao partizan 1941. u Zagorju. Bilo mu je samo šesnaest godina. Sestre Glogovec odselile su u Zagreb. Otišli su mnogi, a mi koji smo ostali postali smo ljevičari. Moja Jagoda je s roditeljima preselila u Varaždin. Vidale smo se nedjeljom. Sretala bih se s njom i nakon rata, uvijek kad sam navraćala k sestri Klari u Lendavu. Do posljednjeg Jagodinog dana bile smo u kontaktu, a kada sam u Čakovcu posjetim njezinog sina Zlatana Milića koji živi u Varaždinu. To me neopisivo raduje.

Bela Kelemen nije znao da mu je kći napustila cionističku ideologiju i postala ljevičarka. Majka Ema je to znala kao i svaki kćerin ideal. Podržavala ju je. Eva je i svoga momka uvela u to društvo, pa su ona i Radoslav Panić stekli duboka socijalistička uvjerenja.

Pred završetak Trgovačke škole, na plesnjaku, nakon jedne školske priredbe bio je, i do danas nesumnjivo ostao, sudbinski dan za Evu Kelemen. Upoznala je potporučnika Radoslava Panića koji je bio postavljen u čakovečkom 8. konjičkom puku. Pet godina kasnije, on će postati njezin muž, no neka ne zavara jednostavnost ove konstatacije. U njezinu je sadržaju puno proživljenih izazova na koje su Eva i Rade odgovorili.

Iz brojnih susreta s Evom Nahir 2012. i 2014. godine spoznajem da je Radoslav Panić njezina najdraža tema. Sjećanja na njega u njoj su do danas jednako snažna, a u srcu je doživljaj impresivno emotivan.

- *Upoznali smo se na plesu, jedne subote, 7. ožujka 1936. Rade je bio vojni časnik u Čakovcu, rodom iz Kruševice u Srbiji. Kad sam došla kući te večeri, rekla sam majci: „Večeras sam upoznala dečka za kojeg ću se udati. On će biti moj partner u životu”. Naravno da je majka bila iznenađena. Pitala me što ja to sanjam, ali objasnila sam joj da je on, naprosto, čovjek za mene. Pola mjesečne plaće slao je svojim roditeljima da sagrađe kuću, jer su živjeli u „čakmari”, kolibi od blata i slame sa zemljanim podom, u kojoj su spavali poredani jedan do drugog. Meni se jako sviđao način na koji živi, kako je okrenut obitelji i kako je prvi u selu otišao u školu. Jedini je Rade u obitelji bio školovan, a do škole je išao šumom, šest kilometara.*

Narednih pet godina Radoslav Panić će za Evina oca biti tajna. Dok je Bela Kelemen svake večeri kartao preferans u Kavani Royal³, Rade, Eva i njezina majka Ema odlazili su u šetnju. Iako su prvi susret dogovorili nasamo, mladom se paru isprijčila sama Ema Kelemen.

- *Rade me pitao što radim sutradan? Rekla sam mu da svake nedjelje idem prijateljici Jagodi Rotanić u Varaždin, a da se vraćam vlakom u sedam navečer. Čekao me na kolodvoru, malo podalje od ulaza, ispod jednog kestena, ali čekala me i mama. Pitala sam zašto je došla, jer ona me nikada nije dočekivala s vlaka, a ona je rekla da je neprikladno da hodam sama s mladićem. Ma što? Dosjetila se da sam joj odmah u subotu isprijčala kako me Panić pitao što radim sutradan?*

³ Današnja Gradska kavana.

Večernje kartanje Bele Kelemena u Royalu, značilo je slobodne sate za sve ostale u obitelji. Eva svoju majku nije željela ostavljati samu kod kuće, što je odmah i rekla svom mladiću.

- Rade je rekao da možemo i sve troje u šetnju. Tako smo svake večeri šetali kraj Trikotaže braće Graner⁴, pa šetalištem uz koje su bile klupe, sve do Željezničkog kolodvora. To smo zvali „peški put”. Zovete li i danas tako tu dionicu? Morate znati da moja majka uopće nije govorila hrvatski i da sam svaku izgovorenu rečenicu morala prevoditi, jer su oboje stalno pitali - što je rekao, što je rekla? Pet godina smo se tako viđali, pet godina sam prevodila razgovore tijekom šetnje, čekajući da moj mladić napuni 26 godina i stekne pravo ženidbe. Kad je to vrijeme došlo, 1940. godine, na snagu je stupio zakon prema kojem se časnici nisu smjeli ženiti Židovkama.

Čakovec, lipanj 2012.

Eva Panić Nahir: *Kad sam svog muža upoznala na plesu, pričao mi je da je iz vrlo siromašne obitelji, da pola plaće šalje kući, a kad dobije dva kubična metra drva i to pošalje. Tim novcem njegovi su gradili kuću, jer su živjeli u kući od blata i slame, na zemljanom podu. Mami sam rekla da ću ga imati cijeli život. Pitala me: „Što on ima”, a ja odgovorila: „On je tako ponosan na svoju sirotinju. On je baš za mene”. Bio je vrlo skroman moj Panić. Znao je reći da kad bude imao pravo oženiti se, da će njegovi već izgraditi kuću. Tako sam kasnije, bježeći od žarišta rata, došla u kuću njegove obitelji.*

Bela

Bela Kelemen zračio je autoritetom koji je teško bilo zaobići. Za svoje je kćeri bio strah i trepet, no njegova reakcija na spoznaju o tome da mu najmlađa kći viđa jugoslavenskog časnika već pet godina - bit će iznenađujuće odmjerena. Dio zasluga za to Eva Nahir pripisuje rabinu Iliji Grünwaldu. Upravo je on Kelemenu ukazao na širu sliku događanja u kojima bi Evina veza mogla biti po nju spasonosna.

- Bila je 1940. godina i Čakovec je bio pun Židova izbjeglica iz Austrije. Otac je za našu

⁴ Današnja Međimurska trikotaža Čakovec u Ulici matice Hrvatske, s ulazom iz Ulice Vladimira Nazora



Putovnica Eve Kelemen iz razdoblja Kraljevine Jugoslavije

vezu saznao u Kavani Royal koju je držala obitelj Legenstein. Jedne večeri ga je vlasnica izravno pitala: „Do kad će vaša žena i kćer šetati s onim mladim potporučnikom?“. Otac je došao kući i pitao majku je li to istina, a ona mu odgovori neka pita mene jer sam punoljetna. Naravno da sam ocu potvrdila kako sam u vezi s Panićem, a on je ostao preneražen. Rekao je: „Od sramote ću skočiti kroz prozor, udaš li se za Srbina“, na što sam mu odgovorila: „Ako zbog te sramote treba skakati, ja ću otvoriti prozor“. Potom je otišao rabinu Iliji Grünwaldu⁵ i rekao da ga želim osramotiti. Međutim, rabin Grünwald je bio mudriji i rekao mu je: „Gospodine Kelemen, u Austriju su ušli Nijemci. Mi svaku večer vidamo vašu ženu i kćer s tim dečkom, dolaze i do kantora Leopolda Katza. Možda će ona jedina ostati živa, ako s njim pođe. Pozovite tog momka kući, razgovarajte s njim jer svi smo u opasnosti“.

⁵ Eva Nahir poznavala je, dosta mladu, Evu Schwarz, kćer rabina i posljednjeg predsjednika Židovske općine u Čakovcu do holokausta Ljudevita Schwarz, o kojoj su Ogranak Matice hrvatske u Čakovcu i Židovska općina Čakovec izdali biografiju, autora Branimira Bunjca. Eva Schwarz je, već kao umirovljenica, Evi Nahir i njezinoj unuci Emily, pronašla povoljan smještaj u Budimpešti, dok su istraživale svoje obiteljsko stablo. Prvo su korijene istraživale u Čakovcu, potom Zagrebu, Srbiji i Crnoj Gori, mađarskoj Peći, Budimpešti.

Bela Kelemen je postupio mudro. Pozvao je potporučnika Radoslava Panića u svoj dom. Bila je nedjelja kada je Evi rekao neka biciklom ode do vojarne i pozove ga u goste. Pristanak na zaruke svoje kćeri, koji je toga dana izustio, rezultirat će mlađićevim premještajem u vojarnu Skopje i udaljavanjem od Eve.

- Rade je došao k nama, kleknuo, uzeo ruku mog oca i poljubio je. Jednako tako bi i pred svojim ocem učinio, a mom je bilo neugodno. Stajao je uz veliki kamin i rekao točno ovo: „Pred jednim starim Židovom, jedan oficir u uniformi kleči. Eva, kaži mu da ću mu dati sve što želi, samo neka ustane”. Tada je na snazi bio zakon da se oficiri ne smiju ženiti Židovkama, a u školi je vrijedilo pravilo da tek određeni broj Židova smije biti u razredu. Kad se pročulo da je stari Kelemen pristao na zaruke, Rade je premješten u najdalji garnizon. U Skopje. Samo da nas razdvoje.

II. Eva PANIĆ

Od guske neće postati svinja

Mladi je Panić odlučio braniti svoj odabir, ljubav i poštenje. Kako je pripadao konjici, postavši kasnije prvakom konjičkog sporta prve Jugoslavije, uputio se u Beograd zapovjedniku konjice. Obećanje koje je dao svojoj djevojci prije pet godina, želio je održati pod svaku cijenu, a ona je, pokazat će nadolazeći mjeseci, postojala.

- Moj je Panić pitao zapovjednika žele li poštena čovjeka ili nepoštena oficira? Rekao mu je da je obećao oženiti se sa mnom, da navršava dvadeset šestu i da to kani i učiniti. Na to mu je ovaj odgovorio neka ode u Skopje i ako se uspije oženiti - da će on zažmiriti. Tog ljeta, bio je srpanj, mama i ja smo otišle u Skopje jer je Rade pisao da će mi vojni proto napisati krštenicu i krstiti me za pet tisuća dinara. Panićeva mjesečna plaća iznosila je tisuću dvjesto dinara, a protina tisuću. Tata je rekao neka idemo i dao nam novac, a kada smo stigli proto je rekao: „Napisat ću vam krštenicu. Ionako od guske neće postati svinja, od svinje neće postati guska. I vraga ću napisati ako treba, samo da se možete vjenčati”. Netko je morao biti kum pa nam je sugerirao da uzmemo fijaker i dovedemo nekog pijanog časnika. Simo Mirković bio je najpijaniji kojeg je Rade znao, njega smo doveli sa sobom i dobila sam krštenicu.

Kruševica

Eva je potom otišla živjeti k Panićevima u Malu Kruševicu, seoce na brdskim obroncima Varvarinskog sreza, osamdesetak kilometara jugoistočno od Beograda. Prvi dolazak s majkom Emom nesumnjivo je bio obilježen kulturološkim šokom koji su obje doživjele. Obitelj njezina zaručnika živjela je u kući od blata, a kuća za koju je Radoslav svakog mjeseca slao polovicu svoje plaće bila je pred završetkom.

- *Krajnje siromaštvo i primitivizam. Nisu imali ni toalet. Moja je majka bila užasnuta uvjetima života, pogotovo činjenicom da ću tamo ostati živjeti. Ni ona, ni ja nešto takvo nikada nismo vidjele. Svi su bili nepismeni, osim mog supruga. Meni je bilo svejedno u kakvim ćemo uvjetima živjeti. Jedino što mi je bilo važno je da budem s Radom. U kući nisu imali štednjak, a prehranjivali su se krajnje skromno, uglavnom kukuruznim brašnom. Majku i mene su smjestili u novu kuću. Ostale smo dva dana i vratile se u Čakovec. Kada sam upoznala svoju svekrvu Tijanu, rekla sam ako ikada budem imala kći da će se zvati kao ona.*



U svibnju 2014. Eva Panić Nahir posjetila je dio obitelji u Kruševici i obišla kuću u kojoj je živjela kad se udala za Radoslava Panića

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages⁶: Zapravo, ime Tijana ima drugu povijest. Za prvog susreta, Eva i Rade su razmjenjivali pitanja i odgovore pa se među ostalim nametnulo i ono o braći, sestrama, roditeljima. Kad je Rade rekao da mu se majka zove Tijana, moja je majka rekla da ime Tijana prvi put čuje i ako bude imala kćer, da će se tako zvati.

Potpis vrijedan kao kuća

Krštenica koju je četiri mjeseca prije vjenčanja Eva ishodila u Hramu slave, malo izvan Skopja, bila je uvod u novi korak koji će mladi par morati načiniti u nakani da se vjenča. Valjalo je dobiti još jedan potpis. Ministrov.

Eva i Radoslav željeli su igrati na sigurno. Smatrali su kako bi najbolje bilo da zahtjev za vjenčanje bude dostavljen u hrpi dokumenata koji ministru dolaze na potpis. Za to su trebali partnera. I našli su ga u ministrovu ađutantu. Cijena njegove suradnje iznosila je 50 tisuća dinara.

- Trebalo je podmenuti Panićev zahtjev za vjenčanje na potpis. Ađutant je rekao da ostavimo kuvertu s pedeset tisuća dinara kod njegovih rodaka u jednoj ljekarni, a da će nam novac vratiti ukoliko od ministra ne uspije dobiti potpis. Moj je otac dao novac. To je bila vrijednost jedne kuće. Telefonom nam se javio ađutant i rekao da je zahtjev potpisan, ali da bi najbolje bilo da se vjenčamo, a da nitko ne vidi. Doslovno smo odjurili u ministarstvo i uplatili pet tisuća dinara kako bismo se sutradan vjenčali. Naravno, časnici su se morali vjenčati u crkvi i mi smo otišli u Crkvu Vaznesenja u Zemunu. Vjenčali smo se 29. studenog 1940., bilo je rano jutro. Nisam imala ništa posebno za obuču. Rade mi je za 12 dinara kupio vjenčić, pozvali smo dvojicu muškaraca da budu svjedoci i sve se odvijalo jako brzo. Nikoga nije bilo na jutarnjoj misi u crkvi, bili smo sami, ali jako sretni što smo se konačno uspjeli vjenčati.

Radoslav je već zatražio premještaj i dobio ga. U Zemunu je počeo raditi kao učitelj u Konjičkoj školi. Evini roditelji stigli su u Beograd čestitati mladom paru, a kako je zet odbio primiti miraz opremili su im stan, kupili namirnice, platili stanarinu.

⁶ Tijana po bivšem suprugu nosi prezime Wages.

- Imali smo kao u raju namješten stan. Otac je kupio sve potrebno pa je nama ostala cijela Radina plaća za početak. Bilo je to nekoliko mjeseci prije rata.

Bili su među prvim stanarima nove stambene zgrade kraj Željezničkog kolodvora u Zemunu, u Ulici Radića Petrovića 34. Zidovi su bili svježe oličeni, još uvijek vlažni u trenutku njihovog useljenja.

Iz Čakovca su se časnici Kraljevske vojske počeli seliti u Srbiju, što je Evin otac iskoristio za transport namještaja iz njezine djevojačke sobe u Kruševicu, k Panićevima.

- Otac je platio vagon i poslao moje stvari. One još i danas stoje

u Kruševici. To je lijepa bijela soba s ormarom, kaučom, garniturom, pisacim stolom koji je imao i zrcalo pa sam se mogla malo urediti.



Radoslav i Eva Panić 1941. godine

Što ako bude rat?

Eva Panić uspjela je prije izbijanja rata na području Kraljevine Jugoslavije još jednom doći u Čakovec. Obišla je svoje roditelje u veljači 1941. godine.

- Uspjela sam doći u Čakovec. Moje su sestre već bile udane. Sa Žužom sam imala dobar odnos, ali s Klarom baš i ne. Žuža se udala za Somla (Šomlo) u Budimpeštu, a Klara za prvog muža u Lendavu. On je bio veliki cionist i zamjerao mi je što sam imala dečka koji nije Židov. Sestre su imale svoj život i nisam ih srela za tog dolaska pred početak rata, ali kod roditelja sam ostala nekoliko dana. Pitala sam oca što ćemo bude li rat?

Odgovorio je: „Eva, ja sam učinio veliku žrtvu dopustivši da se udaš za nežidova. Vrati mi to. Komunisti ste, slobodni ste ljudi. Nemoj ostati kod kuće, idi se boriti. Evo ti moj revolver, posljednji metak neka je za tebe. Ubij se Eva, ali ne idi u ropstvo”. Dao mi je mali Browning, revolver koji ću uz sebe imati godinama. Tada, u veljači 1941., posljednji put sam vidjela majku i oca.

Sudbinu svojih roditelja Eva Panić Nahir saznala je od gospođe (imena joj se ne sjeća) kojoj je njezin otac Bela Kelemen u Čakovcu uzdržavao sina. Obavijestila ju je da su mađarski žandari odveli praktično sve Židove iz Čakovca i Međimurja u Veliku Kanjižu, a potom u Auschwitz. Bilo je to u noći s 28. na 29. travnja 1944. godine.

Zajedno s Prekmurjem, Baranjom i Vojvodinom, Međimurje je od 1941. bilo dijelom Mađarske, pod režimom regenta Miklosa Horthyja koji je savezništvo s Trećim Reichom zasnovao još 1938. godine. Zahvaljujući vlastitoj umješnosti pred Adolfom Hitlerom uspijevao je održavati „doziranu” autonomiju u upravljanju teritorijem koji mu je 1941. godine bio doslovno poklonjen. Upravo ga je ta autonomnost razlikovala od drugih Hitlerovih satelita, pa je do 1944. odbijao slati Židove u nacističke logore. Deportaciju međimurskih Židova u travnju 1944. zapovjedio je njemački SS.⁷

- Ugušili su moje roditelje u plinskoj komori jer su navršili 50 godina. To je bio kraj. Mama je uz sebe imala Ivicu, sina moje sestre. To sam joj jako zamjerila. Trebali su poslati dijete k meni kako sam i tražila, a mama je rekla da mi nemamo ni toalet i da ga neće slati. Ona je radije otišla u Auschwitz, nego u Kruševicu jer tamo nije bilo ni rupe za zahod.

⁷ „Dok je od ljeta 1941. po europskim zemljama pod Hitlerovom dominacijom već harao holokaust, oko 750.000 Židova u Mađarskoj i njoj pripojenim zemljama živjelo je u iluziji da će unatoč svim nevoljama ipak preživjeti rat. Tek kad je Hitler sasvim izgubio povjerenje u svog nepouzdanog saveznika Horthyja, njemačke su trupe 18. ožujka 1944. zaposjele Mađarsku. Nacistički SS preuzeo je striktnu kontrolu nad državnim institucijama, Adolf Eichmann je sa svojim ljudima došao u Budimpeštu i počele su deportacije u Auschwitz. Među prvima na udaru bila su područja pripojena Mađarskoj, pa tako i Čakovec”; iz feljtona „E vina priča: Mojih 96 godina - ljubav, sreća i stradanja” Slavka Goldsteina u Jutarnjem listu, lipanj 2014.

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: *Mamina sestra Klara je bila udana Stern, u Zagrebu. Muž joj je ubijen u Jasenovcu. Drugi put se udala nakon Drugog svjetskog rata 1948. godine u Lendavi za Lajosa Blaua. Druga sestra Žuža je emigrirala u Australiju 1960. godine. Otišla je svome sinu, a on je tamo pobjegao 1956. godine za vrijeme Mađarske bune.*

Čakovec, svibanj 2014.

Eva Panić Nahir: *Nikada u životu nisam otišla vidjeti Auschwitz. Mene to uopće ne zanima. Znaite zašto? Jer nisam smatrala da ljudi trebaju šutke i poniženi otići u logore, već sam bila uvjerena da se moraju ići boriti. Prezirala sam tu nemoć Židova. Trebali su se boriti. Pa nisu ljudi stoka koju se tjera! Trebali su se oduprijeti i ići kontra, u borbu.*

1941.

Kada su u noći 6. travnja 1941. počeli zračni napadi na Beograd, Eva Panić je boravila sama u stanu. Radoslav je prema ratnom rasporedu već bio u okolici Virovitice, u Špišić Bukovici.

- *Bila sam u stanu tijekom bombardiranja Beograda, ali sam morala otići. Pošla sam u zbjeg, zajedno sa ženom iz moje zgrade Verom Lapčević. S njom sam ostala u kontaktu sve do njezine smrti 2013. godine. Te noći, kad smo bježali, bio je visok snijeg, kretali smo se pješke, bilo je jako teško. Otišla sam muževljevim roditeljima u Kruševicu. Kad sam stigla k svojoj svekri Tijani, ona je sama bila kod kuće sa snahom. Radin brat Radosav i svekar bili su mobilizirani. U kući su imali samo pedeset kilograma kukruznog brašna za pripremiti kakvo jelo. Jako siromašno. Nevjerojatna sirotinja.*

Mjesec dana kasnije, potkraj svibnja 1941., objavljeni su popisi poginulih i zarobljenih vojnika. Ni na jednom nije bilo imena Evina supruga. Njoj je to bilo dovoljno da ga počde tražiti, a ideju je podijelila sa svekrom Milosavom. Pokušao ju je odgovoriti.

- *Ti si Židovka. Kamo ćeš bez papira?*

- Ako nabavim papire, hoćete li poći sa mnom?

- Naravno da hoću.

Zajedno su pješke krenuli u Varvarin na Moravi, 27 kilometara od Kruševice. Potražili su njemačkog oficira kod kojeg se Evino poznavanje njemačkog jezika pokazalo kao ključ koji otvara sva vrata.

- Otišla sam k njemačkom zapovjedniku, rekla mu da sam Mađarica i da trebam ausvajš jer se želim vratiti k svojim u Mađarsku. On je rekao: „Gospodo, ovdje je takva pustinja, nitko ne zna ni jednu riječ njemačkog. Dat' ću vam što trebate, samo sjednite pola sata i razgovarajte sa mnom”. Tako sam ostala s njim u razgovoru. Rekla sam da mi svekar ne dopušta da putujem sama u Mađarsku i da trebam i za njega dokumente. Izdao mi ih je bez pogovora. Bila sam jako sretna. Mogli smo nastaviti za Beograd.

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: Moji su roditelji zajedno uživali samo šest mjeseci, do trenutka kad je izbio rat 6. travnja 1941. Tad je Beograd bombardiran, otac je već bio mobiliziran, a susjed koji je bio Folksdojčer⁸ došao je mami na vrata s pištoljem u ruci i istjerao je na ulicu. Tako je moja majka pješke krenula u Kruševicu, nemajući pojma što je s ocem.

Moja Miko, došla si?!

Oboje u seljačkoj odjeći i opancima, Eva s očevim revolverom zataknutim u prsluk, hodali su iduća dva dana. Prespavali su na jednom imanju, u štali. Stigavši u Beograd morali su se zaustaviti pred srušenim mostom za Zemun. Na obali mađarski džip i oko njega nekoliko vojnika. Eva je na mađarskom povikala da nju i tasta treba prevesti na drugu stranu Save. Mađari su ih odvezli u Zemun.

- Naselje u kojem smo živjeli bilo je novo, naselile su ga mlade obitelji. Već sam izdaleka

⁸ Folksdojčerima (Volksdeutsche) se nazivao njemački puk koji je nakon Prvoga svjetskog rata živio u drugim europskim zemljama, zbog prekraranja granica i stvaranja novih država. Riječ je, dakle, o njemačkoj nacionalnoj manjini u državama koje su bile sljednice Austro-Ugarske pa tako i u Kraljevini Jugoslaviji.

vidjela da je sada sve puno njemačkih vojnika i prostitutki. Svekar se glasno pitao što mi uopće možemo učiniti? Kad su nas Mađari iskricali, sjedili smo na otvorenom, a ja sam razmišljala odakle krenuti? Kad je pao mrak, otišla sam pod prozor susjede Vere i zazvala je: „Veručka, Veručka”. Znaite tko se oglasio? Moj muž. Ležao je podno prozora i rekao: „Moja Miko. Došla si”. Muž me zvao Miko, jer se tako zvao njegov omiljeni konj. Konj i ja, oboje Miko.

Panićev vod je u svibnju uhićen i odveden u Bjelovar, a on se uspio spasiti bijegom. Pritom mu je od pada s visine napukao želudac, ali nije odustao od nauma.

- Njegov vod su uhitile ustaše i sve ih zatvorile na drugi kat bjelovarske gimnazije. Moj muž je jedne noći skočio kroz prozor na dvorište i pobjegao. U gradu je naišao na radnju s natpisom Tivar odijela - Grinhud. Pokucao je na prozor stambenog dijela, otvorio mu je Grinhud. Rekao je: „Gospodine Grinhud ja sam židovski zet. Molim vas dajte mi jedno odijelo”. Pitao ga je tko mu je supruga, on je rekao moje djevojačko ime, a Grinhud potvrdio da zna moju sestru Klaru Kelemen jer je u Čakovcu služio rok. Obukao ga je u novo odijelo, stavio mu šešir i moj je muž krenuo put Beograda.

Hodao je noću, idućih deset dana, a danju se skrivao po slavonskim šumama. Bili su posljednji dani svibnja kad je stigao u svoje naselje.

- Zamislite, došli smo iste večeri u Zemun, na isto mjesto. Uzela sam svog muža pod ruku i pomogla mu da se pokrene. Držao se za želudac. Došla sam do svekra koji je čekao iza jedne zgrade i rekla: „Našla sam ti sina”. Odlučila sam da ćemo ići do našeg stana i ako nekoga tamo nađem - ubit ću ga.

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: Otac se vratio ranjen nakon kapitulacije i način na koji su se on i majka našli je nevjerojatan sam po sebi. Odmah potom otišli su u selo i ostali tamo idućih godinu dana. U najkraćim crtama rečeno, četnici su osudili moju majku na smrt. Tako zapravo počinje njihov rad u kontraobavještajnoj službi, tada počinje njihovo vrijeme u Beogradu.

Zlato i dijamanti iz pekmeza

Stan je bio prazan. Dvojica muškaraca su polako ušla, a Eva se odmah zaputila prema smočnici. U noći bijega iz Beograda, na policama je ostavila tegle pekmeza i u jednoj od njih majčin nakit - nadala se da je još uvijek tu.

- Sve je još bilo tamo, netaknuto. Taj mi je nakit majka ostavila, znala sam da će mi jednom dobro doći.

U šest kofera spakirala je sve što je u njih moglo stati. Nešto odjeće, pernate pokrivače koje i danas ima u Izraelu, srebrni pribor za jelo, malo hrane,... Idućeg jutra, u ranu zoru, kad su seljaci iz Srijema počeli dolaziti obrađivati obližnju zemlju, troje Panića pošlo je prema mostu.

- Jednom mađarskom vojniku sam pokazala pribor za jelo s dvanaest srebrnih žlica, vilica i noževa i rekla: „Imam ranjenika i kofere. Prevezi me do Zelenog vijenca u Beogradu”. Kimnuo je glavom i rekao: „Tovarite gospođo”. Na Vijencu sam ušla u prvu gostionicu i pitala tko će mi dati konja i čezu⁹ u zamjenu za dijamantni prsten. Nudili su mi dva konja, ali ja sam inzistirala na svojem. Za par minuta sam napravila razmjenu, utovarili smo kofere, popeli se i krenuli put sela. Kako smo se približavali, odlučili



Eva Panić se kao 20-godišnjakinja fotografirala ponosna na krzneni ovratnik kaputa napravljen od riđe lisice koju je u lovu ustrijelio njezin suprug Radoslav Panić

⁹ Kočija na dva kotača.

smo sačekati noć i ući u selo tako da se ne sazna da sam dovela muža ranjenog. Time bismo riskirali da ga odvedu u zarobljeništvo. Nitko osim najuže obitelji nije smio znati da je on kod kuće.

Prošavši kroz Kruševicu po mrklom mraku, Panićevi su se u potpunoj tišini vratili kući. Radoslav je odmah završio u krevetu i u idućim mjesecima majka Tijana će mu puknuće želuca liječiti travama i mastima. Nijednom nisu pozvali liječnika, jer im je i najmanji rizik od povećanja broja ljudi koji znaju da je Radoslav Panić kod kuće - bio neprihvatljiv.

- Selom su se počeli kretati, ili kroz njega prolaziti, svi koji su se bunili protiv Nijemaca. Partizani i pristaše. S vremenom sam počela s njima komunicirati i saznali su da je moj muž kod kuće. Tada je u Srbiji bila Vlada generala Milana Nedića, a njegove pristaše su nam došle u kuću i ponudile da Rade izvješćuje o tome gdje se na planini pored Kruševca vode borbe između partizana i nacista. Pozvali su ga da se zaposli u Srpskoj državnoj straži. Tako smo imali vezu s partizanima, a Rade je bio dio redovite žandarmerije, policije.

Čakovec - Dallas - Sha'ar HaAmakim, studeni 2014.

U prepisci koju sam razmjenjivala s Tijanom Wages, brojne su mi se impresije o razgovorima s Evom Panić Nahir dodatno kristalizirale. No, s jednom sam se pričom srela prvi put. Tijana mi je sugerirala da njezinu majku pitam, citiram: „... za detalje priče koja će Čakovčanima vjerojatno biti zanimljiva, a tiče se zapovjednika Zemuna iz vremena NDH čija je supruga Židovka živjela kod bake i djeda Kelemena”. Evin sam odgovor dobila elektronskom poštom.



Eva Panić Nahir s predsjednikom Židovske općine Čakovec Andrejem Palom, ispred njezine rodne kuće u kojoj je rođena 3. kolovoza 1918.

Eva Panić Nahir: Prije Drugoga svjetskog rata ovdje u Čakovcu, u 8. konjičkom puku, s mojim Radom služio je i potpukovnik Schaller. Živio je sa suprugom koja je bila Židovka, podrijetlom iz Virovitice. Moja obitelj ih je dobro poznavala. Kad je izbio rat, on je prešao u ustaše i u Zemunu bio zapovjednik mjesta, a od žene se „kao” razveo i ostavio ju na stanu kod mojih roditelja. On je punih godinu dana svakoga mjeseca dolazio u Čakovec da obiđe suprugu i tada bi mojim roditeljima donosio moje pismo. Po njegovom povratku iz Čakovca u Zemun, svekar i ja bismo iz Kruševice došli u Beograd da se nađemo s njime. Schaller je čamcem preko Save dolazio u civilu, a mjesto susreta je uvijek bilo ispred hotela Bristol u Karadorđevoj ulici. Tada bi mi on predao pismo i novac koji su mi poslali roditelji. Mislim da je njegova supruga završila s mojim roditeljima u logoru, a za Schallera znam da je nakon rata ubijen.



Obiteljska kuća Kelemenovih je kroz povijest mijenjala vlasnike i namjenu. Od 1980-ih je u prizemlju bila trgovina „Izvor” čakovečkog Trgocentra

Kontraobavještajci

- Četnici su tijekom 1942. godine bili sve aktivniji u našem kraju. Rekli su mom mužu da se mora razvesti od mene jer sam Židovka, a svi Židovi su uz Mošu Pijadu. Rade im je rekao da će me poslati k roditeljima u Mađarsku i razvesti se. No, poslao me u Užice koje je bilo oslobođeno, a on je otišao u Beograd. Veza mu je bio naš vjenčani kum Vljako Purić koji je kao potpukovnik bio zamjenik zapovjednika Beograda. Rade mu je rekao da želi s njim surađivati i ponudio se da uđe među četnike Draže Mihajlovića, koji su redom bili doušnici Nijemaca. Razradili su kako će funkcionirati dojavljivanje o tome što rade Dražinci i koji su ljudi ugroženi, a onda je Purić ubrzo uvidio da i meni može vjerovati. Nabavio nam je dokumente i u kratkom sam roku iz Užica došla u Beograd. Tamo nisu znali da sam Židovka, mogla sam se slobodno kretati.

Tako se bračni par Panić vratio u Beograd. Vlasti su ih smjestile u kuću starijeg muškarca koji je živio sam i bio simpatizer Draže Mihajlovića. Rekli su mu da su Eva i Radoslav Panić izbjeglice iz Hrvatske. Svake večeri deset minuta prije deset sati, ljudi za vezu sastajali su se s Panićima koji su im prenosili važne podatke i imena ljudi koji bi se našli na četničkim spiskovima za uhićenje. Te bi ljude već idućeg dana nastojati prebaciti u partizane, no dok se prelazak ne realizira - bjezgunci su kriomice spavali kod Panićevih.

- Mi smo obavještajcu davali imena Dražinih suradnika i imena ljudi koji su kod četnika bili označeni kao prijatelji partizana. Tako smo obavijestili nešto više od 1500 ljudi koji su trebali biti uhićeni, ali smo ih prije otpravili u partizane. Većina njih je prije samog bijega prespavala kod nas, dok smo mi nastojali živjeti naizgled uobičajenu svakodnevicu. Ja sam kuhala za supruga i stanodavca, obrađivala njegov vrt, dani su prolazili. Mužu sam bila desna ruka u obavještajnom poslu. Rade je službeno bio u Nedićevoj vojsci i špijun kod Dražinovaca, ali je dodatno radio i kod jednog proizvođača slatkiša i čokolade. Taj posao je našao po jednoj našoj čakovečkoj vezi, a ja sam slatkiše dosta vješto prodavala pa smo donekle preživljavali. Konstantno smo radili, prenosili poruke i pošiljke Puriću i obrnuto. Rade je saznavao mnogo četničkih i nedićevskih tajni, često je imao podatke o tome gdje će se provesti racija, tko će biti uhićen. Ponekad je bilo uistinu jako teško. Zapravo smo živjeli u konstantnoj opasnosti, a nismo se naročito bojali. Bili smo tako blesavi.

Radoslav Panić se u ratnim uvjetima nije po prvi put našao u ulozi posrednika. Sličnu mu je zadaću još u Čakovcu zadao Mirko Weiss. Eva o toj životnoj epizodi kaže:

- Mirko je mom Radi rekao da je čakovečki puk bio kazneni puk za Srbe koje su ionako smatrali komunistima. Od njega je tražio samo jednu stvar - da unutar vojarnje preda pisma onim vojnicima kojima su Mirkovi komunisti pisali. To mu je bila obveza unutar pokreta i on ju je ispunjavao.

U ratnom razdoblju mladom su Paniću vjerovali i po oslobođenju ga zaposlili u Ministarstvu unutarnjih poslova.

- Najžešće borbe za oslobođenje Beograda vodile su se od 13. do 20. listopada 1944. Narodno-oslobodilačka vojska Jugoslavije (NOVJ) i ruska Crvena armija borile su se s Nijemcima, a nama je tih dana zapovjedbno da cijelu našu Dražinsku arhivu prenesemo na određeno mjesto u Beogradu, na Ćuburu. Ja sam je prenijela pod fjučicama metaka. Po oslobođenju, Rade je počeo raditi u MUP-u. Imao je čin milicijskog kapetana, bio je i dalje čovjek od povjerenja. Čim je došla sloboda, željeli smo imati dijete. U lipnju 1945. rodila sam kćer. Nazvali smo je Tijana, po mojoj svekrvi. Ona danas živi u Americi, ima dvoje djece Emily i Jasona.

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: *Njihov kontraobavještajni rad počeo je još u Kruševici, kad se Rade vratio. Bili su u vezi s partizanima koji su pomogli mami da prvo pobjegne u slobodno Užice, a poslije u Beograd. Tražeći Evu, četnici su došli, prebili djeda Milosava i ostavili ga polumrtvog. Djed je svezao sina Dosu visoko na jedno drvo, jer se bojao da bi on probrbljao. Kad su četnici otišli, moja nana je djeda cijelog umotala u kožu tek zaklane ovce i tako ga počela liječiti. Nana je inače, iako nepismena, bila poznati nadriliječnik i babica.*

Kratko vrijeme sreće

Po završetku Drugoga svjetskog rata tročlana obitelj Panić ugodno je živjela u stanu koji su lijepo uredili. Tijana je rasla, a njezini su se roditelji lijepo nadopunjavali. Radoslav je bio zaposlen u Milicijskoj konjičkoj školi u Zemunu, kao za-

povjednik Sportske grupe u Narodnoj miliciji, a Eva je bila domaćica. Njihovi prvi susjedi i ujedno najbolji prijatelji u središtu Beograda, u Kosmajskoj 34, bili su Mira i Vlado Carin, liječnica i novinar, s dvije kćeri.

Uvijek puna energije Eva je kao domaćica pripremala obroke za obje obitelji i brinula o troje djece. Pratila je svog muža na natjecanjima i konjičkim trkama s preponama u zemlji i inozemstvu. Dvije godine zaredom osvojio je državno zlato u preponskom jahanju. Bilo je utrka na kojima bi se ozlijedio, a posljednja nesreća dogodila mu se u rujnu 1951. kada je slomio ključnu kost. Nosio je gips, zbog čega je početkom listopada morao ostati na bolovanju.

Upravo tih dana uhićen je vjenčani kum Panićevih.

- Mi tada nismo ni pretpostavili da je to bilo uhićenje po Informbirou, iako smo znali da je on u vrijeme rata bio u Rusiji. Bilo nam je jasno da je on rusofil. Za četiri dana uhićena je njegova žena i najbliži ljudi s kojima se družio.

U petak, 12. listopada 1951. godine Radoslav Panić je primio poziv generala Dru-
lovića da dođe u ministarstvo na sastanak.

- Rade se vratio s razgovora i rekao da je general od njega traži da organizira konjičku utрку. Pitala sam ga zar će takav, u gipsu, organizirati utrke? On je ostajao pri svom i rekao da će otići kupiti drva za zimu. Opet mi je bio čudan. Pitala sam ga je li poludio i zašto već sada kupujemo drva? Nije mi odgovorio, već se požalio da ga gips žulja i neka mu dam nešto što će mu smekšati žuljanje. Dala sam mu vatu, ali je rekao: „Ma, stavi ti meni zavoj”. Zašto vam to govorim? Na taj se zavoj u zatvoru objesio!

Moj muž je moja svetinja

Sutradan, u subotu, Radoslav se nakon doručka spremao izaći uz najavu Evi da će telefonom javiti stiže li na vrijeme na ručak, jer opet ide u ministarstvo na razgovor s generalom. Bit će to posljednji put da je Eva vidjela svoga muža.

Čekala ga je s ručkom i kada je shvatila da se predugo ne javlja, počela je telefonirati na mjesta za koja je mislila da bi na njima mogao biti. Uzalud. Otišla je u zapovjedništvo u Zemun i saznala da Radoslav nije ni stigao do generala. Vratila se kući i čekala.

- Prošla je subota, pa nedjelja, a u ponedjeljak sam se spremila i otišla tražiti muža na

Banjicu, u vojni kompleks u kojemu je i zatvor. Tijani je bilo šest godina, baš je krenula u školu. Rekla sam joj neka nakon nastave otiđe k Miri Carin. Nisam mogla znati kada ću se vratiti jer Banjica je daleko. Pitala sam Radinog pretpostavljenog gdje mi je muž, a on je rekao da su došli neki ljudi i tražili ga. Saznala sam da su ga bez objašnjenja odvela dva udbaša, a njegov pretpostavljeni mi je obećao da će učiniti sve da ga oslobode. Vratila sam se kući.

Sutradan ujutro, Eva i Tijana bile su kod Carinovih, kad se s vrata oglasilo zvonce. Na kućnom pragu Panićevih susjeda stajao je muškarac u crnom kožnom kaputu.

- *Pitao me jesam li ja drugarica Panić, a ja odgovorih da mi je sigurno došao pomoći da nadem muža. Međutim, izjavio mi je sućut.*

Tog trenutka, još uvijek pribrana, Eva je odgovorila kako joj ne treba izražavati sućut, jer Radoslav nije ni prvi ni posljednji koji je uhićen te da će sigurno biti pušten.

- *Pokušao je samoubojstvo, reče udbaš.*
- *Je li živ ili mrtav?*
- *Vidjet ćemo kad dođemo u Vojnu bolnicu.*
- *Past ću pod trolejbus!*
- *Dođite drugarice Panić, imam auto pred kućom. Odvest ću vas.*

Tijana je ostala kod Mire Carin, a Eva je pošla s čovjekom u crnom. Bilo je oko dva popodne.

- *Kad sam ušla u auto čovjek je procijedio: „Lezi kurvo, lezi da te nitko ne vidi.“ Bila sam konsterirana. Legla sam na zadnje sjedište i odvezli su me. Kad smo došli pred Vojnu bolnicu ušao je samo taj čovjek u kaputu, a ja sam ostala čekati u autu zajedno sa šoferom. Vratio se i rekao neka me voze u Upravu. Pobunila sam se irekla da me moraju odvesti kući jer me kćer čeka. Odvezli su me u Upravu UDBA-e¹⁰za Srbiju na Obilićevom vijencu. Bilo je to u blizini našeg stana. Zatvorili su me u malu ćeliju. Svako malo bi milicioner pogledao kroz otvor unutra i pitao me što je s Panićem? Svi su mi ubacivali cigarete, a ja sam stajala u ćeliji i pravila po dva koraka lijevo, desno. Nisam znala što se događa. Jesam li uhićena? Zašto? Ne znam je li mi je muž živ ili mrtav?! Poludjela sam. Došla je noć.*

¹⁰ Uprava državne bezbednosti (Uprava državne sigurnosti) osnovana 1946. godine. Zloglasna tajna policija s raširenom mrežom doušnika i provokatora

Eva je prenoćila u ćeliji od jednoga kvadratnog metra. Uglavnom je stajala ili sjedila, a u noći je legla dijagonalno na pod, jer drugačije nije mogla pružiti tijelo. Ujutro je s policajcem pošla u Vojnu bolnicu.

- *Milicioner mi je rekao da se spremim, a nakon toga su me odvezli. Kad sam u Vojnoj bolnici ušla u jednu sobu, suočila sam se s dva časnika i vojnim liječnikom. Jedan mi se obratio: „Drugarice Panić, vaš muž se objesio na okvir od kreveta. Vezao si je zavoj oko vrata i toliko je cimao dok mu se nije prerezao grkljan. Izašla mu je krv na usta i oči. Dok je stražar stigao, on je već bio mrtav. Imate pravo pogledati ga ako želite. U mrtvačnici je”. Rekla sam: „Sačuvaj Bože, ne! Želim ga zadržati u uspomeni onakvog kakav je bio”. Objesio se 16. listopada 1951. To je najtužniji dan u mom životu.*

Ponudili su joj potom da potpiše izjavu prema kojoj se „odriče svog muža Radoslava Panića kao izdajnika i narodnog neprijatelja”.

- *Drugarice Panić, vaš muž je uhićen kao narodni neprijatelj, kao pristaša Staljina. Dajte izjavu da ga se odričete i to će sutra biti objavljeno u Borbi¹¹.*

- *Neću potpisati. Rade nije izdajica ni narodni neprijatelj. Ja da se odrekнем svog muža?! Moj muž je moja svetinja!*

- *Onda ćete ostati u zatvoru.*

- *Onda ću ostati u zatvoru.*

- *Ležat ćete tri godine.*

- *Odležat ću tri godine.*

- *Kćer Tijana će vam ostati na ulici.*

- *Neće Tijana ostati na ulici. Ima obitelj i prijatelje.*



Eva Panić Nahir: „Kad sam saznala da sam izgubila muža, srušio mi se svijet”.

¹¹ List koji je bio političko glasilo u službi Komunističke partije Jugoslavije

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: Sjećam se tog prijepodneva kad su mi odveli majku, kao danas. Još sam molila Miomu, kako smo zvali Miru Carin, da ne pojedemo sve jer moramo ostaviti nešto mami, da ruča kad se vrati. Smijate se, ali sjećam se da smo jeli paprikaš i da je za svakoga bio jedan komad piletine, a ja sam se bojala da mami neće ostaviti „njezin komad”. Naravno, nije se vratila.

Čakovec, lipanj 2012.

Eva Panić Nahir: Kad sam saznala da sam izgubila muža, to je bila moja najveća nesreća. Imali smo jako dobar brak, pun ljubavi i tolerancije. Nisam ga se htjela odreći. Ne bih na to nikada pristala, ni u kojim uvjetima. Voljela sam ga više od ičega. Sada, prije povratka u Izrael, idem u Kruševicu oprostiti se s njim. Kad sam se vratila s Golog otoka, sa Svetog Grgura, tražila sam da ga ekshumiraju. Na vojnom groblju je bio pod brojem, bez imena. Svekar i svekrva su donijeli sanduk, platno i čilim jer je to bio uvjet da mi ga daju na prepoznavanje. Možete zamisliti? Nakon dvije i pol godine - samo kosti. Prepoznala sam njegovo zubalo i čeljust. Prepoznala sam ga odmah. Takvu čeljust ima naša kćer Tijana.

Čakovec, svibanj 2014.

Eva Panić Nahir: Teško je odgovoriti na pitanje zašto se Rade u pritvoru ubio. Promišljala sam o tome. Rade je bio takva osoba. Izvana snažan i tvrd, a iznutra osjetljiv. Nije mogao podnijeti da ga vlast za koju je uložio život, tako ponižava. Ja to sebi tako tumačim.

Nikada nisam bila špijun!

Potom su je vratili u samicu i iduća tri dana je nitko ništa nije pitao. Četvrtog su je dana odveli na saslušanje.

- Pitala sam istražitelje zašto se Rade ubio, ali potpuno su me ignorirali. Tražili su da govorim o suradnicima moga muža, o tome što je radio, s kim se družio? Uopće nisam

razumjela što žele od mene. Odgovarala sam da ne razumijem što pitaju. Nakon nekoliko dana takvih ispitivanja, rekli su da imaju vremena, a da ću se ja sigurno predomisлити i surađivati. Nakon desetak dana su me pozvali da potpišem izjavu u kojoj je pisalo da sam uhićena na osnovu špijunaže za SSSR. Odbila sam to potpisati i rekla: „Neću to potpisati pa da me ubijete. Nikada nisam bila špijun.”

I idućih je dana odbijala zahtjeve da potpiše tu kompromitirajuću izjavu. Istražitelji su se smjenjivali, svaki je primjenjivao svoju metodu pritiska, a jedan joj je čak rekao neka potpiše, a poslije neka se žali. Odbila je.

- Objesio se tvoj muž, možeš se i ti objesiti kurvo. Znaš, a nećeš govoriti.

- Ovo ćete vi skupo platiti.

Eva Panić je na nogama još uvijek nosila gojzerice u kojima su je doveli u pritvor. Kožne vezice s obuće pokušala je iskoristiti za ono posljednje.

- U samici sam se objesila za žnirance, na šarku vrata. Izvana su čuli moje krkljanje, ušli, odmotali mi vrat i polili me vodom. Vrat mi je bio zarezan i više me nisu ostavljali samu, smjestili su me u sobu s drugim ženama koje su me njegovale i hranile. Imala sam 38 kilograma.

Promijenili su joj istražitelja. Eva je ustvrdila da je znao razgovarati s njom.

- Rekao bi mi, primjerice, kako mi je vidio kćer u šetnji Kalemegdanom s dvije djevojčice ili nešto drugo vezano uz nju. Uvijek mi je napominjao da s njim mogu razgovarati o ljudima koji su dolazili k nama i kako mogu biti uvjerena da im se ništa neće dogoditi. Rekla sam mu da su k nama dolazili prijatelji i da se kod nas ništa nije događalo. Onda je, najednom, svaka istraga prestala. Već je bilo punih šest mjeseci otkako sam zatvorena na Obilićevom vijencu. S prozora ćelije gledala sam kako nam prazne stan, iznose stvari. Prijatelji i susjedi su sklonili nešto moje odjeće, a za to sam kasnije saznala od njih samih.

Kako? Na krovu zgrade u kojoj su Panićevi živjeli povremeno su se sastajale Evine susjede Agica Sas i Milica Uzelac. Dolazile bi noću i stale na mjesto najprikladnije za „prisluškivanje” iz ćelije preko puta.

- Ćelija je gledala na cestu pa su moja šogorica Rosa i njezin muž Todor Todorovski svakog dana išli u šetnju. Kratko bismo komunicirali gestikulacijom ili u poluglasu.

Tako sam im dala do znanja da se Rade objesio. Isprva nisu razumjeli, ali sam im mašući rukama nekako već objasnila, shvatili su. Idućeg dana su mi u zatvor poslali crnu maramu. Od susjeda sam saznala da su mi sačuvali neke stvari i da je kći Tijana otišla u Lendavu, k mojoj sestri Klari. Susjede Agica, Milica i hausmajstorica Fanika bi došle na krov naše zgrade i razgovarale glasno. U jedno predvečerje je Milica rekla: „Jao, bolje bi bilo da prestane plakati. Tajika je kod Klare u Lendavi”. Tako sam saznala da mi je kći na sigurnom, no nisam brinula za sebe. Vjerovala sam da ću uskoro otići kući.

III.

Sveti Grgur - GOLI OTOK

14. travnja 1952.

Upravitelj zatvora u Upravi UDBA-e Božo Drobac sve vrijeme pritvora Eve Panić obraćao joj se hineći uvažavanje. Nije mogla pretpostaviti što je tome razlog, no s vremenom je shvatila. Nakon pola godine boravka u pritvoru, došao je dan za premještaj na mjesto koje će joj duboko obilježiti osobnost.

- Božo Drobac je bio jako fin čovjek. Kad god mi je došao paket, rekao bi: „Pojedi nešto Panička, imaš samo 38 kila”. Nisam znala zašto je tako fin sa mnom, ali sam kasnije saznala. Kad je već bilo punih šest mjeseci otkako sam zatvorena, pozvana sam u zbornu sobu. Rekli su mi da ostavim sve državne stvari i uzmem privatne, jer idem kući. Neke žene već su bile u velikoj sobi. Pitala sam kamo ćemo, a one su odgovorile da idemo na izdržavanje kazne. Kazne? Pa nisam dobila ni presudu, ništa. Bio je 14. travnja 1952. kad su stavili po nekoliko nas u automobile i odvezli nas. Beograd je bio rascvjetan, ljudi na ulicama vedri, u zraku se osjećalo dobro raspoloženje, a nas sedamnaest voze... ne znamo kud, ni zašto. Strašan osjećaj.

Eva Panić kaže da je u to vrijeme znala kako postoji otok na Jadranu, na kojem se robija. Ime mu nikada izrijekom nije čula, a onda ga je upoznala, neposredno.

- Zнала sam da postoji neki otok za koji su govorili da se ide na Havaje, no kad smo krenuli iz Beograda nisam znala da idemo upravo onamo. Odvezli su nas na Željeznički kolodvor na Topčideru. Tamo je stajao vlak s vagonima koji su imali mliječna stakla na prozorima. U vagonima su nas posjeli po dvije na jedno sjedalo i vezali. Mene su svezali s djevojkom Bosom, studenticom filozofije koja je bila partizanka od svoje četrnaeste godine. Tada su joj bile samo 22, a meni pune 33. Bosa me jednom prilikom u istražnom zatvoru uzela za ruku i rekla: „Ja sam Bosa Đurović, Crnogorka sam. ‘Ajde da se ne razdvajamo’. I nismo se razdvajale. Nju su strašno tukli jer ona doista jest’ bila staljinist, kao što su Crnogorci mahom i bili veliki rusofili. U istražnom zatvoru sam uvijek imala spremne krpe koje sam joj stavljala na otvorene rane nakon što bi je pretukli.

Vlak je vozio dugo, a njegove putnice, optužene bez optužnice i osuđene bez presude, cijelo su to vrijeme bile bez hrane. Potiho su nagađale o ruti kojom prolazi vlak. Nisu smjele razgovarati pa bi jedna drugoj ispod glasa uputile tek poneku riječ. Kad je pala noć, vlak se zaustavio i tada počinje režim.

Po izlasku iz vagona, žene su ugledale more koje se presijavalo na mjesecini. Betoniranu obalu i privezani brod spajala je daska preko koje su jedna za drugom počele ulaziti u utrobu plovila. Podno broskog pramca velikim je slovima bilo ispisano - *Punat*.

- Počela je dreka i guranje. Milicioneri su vikali: „Upadaj, upadaj bando, diži se bando!” Poludjele smo. Ja sam po prvi put u životu čula izraz bando. Nisam znala što to znači. Upadamo u neko dno, u truh broda, sve se počelo ljuljati i nastala je prava histerija. Počele smo se bojati da nas odvoze kako bi nas bacili u more, neke su žene povraćale, neke mokrile i imale veliku nuždu od šoka. U tom metežu i pomutnji govorile su svašta - od toga da će im odrezati njihovu lijepu kosu do toga da će im razbiti naočale.

Plovidba je trajala dok se izvana počela nazirati danja svjetlost. U trup broda pristizala je buka s otvorenog prostora. Osamnaest premorenih, isprepadanih žena osluškivalo je pjesmu, dernjavu, i uvrede.

- Približavali smo se mjestu na kojemu je vladala nevjerovatna dreka. Čule smo da se pjeva, ali i da se neugodno viče. Jasno su se čuli povici „ua bando”. Kad smo doplovili još bliže, čuli su se ženski glasovi koji pjevaju „bandu ćemo uništiti, više je neće biti”. Uхватила nas je panika. Imate dojam da dolazite među zvijeri.

Kad se *Punat* zaustavio i privezao, zatvorenice su pod prijetnjama počele brzo izlaziti. Nije se smjelo zastajkivati jer bi dobile batine. Na ogoljenom kopnu iščekivale su ih narogušene uniformirane žene, postavljene u dva reda. Evu su izvukli za kosu s broda i bacili je na tlo. Stigla je u Ženski logor na nenaseljenom otočiću Sveti Grgur, između Raba, Krka, Prvića i Golog otoka na *društveno koristan popravni rad* za koji, kao civilna osoba, nikada nije dobila presudu, ni bilo kakav drugi dokument.

- Žene koje su nas dočekale urlale su i tukle nas kad smo prolazile. Prolaziš, a svaka od njih te udari rukom ili nogom, pljune te. Nekim su ženama uspjele slomiti rebra, kralješke, vukle su ih po podu, gazile. Ja sam dobila puno udaraca po glavi. Kad sam se kasnije vidjela u odrazu vode u bačvi, punu čvoruga na glavi i licu, pomislila sam kako me ni rođena majka ne bi prepoznala. Ali, to nije bilo ništa u odnosu na druge žene kojima bi špalir slomio ruku, nogu, izbio oko. Prvi prizor nakon „dočeka” bila je zgrada pred nama i na njoj natpis: Titov put - naš je put.

Žene

Sve žene iz Evine grupe smjestili su u baraku zvanu Dom kulture. Ironično, pod je bio prekriven slamom i sve su morale leći jedna kraj druge. Nakon što su jedno vrijeme provele tako ležeći, pozvane su na šišanje.

- Bosa je legla odmah do mene, držale smo se zajedno i kad su nas povelu na šišanje. Šišale su nas drugarice aktivistkinje. To su bile žene koje su revidirane, bivše zatvorenice koje su se popravile i sada vole svoje rukovodstvo. Šišali su nas doslovno kao ovce, skarama za šišanje ovaca. Ostane ti čuperak, malo ti zadere kožu i tako. Meni maloj su dali opanke veličine 42 i suknju do poda, a Ružici Božičković visokoj 180 centimetara kratku suknju koja joj je pokrivala točno pola stražnjice. Na odjeći nije bilo ni jednog gumba, sve se otvaralo prilikom nošenja tako da bi se vidio dio tijela. Izgledale smo unakaženo.

Zatvorenice, njih tri tisuće, mahom su bile mlade žene. Eva ističe da je bila među starijima, no bilo je i žena u višoj dobi. Bez obzira na godine, sve su istom mjerom omalovažavane, psihički i fizički zlostavljane. Prvu večer provele su stojeći ispred barake - poput strašila za ptice, reći će Eva. Svaka je baraka imala svoju starješinu,

a ona zamjenicu. Te su žene također bile zatvornice. Revidirane. Na otoku nije bilo ni jednog muškarca. Kažnjenicama je rečeno da će sutra ranom zorom ići na radilište, a onda je „kolektiv” stao pred njih i počeo ih pljuvati.

- Vikale su na nas, urlale, pljuvale nas. Nevjerojatno. Starješina nas je prebrojala i dala izvješće milicionerki.

Navečer su dobile prvu porciju hrane otkako su napustile beogradski istražni zatvor. Jelo se kukuruzno brašno s malo šećera. I ubuduće će jesti uglavnom to, mrvu kruha, meso nikada.

Noći isprekidane urlicima

- Već prve noći počele su nas pojedinačno saslušavati. Prozovu te po imenu i odvedu iz barake. Mene nikada nisu digle po mraku, ali sam zato supatnice dočekivala s krpom i prekrivala im otvorene rane. Sve što bismo u baraci čule bilo je urlanje, svaki put. Vezali su žene na klupu i udarale ih batinama tražeći da odgovore s kim su se družile, s kim su imale vezu. Idućeg jutra smo pošle raditi.

Općenito je poznato da se na Golom otoku, pa tako i na otoku Sveti Grgur, na kojem su robijale žene, kamenje prenosilo s jedne strane na drugu, nosilo se na uzvisinu pa spuštalo natrag. Do potpune fizičke, mentalne i duševne iscrpljenosti radio se Sizifov posao. Što je kamen bio veći, to je veća bila mogućnost da će žena pod teretom pasti. Starješinama je to bila pobuda za dodatno batinanje.

- Nosiš kamen na brdo, ostaviš ga, uzmeš drugi i nosiš ga nizbrdo. Kamenje smo nosile na traljama, drvetu s dvije šipke. Jednom mi je tucanik ispao iz ruku pa su me za kaznu odnijele do stabla kruške i bodljikavom žicom tukle po nogama. Drugarice aktivistice su vikale: „Bando praviš se da ne možeš nositi, a znala si bandovati protiv druga Tita!” Nakon dva tjedna došlo je vrijeme za raskritikovanje. Cijeli antifeatar se po kamenju ispuni zajednicom i zarobljenicama pa na svaku zasebno krene vika: „Raskritikuj se bando! Kako si špijunirala, neprijateljvala, reci svoje veze i vezice, što si radila,...”. Nevjerojatno. Žene su svašta odgovarale, ali nikada ni jedno ime nije izrečeno. Bili su to odgovori primjerice: „Razgovarala sam neprijateljski s drugaricom na fakultetu” i slično. Ja nikada nisam odgovarala ništa. Zato su mi vikali: „Bojkot! Uaa bando, bojkot!”.

Bojkot

Što je bio bojkot? Tortura koju su zatvorenice prolazile zbog šutnje usljed ispitivanja i raskritikovanja.

- *Bojkot je nešto što ne možete ni zamisliti. To je mučenje do iznemoglosti, do gubitka zdravog razuma. Ponajprije, noću nisam smjela spavati. Kad je u 22 sata bilo povećerje, legla bih, a nakon pet minuta bi me starješina probudila. Stajala bih, a ona me ispiti-vala, primoravala da govorim o nečemu što uopće nije imalo veze sa stvarnošću, a kamo li s mojim ili životom moga muža. Primjerice: „Jednog dana ćeš progovoriti. Otkrij veze i vezice svoga muža, progovorićeš ti”. I tako unedogled.*

Eva Panić je često stajala zajedno s Desankom Diklić, pravnicom. Ni jedna nije imala što reći pa su nastavljale šutjeti. Nakon nošenja kamenja danju, nespavanja i stajanja noću, kroz nekoliko dana Eva više nije mogla stajati. Noge su joj otekle, otišla je k liječnici.

- *Rekla sam doktorici da ne mogu hodati, a ona mi je rekla: „Rastereti se pa ćemo te rasteretiti”. To je značilo „raskritikuj se pa ćemo ti olakšati”. Nek ispričam nešto što nije istina i s čim nemam veze?! Kad sam bila u „bojkotu”, nisam imala prava na razgovor ni s kim tijekom 12 sati rada. Jedino pravo je bilo da molim odlazak na toalet i to isključivo onoj osobi koja me tog trenutka čuva. Kao „bojkotovanu”, svatko me mogao pljunuti i tući, a u baraci nisam smjela spavati na ležaju već ispod kibble, tako da su mi žene pišale po ustima.*

Jedino što ju je držalo na životu bila je pomisao na kćer. Motiv nad svakim prenešenim kamenom, u svakom prehodanom koraku na Svetom Grguru - bio je Tijanin život. U sebi je poput mantre ponavljala da svaki kamen mora donijeti do vrha brda jer je tamo liječnik koji će pomoći njezinom bolesnom djetetu.

- *Ponavljala sam stalno u sebi, ako ne odnesem kamen, Tijana će umrijeti. Kad bih silazila, mislila sam da ću polomiti noge, a onda bih samoj sebi sugerirala: „Dolje je lje-karna. Ako ne doneseš cijeli kamen dolje, nećeš moći u nju”. Tijana je za mene bila jedini spas. U sebi sam vidjela samo nju i govorila sam samoj sebi: „Nemoj više pomišljati na samoubojstvo jer Tijana te čeka”. Od nespavanja su mi pet mjeseci oči curile kao slavinina. Kasnije ih nisam mogla sklopiti do kraja, a desnu ruku ni danas ne mogu savinuti u laktu. Ozlijedila sam se i desna ruka mi je pocrnila. Zavezali su mi je na leđa pa sam kamenje nosila u lijevoj.*

Tijana

Eva u logoraškim danima ništa nije znala o Tijani, osim da je u Lendavi kod sestre Klare. Jednoga se dana morala odazvati pozivu upravnice Ženskog logora Hilde Sedej, ne sluteći kako bi tema razgovora mogla biti upravo kći.

- Kad sam bila već tri mjeseca pod „bojkotom”, upravnica Hilda me pozvala u svoj ured. Rekla je da je moja kći pisala Aleksandru Rankoviću, a on je upravljao policijskim i sigurnosnim službama, i da je pitala gdje joj je majka. Hilda mi je prenijela Rankovićevu zapovijed da napišem pismo o sebi i dam znak života. Učinila sam to.

Ružica, spasiteljica

Pokazalo se da je Ruža Božičković za Evu Panić bila isto što i Jagoda Rotanić u djetinjstvu, zapravo još i više. Bila joj je prijateljica i čuvarica - važna gotovo poput samoga života. Nakon Svetog Grgura ostat će prijateljice zauvijek.

- Ružica je čula da imam kćer i da mi se muž ubio pa je željela biti od pomoći. Pošto bi meni kamen uvijek padao iz ruku, jer sam naprosto bila fizički preslaba, stalno su me tukli bodljikavom žicom. Ružica je bila velika žena, mlada, Dalmatinka. Uvijek bi stala iza mene, a stvar je u tome da s onom koja je iza tebe moraš zajedno nositi teret. Kad je prvi put stala meni iza leđa, pomislila sam da će pokazivati koliko je snažnija od mene. Osjećala sam se loše, zabrinuto, a nisam je smjela pitati zašto je stala baš iza mene. No, Ružica je tovarila na tralje tako da bi sva težina bila na njoj. Nisam je mogla pitati zašto to čini, ali kad smo dobile dopuštenje za razgovor, rekla je da je vidjela kako me tuku i pomislila: „Tu ženu ću ja spasiti”. Svaki dan bi dolazila do mene i pomagala mi. Ostala je moja prijateljica zauvijek, isto kao i Bosa. Ružicin sin Mladen mi i danas piše, u kontaktu smo. Bosin sin Vladimir također.

Mnogim je ženama ponestajalo snage. Nije to bilo ništa neobično jer radilo se na- porno, a jelo simbolično. Za zatvorenice se pripremala hrana uglavnom na osnovi kukuruznog brašna i čaj. Nikada za obrok nisu dobile meso, a kruha je bilo toliko malo da ga nisu doživljavale kao hranu. Spavalo se u barakama koje su nekada bile silosi za žito. Mali prostor s krevetima na tri kata.

- Jedino smo u baraci mogle razgovarati. Ružica mi je rekla da u životu nije čula za

Kominform¹², nije ni znala što je to. Jednu 19-godišnju Ruskinju sam pitala zašto je na otoku, a ona je rekla da je bila na kupanju i da se u blizini našao neki čovjek iz ruske ambasade. Prišla su joj dva muškarca i uhitila je. Odveli su je u pritvor u kupaćem kostimu.

Žene su robijale na Svetom Grguru, muškarci na Golom otoku. Čuvarice su također bile isključivo žene, a jedini muškarci na Grguru - bili su stražari na čekama. Oni su čuvali pristup otoku. Ni jedan brod onuda nije smio proći.

Eva se zbližila i s Adelom Bohunickom, liječnicom, deklariranom rusofilkom. Podijelila je očaj sa svojom vršnjakinjom, kasnije također prijateljicom, Dejom Guberinom, kojoj je muž na otok poslao papire za razvod, a kod kuće se oženio drugom. Kaže da na Svetom Grguru, a ni tijekom istrage, nikada nije doživjela bilo kakvu gestu antisemitizma. S mnogim je ženama bila u prijateljskim odnosima bez obzira odakle su dolazile. S Dušom Jovanović bila je ležaj do ležaja pa ju je svaku večer prije spavanja gladila po kosi.

Na Svetom su Grguru u zasebnoj grupi bile i mlade polaznice tadašnje Visoke novinarsko-diplomatske škole iz Beograda.

- Duša je poslije govorila da je jedva čekala da legnem i malo je pogladim. Vidite kako nam je malo trebalo. Deja pak me upozнала sa svojom prijateljicom Verom, koja je bila iz grupe s novinarskog fakulteta. Vera je došla godinu dana nakon mene na otok i povremeno smo se družile, jedna drugoj olakšavale tugu. Ona je pokojna supruga Slavka Goldsteina. Zna, taj pakao na Svetom Grguru je u dobrim ljudima pobuđivao još više dobra, a oni loši postajali su još gori. Tamo su nas tukle i naše kolegice, zatvorenice, jer na taj su način dokazivale da mrze neprijatelja i da su se popravile. Užas. Takvo nešto je teško zamisliti.

Eva Panić na Svetom Grguru nikada nije vidjela niti jedno žensko truplo. Kaže da nije svjedočila ni jednoj vijesti o tome da bi neka od robijašica umrla. Ako je netko i umro, to je nesumnjivo bila tajna koja se nikada nije saznala.

- Policajke su nas redovito prebrojavale, a starješine - popravljene robijašice - su bivale uz nas, tukle nas, nadzirale, mrzile i govorile da smo nepopravljiva banda. Popravila si se onoliko koliko mrziš bandu koja se nije popravila. Bila sam očajna, ali nikada

¹² Informbiro; Informacijski biro komunističkih i radničkih partija

nisam mislila da ću tamo skončati. Znala sam da tome mora doći kraj. Nikada u životu nisam bila staljinistica, ni kominformovka. Nikada ih nisam voljela.

Večeras ću pljunuti Gordanu

Do svoje pozne dobi Eva se ne može osloboditi nekih slika sa Svetog Grgura. Proganjaju je scene i opsjedaju osjećaji nezamislivi svakom tko nije iskusio krajnju brutalnost čovjeka nad čovjekom. Gordanu Aćimović i Jovanku Rebraču pamtit će dok je živa.

- Neki put se noću uopće ne mogu osloboditi nekih slika. Bilo je iznimno vruće ljeto. Jovanka Rebrača je bila kažnjena time što je bila izložena. Stavili su ju u neku kutiju u kojoj je stajala svezana, a mi koje smo prolazile gledale smo ju. Sunce je bilo nesnosno, a ona je imala kronični proljev. Iz nje je stalno curilo, padala je u nesvijest pa bi ju polijevali vodom. Kad se sjetim Jovanke, sva se naježim.

U jednoj od teških faza pamti Gordanu Aćimović, koja je posljednjih mjeseci boravka na Svetom Grguru potpuno psihofizički i duševno obamrla. Sjedila bi, stalno gledajući u daljinu, potpuno se izoliravši od okoline. Nije se osvrnula ni na što, bila je prljava, iz usta su joj curile sline.

Istodobno, Margita Adler je bila zabrinuta zbog Evine pasivnosti koja ju je stalno uvlačila u novo produljenje bojkota. Jednog dana joj je, idući put radilišta, sugerirala da na trenutak proguta ono malo preostale ljudskosti i ponosa, i učini nešto za sebe. Trajat će samo sekundu.

- Eva, ti ćeš ovdje ostati dovijeka. Znaš da je pasivnost prvi korak neprijateljstvu i da će ti stalno produžavati kaznu. Znam da nikome ne možeš učiniti nažao, ali ovdje sjedi Gordana Aćimović, vidiš da nije sasvim normalna. Kad se budemo vraćale s posla, prodi kraj nje i pljuni je. Ona to neće ni osjetiti. Pokaži koliko mrziš neprijatelja i riješi se kazne.

- Vidjet ću.

Kad se popravljaš, moraš pokazati da si raščistio s neprijateljem. Ali, za Evu Panić važnije je bilo - raščistiti sa sobom.

- Svaki dan sam nosila to kamenje i mislila: „Večeras ću pljunuti Gordanu Aćimović.

Večeras ću pljunuti Gordanu Aćimović” i dode večer, a ja to ne učinim. Srela sam kasnije Gordanu u Beogradu. Rekla mi je: „Znam što ste govorile, ali nisam mogla reagirati. Baš ti hvala”. Ta dva doživljaja s Jovankom i Gordanom nikada neću zaboraviti. Žene su se međusobno izživljavale jedna na drugoj. Prolazile su tako grozne muke da su se pretvarale u životinje. Od početka do raspuštanja radilišta na Svetom Grguru bila je jedna Marković. Mjesec dana nakon dolaska kući, čula sam kasnije, otišla je na grob svoje majke i ubila se. Ona je bila među rijetkim starijim osobama tamo, bile su joj 72 godine. Bila je s nama i Rada Popović, sestra narodnog heroja Žarka Zrenjanina.

Zapisnik

Na Svetom se Grguru obilježavao i Međunarodni dan žena. Eva se prisjeća kako je to izgledalo.

- Bili bi postavljeni plakati na barakama, a mi smo morale pjevati. Sjećam se kao danas pjesme koja je išla: „I svakog dana bit’ ću sve bolja, korak bliža slobooodi. Prolazim putem jaaaa, samo onim kojim nas Tito predvodi”. Ili primjerice: „I mi ćemo uskoro u frontu žena biti. Mi ćemo našu zemlju graditi, graditi, graditi”.

S pjesmom su izlazile i na radilište. U popodnevnim satima morale su pjevati, a *banda* je stajala sa strane. Banda su bile sve one koje zajednica nije prihvatila, dakle žene koje nisu „revidirale svoj politički stav”.

Svaka je od njih pisala svoj zapisnik. Očekivalo se da svaka od njih ispiše cijeli svoj život na bijelom papiru, da spomene što više imena, grijehe, s kim je tko bio, tko je kome činio usluge, tko je otkucavao. Za bojkotom višestruko kažnjavanu Evu Panić, to je bila idealna prilika da malo sjedne i odmori.

- Dobiješ papir i olovku i pišeš od jutra do mraka na jednoj maloj stolici i kutiji. Tražilo se da napišeš sav svoj neprijateljski rad, sve svoje misli, što znaš i ne znaš, što si sanjao i nisi. Sve sam morala napisati: otkako sam posisala majčino mlijeko do danas, a onda će oni provjeriti što sam napisala i jesam li nešto zatajila ili slagala. Onda će odlučiti hoće li mi skinuti bojkot ili ću ići na još neki strašniji jer sam slagala Upravu.

Batinjanje i mučenje zatvorenica prestalo je kad je Hildu Sedej na mjestu upravnice naslijedila Tanja Vilotić. Iako je za Evu upravo Hilda bila strahota nad strahotama, mnoge su joj zatvorenice tvrdile da je prijašnja upraviteljica Marija Zelić bila neizmjereno brutalnija. Bila je od onih koje su se pred nadređenima hvalile svojom krvožednošću.

Ubrzo nakon imenovanja Tanje Vilotić, u obilazak Ženskog logora dolazi ministar unutarnjih poslova Slobodan Penezić Krcun. Kad je ušao u sobu u kojoj su zatvorenice pisale svoje zapisnike, prepoznao je Evu Panić i ostao zaprepašten.

- *Panićka, što vi tu radite?*

- *Druže ministre, vjerojatno vi bolje znate, jer ja još uvijek ne znam zašto sam ovdje.*

- *Sjedni, samo i piši dalje.*

Raspuštanje radilišta. Sloboda.

Krcunu Peneziću je bilo neugodno vidjeti Evu vidno potresenu susretom i razgovorom. Sjeća se da je njezin zapisnik otišao dalje te da je mjesec dana kasnije pozvana na razgovor k istražitelju Dušku Lazareviću. Bio je, kaže, vrlo ugodan prema njoj.

- *Panićka, dobili smo provjeru tvog zapisnika iz Beograda i prvim transportom ideš kući.*

- *Druže istražitelju, ja se nisam ni popravila, ni otpravila. Ja ne znam zašto sam ovamo došla, ne znam zašto ću ići kući. Nemam pojma.*

- *Slušaj, ja sam ti svoje rekao. Ako ne napraviš nikakvu grešku - vjeruj mi, ići ćeš prvim transportom kući.*

Suprug Tanje Vilotić također je bio istražitelj kojeg je Eva upoznala dva dana prije napuštanja Svetog Grgura. Uputio ju je što da čini kada izađe na slobodu.

- *Ne sjećam se Vilotićevog imena, ali rekao mi je: „Panićka, tvoj je slučaj jako tužan. Što da se radi? Gledaj da odgojiš svoju Tijanu, a ako te netko nešto bude pitao i tražio, ti dođi k nama. Ne moraš ni s kim surađivati i nikome odgovarati”. Nikakav papir od njega nisam dobila.*

Idućeg dana, 28. studenog 1953. žene su pozvane na miting i obaviještene da će biti puštene na slobodu. Prozivali su ih jednu po jednu i svakoj uručili tisuću dinara.

- Na mitingu nam je rečeno da nitko ništa ne smije pričati kada izade van, jer svatko se jednom mora vratiti. Rekli su nam da ćemo time pokazati kako smo zaslužile da nam UDBA pokaže svoje povjerenje i uvrsti među normalne građane, da nasdruštvo prihvati. Raspuštanje Ženskog logora zapravo je bilo uvjet Hruščova¹³ da se pomiri s Titom. Osim novca koji su nam dali u ruke, dobile smo svaka i jednu cedulju. Na njoj je pisalo da sam bila na društveno korisnom radu i da je to ujedno karta za prijevoz. Koliko je to tisuću dinara, pomislila sam? Nisam imala pojma. Dvije godine nisam bila vani.

Iste večeri te su žene, njih tri tisuće, bile potpuno slobodne. Cijelu su noć neumorno pjevale, a ujutro pošle na brod u novim robijaškim odijelima. Nakon pola godine bivanja u istražnom zatvoru i dvadeset mjeseci robijanja na Svetom Grguru Eva Panić je bila slobodna. Kad su bivše zatvorenice s jednog pustog jadranskog otočića uplovile u Rijeku, ukrcale su se na vlakove. Svaka u svom smjeru. Eva Panić pošla je u Lendavu. Željela je vidjeti svoju kćer.

- Zadnji su dani studenog 1953., krenula sam u Lendavu k sestri. Kad sam stigla, bila sam im veliko iznenađenje. Naravno, nitko mi se nije nadao. Tijana me prva ugledala i rekla: „Jao, Eva je došla”. Bila sam u robijaškom odijelu, to joj je bio strašan šok. Ona je morala u školu, a ja sam ostala sjediti sa sestrom. Namjeravala sam ostati u Lendavi.

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: Kad se majka vratila iz zatvora, pitala sam ju: „Zar ste vas dvoje više voljeli nešto drugo od mene, da ste me tako ostavili?”

„Dobrodošlica” kod najbližih

Klara je glatko odbila sestru, rekavši da ju ne želi blizu svoje obitelji. Nije željela razmotriti mogućnost njihovog suživota, već ju je uputila da priliku potraži u Zagrebu. Osjećaju nelagode nesumnjivo je pridonijela Evina pojava u uniformi sa

¹³ Nikita Sergejevič Hruščov bio je ruski političar i predsjednik SSSR-a od rujna 1958. do listopada 1964. godine. Povijest ga pamti i kao generalnog tajnika Sovjetske komunističke stranke od 1953. do 1964. godine, ali i osobu koja je Josifa Visarionoviča Staljina proglasila odgovornim za masovna ubojstva i deportacije, njemačku invanziju u Drugom svjetskom ratu i za sovjetski raskid s bivšom Jugoslavijom.

Svetog Grgura i činjenica da su Klarinu obitelj više puta obilazili istražitelji kako bi malenu Tijanu Panić ispitali o njezinoj obitelji. Zanimalo ih je s kim su joj se roditelji družili, jesu li kod kuće slušali strane radio postaje, tko im je dolazio u kuću. Za Tijanu su ti dani bili traumatični. Oni u Beogradu, prije nego je stigla u Lendavu, još i gori.

Eva Panić u Zagrebu nije poznavala nikoga, stoga je odlučila sama poći za Beograd. Kćer je ostavila kod sestre u Lendavi i u prvoj prilici u kojoj će biti sigurna da joj može pružiti pravi dom i sigurnost, dovest će je k sebi. Kad je stigla u Beograd, telefonom se sa Željezničkog kolodvora javila majci svog pokojnog supruga u Kruševicu.

- *Snajka, ne možemo te primiti, ne možeš k nama.*

- *Imam tisuću dinara u džepu. Mogu još samo u Dunav.*

- *Nažalost, ne možemo te primiti. Situacija je jako komplicirana.*

Odmah potom nazvala je svoju prijateljicu i susjedu Miru Carin.

- *Miro, Eva je.*

- *Pa gdje si?*

- *Evo me na kolodvoru.*

- *Što nisi došla k meni?*

- *Ne usudim se.*

- *Samo dođi. Ti si moja prijateljica. Dođi, čekam te.*

Eva se kod obitelji Carin smjestila skromno. Odjeće nije imala, a ni pravi ležaj, jer stan nije bio dovoljno velik za još jedan krevet. Iduće dvije godine Eva će spavati na podu, kod jedinih prijatelja koji su se usudili primiti ju. Uz Carinove, i tvrtka Metal servis je bila naklonjena Golootočanima. Zapošljavali su bivše robijaše, a Evino znanje njemačkog i mađarskog jezika pokazalo se dobrom preporukom za posao.

- *U MUP-u su me pitali što znam pa sam rekla da dobro govorim jezike. Poslali su me u trogodišnju večernju školu za inokorespondente. Danju sam radila u Metal servisu, a onda od 16 do 22 sata išla u školu. Tako sam završila stručno usavršavanje visokih kadrova i posao u Metal servisu zamijenila novim u TEKIG investu. To je bila tvrtka koja se bavila uvozom i izvozom kože, gume i tekstila. Bilo mi je vrlo dobro, imala sam bolju plaću, dijelio se i višak, a novac mi je trebao da samostalno podignem kćer.*



Radnička knjižica Eve Panić iz 1953. godine

Uz pronalaženje posla i polazak večernje škole, Evin je imperativ bio i ekshumacija ostataka njezina muža Radoslava Panića.

Čakovec, svibanj 2014.

Eva Panić Nahir: *Tijana ima iste ruke kao moj muž, istu kožu, istu čeljust, ima rukopis kao njezin otac i nije druželjubiva. Rade je bio takav. U pet godina koliko je proveo u vojarni u Čakovcu on nije stekao prijatelja. Bio je jako nepovjerljiv, a takva je i Tijana. Sve je naslijedila upravo od njega. Zanimljivo.*

Tijanin povratak majci

Eva je nekom zgodom u Beogradu susrela posljednju upraviteljicu Ženskog logora na Svetom Grguru Tanju Vilotić. Razgovarale su s vremenskim odmakom, u novim životima.

- Rekla mi je da su nju poslali da raspusti radilište i napravi sve što je moguće kako bi žene normalno otišle s otoka. Sjećam se da nam je nekoliko puta rekla: „Nemojte pojesti ovu mast, mažite si lice. Kako ćete izgledati kad odete kući?“ Dopustila je da pravimo papirne uvijače za kosu i da se uređujemo. Govorila nam je da se pripremamo za slobodu, da moramo izgledati kao žene, a ne kao luđaci. UDBA ju je poslala jer je znala da je blaga osoba. Inače, ona tamo ne bi mogla upravljati.

Nakon dvije godine na slobodi, Eva je dobila stan. Mogla je to zahvaliti Židovskoj općini kojoj se obratila nakon upute Sonje Baruch, tajnice u Savezu komunista.

- Sonja mi je rekla da odem do Moše Pijade i zatražim pomoć. Učinila sam tako. Otišla sam u Židovsku općinu, u ured Moše Pijade, tamo su u čekaonici bile sve same Židovke čiji su muževi bili u raznim kvislinskih operacijama. Ispričala sam Moši što smo Rade i ja radili za vrijeme Drugoga svjetskog rata, sve je zapisao i rekao da dođem iduće srijede. Informirao se kod Krcuna Penezića o meni, a ovaj mu je potvrdio da je sve što sam rekla bilo točno i neka mi pomogne.

Moša Pijade je Evi Panić najavio mogućnost da dobije stan u zgradi koja je trenutno bila u rekonstrukciji. Ubrzo je i bilo tako. Uselila je u stan u Kosmajskoj ulici, opremila ga najnužnijim i dvogodišnje spavanje na podu kod Mire Carin zamijenila krevetom u vlastitom domu. Konačno je iz Lendave u Beograd mogla dovesti svoju kćer. Radila je u TEKIG Investu, pomagala Tijani u ispunjavanju školskih obveza, družila se s uskim krugom prijatelja i neumorno istraživala tko je njezinog muža optužio da je staljinist?

Tako je nad Tijaninim odrastanjem, uz majku koja se sama borila da im osigura najbolje što umije, stajala nadvijena mračna sjena prošlosti.

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: Kad sam se vratila u Beograd, k majci, poslala sam u Klasičnu gimnaziju. Bilo je neugodnih iskustava. Sjećam se da je Sergej jednom na ploči ispisao „Tijana Panić je dijete narodnog neprijatelja”.

Voljela sam ga više od života

I u današnjem vremenu Eva to potvrđuje ovim riječima:

- Rade Panić bio je moja najveća sreća. Nisam ga se htjela odreći. Da, voljela sam ga više od života. Sad kad sam nadomak 96. godine, vjerojatno sam po posljednji put u Čakovcu i idem u Malu Kruševicu na njegov grob, oprostiti se. Kad sam prije petnaestak godina s Tijanom i unukom Emily bila na Golom otoku, one su sve shvatile. To mi je neizmjerljivo važno.

Istinu o onome tko je potkazio njezina muža i stotinjak drugih, Eva je doznala ubrzo po povratku s robije. Bio je to pukovnik Kontraobavještajne službe Milenko Nikitović koji je radio i za Ruse. KOS-ovac od povjerenja igrao je o glavi stotini ljudi. Prijavljivao je sve koji su mu odbijali suradnju za rusku stranu pa tako i Radoslava Panića.

- Nikitović je osuđen na osamnaest godina zatvora. Od ministra Vojkana Lukića zatražila sam tada da mi u pisanom obliku potvrdi da je moj muž bio nevin i da mi izda dozvolu za ekshumaciju posmrtnih ostataka. Sve sam dobila. Tražila sam da Radu iskopaju s vojničkog groblja na kojem je bio pod brojem, bez imena. Uvjet da mi dopuste da ga preselim u grobnicu u Maloj Kruševici bio je da ga prepoznam. Možete misliti? Nakon dvije i pol godine - samo kosti. Prepoznala sam njegovo zubalo i čeljust. Prepoznala sam ga odmah. Takvu čeljust ima naša kći. Svekar i svekrva su donijeli sanduk, platno i ćilim. Odvezli smo ga u Kruševicu.



Eva Panić Nahir s kćeri Tijanom Wages 2000. godine na Golom otoku kad se snimao dokumentarni film o Evi

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: *Kada je 2000. godine sniman dokumentarni film o mojoj majci naslovljen „Eva”, prvi put sam ju pitala o njezinoj odluci iz vremena pritvora. Dakle, već kao odrasla osoba, pitala sam ju o tomu kako radije nije potpisala dokument protiv svog muža, umjesto da ostane kraj mene. To se može vidjeti i u filmu, bila sam izravno začuđena činjenicom da ju to nikada prije nisam pitala.*

Čakovec, lipanj 2012.

Eva Panić Nahir: *Mislim da su komunisti danas omraženi. Zapravo, omraženi su već desetljećima. Imaju pečat. Ali, za mene je komunizam kao ideja dobro rješenje. Uostalom, živim u socijalističkom kibucu koji su osnovali jugoslavenski iseljenici 1935. godine. Nepromijenjena sam.*

Tijanin odlazak od majke

Iste godine Tijana Panić donijela je odluku da će odseliti u Izrael. U njoj se lomila sva nesreća obiteljske tragedije i nespремnost da ostane živjeti pod istim nebom pod kojim je izgubila oca, a živjela s majkom koja je i na slobodi morala dokazivati da je slobode vrijedna.

- Kći mi je rekla: „Mama, vi ste bili komunisti. Tata je morao umrijeti, a ti si završila na Svetom Grguru. Ja u ovoj zemlji ne mogu ostati.” Rekla sam svom djetetu da je jedina opcija odlazak u Izrael, u kibuc koji je osnovala bivša Jugoslavija. U njemu sam imala brojne poznanike koji su iselili iz zemlje, a i ona je tamo provela ljeto nakon srednje škole. Odselila je 1964. godine u kibuc Sha'ar HaAmakim u koji sam i ja emigrirala dvije godine kasnije.

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: *Mislim da moj odlazak iz Jugoslavije nije bio dramatičan. Nakon mature, s osamnaest godina, otišla sam k maminim poznanicima u Izrael na ljetne praznike. Tamo su primali volontere na rad i odazvala sam se s velikim zanimanjem. Bilo mi je jako lijepo i kad sam se u rujnu vratila u Beograd, rekla sam majci da imam namjeru odseliti u Izrael. Točno je da sam željela iza sebe ostaviti tešku prošlost... iz svih navedenih razloga.*

Potvrda: Radoslav Panić umro je nevin

U vrijeme Evine borbe za istinu o njezinu mužu, u Beogradu je živjela i radila još jedna Čakovčanka, Veda Zagorac Pećar. Netko dobronamjeran dojavio je Evi kako bi upravo obraćanje Vedi moglo biti korisno za nju. Vrijedilo je pokušati.

- Ona je pisala memoare Josipa Broza Tita, bila je bliska s visokim krugovima i ja sam joj se doista obratila za pomoć. Bila je promućurna. Odlučila je u moje ime poslati telegram na Kongres saveza boraca. Napisala je: „Ja, Eva Panić pitam zašto se moj muž morao ubiti, kad nas oboje nikada nismo bili kominformovci”? Čula sam da su moj telegram na pola prestali čitati, a mene je Vojkan Lukić prilično ljut pozvao da se javim u Centralni komitet.



Eva Panić Nahir

Evi je bilo drago što ju sekretar CK-a Lukić poziva k sebi. Više od ičega željela se suočiti s bilo kim tko će početi odmotavati zapetljano klupko života i smrti.

- Što je to Panička?

- Veda je pristala poslati telegram kako bih vam mogla reći da muž i ja nikada nismo bili rusofili. Nismo bili ni kominformovci. Moj Rade se ubio u pritvoru odmah po uhićenju. Nevin čovjek. Što ste htjeli od nas? Poslali smo 1500 ljudi u partizane, spasili im živote. Stat ću nasred Terazija i vikati!

- Nećete vi nigdje ništa vikati jer idete u Izrael.

- Ne mogu ići. Sve ste mi uzeli, gola sam.

- Kupit ćemo vam sve što smo vam uzeli i idete. Za šest tjedana ste vani.

Činilo se tog trenutka manje važnim je li Eva Panić pred Vojkanom Lukićem bila uvjerljiva. Sve su okolnosti ionako ukazivale na to da je bračni par Panić, kao i mnoge druge osobe, bio kolateralna žrtva zamršenih ideoloških, obavještajnih namještaljki i intriga. Bez kriterija, bez pravih dokaza o upletenosti u igre velikih - bili su stjerani u kut.

- Vojkan Lukić napisao je uvjerenje u kojemu je stajalo da je moj muž Radoslav Panić umro nevin. Otišla sam do Moše Pijade koji mi je rekao: „Tolike ste ljude spasili, ti završila na robiji, tvoj Rade se ubio. Kad njemu nisu vjerovali, kome onda uopće vjeruju?“ Ja sam bila jedina osoba u Jugoslaviji, koliko mi je poznato, koja je obeštećena kao nevina logorašica Svetoga Grgura. Sve su mi kupili: televizor, pokrivače, namještaj. Doista su me poslali za Izrael, a ja sam s veseljem otišla.

Čakovec, lipanj 2012.

Eva Panić Nahir: Sudjelovala sam u Drugom svjetskom ratu jer nisam željela sjediti i čekati. Ne ljutim se ni zbog Svetog Grgura, kažu da zatvor poput Golog otoka nigdje nije postojao, međutim ja se jako radujem što se nisam uplašila i šćućurila, već sam bila borac.

IV. Eva PANIĆ NAHIR

Izrael

Eva Panić je u prvoj polovici 1966. dala otkaz u beogradskom TEKIG Investu i odselila u Izrael. U kibucu Sha'ar HaAmakim - između Haife i Nazareta, znala je što ju čeka jer tamo je zadnje dvije godine već živjela njezina kći.

- Kad sam prvi put išla u posjet kćeri, upoznati njezinog izabranika, bilo mi je jasno da se u kibucu vodi život kakav meni godi. Jednostavan, častan i solidaran. Tijanin mi se budući suprug, inače Izraelac, nije dopao. U svemu ga je vodio interes, rekla sam Tijani neka se ne udaje. Ali, znate kako to ide s mladima... Udala se, a ubrzo i razvela. Drugi suprug joj je bio Amerikanac, on mi se sviđao. S njim i djecom moja je kći emigrirala u Sjedinjene Američke Države. Danas živi u Dallasu, u državi Texas, a prije toga živjela je u Španjolskoj.

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: *Za mog prvog putovanja u Izrael, u istom kibucu, upoznala sam Gideona Vaismana. Nakon našeg tromjesečnog „romana” vratila sam se u Beograd i roman je nastavljen pismima do lipnja 1964. Te godine sam zauvijek otišla u Izrael. Pošto je u to vrijeme, za jugo pojmove, bilo nezamislivo da ljudi nevjenčano*

žive zajedno, ja sam mami objavila da se udajem. Došla je u kibuc upoznati mog izabranika, ali s njim nije našla zajednički jezik. Iduće tri godine provela sam u Jeruzalemu na studiju, a vikende sam provodila sa svojim „legal boyfriendom”. Gideon je studirao u Haifi na Technionu. S 24 godine već sam bila razvedena. Moj drugi muž Brian Wages je Amerikanac. Upoznali smo se u Jeruzalemu kad mi je bilo 28 godina. Završio je Air Force Academy, bio je vojni pilot, a Evi se jako dopao jer ju je podsjećao na Radu. Brian nije Židov. Upoznali smo se u travnju 1973. i ubrzo vjenčali, a već u rujnu iste godine bili smo u Washingtonu DC. Tamo je Brian iduće četiri godine radio u Pentagonu u Sektoru za Srednji istok (Middle East Desk). Naš sin Jason rođen je 1974., a Emily 16 mjeseci kasnije. Kad je mužu dodijeljen čin pukovnika (Colonel USA Air Force), premješten je u Španjolsku pa smo tako od 1977. do 1981. živjeli u Madridu. U tom razdoblju smo se i razveli i ja sam preselila u Dallas, Texas.

Te 1966. godine Eva je u Beogradu, Varaždinu, Zagrebu i općenito bivšoj Jugoslaviji ostavljala drage ljude, prijateljice i prijatelje s kojima će trajno ostati u kontaktu i koje će nadživjeti. Ostavljala je iza sebe obol dat u Drugome svjetskom ratu pa i onaj na otoku kamena i krvi Svetom Grguru. Udovica Eva Panić ostavljala je razotkrivenu i potvrđenu istinu o svom suprugu, a u Kruševici se od ljubavi svog života oprostila uz njegov grob. Pobrinula se da bude dostojanstveno pokopan čim se vratila s robije. Bilo je vrijeme za novi početak.

- Židovi koji su preživjeli rat i logore vratili su se u Čakovec, ali samo nakratko. Nitko nije ostao ondje, svi su otišli u Izrael. Kad sam i ja emigrirala, sve sam te ljude ponovno susretala. Mi Židovi iz Čakovca smo se uvijek držali zajedno. Sjećam se obitelji Schlesinger koja je u Preloškoj ulici u Čakovcu imala špediciju. Njihove su kćeri s muževima također doselile u Izrael. Jedna od njih udala se za Zoltija Hirzsona i s njegovom kćeri sam još danas u kontaktu. Pozvala sam je da sa mnom dođe u Čakovec na obilježavanje 70. obljetnice odvođenja međimurskih Židova u koncentracijske logore¹⁴, ali se nije odvažila poći.

¹⁴ Obljetnica je obilježena pod nazivom *Da se ne zaboravi - 70 godina sjećanja* u svibnju 2014. Organizaciju je vodila Židovska općina Čakovec. Gradonačelnik Čakovca Stjepan Kovač je na svečanosti u Centru za kulturu Evi Nahir Panić objavio i uručio status počasne građanke Čakovca, u skladu s Odlukom Gradskoga vijeća Grada Čakovca.

Koliko je život nepredvidiv, a židovska zajednica s ovih prostora povezana, Evi će potvrditi izraelski susret sa ženom s kojom je bila bliska u Beogradu.

- Gotovo svakodnevno sam se vidala s gospođom Berger. Ona i kći Edith preživjele su Auschwitz. Stanovale su blizu nas u Kosmajskoj ulici, u Židovskom domu. Moja se Tijana stalno družila s Edith pa je djevojčica kod nas često ostajala na ručku. Bergerice su odselile u Izrael prije nas i Edith se udala za liječnika iz Skopja. Gospođa Berger je bila rođakinja pokojne žene Moše Nahira koji je kasnije postao moj muž.

Za posljednjeg posjeta kćeri Tijani, prije nego je i sama doselila u Izrael, Evi Panić obratila se gospođa Berger i sugerirala joj da upozna Mošu Nahira jer bi mu mogla biti od pomoći u podizanju sina. Naime, gospodin Nahir bio je udovac pa se nekoliko osoba angažiralo da organizira njegovo upoznavanje s Evom. Dan prije povratka u Beograd, na vrata Tijanine kuće pokucao je Moše osobno. Došao je pozvati Evu u posjet kako bi se zvanično upoznali. Načelno je prihvatila poziv, ali se pomalo uzrujana odmah potom obratila gospođi Berger.

*- Što da radim? U životu nisam bila sama kod muškarca u kući.
- Samo idite. Moše je ugodan i ugladen. Sve će biti u redu.*

Moše i Amos

- Došla sam kod Moše, pristavio je džezvicu za kavu. Tek što smo započeli razgovor, a on je već morao ići. Rekao je da uskoro mora otići na sastanak. Bio je računovođa kibuca i nije mogao izbjeći obveze, a ja sam već sutradan morala natrag za Beograd. Objasnila sam da više neće biti prilike za naš susret, na što je on smireno odgovorio da napišem svoju biografiju i dostavim mu je - prepričava Eva svoj prvi susret nasamo s čovjekom koji će joj kasnije postati mužem.

Po povratku u Beograd sjela je za pisani stroj i napisala životopis. Uskoro je primila Mošin, ispisan na njemačkom jeziku. „Primio sam vašu biografiju. U jako sam teškoj situaciji jer moj sin nema majku. Vaša kći također nije u dobroj situaciji. Dodite što je prije moguće da pomognemo našoj djeci”, stajalo je u uvodu njegova pisma. Moše Nahir diplomirao je agronomiju u Nizozemskoj, a kao jedan od osnivača kibuca Sha'ar HaAmakim zblizao se s grupom jugoslavenskih i rumunjskih mladih



Prvi dolazak Eve Panić u posjet Moši Nahiru u njegovom stanu u izraelskom kibucu Sha'ar HaAmakim

Židova koji su ga naselili. U više je navrata bio izabran za direktora kibuca, a koncem 1960-tih izraelska ga je Vlada angažirala kao poljoprivrednog savjetnika i inspektora na području od Haife do Nazareta.

- Bio je travanj 1966., vrijeme prije blagdana Pesaha. Zauvijek sam odselila u Izrael. Isprva sam stanovala u Haifi, u Školi za jezik koju sam polazila pola godine. Prvi put kad mi je Moše javio da će doći, sastali smo se u jednoj kavani. Naš je razgovor bio dosta opušten. U tim mi trenucima bilo važno da što prije uspostavim kontakt s njegovim sinom Amosom. Rekla sam mu da želim razgovarati s dječakom.

U prvoj prilici otišla je u kibuc, u posjet ocu i sinu Nahir. Željela je upoznati dječarca i prići mu otvorenog srca.

- Rekla sam Amosu: „Tvoj otac me želi dovesti k tebi. Doći ću samo ako me ti trebaš. Obećajem da ću učiniti najbolje što znam, ali morat ćeš mi malo pomoći. Pomozi mi.” Njemu je tada bilo 13 i pol godina. Danas se oboje rado prisjećamo našeg prvog susreta. Rekao mi je tada: „Dodi, pomoći ću ti”.

Moše Nahir imao je i starijeg sina, Asafa, koji je u to vrijeme već bio oženjen i s obitelji također živio u kibucu. Eva je svom budućem mužu rekla da ne želi useliti u kuću njegove obitelji, smatrajući da i Moše i ona trebaju potpuno novi početak. Od uprave kibuca zatražila je vlastiti stan.

- Željela sam na pravi način okrenuti novu stranicu, početi novi život s Mošom i Amosom u ambijentu koji će nam svima biti zajednički. Dobila sam stan i u njemu sam već punih 48 godina. Lijepu sponu sam uspostavila i s Asafom, koji nažalost boluje od Parkinsonove bolesti. Imamo jako dobar odnos. Oni s obitelji i danas živi u kibucu, a Amos je odmah po očevoj smrti odselio u Ramat Ishai i zaposlio se u kibucu Degania Bet poznatom po mliječnoj industriji, poljoprivredi, tvornici silikona, turizmu.

Tijanu je obradovao majčin dolazak u kibuc. S radošću je reagirala i na vijest da će živjeti s Mošom.

- Jako sam zadovoljna time što sam odabrala kibuc za nastavak svog života. Kćer je radi mene također bila zadovoljna. Bilo joj je drago što ćemo obje živjeti u Izraelu i što ću imati o kome brinuti. Nakon završetka studija kemije, Tijana je radila u bolnici u Hadassahi, a kad se udala odselila je s mužem u SAD tako da smo uskoro opet bile razdvojene.

Čakovec, svibanj 2014.

Eva Panić Nahir: *Tijaninog muža su poslali u Izrael da završi studij. Kad se vratio u Ameriku, oženjen, radio je kao potpukovnik zrakoplovstva u Washingtonu. Radi njegovog novog premještaja odselili su u Španjolsku, dobili diplomatske putovnice i ubrzo se razveli. On je rekao da mu je zapovjeđeno da se razvede jer smo moj Panić i ja bili komunisti. Ne znam je li to istina, ali ionako je svejedno. Tijana je sama podigla svoje dvoje djece; Emily i Jasona. U Španjolskoj je kod jednog umjetnika naučila izrađivati zlatni nakit i to je do današnjeg dana njezin posao. Izrađuje umjetnički filigranski nakit od 22-karatnog zlata. Živi u Dallasu, glavnom gradu američke savezne države Texas. Jako nekulturan grad, ali ljudi su bogati i uvelike kupuju njezin nakit. Uspješna je, ali mislim da je usamljena.*

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: *„Dallas jako nekulturan grad?” Moram se nasmejati. Onda je cijela Amerika, osim New Yorka i još nekoliko izuzetaka, „nekulturna”. Sve je relativno. Ovisno o tome s kojeg gledišta se promatra, zar ne? Usamljenost? I to je relativno. Zanimljivo je to što me majka vidi kao nedruželjubivu i nepovjerljivu osobu. Možda je riječ samo o tome da ne volim biti u središtu pozornosti.*

Ljudskost vida rane

Amos Nahir je nakon majčine smrti postao povučen, a prema okolini se odnosio s antagonizmom. To se osobito vidjelo u školi u kojoj se nerijetko tukao s vršnjacima.

- Moše i ja smo jako dobro funkcionirali. Bio mi je zahvalan na tome što sam s Amosom uspostavila dobar odnos. Uvijek sam bila vrlo pažljiva prema njemu. Primjerice, pred njim nikada nisam iskazivala veliku bliskost prema Moši jer kod djeteta nisam željela pobuđivati neželjene emocije. Nisam željela da bude ljubomorani. Ubrzo je stekao puno povjerenje, a u školi se prestao tući. Njegova mi je učiteljica rekla da sam učinila čudo, no čini se da je njemu trebalo samo malo topline i dobar prijatelj kojeg je u meni očito imao.



Eva i Moše Nahir

Zajednički život Eve i šest godina starijeg Moše i njihov odnos u cjelini nisu bili određeni samo željom da najbolje od sebe daju Amosu, te da Tijani i Asafu pruže potrebnu pomoć, već i činjenicom da je prošlost u oboma i dalje intenzivno živjela. Eva biranim riječima govori o životu s Mošom. Godila joj je pažnja s kojom joj je njezin muž pristupao, neskriveno je Evinu divljenje spram činjenice da se njezina prošlost u novom domu i novoj životnoj sredini - iznimno cijenila. Moše je ubrzo izrazio želju da s Evom posjeti rodno selo i grob njezina pokojnog muža.

- Moše je bio veliki čovjek. Svojim je znanjem pomogao ekonomski razvoj obližnjeg Bosnat Tivona. Iako je imao dosta visoku plaću, cijelu ju je davao za kibuc u kojemu smo i dalje ostajali živjeti po pravilima koja su vrijedila za sve. Nikada nisam preboljela moga muža Radu. Moši sam rekla da ću mu biti dobra i odana prijateljica, ali da sam samo jednog čovjeka voljela. On je to duboko poštivao. Odlazio je kasnije sa mnom u Hrvatsku i Srbiju. Kad smo prvi put zajedno došli k Panićevima u Kruševicu, moja svekrva mu je rekla: „Dođi da te zagrlim umjesto sina, kad si tako dobar mojoj unuci i ovoj mučenici”.

Eva Panić Nahir

Moše Nahir i Eva Panić nikada se nisu formalno vjenčali. Razlozi tome nisu tajni. Naprotiv.

- Nismo se Moše i ja uopće vjenčali. Kad je Moše otišao u Tivon k rabinu, ovaj ga je pitao odakle meni prezime Panić? Ja sam mu rekla: „Moše, ne idem ja k rabinu da me pita o mom imenu. Ne treba mene nitko pitati odakle meni moje prezime. Otidi ti u Haifu i promijeni mi prezime”. U mojim dokumentima piše Eva Panić Nahir.

Ta zgoda nije nimalo poremetila Evino zadovoljstvo životom u kibucu. Kako je vrijeme odmicalo, bila je sve zadovoljnija svojim odabirom.

- Način života u kibucu odgovara mom habitusu, mojim životnim postavkama. Bila sam zadovoljna time što sam došla k svom drugom mužu i pomogla mu da podigne sina. Žena mu je godinama bila bolesna, iza njih je također bilo teško breme osobne tragedije. Gubitak drage osobe je velika tragedija. Moše i ja smo se dobro slagali, politički smo isto mislili. Bili smo članovi ljevičarske stranke MAPAM koja je zagovarala ideju egalitarizma u kibucima.

Moše je bio srčani bolesnik. Preminuo je 1997. godine u 84. godini života.



Jedna od posljednjih zajedničkih fotografija Eve i njezinog drugog supruga Moše Nahira, preminulog 1997. godine

Čakovec, svibanj 2014.

Eva Panić Nahir: Prije nego se iz Čakovca vratim u Izrael, idem u Beograd i Kruševicu. Obići ću obitelj, djecu nekih mojih prijatelja, Tijanine drugare iz škole, a zatim idem do moga Panića. Idem mu na grob, oprostiti se od njega po posljednji put. Uskoro ću napuniti 96 godina, ne vjerujem da ću ikada više doći na ovaj prostor.



Uz grobnicu obitelji Panić u Kruševici u svibnju 2014. Eva je taj dolazak okarakterizirala kao svoj posljednji oproštaj od Radoslava

Kibuc

Život u kibucu prije četiri, pet desetljeća i danas, nije isti. Kasnih 60-ih godina prošloga stoljeća, kad je Eva doselila u Sha'ar HaAmakim, uređenje je bilo nešto drugačije. No, ono najvažnije ostalo je nepromijenjeno - uvjeti života su za sve stanovnike potpuno jednaki.

- Kibuc je bio pravi u vrijeme kad sam doselila. Danas je ipak drugačije, ali i dalje se živi vrlo jednostavno. Nekada je sve bilo u naturi. Nismo imali skoro nikakve plaće, samo mali džeparac. Živjeli smo skromno i kulturno, kao pravi socijaldemokrati. Nismo pobožni, kod nas se ne posti za Jom kipur, nemamo nikakvih veza s rabinima. Danas su stvari utoliko drugačije što mnoge stvari plaćamo. Primam mirovinu moga muža, a on je svojedobno bio potpredsjednik kibuca. Inače se predsjednik bira svake tri godine, slobodnim izborom, a on stanuje i živi poput svakoga drugog člana zajednice. Kibucom, u bitnome, upravlja i tajnik, maskir. Svih šesto članova imaju ista prava i iste materijalne mogućnosti.

Stanovnici kibuca jedu uglavnom u javnoj kuhinji, no u mjesnoj trgovini mogu i sami kupiti hranu za privatnu kuhinju. Doduše, hranu mogu kupiti i za sebe i za kibučku kuhinju. Jesti malo i ne opterećivati želudac, najvažniji je Evin moto kad se razgovara o hrani. Kako godine života odmiču, tako je sve uvjerenija zagovornica ove teze.

- S godinama, kalcij pobjegne iz kostiju pa vam noge više ne mogu nositi veliki trbuh i stražnjicu. Nekoliko mjeseci treba izdržati i jesti manje. Želudac se smanji pa s vremenom ni ne možete pojesti veću količinu hrane. To možda u početku nije lako izdržati, gladni ste, ali vjerujte da sustav funkcionira. S hranom treba biti umjeren i misliti korak unaprijed. U kibucu se inače dobro hranimo. Iako osobno rijetko jedem u javnoj kuhinji, mogu potvrditi da je hrana dobra. Inače sama pripremam obroke jer jako pazim da se ne udebljam. Svaki dan jedem tri vrste povrća i jedno pileće pohano krilce. Jedem malo i skromno jer želim ostati vitka. Već trideset godina imam 42 kilograma. To mi jamči vitalnost, tako se osjećam sigurnija u sebe. Za mene je to uvjet da budem samostalna, a samostalnost mi je jako važna.

Eva Panić Nahir je punih dvanaest godina bila dijetetičarka u javnoj kuhinji kibuca. Kreirala je jelovnike za kronične bolesnike, uvijek respektirajući upute svoje mentorice iz Tel Aviva - da valja jesti u malim količinama.

- Išla sam pola godine u jedan drugi kibuc učiti kuhati za dijabetičare, za osobe sa želučanim tegobama, svakakvim oboljenjima. Mentorica je bila iz jedne velike bolnice, a kako sam u početku loše govorila hebrejski, sve mi je tumačila na njemačkom jeziku.

Na spomen hrane, Eva se neizostavno prisjeća sira s vrhnjem kojemu se uvijek radovala kada bi dolazila u Hrvatsku.

- *Sir s vrhnjem je hrvatska stvar, to se drugdje ne jede. Jako ga volim. Kad god dođem u Čakovec, u goste obitelji Pal, koji su vrlo dragi ljudi, oni pripreme sir i vrhnje za mene. Tu su i kolači, ali ne jedem ih već deset godina. Ništa slatkog ni ne liznem, a svakog tjedna pečem kolače za moju obitelj.*

Eva Panić Nahir svakog mjeseca prima mirovinu i kibucu na dar predaje 9.800 šekela¹⁵. Ostatak novca od 7.900 šekela ima za sebe, ali njime svakog mjeseca pomaže i trima Asafovim kćerima sa po petsto šekela.



Kćeri Asafa Nahira (Mošina sina): Ajefer, Nadar, Nama, Idit i Segal

- *Svakog mjeseca dobivamo obračun o potrošnji. Dakle, specificira se koliko smo potrošili u trgovini, pojeli u restoranu, kolike su nam režije, sve osim najma stana. Meni ostane oko 3.500 šekela svakog mjeseca pa pomognem i obitelji. Oduvijek živim jako skromno i štedljivo, to je naprosto moj princip. Moja snaha kaže: „Što ćemo s njom kad je ona proleter”. Svakog petka navečer navratim do Amosa da mu se pokažem i potvrdim da sam živa i čitava. Imam dobru obitelj koju sam podigla i koja mi je jako privržena.*

¹⁵ Jedan američki dolar vrijedi 4,5 šekela.

Tijana je sa svima u odličnim odnosima. Mogu reći da sam u svemu uvijek imala pozitivan stav i da se to uvelike odrazilo na moju egzistenciju i živote meni dragih ljudi.

Nije Eva obzirna samo prema svojoj obitelji. Takva je i prema drugim stanovnicima kibuca, osobito starijima - iako su i oni najstariji mlađi od nje. Svakoga dana u 16 sati obilazi ljude koji žive sami. Pomogne im oko nečega ako je potrebno, malo porazgovara, ponekad popije bezkofeinsku kavu i nakon desetak minuta ode dalje.

- Moje vršnjakinje i prijateljice su mahom umrle. Ipak je meni devedeset šest godina na leđima. Imala sam prijateljice iz Hrvatske, ali nikoga iz Čakovca. U kibucu nije bilo ljudi iz moga grada. Ali znate, ja sam dobra s mladima, sa svima. Vodim baš lijep i dobar život u kibucu. Svaki dan u 16 sati idem u posjet ljudima koji su usamljeni ili bolesni, malo pomognem oko osnovnih stvari. Donesem im poštu i novine, oprano rublje, možda nešto iz trgovine, ako trebaju. Najviše od svega, njima treba razgovor. Sa svakim malo porazgovaram. Kad sam se spremala za put u Čakovec, pitali su me kako će izdržati bez mene jedanaest dana? Raduje me to što sam samostalna i što mogu barem nakratko nekome upotpuniti dan. Ne trebam nikakvu pomoć, osim što mi tjedno jedna Arapkinja pere prozore. Oprala bi ih sama, ali ne usudim se penjati na stolicu. Stara sam.

Ukupna briga o starijoj populaciji vodi se i u dva doma umirovljenika. U njega se smještaju i ljudi koji nisu bili stanovnici kibuca pa se time ostvaruju dodatni prihodi za zajednicu. Zdravstvenu brigu o stanovnicima vode liječnici i medicinske sestre u ambulanti i službi hitne medicinske pomoći.

Zbog angine pectoris od koje boluje, Eva uzima dosta lijekova. Pa ipak, na pitanje je li zdrava, odgovorit će da jest i da se dobro osjeća.

- Imam sprej za anginu pectoris na nekoliko mjesta u stanu, tako da mogu odmah reagirati ako imam napad. Osim toga, nije mi ništa.

Postoji jedno osobno zadovoljstvo kojeg se Eva nikada nije željela odreći - od dolaska u Izrael do danas. To su odlasci na koncerte klasične glazbe. Pretplatnica je u koncertnoj dvorani u Haifi u kojoj već četrdeset i pet godina sjedi na istom mjestu. U početku je pitanje odlaska na koncert bilo predmet rasprave s njezinim mužem.

- Kad sam počela živjeti s Mošom, rekla sam mu da bih išla na koncert, a on je rekao: „Kad ti dođe red”. To je značilo da kibuc za svoje članove redovito kupuje pet ulaznica za jedan koncert i kad se svi koji žele ići izredaju, ja ću ponovno moći otići na jedan koncert. To nije dolazilo u obzir! Rekla sam da ću si kupiti godišnju ulaznicu i ići, a on ako neće sa mnom, ne mora. Moše se protivio. Bojao se mog neposluha kad je o tome bila riječ, jer je on osobno bio vrlo discipliniran i poštivao sve regule života u kibucu. Otišao bi na koncert jednom u deset godina. Meni je glazba životna nasušna potreba. Kupila sam godišnju ulaznicu, odmah.

Haifa je od kibuca udaljena osamnaest kilometara pa Eva autobusom odlazi na koncerte. Obitelj joj je više puta govorila da je u njezinoj dobi daleko prikladnije i sigurnije voziti se taksijem.

- Svojima kažem da je autobus za ljude, a ne za stoku, tako da nema nikakvog problema. Oni na to samo komentiraju da sam bila i ostala proleter. Znaite, jako sam zadovoljna time što se nisam pokvarila.

Žena

Kad govori o načinu prehrane i tjelesnoj vitalnosti, Eva Panić Nahir ne ostavlja ni jedno pitanje otvorenim. Osobito kad govori o sebi kao ženi.

- Oduvijek sam mršava, ali kako sam stara ipak više pazim na kilograme. Zato sam i jako dobro obučena. Mnoge žene iz kibuca mi poklanjaju odjeću koju više ne mogu nositi jer su se udebljale. Ponekad mi samo ostave vrećicu s odjećom ispred ulaznih vrata.

Nokti su joj uvijek crveno lakirani, ruke njeguje s posebnom pažnjom jer drži da su one odraz elementarne urednosti, a iz kuće nikada ne izlazi nedotjerana. Eva Panić Nahir smatra da na ženi sve treba izgledati uredno, da higijena mora odosati osobom, a odjeća i obuća biti dobro očuvana kako bi se što dulje mogla nositi.

- Mislim da žena posebno mora njegovati ruke i imati uredne nokte. Moji su uvijek crveni. Naravno, nisam ih lakirala u vrijeme kad sam bila zadnja sirotinja. Uostalom, kad sam živjela na selu, radila sam svakakve poslove pa mi lakiranje nije ni padalo na pamet, u vrijeme rata također. Općenito govoreći, ne volim da me ljudi vide nedotjeranu.

Kad idem u javnost našminkam usne, iscrtam obrve i izlazim uredna. Ja sam žena. Na ženi uvijek sve mora biti dobro.

Razgovor o izgledu vraća Evu u dane mladosti. Prisjeća se kako je uvijek izgledala elegantno.

- U prvom redu, mi smo bili bogata obitelj i u našoj je trgovini uvijek bilo lijepih tkanina i odjeće. Sve iz inozemstva. Mama je svilu kupovala u Parizu. Za jedan bal mi je donijela bijeli taft s iscrtanim ružama. Na svakom balu sam imala novu elegantnu haljinu. Tada je Čakovec bio takav grad. U šetnju na korzo se nije izlazilo bez šešira, rukavica i čarapa. Vrlo otmjeno. Jako sam se voljela uređivati. Kasnije sam bila najveća sirotinja. Nije me to mučilo, mene nikada ništa nije mučilo jer sam imala svoga Radu. Dobro smo živjeli, jako smo se voljeli i govorili da je jedino važno da budemo zajedno.

Zadovoljstvo malim

Zanimanje za politiku kod Eve naoko nije osobito izraženo. Voli svakodnevne teme, razgovore u obiteljskom i prijateljskom krugu, iskreno je i toplo zainteresirana za ljude oko sebe. No, njezin karakter ne dopušta dvosmislenost kad je riječ o osobnom sustavu vrijednosti i o zemlji u kojoj živi.

- Ponosna sam na to što nikada ništa nisam činila protiv svoje savjesti. Uvijek sam bila slobodan čovjek. I u Izrael sam došla u lijevi kibuc upravo po savjesti. Živim skromno, ali dobro. Ljudima je potrebna ta spoznaja da se i u skromnosti može živjeti kvalitetno. Danas se jako radujem i tome što sam bila „žena u crnom” na prosvjedima da se okupirani palestinski teritorij vrati pravnim vlasnicima. Ne treba mi veliki Izrael, niti da zemlja bude bogata na tuđim leđima. U jako sam dobrim odnosima s arapskom manjinom. Nisu oni krivi ni za što. Uvijek kad se s putovanja vratim u Izrael, dočekaju me Arapin i Beduin da me odvezu do kibuca. Hrvatski ambasador mi je rekao da još nije vidio da staru Židovku grli jedan Beduin. Svjesna sam da kibuc baš i nije prikladan za aktualnu vladu jer se Izrael uzoholio otkako je velik i moćan. Ne treba mi veliki Izrael, to donosi samo loše vijesti. Ljudi pomahnitaju za teritorijem, za novcem. Biti okupator je jako ružna stvar, psihološki i fizički. Riječ je o tome da biramo loše predsjednike, Benjamin Netanyahu je za mene strašan izbor.

Čakovec, svibanj 2014.

Eva Panić Nahir: *Po savjesti sam se borila protiv fašizma i nikada nisam imala kompleks protjerivanja Židova u razdoblju Drugoga svjetskog rata. Imala sam svoju ideologiju. Mislila sam da su se svi Židovi trebali ići boriti, a ne dopustiti da ih se izbacuje iz vlastitih domova i kao stoku deportira u logore. Znete li tko je Slavko Goldstein¹⁶? Vidite, njegovoga oca ustaše su trenutno uhitile i poslale u Auschwitz, kada je njemu bilo četrnaest godina, a mlađemu bratu Danku osam. Lea, njihova majka, uzela ih je i otišla u partizane. Mlađega sina je prvo skrila, a poslije je postao kurir. Ona je bila bolničarka u sanitetu, a Slavko se po završetku rata vratio kao časnik. Tako se to radi. Treba se boriti.*

Tijana, Emily i Jason

Majčin i bakin ponos živi u Americi. Evina kći Tijana živi u Dallasu (Texas), unuka Emily u San Franciscu, a Jason u San Diegu (Kalifornija).

- *Dok je Moše bio živ, zajedno smo odlazili u Ameriku pomagati Tijani oko djece. Vodili smo ih u školu, kuhali, bili zajedno. Emily i Jason su bili jako vezani uz nas, a mi smo se radovali kad bi svakoga ljeta dolazili k nama, na praznike, u Izrael. Jason je završio Umjetničku akademiju, a Emily pravo i kineski jezik pa danas kao odvjetnica u San Franciscu uvelike radi za imigrante. Zastupa ih i priprema svu potrebnu dokumentaciju kako bi pomogla da dobiju državljanstvo i da se snađu u Americi. Jednom je Moši napisala pismo u kojemu je stajalo: „Thank you saba¹⁷ Moshe. You taught me to like other nations. A Palestinian girl is coming to USA, and I'm doing citizenship for her¹⁸”. Tijana me dođe posjetiti dvaput godišnje. Sve više liči na svog oca Radu i već mi dvadeset godina govori: „Mama, već si stara”.*

¹⁶ Slavko Goldstein je hrvatski političar i publicist rođen 1928. godine u Sarajevu. Njegov otac Ivo Goldstein bio je ugledni trgovac knjigama u Karlovcu. Odveden je i smaknut 1942. godine. Na Filozofskom fakultetu u Zagrebu studirao je književnost i filozofiju, no nije diplomirao. Radio je kao novinar, bio urednik *Vjesnika* i izdavačke kuće *Stvarnost*. Osnivač je izdavačkih kuća *Liber* i *Novi liber*, kao nakladnik je radio na preko četiri stotine naslova. Bio je predsjednik Židovske općine Zagreb i suosnivač političke stranke HSLŠ 1989. godine. Režirao je pet dokumentarnih filmova, napisao scenarije filmove *Akcija stadion* i *Prometej s otoka Viševice*, uredio 150 knjiga. Za knjigu 1941. - *godina koja se vraća* je 2007. godine primio nagradu *Kiklop - za publicističko djelo godine*. Njegov brat Danko promijenio je ime u Daniel Ivin. Njegov sin Ivan je od 2012. hrvatski veleposlanik u Francuskoj. (izvor: Hrvatsko društvo književnika, Večernji list / Biografije)

¹⁷ Saba na hebrejskom znači djed.

¹⁸ Hvala ti djede Moše. Naučio si me da volim druge nacije. Pripremam dokumentaciju za državljanstvo jednoj Palestinki koja dolazi u SAD.



Prema unuci Emily gaji posebnu ljubav i razumijevanje



Evin unuk Jason Wages sa suprugom Olgom

Dallas, studeni 2014.

Tijana Wages: Jason sa suprugom Olgom živi u San Diegu, Kalifornija. Završio je Art Institute - Computer Animation, a bavi se računalima i glumom.



*Eva, Tijana i Emily u San Franciscu
2006. godine*



Evina unuka Emily Wages sa suprugom Rickom

Počasna građanka u Čakovcu po posljednji put(?)

Uz Dan grada Čakovca 29. svibnja dodjeljuju se javna priznanja kojima se u prvi plan stavlja građane i organizacije čiji je društveni angažman ostavio prepoznatljiv trag u zajednici. Gradsko vijeće Grada Čakovca Odlukom je o dodjeli javnih priznanja Grada Čakovca, na zasjedanju 15. svibnja 2014., po prvi put proglasilo je jednu počasnu građanku Čakovca. Ta čast pripala je upravo Evi Panić Nahir, a na prijedlog predsjednika Židovske općine Čakovec Andreja Pala.

Uz obilježavanje 70. obljetnice odvođenja čakovečkih, međimurskih Židova u koncentracijske logore 1944. godine, od 22. do 25. svibnja 2014. održan je program pod naslovom „70 godina sjećanja - ne zaboravimo zločine”. Njime je Židovska općina Čakovec podsjetila na židovsku zajednicu koja je živjela u Međimurju, osobito u Čakovcu, do Drugoga svjetskog rata, na njihovo raseljavanje i stradanja u logorima smrti.

Središnji program obljetnice 22. svibnja, održan u dvorani Centra za kulturu, iskorišten je i za, po svemu simboličan, ali i važan, svečani trenutak dodjele titule počasne



Gradonačelnik Čakovca Stjepan Kovač uručio je Evi Panić Nahir plaketu počasne građanke Čakovca 22. svibnja 2014. Bila je to prilika u kojoj je simbolično otvoren program obilježavanja odvođenja čakovečkih, međimurskih Židova u koncentracijske logore, pod nazivom „70 godina sjećanja - ne zaboravimo zločine”

građanke Evi Panić Nahir. Čakovečki gradonačelnik Stjepan Kovač obrazložio je odluku Gradskoga vijeća i uručio titulu iznimnoj ženi fascinantnog životnog puta. Istaknuo je kako je „Eva svojim životnim putom, preživljavanjem holokausta i Drugoga svjetskog rata, progone komunističke vlasti i robijanje na Svetom Grguru, status počasne građanke i više nego zavrijedila”.

Pod dojmom i ushićena Eva je pred punom dvoranom rekla:

- Jako sam sretna što sam došla u Čakovec. Ponosna sam na prijatelje koje ovdje imam i zahvaljujem Gradskom vijeću koje je donijelo odluku o dodjeli ove titule upravo meni. Počašćena sam. Nisam mislila da će mi ikad netko dodijeliti status počasne građanke. Rođena sam Čakovčanka, kuća mojih roditelja i dućan mog oca bio je tamo gdje je danas Zagrebačka banka. Drago mi je da u gradu vidim ulice koje nose imena mojih prijatelja i znanaca, braće Weiss, braće Graner, Neumannovu. Čakovec je znao da su oni komunisti, a ipak su im dali ulicu. Posebno mi je drago što postoji Ulica braće Weiss jer je Miki Weiss bio moj najbolji prijatelj.



U svibnju 2014. godine u Čakovcu - Eva s Marinom Payerl-Pal (lijevo), predsjednikom Židovske općine Čakovec Andrejem Palom (desno) i bračnim parom Themal iz Kiryat Tivona izraelskog grada pobratima Čakovca

Dirnuta i punog srca Eva Panić Nahir mogla je tih dana nastaviti svoj planirani put prema Beogradu i Maloj Kruševici u Republici Srbiji, gdje se kanila oprostiti od svih - živućih i preminulih. U Beogradu su je željno iščekivali školski prijatelji njezine kćerke, članovi obitelji i novinari koji su je željeli upoznati. Kruševica pak je posebna priča. Tamo je također nekoć bio njezin dom, tamo je i danas grobnica njezine najveće ljubavi Radoslava Panića.



U šetnji Čakovcem 2014. godine

Čakovec, svibanj 2014.

Eva Panić Nahir: *Kad se pripremam za dolazak ovamo svi uvijek pitaju kako ću putovati? Uvijek kažem da mi je to zadnje, da više neću ići. Govorim to već dugo vremena. No, mislim da je ovo uistinu moj posljednji dolazak u Čakovec, iako sam jako sretna što sam došla. Marina i Andrej Pal koji su mi domaćini imaju vrlo simpatičnu obitelj, s njima mi je uvijek ugodno. Na ovoj svečanosti 70. obljetnice me obradovao dolazak Juraja Bujanića i njegove supruge iz Crne Gore. Juraj je živio u kući malo niže od nekadašnje Kavane Royal¹⁹, majka mu je bila Židovka, rođena Zsor. Otac mu je bio liječnik. Sjećam se dobro njegovih roditelja. Pokraj Royała, tu gdje je današnji Dom sindikata, bila je kuća odvjetnika Volaka. Tik pokraj imao je mali park i iz njegove se kuće praktično išli u sam Perivoj.*

Preko puta je bila Kavana Scheier, znam da je i danas to zgrada Scheier, u kojoj je u prizemlju bila i kavana i čitaonica. Gore, na katu, bilo je kino, ali su se održavali i balovi, plesna škola, skupovi. U zgradi pokraj, u kojoj su danas socijalni slučajevi, bila je kuća Jančija Mozesa, a današnja ambulanta je bila kuća Elemera Vajde. Imao je sinove Petra i Ivana kojeg smo zvali Hanzi. On je išao sa mnom u razred. Posljednji put smo se vidjeli u Švicarskoj prije petnaest godina, a susret nam je dogovorio Vlatko Velebit. U Ženevi me Hanzi dočekao na Željezničkom kolodvoru, ostali smo satima sjediti u obližnjoj kavani. Zamislite, dočekao me sa štapom u ruci, a mene komentirao: „Eva, pa ti trčiš kao vjeverica”. Vajda je u vrijeme rata izvezio u Švicarsku, tako je uspio spasiti obitelj.

Danas, kad o svemu ovome, o ljudima, događajima, o Čakovcu, pričam s ove crte vremena, drago mi je da sam sa svima uspijevala održavati kontakte. Što se moje kuće u središtu grada tiče, gornji kat je naša obitelj davno prodala nakon povrata imovine. Za poslovni prostor, pak, u kojemu je Zagrebačka banka drago mi je što se nazire pozitivno rješenje da barem mojoj kćeri podmiruju određeni najam. Ipak je to nekoć bio radni prostor, a time i dom, moje obitelji. Čakovcu sam zahvalna na titulu počasne građanke. Vratit ću se u Izrael jako ponosna.

¹⁹ Misli se na kuću u kojoj je danas Poslovni centar Millennium u Ulici Matice hrvatske.



Eva Panić Nahir bila je inicijatorica uspostavljanja prijateljskih odnosa dvaju gradova - kibucu susjednog Kiryat Tivona i Čakovca.

U trenutku zaključenja ovog biografskog teksta Eva Panić Nahir je u 97. godini života i živi u kibucu Sha'ar HaAmakim (Vrata dviju dolina) u Izraelu. Osim razgovora vođenih uživo, često smo komunicirale i elektronskom poštom. Njezini su odgovori uvijek pristizali u kratkom roku i koncizno. Uvijek bi završavali s: „Ja sam dobro”.

Autentična autorizacija Eve Panić Nahir

Draga Aleksandra,

pročitala sam cijeli tekst, hvala Vam na trudu, sve je u redu i jako sam zahvalna jer se osjeća prijateljstvo i pozitivan stav. Jako sam dirnuta ovakvim Vašim radom. Moj život nije bio jednostavan, ali sam sretna što nikada nisam popustila i što sam radije podnosila prigovore nego da sam izgubila hrabrost i da sam se odrekla mojega voljenog Panića.

Kada smo snimali film i bili na Golom otoku, tamo je bila moja Tijana i unuka Emily. Oprostila mi je što sam ju ostavila i sada imamo idealne odnose. To mi je jako važno, životno važno, hvala na trudu. Grlim vas.

Ja sam dobro.

Eva

Eva Panić Nahir rođena je 1918. godine u Čakovcu kao najmlađa od triju kćeri Eme i Bele Kelemena. Odrastala je u imućnoj židovskoj obitelji uz sestre Klaru i Žuži, priklonivši se cionističkom pokretu. Po raspuštanju čakovečke organizacije okreće se komunističkoj ideologiji zajedno s prijateljima, a pred punoljetnost upoznaje vojnog časnika, svoga budućeg muža Radoslava Panića.

Nakon pet godina poznanstva vjenčaju se, svim preprekama usprkos, i odlaze živjeti u Beograd. Bračnu sreću proživljavaju kratko prije početka Drugoga svjetskog rata. Radoslav je mobiliziran, a Eva u noći zračnog napada na Beograd biva istjerana iz stana pa pješke odlazi k Panićevima u Kruševicu.

Kasnije, nakon što je četnici stavljaju na popis nepoželjnih osoba, zajedno s mužem odlazi u Beograd gdje započinju svoje kontraobavještajno djelovanje. Na taj način spašavaju 1500 ljudi, šaljući ih u partizane. Ubrzo po završetku rata rodila im se kći Tijana.

U listopadu 1951. UDBA odvodi njezina muža u pritvor u kojemu Radoslav počinu suicid. Nekoliko dana kasnije uhićuju i Evu. Nakon pola godine pritvora, deportirana je na otok Sveti Grgur gdje je u Ženskom logoru prisiljena na težak rad, izložena mučenju i psihičkom zlostavljanju. Logor je zbog inozemnih pritisaka raspušten i Eva, zajedno s brojnim zatvorenicama, napušta otok u studenom 1953. godine. Na slobodi traga za istinom o svom pokojnom mužu u čemu i uspijeva te postaje jedinom osobom koju je bivša država obeštetila kao nedužnu robijašicu.

Kći Tijana joj 1964. godine emigrira u Izrael, a dvije godine kasnije i ona sama. Seli u kibuc Sha'ar HaAmakim - između Haife i Nazareta, gdje i danas živi. Udala se za uglednog agronoma Mošu Nahira, radila kao dijetetičarka u kibučkom staračkom domu, volontirala, bavila se humanitarnim radom i već 45 godina u publici sjedi na istom mjestu koncertne dvorane u Haifi. Moše je preminuo 1997. godine.

Eva Panić Nahir i danas je, u svojoj 97. godini, fascinantno vitalna, jednostavna, oplemenjena mudrošću stvaranom u dugom, turbulentnom životu koji je vrijedno upoznati. Još uvijek obilazi starije stanovnike kibuca, pomaže im oko svakodnevnih potreba, druži se s djecom svoga pokojnog muža, unucima, prijateljima. Njezina kći Tijana Wages živi u Dallasu (Teksas), unuka Emily u San Franciscu, a unuk Jason u San Diegu (Kalifornija).

Uz obilježavanje Dana Grada Čakovca 29. svibnja, 2014. godine, Evi Panić Nahir dodijeljena je titula počasne građanke Čakovca. Gradonačelnik Stjepan Kovač uručio joj je titulu 22. svibnja 2014. tijekom održavanja programa „70 godina sjećanja - ne zaboravimo zločine” u organizaciji Židovske općine Čakovec.

Pogovor

U siječnju 2014. godine Ogranak Matice hrvatske u Čakovcu zajedno sa Židovskom općinom Čakovec tiskao je knjigu Branimira Bunjca *Iz pepela čakovečke sinagoge – Životopis Eve Schwarz*. U posljednjoj rečenici Pogovora napisao sam: *Nadam se da će netko strpljiv i seriozan poput autora ove knjige zabilježiti sjećanja živeće enciklopedije Eve Nahir*. Točno godinu dana kasnije imamo taj životopis i on se s prvom knjigom organski isprepliće. *Spiritus movens* i ove knjige čakovečka je židovska zajednica koja je u razdoblju između dva svjetska rata bila vrlo prosperitetna. Njezina tragična sudbina pogađa i protagoniste ove priče, ne samo tijekom holokausta, nego i nakon Drugoga svjetskog rata. Još jedan režim, ovaj put komunistički, pokazuje nad najslabijima svu svoju brutalnost. Nakon što su joj ubili muža, potpuno nedužnu Evu Panić šalju u zatvor koji se ni po čemu ne razlikuje od koncentracijskog logora. Izložena je nezamislivim tjelesnim i duševnim patnjama, razorene obitelji, opljačkana i ponižena. Sa svojom kćeri odlazi, nakon svega, u kibuc u Izrael. Njezini dolasci u Čakovec u devedesetim godinama života pokušaj su rekonstrukcije svega izgubljenog, spašavanje od trajnog zaborava onoga što je nasilno u dva navrata prekinuto, a to je životni kontinuitet, pravo na obitelj i rezultate svoga predanog rada. Ova knjiga još je jedan kamenčić u razbijenom mozaiku života čakovečke židovske zajednice koji će sačuvati makar trag sjećanja o svemu što je bilo i ostati među nama kao dignuti prst upozorenja na to kako se lako tone u blato zločina ako samo na trenutak zaboravimo imperativ osobne odgovornosti za sve što činimo.

Autorica ove knjige, Aleksandra Ličanin, novinarka je čiji tekstovi nisu njezine čitatelje ostavljali ravnodušnima. Kako je već ranije objavljivala razgovore s Evom Panić Nahir, Andrej Pal i ja (kao predstavnici nakladnika) brzo smo se složili oko toga da joj predložimo ovaj zahtjevni posao. Ona je prihvatila i nakon godine dana evo knjige. Pisana je publicističkim stilom, za razliku od prve, a mjestimice ima i beletrističkih bljeskova. Izmjena triju rukopisa (Evinog, Tijaninog i autoričinog) najbolji je segment cijeloga teksta. To ga čini uvjerljivijim, daje mu autentičnost svjedočenja, volumenizira ga. Šteta je što Tijana nije još radikalnije prisutna sa svojom slikom događaja, to bi onda bila prava epopeja, no i ovako je sve vrlo slojevito.

Nadam se da će suradnja između Ogranaka Matice hrvatske u Čakovcu i Židovske općine Čakovec ovom knjigom biti samo učvršćena i da ćemo ubuduće ići u još neka rasvjetljavanja bliže nam prošlosti, dokumentirajući i svjedočenjima rasvjetljujući ono što ne bi smjelo biti zaboravljeno. Možda je sazrelo vrijeme da i neki muškarac ispriča svoju priču o tim krvavim vremenima.

Trebali su se boriti

narativni idenitet Eve Panić Nahir između uvjerenja i žrtve

Kao prvo, priča nikada nije preslika stvarnosti. Tako barem kažu suvremena lingvistička i sociološka teorija baveći se fenomenom pripovijedanja kao temeljnim postupkom kojim svako ljudsko biće unosi logiku u proživljeni kaos. Razumjeti pripovijedanje znači dubinski razumjeti čovjeka i njegove motive. No, kažu, pripovijedanje nije preslika stvarnosti. Pa tako razlikuju događaje koji su se doista dogodili od načina na koji je te događaje osoba doživjela, to dvoje razlikuju od načina na koji ih se osoba sjeća, pa sve to skupa od načina na koji o njima pripovijeda. Svi smo, naravno, više ili manje sigurni da je ono što govorimo potpuna i prava istina, no znanost pokazuje da je doživljaj pouzdanosti i vjernosti sjećanja subjektivan. Vlastiti nas um vara, a ponekad i sami sudjelujemo u tome. Govoreći o svojim osobnim iskustvima, naglašavamo neke elemente priče, zaboravljamo ili prešućujemo neke druge, racionaliziramo ili izobličujemo sjećanja kako bismo ih uskladili s vlastitim moralnim vrijednostima, kako bismo se prikazali pravednima, možda žrtvama, možda junacima.

Kao drugo, kažu, priča nikada nije slobodna. Strukturiranje narativa uvijek ovisi o mogućnostima jezika, o repertoaru narativnih struktura zajednice, o dopuštenom i neiskazivom, o slušaču i njegovim pretpostavljenim očekivanjima. Kako kaže Žižek, mi se osjećamo slobodnima samo zato što nemamo jezičnih sredstava kojima bismo iskazali svoju neslobodu, a budući da većinom niti smo filozofi, niti smo pjesnici koji jezikom otvaraju nove prostore slobode, pričamo priče koje možda mogu biti neočekivane, možda iznenađujuće, nepredvidljive, ali su uvijek – predviđene. I iz tih smo tračnica u stanju iskočiti samo rijetko.

Treće, kažu, tek pripovijedanjem osoba stvara sebe, prikazuje se, konstruira se i tek u dijalogu, u srazu s Drugim, pripovijedanje ima smisla.

Nazovimo ovo što smo pročitali u knjizi pričom, zanemarimo na tren činjenicu da nije riječ o fikciji, da nam Eva Panić Nahir pripovijeda nevjerovatne događaje u kojima je ona i glavni akter. Što smo pročitali, što nam je učinila ova priča, što nas je pomaknulo, protreslo, prenerazilo?

Je li činjenica što nam je, lakoćom ljuštenja luka, Eva skinula nekoliko slojeva patine s Čakovca kakvog danas poznajemo, razotkrila nekoliko njegovih povijesnih slojeva, pa se pred nama diže kao nekakva panonska mini-Atlantida? Dala nam je da nešto što danas poznajemo isključivo kao banku na tren vidimo kao otmjeni stan u kojem je prije stotinu godina živio imućni trgovac sa svojom obitelji, vidimo ih kako za svečanom večerom komentiraju na njemačkom i mađarskom događaje s jučerašnjeg bala,

kako će ferije provesti na ladanju u Štrigovi, pred nama posredstvom Evine priče diše Čakovec u kojemu se u šetnju na korzo ne izlazi bez šešira i rukavica, dok se u današnjoj Gradskoj kavani, a tadašnjoj Kavani Royal okuplja gradska elita.

Plaši li nas začudna povijesnost Evine priče? Možemo li se osjećati slobodnima nakon što nam Eva približi ne tako davno vrijeme u kojemu se brakovi dogovaraju, u kojemu je brak iz ljubavi krajnji bunt, u kojem postoji zakon da se časnici ne smiju ženiti Židovkama, a za mladu je Židovku nedopustivo udati se za Srbina? Možemo li doista povjerovati da je prije samo pet desetljeća u ovoj zemlji postojao zatvor u kojemu se zatvorenice bile podvrgnute najgorim torturama i ponižavanju, a da često ni same nisu znale što su to zgriješile političkom aparatu Jugoslavije koju su same izgradile? Potrese li nas uvid da će za neko vrijeme i nama samima biti suđeno za nešto što nam se danas čini potpuno normalnim?

Sve navedeno, priča koja nas nagoni da se zaljuljamo u našem malom djeliću sadašnjosti, svakako čini potresno autobiografsko svjedočenje Eve Panić Nahir nezaboravnim.

No, ono što je doista potresno jest način kako Eva prikazuje stvaran svijet, kako smješta sebe u njega i prikazuje nam svoju ulogu te ulogu naroda kojemu pripada i kako odgovara pred slušateljicom, novinarkom Aleksandrom Ličanin, na pitanja „tko sam”, „kako sam preživjela”, „zašto sam učinila to što sam učinila”, „kako sam postala to što jesam”. Ona to čini bez samosažaljenja i veličanja same sebe, u tom pripovijedanju tek između redaka probija osobnost koja je za ljubav i ideal boljega svijeta bila spremna iznijeti krajnju žrtvu i – preživjela, u njezinu narativu patetike nema jer ona nije živjela kako je živjela da bi imala što pripovijedati.

Doista, ma kako znanost gledala na čovjeka kao na pripovijedajuću životinju, ništa nije potresnije od činjenice da je Evina priča istinita, da je njezina priča slobodna, da u nju želimo vjerovati jer nam je potrebna, jer nam daje nadu. I, kao treće, ova priča pokazuje da osoba prethodi pripovijedanju, ma kako se ona povlačila u pozadinu, ona je preduvjet za nj. U suprotnom, svaka je priča šuplja.

Dopustimo li si ipak apstrakciju da je Eva Panić Nahir na neki način konstruirala sebe u svojoj priči, nameće se pitanje na koje nam je stalo odgovoriti ovim kratkim osvrtom: koja su temeljna obilježja narativnoga identiteta Eve Panić Nahir?

Površnom analizom dolazi se do sljedećeg:

- odbija se prikazati žrtvom;
- židovstvo kao odrednica identiteta manje joj je važno od političkoga opredjeljenja i ideala;

- kritična je spram pasivnosti mnogih svojih sunarodnjaka u holokaustu;
- za osobno uvjerenje spremna je učiniti sve, svoju ulogu vidi u aktivnosti;
- iako postaje žrtvom totalitarnog sustava u čijoj je izgradnji sudjelovala, ne relativizira – u retrospekciji ne žali ni za čim, smatra se i dalje komunisticom.

Eva Panić Nahir svjesna je svojega židovskoga podrijetla, odrasla je u tradicionalnoj obitelji, međutim ona već u mladosti napušta cionistički ideal, što je išlo ruku pod ruku s njezinim prihvaćanjem komunizma. Iz njezina pripovijedanja razvidno je da su tim, u tom nesigurnom vremenu, hrabrim putem krenuli mnogi mladi u Evinoj situaciji. Ocu ne smije priznati, oca se boji, no majci priznaje sve ideale. Gledajući sam pripovjedni postupak, upada u oči da Eva ne elaborira, samo konstatira. Svoju ulogu bez dvojbe nalazi ne u konformizmu, nego u borbi.

Činjenica da ne zaobilazi konflikte, ako je riječ o stvarima do kojih joj je stalo, ne odnosi se samo na uvjerenja, nego i na ljubav. Časnik Radoslav Panić nije židovskoga podrijetla, no to ju ne sprječava u odluci da je on muškarac njezina života. Namjerno odabiremo riječ „odluke” jer njezina konstatacija s pukim osjećajem ima veze, ali smatramo da u njezinu pripovjednom toku odluku i osjećaj ne valja poistovjećivati.

U tom se kontekstu važnim u konstrukciji pokazuje i njezin radikalno kritičan stav spram cionistički usmjerenih sunarodnjaka koji su šutke postali žrtvama. Ona ih ne oplakuje i ne žali, ona ne nalazi opravdanja za njih, nego smatra da su ljudi imali izbora. O tome svjedoči ova izjava:

Nikada u životu nisam otišla vidjeti Auschwitz. Mene to uopće ne zanima. Znaite zašto? Jer nisam smatrala da ljudi trebaju šutke i poniženi otići u logore, već sam bila uvjerenja da se moraju ići boriti. Prezirala sam tu nemoć Židova. Trebali su se boriti. Pa nisu ljudi stoka koju se tjera! Trebali su se oduprijeti i ići kontra, u borbu.

Iz ove izjave proizlazi, a na drugim se mjestima u tekstu potvrđuje važna odrednica njezina narativnog identiteta. Eva ni u jednom elementu cijeloga narativa sebe ne prikazuje žrtvom.

Za svoja je uvjerenja spremna učiniti sve. Nakon što su je četnici osudili na smrt, ona se s ranjenim mužem probija kroz Srbiju, obiteljskim imetkom plaća preživljavanje. Naposljetku i ona i muž u Beogradu postaju doušnici, kontraobavještajci, pod rizikom da budu ubijeni dojavljuju partizanima što smjeraju četnici. Pripovijedajući o toj životnoj fazi, ona ne troši vrijeme na opravdavanje svojih postupaka. Učinili su što je trebalo učiniti da se preživi, razlozi su u prvom redu osobni, no smješta svoje djelovanje i u

kontekst borbe protiv fašizma. I u jednom i u drugom slučaju, nije bilo mjesta neodlučnosti.

Odlučila sam da ćemo ići do našeg stana i ako nekoga tamo nađem - ubit ću ga.

Poslije rata, Eva i Rade žive dobro. Eva tu okolnost prikazuje kao nešto što su zaslužili svojim izlaganjem riziku i mukotrpnim radom. No, ubrzo, režim pokazuje svoje drugo lice, Rade je pod istragom UDBA-e, presudio sam sebi. Objesio se za gazu kojom mu je Eva povila ruku. Eva u pripovijedanju ne daje dojam velikoga iznenađenja, pa se daje naslutiti da se takvo što događalo često. Narativ na ovome mjestu prelazi u propitivanje razloga zašto je to učinio. Da bi preživjela gubitak, ona mora pronaći objašnjenje. Pronalazi ga u muževom osjećaju za pravičnost u poremećenoj okolini. Nije mogao podnijeti da ga vlast za koju je založio život, tako ponižava.

Eva se ne odriče muža, kao što to od nje traži zloglasna Uprava državne bezbednosti, iako joj prijete zatvorom. Malodobna je kći kod obitelji, no, prema Evinoj pripovjednoj logici, to nije dovoljan razlog za odstupanje od uvjerenja. Tako i nju zadesi slična sudbina kao i muža, međutim, njezin pokušaj samoubojstva neuspješan je. Godine 1952. šalju je na otočić Sv. Grgur na izdržavanje kazne (bez presude!). Njezini opisi ponižavanja i besmisla kojima su bile podvrgnute mnoge zatvorenice pretvaraju se sami od sebe u svjedočenje o sustavu koji je nastao na pobjedi nad fašizmom da bi se pretvorio u nešto slično. Mnoge su zatvorenice, uključivši Evu, bivše partizanke koji nisu imale pojma zašto izdržavaju kaznu i kakve informacije trebaju razotkriti ispitivačima, fizički i psihički maltretirane, a razvijaju i interni sustav kažnjavanja - zatvorenice tuku i ponižavaju jedna drugu kako bi dokazale da su se „promijenile”, da su rehabilitirane jer sada „mrze neprijatelja” koji to zapravo nije bio.

Ovdje se razotkriva još jedan važan istaknut trenutak Evina narativnog identiteta. Eva izvještava o tome kako se, na izmaku snaga, u jednome trenu bavi mišlju treba li si olakšati nezasluženu patnju na otoku i „kazniti” potpuno slomljenu zatvorenicu Gordanu, te tako pokazati čuvarima da dovoljno mrzi neprijatelja. Iako bi se lako našlo opravdanje za takav postupak u datim okolnostima krajnje nanesene nepravde, za Evu to ipak ne dolazi u obzir. Iako se bodri:

Večeras ću pljunuti Gordanu.

...naposljetku, bez dodatne elaboracije, ona ne postupa kako su mnoge njezine suzatovorenice postupile:

...i dođe večer, a ja to ne učinim.

Iako je socijalistički sustav koji je pomogla izgraditi naveo njezina muža na samoubojstvo, iako je ona ispaštala zbog njega, od svojih uvjerenja nije odstupila. Ne bavi se promišljanjem zasluga i funkcioniranja sustava koji je trebao biti utemeljen na pravičnosti i jednakosti, nego deklarira da više nije dužna išta ikome dokazivati.

I u svojoj se 96. godini života, u vrijeme pripovijedanja, smatra socijalisticom, živi u kibucu u koji je bila emigrirala u 60-im godinama. Život po socijaldemokratskim načelima čini i treću veliku autobiografsku cjelinu njezina narativa. Izvještaji fokusirani na taj dio biografije odišu smirenošću i mnogo jednostavnijim životnim izazovima te posvećenosi obitelji. No, uvjerenja i nepristajanje na konformizam ostali su. Eva se primjerice deklarira kao zagovornica vraćanja palestinskoga teritorija njegovim vlasnicima i ima prijatelje među Arapima i Palestincima.

Zaključno se može reći da konstrukcija narativnog identiteta Eve Panić Nahir prožima svojevrsna škrtnost u iskazivanju emocije, iako ne i njezina odsutnost. Sve je za Evu već proživljeno, sve je probavljeno, iako joj se slike još vraćaju u snovima i iako je ljubav prema njezinome prvom mužu ostala i jedina prava. Eva ne galami, ne jadikuje, ona izvještava o svojoj ulozi u svijetu, jasno i sigurno. Nitko ne može osporiti takvu priču.

Eva ne želi uvjeravati da možemo zaustaviti svijet kada krene u krivom smjeru. Ali ona sasvim jasno artikulira kako ne postoji svršen čin za pojedinca, nego uvijek postoji dvostruki izbor. Jedan od njih je rezignacija, bijeg i pasivnost. Ako ga svi odaberemo, ljudski je rod izgubio još jednu bitku. Eva je izabrala onaj drugi put. To je ono što njezinu biografiju čini biografijom izvanredne osobe.

Naposljetku, valja naglasiti da se narativni identitet ne uspostavlja monološki, nego dijaloški, u odnosu spram Drugog. Taj je Drugi u ovom slučaju bila Aleksandra Ličanin. Ona je, kao novinarka, imala širok izbor procedea. Suvremena publicistika ne zazire od dodavanja osobnog u prikaz fenomena. I to je legitimno, imperativ objektivnosti nedostižan je. Pa ipak, autorica ove knjige pušta da Eva bude glavni (i, uz svoju kćer jedini) akter u priči, ona oko koje se smisao kondenzira. Aleksandra Ličanin ne intervenira osobnim gledištem, svjesna da pred sobom ima tkanje velike gustoće. No, autorica se ni ne povlači potpuno. Ona je u ovome tekstu čitateljev upućeniji suradnik, upozorava na važne trenutke pripovijedanja, povremeno ga usmjerava i bistri, kada je potrebno. Rezultat je intervju koji će živjeti, tekst goleme snage koji navodi na promišljanje o sadašnjosti i budućnosti i koji upozorava da ne znamo dovoljno da bismo suvremene probleme rješavali neprestanim pozivanjem na one najgore trenutke u našoj povijesti.

Teško se oteti dojmu da ovakva publicistika ima sposobnost pružiti utjehu. Ne samo nekome izvanrednome poput Eve Panić Nahir, nego svima nama, svakom malom i nebitnom pojedincu koji ne može biti pokretačem povijesnih mijena, nego preživljava i umire kao njezin sudionik ili promatra, više ili manje okrnut. Utjehu, jer drži živom nadu da nas se može oteti zaboravu, ako budemo doista pravedni i hrabri kada je to potrebno. Možda će netko htjeti kopati za nama. Možda, ako postupimo kao ljudi, u pravome trenu, ako dignemo glas, možda možemo trajati zauvijek.

Kristian Novak

Aleksandra Ličanin
Dvije ljubavi i jedan rat Eve Panić Nahir

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*I clearly remember the morning when they
took my mother.*

*I begged Mioma not to eat it all because we
have to leave something for Mum
to have for lunch when she returns.*

Of course, she didn't return.

TIJANA WAGES

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*I have never been to see Auschwitz.
I am not interested in it at all.
Do you know why?
Because I did not think that people needed
to go to the camps humiliated and silent,
I was convinced they had to fight.*

EVA PANIĆ NAHIR

Preface

This is the story of Eva Panić Nahir nee Kelemen.

Eva has gone through the situations which most of would consider totally hopeless, but it only has strengthened her even more and enriched her life experience.

Life was even more than cruel to Eva, and the sentence that we hear from her today: "I'm fine." tells us that she has found peace and serenity.

Her current life motto "There are no good and bad nations, only good and bad people." proves that her life is filled with love and tolerance.

I would like to thank Aleksandra who found inspiration in Eva and put their conversations into words, a book which remains as a pledge for the future.

I would also like to thank professor Pranjic for his professional help and suggestions. Thanks to Matica hrvatska for another successful cooperation.

Thanks to the Town of Čakovec and the Međimurje County that helped with publishing this book.

Andrej Pal, M.D.

President of the Jewish Community Čakovec

Introduction

At the urging of the President the Jewish Community Čakovec Dr. Andrej Pal and my high school teacher Ivan Pranjić, I have become part of the life story of Eva Panić Nahir, nee Kelemen. Our long talks during 2012 and 2014 resulted in this biography, which is now here before your critical eye, and if I may say something in favour of it, it is its three-dimensionality. Namely, it was written from the perspective of three women; Eva, Tijana (Eve's daughter) and me.

I learned a lot with Eva. First of all, I have become fond of the place where I grew up even more. Čakovec is a town rich in history, the scene of many human tragedies, but love as well. Eva has testified about it in a unique way. Between the two world wars in her memory it is the town with European atmosphere. It was delightful to listen to this unobtrusive, sincere and extremely lucid lady in whose company time flies. When talking about her first husband Radoslav Panić, she sounds like she is writing a novel. It is liberating to know that such love existed in the real world, that it flamed up here, at the places that we also love. It took her away from her hometown Čakovec, saved her life, gave meaning to it. The wind-storm of World War II took her to the world of espionage, later to prison and women's camp on the island of Sveti Grgur.

This remarkable person was not worth meeting only because of her incredible life story, but also because of her character, lifestyle, humanity, because of the superior ease when saying: "Life in modesty can also be a good life". She was born into a rich family. Her martyrdom was followed by extreme poverty, then again she lived a normal civil life and, finally, a serene, peaceful life in the social equality of the kibbutz. This book is not written with the intention to present mere facts. I wanted to introduce readers to Eva as a person. Her daughter Tijana Wages, whom I thank most heartily, helped me with that. The first to read the text was my mother and one more person. I'm sorry my father could not do it. He loved the written word, especially history, and would have something to say. I chose these two because although each of them like me in their own way, they may be very critical towards me. Once you know where it comes from, criticism is always beneficial.

For the purpose of this preface I will quote the following comment: "I like the part where Sveti Grgur is described very realistically and the reasons why Eva was stuck there. It was a Yugoslav reality, the twilight of communism. Both then and now,

people build careers at other people's expense. It is amazing that a Jew whose parents finished their lives in Auschwitz, a part of the family ended up in Jasenovac, and she herself on Sveti Grgur, even now still believes that the idea of communism is good".

Eva always has her nails painted red, she never leaves the house without the basic makeup, watches what and how much she eats. That's why last spring in Čakovec she went down the staircase lightly like a squirrel, leaving me, who offered her to hold on to a handrail, speechless. With her the surprises never end. I thank her for all the long hours we spent in conversation, her kindness and numerous e-mails (yes, yes, Skype and email are constantly on), for her private photographs and documents, the disclosure of the world which is not known to many of us.

Writing of these pages has opened many new insights, brought into my life people whom I probably never would have met and added another dimension to the people I already know. Before the audience is my first written work that is called a book. Every time I take it in my hand there is something I would change, but more important than my intervention is the atmosphere that Eve's story has left. Tijana wrote to me in one of her emails, most of which were in the Croatian, except only a few of them in English: "No need to change anything - your text is perfect. Each time and place has its pluses and minuses. No place is perfect".

I would like to thank Andrej Pal on every assistance and the freedom I was given as the author. Also, I feel grateful to Mr Ivan Pranjic for every kind word of encouragement and Kristian Novak who, without thinking twice, expressed his readiness to write a review. Thanks to Marija Mišćančuk, who left nothing to chance when translating the text into the English language and asked for clarification of any possible ambiguity, and there is also my colleague Dane Ilić from RTS Belgrade.

Thanks to all of them and to my two critics.

... and everyone who takes this book in their hands.

December 2014
Aleksandra Ličanin

Those who fear poverty are not worth living in abundance.
(François Marie Arouet known as Voltaire)



I. Eva KELEMEN

Ema

Ema Kohn worked as a chief accountant in one of the most beautiful retail stores in Nagykanizsa. Selected fabrics and silk, shoes and clothes the Hungarian ladies and gentlemen longed for, were arriving from the European fashion meccas. It was the end of 1904, when the predictable everyday routine of the restrained but kind Ema, was irreversibly changed by her employer.

He offered her to independently run a shop in a town where such an offer had not existed before. Well, not quite independently.

- *Miss Emma* (one hundred and ten years later, her daughter Eva tells the story), *if you want to marry our new official Bela Kelemen, I'll provide you with the goods to open a store in another town, in Čakovec. That is what the employer told my mother and made her rethink her future. She was 27 years old, lived with parents who had no dowry to give to her because her father sent her three brothers to Budapest to study. Without any means a Jewish woman could not be married. She hesitated, but in the end, though, decided to marry my father. Arranged marriages in those days were nothing unusual. You know, it was not the best life. Dad was terribly strict, and my mom was always trembling for us kids* – says Eva Panić Nahir nee Kelemen, about the interweaving circumstances which in 1905 brought the married couple Emma and Bela Kelemen to Čakovec.



Kelemen family house in the center of Čakovec during the first years of 20th century. There was a store on the ground floor. Today it is 5 Kralja Tomislava Street.

Eva Kelemen was born on August 3, 1918 in Čakovec, in a family house in Kralja Petra Street. Today it is 5 Kralja Tomislava Street, in the very heart of the town. Today, the citizens recognize the building as a branch of Zagrebačka banka on the ground level and living space on the first floor. Over a century ago it was the same – business premises down-stairs and living space above.

Glazed windows lured consumers with their dimensions and compelling contents – from Austrian shoes and silk treated in France, to Italian fabrics and German suits. Bela, who was born in Kaposvar, run his trade very skillfully, firmly, always making sure all the paperwork was meticulously done. Ema enriched the contacts with customers with her warmth, and they loved and respected her.

- The store was very classy. You could buy top quality clothing, footwear and textiles. Nothing was domestic production, all arrived from abroad. I can say that we were well off. We lived in a beautiful flat with a lot of servants, a cook, a maid, a butler. The house had six fireplaces to keep it warm in winter. We lived a very nice life in the material sense, but our childhood was marked by father's strictness. We took a lot of beating. I was not worried much about the beating, but my sisters and I were very afraid of our father.



Eva Panić Nahir, born Kelemen, in front of her birthplace house and former family store in spring 2012. Today, there are offices of Zagrebačka banka on the ground floor and a private apartment on the first floor.

At home we spoke Hungarian and German, our parents did not know any other languages. Actually, Čakovec was under Hungarian rule until 1918, so this was nothing unusual for our family - Eva recalls her childhood.

She had two sisters, Žuža, who was born in 1908 and Klara who opened her eyes for the first time in 1910. The year 1914 was a sad year for the Kelemen family when a stillborn Katinka was born. The umbilical cord wrapped around her neck. When she gave birth to Eva, Ema Kelemen was 40 years old.



From the Jewish parish register - Jewish Community Čakovec

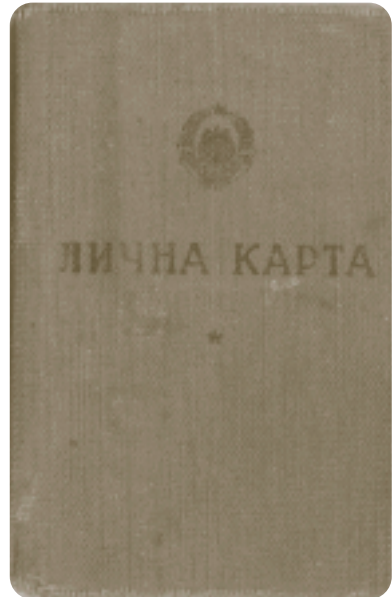
Fair-haired guardian angel

Short and tiny, with thick dark hair, having just turned six, Eva Kelemen started school in 1924. In her classroom she was the youngest and the smallest, just as in her family. She began to learn Croatian.

- My teacher Evica Potočnjak was a friend of my parents and when she started with a new generation of first graders, she told my parents to enrol me. The school was in the street leading to the barracks. On one side of the street there was a primary school, on the other a Trade school. The Open University stands there today. I was the smallest in the class, and one tall, fair - haired girl promised to take care of me. She had been my best friend until the end of her life. Her name was Jagoda Rotanić. Her father was a director of the First Croatian Savings Bank. They lived in Kralja Petra Street, like me, near the church¹. The Rotanić family had a vineyard and a weekend house in Štrigova, so I used to spend a part of summer there with Jagoda. They would drive us there by a hackney carriage. You know, she was the daughter of a bank director, it was "hoch".

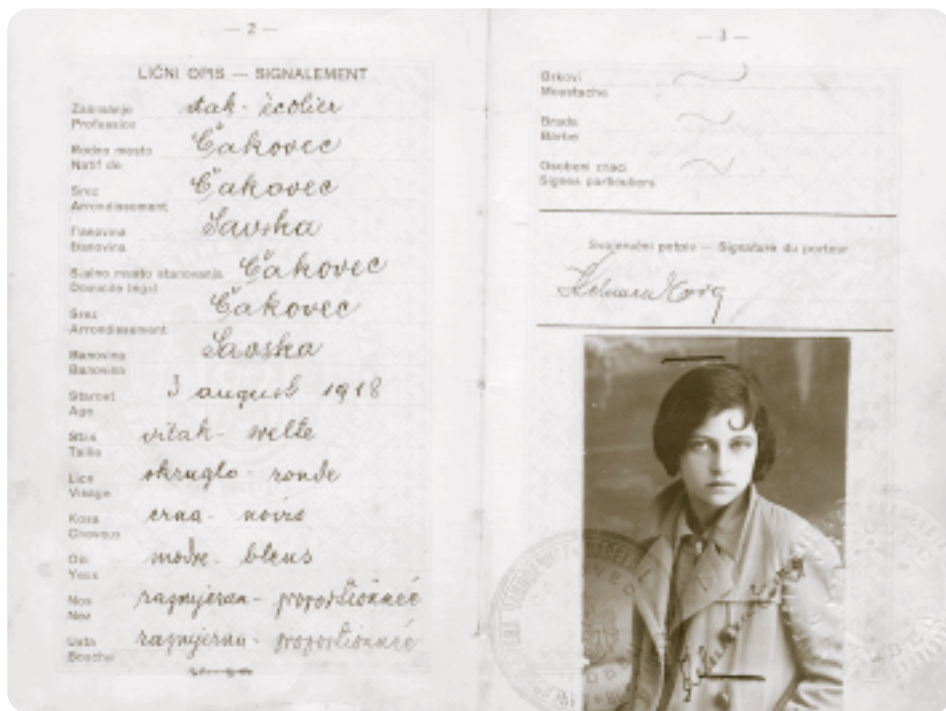
Eva remembers that every day, "she would pick up Jagoda on her way to school" and after school they would see their friends off to the train station, which was located next to the barracks. *Lendavec*, on its way to Vratišinec, Mursko Središće and Lendava stopped there. Today, it does not stop there anymore. Eva Kelemen finished Trade School and as a young girl joined the local Zionist² organisation. Later, together with many friends and acquaintances she left it.

- When the Germans entered Austria, Čakovec was full of refugees, mainly Jews. We all abandoned the blue-and-white Zionist colours to avoid being asked whether we were Jews or Gypsies?



¹ In the building of the present Čakovec City Hall, 15 Kralja Tomislava Street.

² Zionism is an expression coined by Nathan Birnbaum in 1885, and implies political and national aspirations of Jews to create the state of Israel. Today it is a political movement.



Cover and content of Eva Kelemen's ID card

My best friend was Mirko Weiss, he had two brothers and their mother was a widow. I remember well that he courted Boža Glogovec, and I was very close to her and her sister Vjera. In February 1940 when Mirko visited me in Belgrade he told me he was going skiing to Macedonia. Actually, the real reason why he was going there was to get the instructions on what to do if invaders enter the country. He was killed in Bosnia - stepped on a mine. His brother Miki died as a partisan in 1941 in Zagorje. He was only sixteen years old. The Glogovec sisters moved to Zagreb. Many people went away, and we who stayed, we became leftists. My friend Jagoda and her parents moved to Varaždin. We used to see each other on Sundays. I also saw her after the war whenever I came to see my sister Klara in Lendava. Until her last day Jagoda and I stayed in touch, and when I'm in Čakovec I visit her son Zlatan Milić, who lives in Varaždin. It makes me really happy.

Bela Kelemen did not know that his daughter left the Zionist ideology and became a left-winger. Her mother Ema knew, as she knew about all her daughter's ideals, and supported her. Eva introduced her boyfriend to the association as well, so both she and Radoslav Panić gained deep socialist convictions.

Rade

The day before finishing Trade School, at the dance after a school celebration, was and has undoubtedly remained fatal for Eva Kelemen. She met lieutenant colonel Radoslav Panić, who served in the 8th cavalry regiment in Čakovec. Five years later, he would become her husband. However, don't be deceived by the simplicity of the statement. Eva and Radoslav confronted a lot of challenges to which they had to find right solutions.

From a number of meetings with Eva Nahir in 2012 and 2014 I have learned that Radoslav Panić is her favourite topic. Memories of him are still strong, and deep in her heart the experience is impressively emotional.

- We met at a dance, it was a Saturday, March 7, 1936, Rade was a military officer in Čakovec, born in Kruševica in Serbia. When I came home that evening, I told my mother: "Tonight, I met the boy whom I will marry. He will be my life partner." Of course, mother was surprised. She asked me what I was dreaming about, but I explained to her that he was the man for me. Half of his monthly salary he sent to his parents to build a house because they lived in "čakmara", a hut made of mud and straw with a dirt floor, where they slept lying next to each other. I liked the way he lived, how he was devoted to his family and the fact that he was the first one from his village who went to school. Rade was the only educated member of his family, and his way to school was a six-kilometre walk through the forest.

For the next five years Radoslav Panić stayed a secret for Eva's father. While Bela Kelemen played preferans every night at the Café Royal³, Radoslav, Eva and her mother Ema would go for a walk. Although the young couple was supposed to be alone for the first date, Ema Kelemen herself got in their way.

- Rade asked me what I was doing the next day? I told him that every Sunday I went to visit my friend Jagoda Rotanić in Varaždin, and that I would come back by train at seven in the evening. He waited for me at the station, a little further from the entrance, under a chestnut tree, but my mom waited for me as well. I asked her why she had come because she had never done that before, and she said that it was inappropriate for me to walk alone with a guy. How come? Then I remembered telling her on Saturday that

³Today's Town Café.

Panić asked what I was doing the next day?

The evening card games of Bela Kelemen at the Royal meant a few hours free for everyone in the family. Eva did not want to leave her mother alone at home, and she told her boyfriend that.

- Rade said all three of us could go for a walk. So every evening we walked by the Graner brothers' knitwear factory⁴, and down the promenade with benches all the way to the railway station. This was called "pedestrian's path". Is it still called the same today? You must know that my mother did not speak Croatian at all and I had to translate each sentence they said because both of them were constantly asking me - what did he say? what did she say? For five years we were seeing each other in such a way, me translating conversations during our walks, waiting for my boyfriend to turn 26 to get a permission to marry. When that time came, in 1940, a law according to which the officers were not allowed to marry Jewish women came into force.

Čakovec, June 2012

Eva Panić Nahir: *When I met my husband at a dance, he told me he was from a very poor family, that he was sending half of his salary home, and whenever he got two cubic meters of timber he sent it home, too. With that money they were building a house, because they lived in a house made of mud and straw, on the dirt floor. I told my mum that he would be mine forever. She asked me: "Why is he so special? What does he have?" I replied, "He is so proud of his poverty. He's the right one for me." He was very modest, my Panić. He used to say that by the time he got the consent to get married, his family would have already finished building a house. So, later, fleeing from the war, I found myself in his family's house.*

Bela

Bela Kelemen's radiating authority was difficult to ignore. He was fear and terror for his daughters, but his reaction to the discovery that his youngest daughter had been seeing a Yugoslav officer for almost five years – was amazingly moderate.

⁴ Today Medimurska trikotaža Čakovec, in Matice Hrvatske Street, with the entrance from Vladimira Nazora Street



Eva Kelemen's passport from the Kingdom of Yugoslavia

Eva Nahir's opinion is that the credit for that could have been partially given to Rabbi Ilija Grünwald. It was him who pointed out to Kelemen to see a broader picture of the events in which Eve's affair could be life-saving for her.

- It was 1940 and Čakovec was full of Jewish refugees from Austria. Father found out about our relationship at the Café Royal, which was run by family Legenstein. One evening the owner directly asked him: "How long will your wife and daughter walk with that young lieutenant?". My father came home and asked my mother if it was true, and she told him to ask me because I was an adult. When I confirmed my relationship with Panić he remained stupefied. He said: "If you marry a Serb, I'll jump out the window of embarrassment," to which I replied "If this embarrassment is the reason for jumping, I'll open the window." Then he went to Rabbi Grünwald⁵ and said to him that I wanted

⁵ Eva Nahir knew a lot younger Eva Schwarz, daughter of a rabbi and the last president of the Jewish community in Čakovec before holocaust, whose biography, written by Branimir Bunjac, was published by Matica Hrvatska Čakovec and the Jewish Community Čakovec. Eva Schwarz, already a pensioner, found affordable accommodation in Budapest to Eva Nahir and her granddaughter Emily, while they were investigating their family tree. They investigated their roots in Čakovec first, then in Zagreb, Serbia and Montenegro, Pecs and Budapest.

to embarrass him. However, Rabbi Grünwald was wiser and told him: "Mr. Kelemen, the Germans entered Austria. Every night we see your wife and daughter with this young man, they also visit cantor Leopold Katz. Perhaps she will be the only one to stay alive if she goes away with him. Invite this guy to your home, talk to him, because we are all in danger."

Bela Kelemen acted wisely. He invited lieutenant colonel Radoslav Panić to his home. It was Sunday when he told Eva to take her bike, go to the barracks and invite him to their home. The consent to his daughter's engagement, which was uttered that day, resulted in moving the young man to the barracks in Skopje and away from Eva.

- Rade came to us, knelt down, took my father's hand and kissed it. He would do the same to his father, too, but my father felt uncomfortable. He was standing next to a large fireplace and said exactly these words: "An officer in a uniform kneeling before an old Jew. Eva, tell him I'll give him everything he wants, just make him stand up again." A law that officers must not marry Jewish women was in effect at that time, and in schools there was a rule that limited the number of Jews allowed to be in one classroom. When the rumour that the old Kelemen agreed to the engagement was spread, Rade was transferred to the farthest garrison. To Skopje. Just to keep us apart.

II. Eva PANIĆ

A goose will never turn into a pig

Young Panić decided to defend his choice, love and honesty. As a member of the cavalry, later becoming a champion of equestrian sport in the first Yugoslavia, he decided to go to Belgrade to the cavalry commander. The promise he had made to his love five years ago was one which he wanted to keep at any cost, which, and the upcoming months would show, really existed.

- My Panić asked the commander whether they wanted to have an honest man or an unfair officer? He told him that he had promised to marry me, and now when he was turning twenty-six, he intended to do so. The commander replied to him to go to Skopje and if he managed to marry - he would turn a blind eye. That summer, it was July, mother and I went to Skopje because Rade wrote that a military orthodox priest would baptise me and issue a birth certificate for five thousand dinars. Panić had a monthly salary of one thousand two hundred dinars, and the priest's was a thousand. Dad told us to go and gave us the money, and when we arrived there the priest said: "I'll write you a birth certificate. Anyway, a goose will never turn into a pig, a pig will not turn into a goose. I'll write whatever it takes, as long as it can help you get married". We needed a best man and he suggested taking a carriage and to bring any drunken officer. Simo Mirković was the most drunken one Rade knew there, so we took him and I got my birth certificate.

Kruševica

Eva then went to live with the Panić family in Mala Kruševica, a small village on the hills of the Varvarin district, about eighty kilometres southeast of Belgrade. When she arrived there with her mother for the first time, it was undoubtedly a big cultural shock for both of them. Her fiancé's family lived in a house made of mud, and the house for which Radoslav used to send half of his salary each month was near completion.

- Extreme poverty and primitivism. They did not even have a toilet. My mother was horrified by the conditions they lived in, especially the fact that I would stay there to live. Neither she, nor I had ever seen anything like that. They were all illiterate, except my husband. As for me it was all the same in what conditions we would live. The only thing that was important to me was to be with Rade. There was no stove in the house, and meals were very modest, it was mainly corn flour. Mother and I settled in the new house. We stayed there for two days and then returned to Čakovec. When I met my mother-in-law Tijana, I said that if I ever had a daughter I would call her Tijana, after her.



In May 2014 Eva Panić Nahir visited part of her family in Kruševica (Serbia) and went to the house where she lived when she married Radoslav Panić

Dallas, November 2014

Tijana Wages⁶: In fact, the name Tijana has a long history. During their first date, Eva and Rade discussed various topics, among others, they talked about their siblings, parents. When Rade said that his mother was called Tijana, my mother replied that it was the first time she had heard that name, and if she ever had a daughter, she would name her Tijana.

Most valuable signature

The birth certificate that Eva had obtained four months ago in the Temple of Glory, just outside Skopje, was an introduction to the next step the young couple had to make in their intention to get married. There was another signature they required. The minister's.

Eva and Radoslav wanted to play it safe. They thought it would be best to deliver the request for the wedding in a pile of documents that were submitted to the minister for signing. To do this, they needed a partner. And they found him in the minister's adjutant. The cost of his cooperation was 50,000 dinars.

- Panic's wedding request had to be somehow planted to the minister to be signed. The adjutant told us to leave the envelope with fifty thousand dinars with his relatives in one pharmacy, and that the money would be given back to us if he failed to get the Minister's signature. My father gave me the money. It was the value of a house. The adjutant contacted us by phone and said that the request was signed, but it would be best to get married, without anyone witnessing it. Literally we ran off to the ministry and paid five thousand dinars in order to be married the next day. Of course, the officers had to get married in church and we went to the Church of the Ascension in Zemun. We got married on 29 November 1940, it was early morning. I did not have anything special to wear. Rade bought me a chaplet for 12 dinars, we invited two men to be our witnesses and everything was over very quickly. There was no one at the morning mass in the church, we were alone, but very happy that we finally managed to do it.

Radoslav had already asked for a transfer and he got it. In Zemun he began work-

⁶ Tijana's surname is Wages, after her ex-husband.

ing as a teacher at the Cavalry School. Eva's parents arrived in Belgrade to congratulate the young couple, and as the son-in-law refused to accept the dowry, they equipped their apartment, bought food, paid the rent.

- Our apartment was furnished like heaven. My father bought us everything necessary so Rade's salary was left untouched and with that we were able to start our life together. It was several months before the war.

They were among the first tenants of a residential building near the railway station in Zemun, at 34 Radića Petrovića Street. The walls were freshly painted, still wet when they moved in.

The Royal Army officers began to move from Čakovec to Serbia, which Eva's father used to transport the furniture from Eva's maiden room to Kruševica, to the Panić family.

- Father paid for a wagon and sent all my stuff. They are still there in Kruševica. It is a beautiful white room with a wardrobe, a sofa, armchairs, a desk with a mirror, so I could do myself up a little.



Radoslav and Eva Panić in 1941

What if there is a war?

Eva Panić managed to come to Čakovec once more before the outbreak of the war in the Kingdom of Yugoslavia. She visited her parents in February 1941.

- I managed to come to Čakovec. My sisters were already married. I had a good rela-

tionship with Žuža, but not with Klara. Žuža married Šomlo in Budapest, and Klara lived with her first husband in Lendava. He was a great Zionist and resented me for having a boyfriend who was not a Jew. My sisters had their own lives and I didn't meet them then, but I stayed with my parents for a few days. I asked my father what we were going to do if there was a war? He replied: "Eva, I have made a great sacrifice by allowing you to marry a non-Jew. Pay it back. You are communists, free people. Do not stay at home, go and fight. Here's my gun, the last bullet is for you. Kill yourself Eva, but don't ever get enslaved." He gave me a small Browning gun, which I would keep for years. Then, in February 1941, it was the last time I saw my mother and father.

Eva Panić Nahir learned about the fate of her parents from a woman (whose name she does not remember) whose son was supported by her father Bela Kelemen in Čakovec. She informed her that the Hungarian gendarmes took literally all Jews from Čakovec and Međimurje to Nagykanizsa, and then to Auschwitz. It was the night of 28th to 29th April 1944.

Since 1941 Međimurje was, together with Prekmurje, Baranja and Vojvodina, part of Hungary, under the regime of Regent Miklos Horthy, who made alliance with the Third Reich back in 1938. Thanks to his own skills in communication with Adolf Hitler he managed to maintain a "well-dozed" autonomy in his rule over the territory which was literally given to him for free in 1941. It was this autonomy that made it different from other Hitler's satellites, and until 1944 he refused to send the Jews to the Nazi camps. Deportation of the Jews from Međimurje in April 1944 was ordered by the German SS.⁷

- They suffocated my parents in the gas chamber because they reached the age of 50. That was the end. Ivica, my sister's son was there together with my Mom. I really resent my mother for this decision. They were supposed to send the child to me as I asked them to do, and Mom said that we did not even have a toilet and she would not send him to me. She would rather go to Auschwitz than to Kruševica because there was no toilet hole.

⁷ "While since the summer of 1941 Holocaust already ravaged the European countries under Hitler's domination, about 750,000 Jews in Hungary and the countries annexed to it were living under the illusion that despite all the troubles they would still survive the war. Only when Hitler completely lost confidence in his unreliable ally Horthy, German troops occupied Hungary on 18 March 1944. The Nazi SS took over the strict control of state institutions, Adolf Eichmann and his men came to Budapest and began deportation to Auschwitz. The first in line were the areas annexed to Hungary, which included Čakovec as well"; from the feuilleton "Eva's story: My 96 years - love, happiness and suffering" by Slavko Goldstein in Jutarnji list, June 2014.

Dallas, November 2014

Tijana Wages: *Mum's sister Klara, married Stern, lived in Zagreb. Her husband was killed in Jasenovac. She married a second time after World War II in 1948 in Lendava to Lajos Blau. My other sister, Žuža, emigrated to Australia in 1960. She went to her son, to where he had fled in 1956 during the Hungarian revolution.*

Čakovec, May 2014

Eva Panić Nahir: *I have never been to see Auschwitz. I am not interested in it at all. Do you know why? Because I did not think that people needed to go to the camps humiliated and silent, I was convinced they had to fight. I despised that Jewish weakness. They were supposed to fight. People are not cattle to be treated as one! You have to resist and fight.*

1941

When on the night of April 6, 1941 air strikes on Belgrade began, Eva Panić was staying alone in the apartment. Radoslav, according to his wartime posting had already been in the area of Virovitica, in Špišić Bukovica.

- *I was in my apartment when Belgrade was being bombed, but I had to leave. I went to the refugee camp, together with Vera Lapčević, a woman from my building. I stayed in touch with her until her death in 2013. That night, when we fled, was high snow, we were moving on foot, it was very difficult. I went to my husband's parents in Kruševica. When I arrived, my mother-in-law Tijana was at home with her daughter-in-law. Rade's brother Radosav and my father-in-law were mobilized. They had only fifty kilos of corn flour to prepare some food. Very poor. Incredibly poor.*

A month later, in late May 1941, the lists of killed and captured soldiers were published. Eva's husband's name was not on any of them. It was enough for her to set off to look for him, and she shared the idea with her father-in-law, Milosav. He tried to stop her.

- *You're a Jew. Where are you going without papers?*
- *If I get the papers, will you come with me?*
- *Of course I will.*

Together they set off on foot to Varvarin on the Morava River, 27 kilometres away from Kruševica. They found a German officer who was surprised with Eva's knowledge of the German language. It proved to be the key that opened all doors.

- I went to a German commander, told him that I was Hungarian, and I needed an ausweis because I wanted to return to my family in Hungary. He said: "Ma'am, we are in the middle of nowhere, no one knows a word of German. I will give you whatever you need, just sit down for half an hour and talk to me." So I stayed with him and we talked. I told him that my father-in-law did not allow me to travel to Hungary alone and that I needed documents for him as well. He issued the documents to me without a word. I was very happy. We could continue to Belgrade.

Dallas, November 2014

Tijana Wages: My parents enjoyed their time together for only six months until the moment war broke out on April 6th 1941. Then, when Belgrade was bombed, my father had already been mobilized, and the neighbour who was a Folksdojčer⁸ came to my mother's door with a gun in his hand and forced her out onto the street. So my mother started walking towards Kruševica, having no idea what had happen to my father.

My Mika, you've come?!

Both Eva and her father-in-law in peasant clothes and shoes, and Eva with her father's gun tucked into her vest, walked for the next two days. They stayed overnight on a farm, in a barn. When they arrived to Belgrade, they had to stop in front of the demolished bridge to Zemun. On the river bank there was a Hungarian jeep surrounded by a few soldiers. Eva shouted out in Hungarian that she and her father-in-law needed to be taken across the Sava river. The Hungarians took them to Zemun.

- The neighbourhood where we lived was new, settled with young families. I already saw from a distance that it was full of German soldiers and prostitutes. My father-in-law

⁸ Folksdojčeri (pl.) (Volksdeutsche) were the German people who after World War I lived in other European countries, because of the redrawing of borders and creation of new states. They are, therefore, a German national minority in the successor states of Austria-Hungary, and in the Kingdom of Yugoslavia as one of them.

asked himself out loud what we could possibly do? When the Hungarians dropped us off, we sat down in the open, and I started thinking – What to do? When it got dark, I went under my neighbour Vera’s window and called out: “Veručka, Veručka”. Do you know who spoke up? My husband. He was lying at the foot of the window and said: “My Mika. You’ve come.” My husband called me Mika, because that was the name of his favourite horse. The horse and I were both called Mika.

In May, Panić’s platoon was arrested and taken to Bjelovar, and he managed to escape. On that occasion he fell and his stomach ruptured, but he didn’t give up his plan.

- Ustahas arrested his platoon and all of them were confined to the second floor of the Bjelovar High School. One night, my husband jumped out of the window into the yard and ran away. In the town, he stumbled upon a shop with a sign on it - Tivar suits - Grinhud. He knocked on the window, and Mr Grinhud opened. He said: “Mr Grinhud, my wife is Jewish. Could you give me a suit, please.” He asked him who my wife was, he told him my maiden name, and Grinhud confirmed that he knew my sister Klara Kelemen, because he served his military service in Čakovec. He dressed him in a new suit, put a hat on his head and my husband was ready to go to Belgrade.

For the next ten days, he walked at night, hiding in the forests of Slavonia during the day. He arrived to his village in the last few days of May.

- Can you imagine, we arrived to Zemun on the same evening at the same place. I took my husband’s arm and helped him to move. He held on to his stomach. I approached my father-in-law who was waiting behind a building and said: “I’ve found your son.” I decided to go to our apartment and if someone was there - I would kill them.

Dallas, November 2014

Tijana Wages: *After the capitulation, my father returned wounded and the way my mother and him reunited was incredible. Immediately afterwards, they went to the village and stayed there the next year. Briefly put, the Chetniks sentenced my mother to death. Then begins their work in the intelligence service, then begins their time in Belgrade.*

Gold and diamonds from jam

The apartment was empty. The two men walked in slowly, and Eva immediately headed for the pantry. During the night of her escape from Belgrade, she left jars of jam on the shelves and her mother's jewelry in one of them - she hoped it was still there.

- Everything was still there, untouched. This is the jewelry my mother left me, I knew that one day it would come in handy.

She packed all that could fit in six suitcases. Some clothes, feather duvets that she still has in Israel, silver cutlery, some food, ... The next morning, at dawn, when the peasants from Sriem started coming to work on the nearby field, the three Panićs headed toward the bridge.

- I showed the cutlery with twelve silver spoons, forks and knives to one Hungarian soldier and said: "I have a wounded soldier and suitcases. Give me a ride to Zeleni vijenac in Belgrade." He nodded and said, "Load them up, madam". When we arrived there I entered the first tavern and asked who would give me a horse and a čeza⁹ in exchange for a diamond ring. They offered me two horses, but I insisted on what I asked for. After a few minutes the barter was completed, we loaded the suitcases, climbed and headed towards the village. As we were approaching the village, we decided to wait for night and



A 20-year old Eva Panić was photographed in a coat with a red fox fur collar, which her husband Radoslav Panić killed during the hunt

⁹ A two-wheeled carriage.

then enter the village so that people would not know that my husband was wounded because there was a risk he could be taken into captivity. Nobody except the immediate family was allowed to know he was at home.

Passing through Kruševica in the pitch dark, the Panićs travelled home in complete silence. Radoslav immediately went to bed and during the following months his mother Tijana would treat his ruptured stomach with herbs and ointments. Not once did they call the doctor because even the slightest risk of increasing the number of people who knew that Radoslav Panić was at home - was unacceptable. - All who had rebelled against the Germans began to move or pass through the village. Partisans and their supporters. I began to communicate with them and they found out that my husband was at home. At that time, the government of General Milan Nedić ruled Serbia and his supporters came to our house and offered Rade to report on where the fights between partisans and Nazis in the mountain near Kruševac took place. They offered to hire him in the Serbian State Guard. So, we were in such a way connected with the Partisans, and Rade was a member of the regular gendarmerie, the police.

**Čakovec - Dallas - Sha'ar
HaAmakim, November 2014**

In my correspondence with Tijana Wages, many impressions I got from the talks I had with Eva Panić Nahir further crystallized. However, there is one story, I encountered for the first time. Tijana suggested asking her mother, I quote: "... for the details of the story that will likely be of interest to people in Čakovec, about a commander from Zemun, from the time of NDH (Independent State of Croatia), whose Jewish wife lived with the Kelemen grandparents". I received Eva's reply by e-mail.



Eva Panić Nahir with the president of the Jewish Community Čakovec Andrej Pal, MD, in front of her birthplace house, where she was born on August 3rd 1918

Eva Panić Nahir: *Before World War II started here in Čakovec, in the 8th Cavalry Regiment, together with my Rade, served lieutenant colonel Schaller. He lived with his wife, who was Jewish, originally from Virovitica. My family knew them very well. When the war broke out, he joined the Ustashas in Zemun and became the commander. He allegedly divorced from his wife and left her to stay in the apartment with my parents. For a whole year, each month he would come to Čakovec to visit his wife and then he would deliver my letter to my parents. Upon his return from Čakovec to Zemun, my father-in-law and I would go from Kruševica to Belgrade to meet him. Schaller would cross the Sava river in a boat wearing civilian clothes, and our meeting place was always in front of the Bristol hotel in Karadorđeva Street. There he would hand me the letter and the money my parents sent me. I think his wife ended up with my parents in the camp, and as for Schaller, he was killed after the war.*



During years, the family house of the Kelemens changed owners and purposes. From 1980 on the ground floor there was a store named "Izvor" established by Trgoćentar, Čakovec.

Counterintelligence

- During 1942, the Chetniks became more active in our area. They told my husband that he had to divorce me because I was Jewish, and all Jews were on the side of Moše Pijade. Rade told them that he would divorce me and send me to my parents in Hungary, but he sent me to Užice, which was liberated, and he went to Belgrade. His connection was our best man Vljako Purić who was, as lieutenant colonel, the deputy commander of Belgrade. Rade told him that he wanted to cooperate with him and offered to infiltrate the Chetniks of Draža Mihajlović, who were all German informants. They elaborated a plan on how I would report about what they were doing and which people were in danger. Then, Purić soon realized that I could also be trusted. He provided us with the necessary documents and in a short period of time I came from Užice to Belgrade. There, no one knew I was Jewish, so I was able to move freely.

So the married couple Panić returned to Belgrade. The authorities accommodated them in a house of an elderly man who lived alone and was a supporter of Draža Mihailović. They told him that Eva and Radoslav Panić were refugees from Croatia. Every evening, ten minutes before ten, certain liaison people met with the Panićs who then conveyed to them important information and names of the people who could be found on the Chetnik lists for arrest. The next day, they would try to transport those people to the partisans, but until its realisation the fugitives secretly slept at the Panićs.

- We gave the intelligence agent the names of Draža's associates and the names of people who were marked as partisan friends by the Chetniks. That way, we informed more than 1500 people who were to be arrested, but had been previously sent to the partisans. Most of them stayed with us before the escape, while we tried to live a seemingly normal everyday life. I cooked for my husband and the landlord, worked in his garden, days were passing by. I was my husband's right hand in the intelligence business. Rade officially worked in Nedić's army and was a spy at Draža Mihajlović supporters called Dražinovci, but also worked for a confectioner. He found this job through one of our Čakovec connections, and as I sold the candies quite skillfully, we somewhat managed to survive. We worked all the time, carrying the messages and shipments to Purić and vice versa. Rade found out many Chetnik and Nedić's secrets and often had the information about where the raids would take place and who would get arrested. Sometimes it was really

very difficult. Actually, despite living in constant danger, we weren't very afraid. We were so stupid.

It wasn't the first time that Radoslav Panić found himself in the role of mediator during the war. A similar task was assigned to him by Mirko Weiss in Čakovec, Eva describes this episode:

- Mirko said to my Rade that the Čakovec batallion was a penal batallion for the Serbs who were considered communists. Marko asked Rade to do only one thing - give the letters written by Mirko's communists to the soldiers in the barracks. It was his obligation within the movement and he fulfilled it.

During the war period, they trusted the young Panić and hired him in the Ministry of Interior when the war ended.

- The most fierce fights for the liberation of Belgrade were led from the 13th to the 20th October 1944. Yugoslav National Liberation Army (NOVJ) and the Russian Red Army fought with the Germans, and we were ordered to transfer our entire Draža Mihailović archives to a specific place in Belgrade, to Ćubura. I moved everything under the whistling bullets. After the liberation, Rade began working in the Ministry of the Interior. He got the rank of police captain, and he was still a man of trust. Together with freedom came our wish to have a child. In June 1945, I gave birth to our daughter. We named her Tijana, after my mother-in-law. She now lives in America and has two children, Emily and Jason.

Dallas, November 2014.

Tijana Wages: *Their counterintelligence work began back in Kruševica, when Rade came back. They were in connection with the partisans who helped mom to first escape to free Užice, and later to Belgrade. Looking for Eva, the Chetniks came, beat grandfather Milosav and left him half dead. Grandpa tied his son Dosa high up on a tree, because he was afraid that he would talk. When the Chetniks had left, my grandmother wrapped grandfather in the skin of a just slaughtered sheep, and started healing him. Namely, Grandmother, though illiterate, was a known village healer and midwife.*

A short time of happiness

After the end of the Second World War, a three-member family Panić comfortably lived in a beautifully decorated apartment. Tijana was growing up, and her parents were very happy together. Radoslav was employed and worked in the Police Cavalry School in Zemun, as commander of a Sports group in the National Police, and Eva was a housewife. Their next-door neighbours and best friends in the centre of Belgrade, in 34 Kosmajaska Street, were Mira and Vlado Carin, a doctor and a journalist, and their two daughters.

Always full of energy Eva prepared meals for both families and took care of three children. She followed her husband to equestrian competitions and hurdles races at home and abroad. Two years in a row he won the national gold medal in show jumping. There were races in which he was injured, and the last accident happened to him in September 1951 when he broke his collarbone. He wore a cast, and that was why he had to stay on sick leave at the beginning of October.

It was during these days that Panić's best man was arrested.

- Then we did not believe that he was arrested by the Cominform, even though we knew that he had been to Russia during the war. It was clear that he was a Russophile. Four days later his wife and the people he was close with were arrested, too.

On Friday, 12 October 1951 Radoslav Panić received an invitation by General Drulović to come to the Ministry for a meeting.

- Rade came back from the meeting and said that the General asked him to organize a horse race. I asked him how he could do it, still in plaster? He didn't want to change his mind and said he would go to buy some firewood for the winter. Again, he acted strange. I asked him if he was crazy and why would he need to buy the wood now? He did not answer, but complained that the cast hurt him and asked me to give him something to relieve it. I gave him a cotton wool pad, but he said: "Well, you'd better put a bandage on it". Why am I mentioning this fact? It was the bandage he used for hanging himself in prison!

My husband is sacred to me

After breakfast the next day, on Saturday, Radoslav was about to go out and told Eva that he would call her to say whether he'd be home in time for lunch, because

he was going to the Ministry for another interview with the general. This was be the last time that Eva saw her husband.

She waited for him with lunch, and when she realized that it was too long without any sign of him, she started calling the places where she thought he could be. In vain. She went to the headquarters in Zemun and found out that Radoslav had never reached the general. She returned home and waited.

- Saturday passed, Sunday too, and on Monday I got ready and went searching for my husband to Banjica, the military complex and the prison. Tijana was six years old, just started school. I told her to go to Mira Carin`s place after school. I could not know when I`d be back because Banjica was far away. I asked Rade`s superior where my husband was, and he replied that some people had come and asked for him. I found out that he was taken away by two UDBA agents with no explanation, and his superior promised me that he would do everything to set him free. I went back home.

The next morning, Eva and Tijana were at the Carins, when the doorbell rang. There was a man in a black leather coat standing on the doorstep of the Panić`s neighbours.

- He asked me if I was comrad Panić, and I said that he must have come to help me find my husband. However, he expressed his condolences to me.

At that moment, still calm, Eva replied that it was not necessary, because Radoslav was neither the first nor the last to be arrested, and that he would certainly be released.

- He tried to commit suicide, said the UDBA man.

- Is he alive or dead?

- We`ll see when we get to the Military Hospital.

- I`ll fall under the trolleybus!

- Come on comrade Panić, I have a car outside the house. I`ll take you.

Tijana remained at Mira Carin`s home, and Eva went with the man in black. It was about two in the afternoon.

- When I got into the car man said stiffly: "Lie down bitch, lie down so that no one sees you." I was dismayed. I lay on the back seat and they drove me. When we arrived in front of the Military Hospital only the man in the coat entered, and I was left to wait in the car together with the driver. He came back and told him to drive me to the head-

quarters. I protested and said that they should take me home because my daughter was waiting for me. They took me to the Serbian UDBA¹⁰ headquarters in Obilićev vijenac. It was near our apartment. They put me in a small cell. Every now and then a policeman would look through the hole and ask me about Panić? They threw cigarettes into my cell, and I was standing there, making two steps to the left, and back to the right. I did not know what was going on. Was I arrested? Why? I did not know if my husband was alive or dead?! I freaked out. Night came.

Eva spent the night in a one square meter cell, mainly standing or sitting, and in the evening she lay diagonally on the floor, because otherwise it wasn't possible to stretch her body. In the morning she went to the Military Hospital with a police officer.

- A policeman told me to get ready, and then they took me. When I entered one room in the Military Hospital, I was confronted by two officers and a military doctor. One of them came to me: "Comrade Panić, your husband hanged himself on the frame of a bed. He tied a bandage around his neck, tugging at it until he cut his own throat. Blood came out on his mouth and eyes. When the guard arrived, he had already been dead. You have the right to see him if you want. He's in the morgue." I said: "God forbid, no! I want to keep him in my memory as he was." He hanged himself on 16 October 1951. It was the saddest day of my life.

They offered her then to sign a statement according to which she "renounces her husband Radoslav Panić as a traitor and public enemy".



Eva Panić Nahir: "When I realized that I lost my husband, my whole world crashed!"

¹⁰ State Security Service was established in 1946. The infamous secret police with a broad network of informants and provocateurs

- *Comrade Panić, your husband was arrested as a public enemy, as a supporter of Stalin. Make a statement in which you renounce him, and it will be published tomorrow in the Borba*¹¹.
- *I will not sign. Rade is neither a traitor nor a public enemy. To give up my husband?! My husband is sacred to me!*
- *Then you will remain in jail.*
- *Then I'll stay in jail.*
- *You will lie there for three years.*
- *I will stay there for three years.*
- *Your daughter Tijana will be left on the street.*
- *Tijana won't be left on the street. She has got a family and friends.*

Dallas, November 2014

Tijana Wages: *I clearly remember the morning when they took my mother. I begged Mioma, as we called Mira Carin, not to eat it all because we have to leave something for Mum to have for lunch when she returns. You'll laugh, but I remember that we had stew with one piece of chicken for each of us, and I was afraid that "Mum's piece" would not be left for her. Of course, she didn't return.*

Čakovec, June 2012

Eva Panić Nahir: *When I found out I lost my husband, it was my greatest misfortune. We had a very good marriage, full of love and tolerance. I did not want to give it up. I would never agree to it, under any circumstances. I loved him more than anything. Now, before returning to Israel, I went to Kruševica to say goodbye to him. When I returned from Goli Otok, from Sveti Grgur, I demanded his exhumation. He was buried at the military cemetery under a number, no name. My mother- and father-in-law brought a crate, fabric and a rug because it was required in order for them to give me the body for recognition. Can you imagine? After two and a half years - just bones. I recognized his teeth and jaw. I recognized him immediately. That's the same jaw our daughter Tijana has.*

¹¹ A paper that was a political magazine in the service of the Communist Party of Yugoslavia

Čakovec, May 2014

Eva Panić Nahir: *It's hard to answer the question of why Rade killed himself in custody. I wondered about it. Rade was such a person, from the outside strong and tough, from the inside sensitive. He could not bear being so humiliated by those he sacrificed his life for. It's my interpretation.*

I have never been a spy!

Then she was returned to a solitary confinement and for three days nobody asked her anything. On the fourth day she was taken for questioning.

- I asked the investigators why Rade killed himself, but they completely ignored me. They asked me to speak about my husband's co-workers, about what he was doing, who he hanged out with? I did not understand what they wanted from me. I kept telling them that I did not understand what they wanted from me. After a few days of interrogation, they said they had plenty time, and I would surely change my mind and cooperate. Ten days later they called me to sign a statement according to which I was arrested on the grounds of espionage for the Soviet Union. I refused to sign and said: "I will not sign it even if you kill me. I have never been a spy."

During the next few days she kept refusing to sign that compromising statement. Investigators were changing, each of them using their own method of pressure, one of them even told her to sign it and complain afterwards. She refused.

*- Your husband hanged himself, you can do the same, bitch. You know, but you won't talk.
- You will pay this dearly.*

Eva Panić was still wearing the boots in which she was brought into custody. She tried to use the leather laces from her boots to end her life.

- In the solitary I hanged myself with shoelaces on the door hinge. From the outside they heard my panting, entered, released my neck and poured water on me. My neck was cut and I was never left alone any more, they placed me in a room with other women who nurtured and fed me. I weighed 38 kilograms.

They changed her investigator. Eva claimed that he knew how to talk to her.

- He would tell me, for example, that he saw my daughter walking along Kalemegdan with two other girls or something else about her. He always insisted that I could talk to him freely about the people who used to visit us and that I could have faith and believe nothing would happen to them. I told him that friends visited us and nothing really was happening. Then, suddenly, every investigation stopped. It had already been six months since I was imprisoned at Obilićev vijenac. From the window of my cell I watched them emptying our apartment, taking out things. Friends and neighbours put away some of my clothes. Later they themselves told me about it.

How? On the roof of the building where the Panićs lived Eva's neighbours Agica Sas and Milica Uzelac occasionally met. They would come at night and stand on the spot best for "eavesdropping" from the cell across.

- The cell was facing the road so my sister in law Rosa and her husband Todor Todorovski went for a walk every day. We would shortly communicate with gestures or whispering. Then, I also signalled them that Rade hanged himself. At first they did not understand, but I tried waving my arms and in the end they understood. The next day they sent me a black scarf to prison. I found out from my neighbours that they saved some things and that my daughter Tijana went to Lendava, to my sister Klara. Neighbours Agica, Milica and Fanika, the housekeeper would climb to the roof of our building and talk loudly. One early evening Milica said: "Alas, she'd rather stop crying. Tajika is at Klara's in Lendava". So I found out that my daughter was safe, I was not worried for myself. I believed that I would go home soon.

III.

Sveti Grgur - GOLI OTOK

April 14, 1952

Božo Drobac, a prison governor at UDBA addressed Eva Panić during her detention with fake appreciation. She could not imagine what the reason might be for that, but eventually she realized. After half a year in custody, the day came when Eva had to be transferred to a place which would eventually deeply mark her personality.

- Božo Drobac was a very nice man. Whenever I got a parcel, he would say: "Eat something Panić, you're only 38 kilos." I did not know why he treated me so nicely, but I found out later. After almost six months of my detention, I was invited to the assembly room. They told me to take only my private things and leave everything else, because I was going home. Some women were already in the large room. I asked where we were going, and they replied that we were going to serve our sentence. Sentence? Well I had not even been tried, got a verdict, nothing. It was April 14, 1952 when they put a few of us in the car and took us away. Belgrade was prosperous, people on the streets joyful, there was something good in the air, and the seventeen of us were being taken ... we did not know where, nor why. It really was a horrible feeling.

Eva Panić says that at that time she knew about an island in the Adriatic, a prison camp. She had never explicitly heard its name, not until she got acquainted to it directly.

- I knew there was an island which people who were sent there called Hawaii, but when we left Belgrade I did not know we were going precisely there. They drove us to Topčider train station. A train with carriages with frosted glass windows was awaiting there. Two people were assigned to one seat where they were tied up. I was tied up with a girl called Bosa, a student of philosophy, a partisan since she had been fourteen. Then she was only 22, and I was 33. Once, back in custody, Bosa took my hand and said: "I am Bosa Đurović, a Montenegrin. Let's never get separated." And we did not. She was terribly beaten because she was a true Stalinist, since most Montenegrins were great Russophiles. Whilst there, I always had some cloths ready to put on her open wounds after she was beaten.

It was a long train journey, and its female passengers, accused without indictment and convicted without a verdict, were left without food for the entire time. They quietly speculated about the route of the train. They were not allowed to talk, so they would only say a few words to each other under their breath. When night fell, the train stopped and then the regime began.

When leaving the wagons, women caught a glimpse of the sea glistening in the moonlight. The concrete shore and the ship were joined by a plank which the women used to start entering the belly of the vessel, one after another. On the ship's bow the word *Punat* was written in big letters.

- The yelling and pushing started. Police officers were shouting: "Get in, get in, you bastards, get up, bastards!" We all got mad. Then for the first time in my life I heard the term bastards. I did not know what that meant. We were in the belly of a ship, it started swaying, the hysteria began. We were afraid that we were being taken away to be thrown into the sea, some women threw up, some urinated and even defecated in shock. In this turmoil and confusion all kinds of silly things could be heard - they would cut off their beautiful hair or they would break their glasses.

The boat journey lasted until sunset. The noise from outside could be heard inside the ship. Eighteen overtired, terrified women listened to singing, yelling and insults.

- We were approaching the place from where an incredible noise could be heard. We heard singing, but also annoying cries. "Boo bastards" were the cries that could be clearly heard. When we came closer, we could hear women's voices singing "we will destroy the bastards, none of them will be left." We panicked. You had the impression that you had come among beasts.

When *Punat* was anchored, the prisoners got off the ship quickly and under constant threats. Any loitering would result in getting beaten. Infuriated women in uniforms, placed in two rows awaited them on the barren land. Eva was dragged from the boat by her hair and thrown onto the ground. That's how she arrived at the women's camp on the uninhabited islet of Sveti Grgur, situated between the islands of Rab, Krk, Prvić and Goli otok for *correctional community service*, although, as a civilian, she had never got a verdict, nor any other document for it.

- Women who were there waiting for us were howling and beating us as we were passing by. You went past, and each of them hit you with her hand or foot, or spat at you. Some of us got broken ribs, vertebrae, were dragged across the floor, stamped on. I received a lot of blows to the head. When I later saw myself in the reflection of water in a barrel, full of lumps on the head and face, I thought that my own mother would not recognize me. But it was nothing compared to the other women who had ended up with broken arms, legs, eyes knocked out. The first scene after this "welcome" we saw a building in front of us with a sign on it: Tito's way - our way.

Women

All women from Eva's group were settled in the barracks called the House of Culture. Ironically, the floor was covered with straw and they all had to lie down next to each other. After they had spent some time lying down, they were taken for a haircut.

- Bosa lay next to me, we stuck together when they took us to get a haircut. Comrade activists gave us haircuts. Those were the women, former prisoners who had been reformed and now got on well with the authorities. We were literally sheared like sheep, using sheep shears. A tuft of hair left here and there, the shears scratching your skin a little. Although I was small I was given shoes size 42 and a skirt coming down to the floor, and Ružica Božičković, who was 180 centimetres tall, was given a short skirt covering only half of her buttocks. There were no buttons on the clothing, so when we wore it, it opened revealing parts of the body. We all looked disfigured.

Female prisoners, three thousand of them, were mostly young women. Eva points out that she was among the older ones, but there were women who were even older. Regardless of age, they were all humiliated and abused, mentally and physically in the same manner. They spent their first evening standing in front of the barracks -

like scarecrows, Eva would say. Each barrack had its elder, and she had a deputy. Those women were also convicts. Reformed. There were no men on the island. The convicts were told that early in the morning the next day they would go to the construction site, and then the “collective” stood in front of them and started to spit.

- They shouted at us, howling, spitting. Unbelievable. The elder counted us and gave a report to the policewoman.

In the evening they received the first portion of food since they left the Belgrade Prison. It was corn flour with a little sugar. Later on, they would eat pretty much the same, a crumb of bread, never meat.

Nights interrupted with cries

- They started interrogating us individually already on the first night of our arrival. They called your name and took you from the barrack. It never happened to me at night, but I often waited for my fellow sufferers with a cloth to cover their open wounds. All that could be heard in the barracks was screaming, every time. They tied women on a bench and hit them with truncheons asking them with whom they socialized, about their relationships and connections. The next morning we went to work.

It is generally known that on Goli Otok, including the island of Sveti Grgur, where there were female convicts, stones were carried from one side to another, up the hill and back down the hill. It was a Sisyphean task leading to complete physical, mental and emotional exhaustion. The bigger the stone, the greater possibility that a woman would fall under its weight. For elders, it was an excuse for further beating.

- You carried a stone up the hill, left it, took another and carried it down the hill. The stones were carried on a piece of wood with two rods, called “tralje”. Once crushed stone fell out of my hand, and they took me to a pear tree and punished me by hitting my legs with barbed wire. Comrade activists were shouting: “You bastard, now you pretend that you cannot carry, and you knew how to conspire against Tito!” Two weeks later, confession time¹² came. The amphitheatre was full of camp community employees and convicts. Each convict was individually shouted at: “Confess your wrongdoing, you bastard! How

¹² In the original Croatian text the term “raskritikovanje” is used. “Confession of your wrongdoing” is the translation used in the English version.

did you spy and conspire, expose your links and connections, what did you do...". Unbelievable. Women gave all kinds of answers, but not one name was uttered. The answers were, for instance: "I plotted with a friend at college," and similar. I never said anything. That's why they shouted: "Boycott! Boo, you bastard, boycott!"

Boycott

What was the boycott? The torture that the inmates went through for their silence during interrogation and *"confession of their wrongdoing"*.

- Boycott is something that you cannot even imagine. It was torture to death, losing common sense. First of all, I was not allowed to sleep at night. When we went to bed at 22:00, I'd lie down, and after five minutes I would be awakened by the elder. I would stand, and she would interrogate me, forcing me to speak about something that did not have anything to do with reality, let alone with my life or my husband's life. For example: "One day you'll talk. Reveal your husband's connections, you gonna talk sooner or later". And so on and on.

Eva Panić often stood together with Desanka Diklić, a lawyer. None of them had anything to say, so they continued to remain silent. After carrying stones during the day, lack of sleep and standing up at night, after a few days Eva could no longer bear standing. Her legs were swollen, she went to the doctor's.

- I told the doctor that I couldn't walk, and she told me: "Unburden yourself and we will unburden you". This meant "confess and we will make it easier for you." She told me to say something that was not true, something I had nothing to do with?! When I was in the boycott, I had no right to talk to anyone during the 12-hours at work. The only right I had was to ask the person who was watching me to let me go to the toilet. As a boycotted one, everyone could spit at me and beat me, and in the barracks I was not allowed to sleep on a bed but below the urinal bucket, so the women pissed on my mouth.

The only thing that kept her alive was the thought of her daughter. Her only motive for every stone she moved, every step she made on Sveti Grgur - was Tijana's life. She repeated like a mantra that she had to take every stone up the hill because there was a doctor who would help her sick child.

- I repeated it constantly to myself, if I did not take the stone, Tijana would die. On the way down the hill I thought my legs would collapse, and then I would lie to myself: "Down

there is the pharmacy. If you do not bring down the whole stone, you won't be able to get in", Tijana was the only salvation for me. In my mind I only saw her and I told myself: "Do not ever think about suicide because Tijana's waiting for you." From lack of sleep my eyes watered extensively for five months. Later, I could not close my eyes all the way, and even today I cannot fully bend my right elbow. I was injured and my right arm got black and blue. They tied it to my back so I carried the stones with my left hand.

Tijana

Eva knew nothing about Tijana in her prison camp days, except that she was in Lendava at her sister Klara. One day she had to respond to the call of Hilda Sedej, a warden of the Women Camp, not even imagining that the topic of the talk could be her daughter.

- When three months of my "boycott" had already past, Hilda, a warden, invited me to her office. She said that my daughter wrote to Aleksandar Ranković, who was in charge of police and security services, asking where her mother was. Hilda told me that Ranković ordered me to write a letter to give a sign that I was alive. I did.

Ružica, the saviour

It turned out that Ruža Božičković played the same role for Eva Panić as Jagoda Rotanić did in her childhood, and a lot more. She was her friend and guardian - almost as important as life itself. After Sveti Grgur they would remain friends forever.

- Ružica heard that I had a daughter and that my husband committed suicide, so she wanted to help. Since the stones I carried were always falling out of my hand, simply because I was physically too weak, they constantly beat me with barbed wire. Ružica was a big, young, Dalmatian woman. She always stood behind me, and the thing is that you have to carry the burden together with the one behind you. When she first stepped behind my back, I thought she wanted to show me how much stronger she was. I felt bad, worried, and I couldn't ask her why she would stand behind me. However, Ružica loaded the stones in a way so that all the weight of the stones were left to her. I could not ask why she was doing it, but when we received a permission to speak, she said that she saw them beat me and thought: "I will save that woman." Every day she came up to me

and helped me. She remained my friend forever, just like Bosa. Ruža's son Mladen still writes to me, we are in contact. Bosa's son Vladimir, too.

Many women were losing their strength. It was nothing unusual because they worked hard, and ate very little. Food for the convicts was prepared mainly based on corn flour and tea. They had never got meat for a meal, and there was so little bread that it was not even perceived as food. They slept in barracks that were once grain silos. A small space with triple bunk beds.

- We could talk only in the barrack. Ružica told me that she had never heard of Cominform¹³, did not even know what it was. I asked one 19-year-old Russian woman why she was on the island, and she said she was swimming and there was a man from the Russian embassy somewhere nearby. Two men approached and arrested her. They took her into custody in a bathing suit.

Women served their time on Sveti Grgur, men on Goli Otok. The wardens were mainly women, the only men on Grgur - were guards in high positions. They guarded the approach to the island. No ships were allowed to pass.

Eva became friends with Adela Bohunická, a doctor, declared Russophile. She shared the despair with her peer, later also a friend, Dea Guberina, whose husband sent the divorce papers to her on the island and married another woman at home. She says that on Sveti Grgur, or during the investigation, she never experienced any gesture of anti-Semitism. She had a good relationship with a lot of women no matter where they came from. She was bed to bed with Duša Jovanović, so every night she stroked her hair before falling asleep.

On Sveti Grgur in a separate group there were young participants of the Journalist and Diplomatic College from Belgrade.

- Duša would later say that she could not wait for me to lie down and pat her a little. See how little we needed. Deja introduced me to her friend Vera, from the group of journalism students. Vera came to the island a year after me and occasionally we used to hang out together, to make the burden of our grief easier to carry. She is the late wife of Slavko Goldstein. You know, the hell on Sveti Grgur aroused more good among good people, and the bad ones became even worse. Our colleagues, fellow convicts also beat us, because in that way they proved how they hated the enemy and how reformed they were. Horror. Something like that is hard to imagine.

¹³ Information Bureau of Communist and Workers' Parties

Eva Panić had never seen a female corpse on Sveti Grgur. She says she had never testified to a death of a convict. If someone died, it was undoubtedly a secret that has never been found out.

- Police women counted us regularly, and the elders – reformed convicts - stayed with us, beat us, monitored, hated and called us hopeless bastards. You are reformed as much as you hate the bastards who have not been reformed. I was desperate, but I never thought that I would end up there. I knew it must come to an end. In my life I have never been a Stalinist, nor a Cominformist. I have never loved either.

I will spit at Gordana tonight

Even now in her old age Eva is unable to get rid of some pictures from Sveti Grgur. Some scenes and feelings unimaginable to anyone who has not experienced the extreme brutality of man over man still haunt her. She will remember Gordana Aćimović and Jovanka Rebrača as long as she lives.

- Sometimes during the night I cannot get rid of some pictures. It was an extremely hot summer. Jovanka Rebrača was punished by being exposed. They put her in a box in which she stood, tied, and we watched her when passing by. The sun was unbearable, and she had chronic diarrhea. She was constantly leaking, fainting, and they'd pour water on her. When I think of Jovanka, I get goosebumps.

She also remembers Gordana Aćimović, who was totally physically and mentally numb during the last months of our stay on Sveti Grgur. She would sit, constantly looking into the distance, completely isolated from the environment. Nothing mattered to her, she was dirty, drawling from her mouth.

At the same time, Margita Adler was concerned about Eva's passivity which was drawing her deeper and deeper into further prolongation of the boycott. One day walking to the site, she suggested that she should swallow that little bit of remaining humanity and pride for just one moment, and do something for herself. It would only take a second.

- Eva, you're going to stay here forever. You know that passivity is the first step to hostility and that your sentence will be constantly extended. I know that you cannot do any harm to anyone here, but you can see Gordana Aćimović sitting here, you see that she is not quite normal. When going back from work, pass by her and spit at her. She won't feel it.

Show how much you hate the enemy and have your sentence annulled.

- I'll see.

When being reformed, you must show that you've got things straight with the enemy.

What was more important for Eva Panić was – get things straight with herself.

- Every day I carried those stones and thought: "Tonight I will spit at Gordana Aćimović. Tonight I will spit at Gordana Aćimović" and then the evening came, and I could not do it. I met Gordana later in Belgrade. She told me: "I knew what you talked about, but I could not respond. Thank you so much." These two experiences with Jovanka and Gordana will stay with me forever. Women brutalized each other. They went through such terrible torment that they often turned into animals. From the beginning until the dissolution of the camp on Sveti Grgur there was a woman called Marković. A month after arriving home, I heard later, she went to her mother's grave and killed herself. She was one of the few older women there, she was 72 years old. Rada Popović, a sister of the national hero Žarko Zrenjanin was also there with us.

Record

The International Women's Day was also celebrated on Sveti Grgur. Eva remembers what it was like.

- Posters would be placed on the barracks, and we had to sing. I still remember it clearly today, the song that went: "And every day I'm gonna be better, a step closer to freedom I'm walking the way, the way led by Tito". Or for example: "And soon we will be in the association of women. We will build, build, build our country,"

They went to the site singing. In the afternoon they had to sing, and the *bastards* stood to the side. Bastards were those not accepted by the community, those who hadn't "revised their political attitude".

Each of them wrote her own record. It was expected that each of them wrote about her entire life on the white paper, mentioning as many names as possible, sins, who was who, who did favours for whom, who betrayed whom. For Eva Panić, many times punished by boycotting, it was an ideal opportunity to sit and rest a bit.

- You got a pen and paper and had to write from morning till night on a small stool and a box. You were required to write all your hostile work, all your thoughts, what you know and

do not know, what you were and weren't dreaming about. I had to write it all: from when I was breast fed as a baby to this day, and then they would check what I had written and whether I had withheld something or lied. They would then decide whether to cancel my boycott or whether to give me a more terrifying punishment because I lied to the management.

The beating and torture of convicts stopped when the warden Hilda Sedej was replaced by Tanja Vilotić. Although for Eva Hilda was the horror of all horrors, many other female convicts claimed that the former warden Marija Zelić had been even more brutal. She was one of those who, in front of her superiors, would boast about her bloodthirstiness.

Shortly after Tanja Vilotić was appointed as the new warden, Slobodan Penezić Krcun, the Minister of Interior came to take a tour of the Women's camp. When he entered the room where the convicts were writing their records, he recognized Eva Panić and was totally stunned.

- Panić, what are you doing here?

- Comrade Minister, surely you are more familiar with the reason, because I still do not know why I'm here.

- Sit down, and go on with writing.

Dissolution of the site. Freedom.

Krcun Penezić was embarrassed to see Eva visibly shaken by their meeting and talk. She remembers that her record was sent further and a month later she was summoned to the investigator Duško Lazarević. He was, she says, very pleasant to her.

- Panić, we have received the verification of your record from Belgrade and you are taking the first available transportation home.

- Comrade investigator, I have not been reformed, nor informed. I do not know why I came here, I do not know why I'm going home. I have no idea.

- Listen, I've said my piece. If you do not make any mistake - trust me, you'll go home with the first possible transportation.

Tanja Vilotić's husband was also an investigator whom Eva met two days before leaving Sveti Grgur. He instructed her on what to do when she got out.

- I do not remember what his name was, but he told me: "Panić, your case is very sad.

What can you do? Raise your daughter Tijana well, and if someone asks you anything, come to us. You do not have to cooperate with anybody and answer to anyone.” I did not get any paper from him.

The next day, 28 November 1953, the women were invited to the meeting and informed that they would be released. They called them one by one and handed to each of them a thousand dinars.

- At the meeting we were told not to talk about anything when we got out. We were told that this way we would show that we deserved UDBA’s trust and would be classified as normal citizens, accepted by society. The dissolution of the Women’s camp was actually Khrushchev¹⁴’s condition to come to terms with Tito. In addition to the money they gave us, each of us got a piece of paper, as well. It said that I was at community work and that was also my ticket to ride. How much is a thousand dinars, I thought? I had no idea. It had been two years since I had been free.

That very evening, the women, three thousand of them, were free. All night they sang relentlessly, and in the morning they boarded a ship in their new convict suits. After half a year of being in custody and having served twenty months of hard labour on Sveti Grgur, Eva Panić was free. When the former prisoners from a deserted Adriatic island sailed into Rijeka, they boarded the trains. To different directions. Eva Panić headed to Lendava. She wanted to see her daughter.

- In the last days of November 1953, I set off to Lendava to my sister’s. My arrival was a very big shock and surprise for them. Of course, no one expected me. Tijana was the first to see me and she said: “Alas, Eva is here”. I was in a convict suit, which was a terrible shock for her. She had to go to school, and I stayed there sitting with my sister. I planned to stay in Lendava.

Dallas, November 2014

Tijana Wages: *When my mother returned from prison, I asked her: “Did you two love something else more than me, to leave me just like that?”.*

¹⁴ Nikita Sergejevich Khrushchev was a Russian politician and president of the USSR from September 1958 to October 1964. In the history he was remembered as the General Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party from 1953 to 1964, but also as a person who declared Josif Visarionovič Stalin responsible for mass killings and deportations, the German invasion in World War II and the Soviet break with the former Yugoslavia.

“Welcome” of the nearest and dearest

Klara quickly rejected her sister, saying that she did not want her near her family. She did not want to consider the possibility of them living together, but advised Eva to try her luck in Zagreb. Undoubtedly they felt discomfort because of Eva's appearance in the uniform from Sveti Grgur and the fact that Klara's family was often visited by investigators to question little Tijana Panić about her family. They wanted to know who her parents socialized with, whether they listened to foreign radio stations in their home, who came to their house.

For Tijana those days were traumatic. But those in Belgrade, before she arrived in Lendava, had been even worse.

Eva Panić did not know anyone in Zagreb, so she decided to go to Belgrade alone. She left her daughter with her sister in Lendava. When she would be in a situation to provide a real home and security for her daughter, she would bring her to live with her. When she arrived in Belgrade, from the railway station she phoned the mother of her dead husband in Kruševica.

- *My dear, we cannot take you, you cannot come to us.*
- *I have a thousand dinars in my pocket. The only place I can go to is the Danube.*
- *Unfortunately, we cannot take you. The situation is very complicated.*

Immediately afterwards she called her friend and neighbour Mira Carin.

- *Mira, it's Eva.*
- *Where are you?*
- *Here I am, at the station.*
- *Why do you not come to me?*
- *I dare not.*
- *Just come. You're my friend. Come, I'm waiting for you.*

The accommodation at the Carin family was modest. She had no clothes, nor a real bed, because the apartment was not large enough to fit another bed. The next two years Eva would sleep on the floor, at the only friends who dared give her accommodation. In addition to the Carins, the Metal Servis company was kind to former convicts from Goli Otok. They employed ex-cons, and Eva's knowledge of the German and Hungarian languages proved to be a good recommendation for the job.



Eva Panić's employment book in 1953

- In the Ministry of Interior they asked me what I knew, so I said I spoke languages well. They sent me to a three-year evening school for ino correspondents. During the day I worked in Metal Servis, and then from 16:00 – 22:00 I went to school. So I finished the high professional training and replaced the work at the Metal Servis with a new job in TEKIG Invest. It was a company that was involved in the import and export of leather, rubber and textiles. It was a very good job, I had a better pay, I also got bonuses, and I needed the money to raise my daughter.

In addition to finding a job and attending the evening school, another of Eva's imperatives was the exhumation of the remains of her husband Radoslav Panić.

Čakovec, May 2014

Eva Panić Nahir: *Tijana has the same hands as my husband, the same skin, the same jaw, her father's handwriting and she is not very friendly. Rade was like that. In the five years he had spent in the barracks in Čakovec he had not made a single friend. He was very shy, and so is Tijana. She inherited everything from him. Interesting.*

Tijana's return to her mother

On one occasion, in Belgrade, Eva met Tanja Vilotić, the last warden of the Women's camp on Sveti Grgur. They talked from the perspective of their new lives.

- She told me that she was sent to dissolve the site and make everything possible so that women could normally leave the island. I remember her saying several times: "Do not eat this fat, moisturise your face. What are you going to look like when you go home?" She let us make paper hair curlers and fix ourselves up a little. She told us that we were preparing ourselves for freedom, we had to look like women, not as fools. UDBA sent her because they knew she was a gentle person. Otherwise, it wouldn't be possible.

After two years at large, Eva was given an apartment. She could thank the Jewish community which she turned to following the instructions of Sonja Baruch, a secretary of the League of Communists.

- Sonja told me to go to Moša Pijade and ask for help. I did so. I went to the Jewish Community, to Moša Pijade's office, where in the waiting room were all Jewish women whose husbands were involved in various quisling operations. I told Moša what Rade and I did during the Second World War, he wrote down everything and told me to come next Wednesday. He was informed by Krcun Penezić about me, and he confirmed that everything I said was true and asked him to help me.

Moša Pijade mentioned to Eva Panić that there was a possibility of getting an apartment in a building that was currently under reconstruction. It soon happened. She moved into an apartment in Kosmajaska Street, furnished it with bare necessities and replaced the two years of sleeping on the floor at Mirjana Carin's with her own bed. Finally she could bring her daughter from Lendava to Belgrade. She worked in TEKIG Invest, helped Tijana with her school obligations, spent time with only a narrow circle of friends and tirelessly investigated who had accused her husband of being a Stalinist?

So, with a mother struggling to provide for them the best she could, there was a dark shadow of the past haunting Tijana's childhood.

Dallas, November 2014

Tijana Wages: *When I returned to Belgrade to live with my mother, I went to Classical High School. There were some unpleasant experiences. I remember Sergei who once wrote on the board "Tijana Panić is a child of the public enemy".*

I loved him more than life

Today, Eva confirms this with her words:

- Rade Panić was my greatest happiness. I did not want to give him up. Yes, I loved him more than life. Now that I am close to 96, probably for the last time in Čakovec, I'm going to Mala Kruševica to his grave, to say goodbye. When fifteen years ago I visited Goli Otok with Tijana and my granddaughter Emily, they understood everything. It is immensely important to me.

The truth about who denounced Radoslav Panić and a hundred others, Eva found out shortly after returning from prison. It was Milenko Nikitović, a colonel of the Counterintelligence Service (KOS) who also worked for the Russians. Being a man of trust of KOS, he plotted against the lives of a hundred people. He reported everyone who refused to cooperate for the Russians, including Radoslav Panić.

- Nikitović was sentenced to eighteen years in prison. Then I asked the minister Vojkan Lukić to confirm in writing that my husband was innocent and give me permission for the exhumation of his remains. I got it all. I asked to dig up Rade's remains from the military cemetery where he was buried under a number, no name. The condition to allow me to move him to the tomb in Mala Kruševica was to be able to recognize him. Can you imagine that? After two and a half years - just bones. I recognized his teeth and his jaw. I recognized him immediately. It is the same jaw our daughter has. My in-laws brought a crate, fabric and a rug. We drove him to Kruševica.



Eva Panić Nahir with her daughter Tiana Wages in 2000 on the island Goli otok, when the documentary about Eva was filmed

Dallas, November 2014

Tijana Wages: *When in 2000 a documentary about my mother entitled “Eva” was being made, I asked her for the first time about the decision she made at the time of her detention. So, as an adult, I asked her why she didn’t sign the document against her husband. If she had done that she could have stayed with me. This can also be seen in the film, I was directly puzzled by the fact that I had never asked her that before.*

Čakovec, June 2012

Eva Panić Nahir: *I think communists are despised today. In fact, they have been despised for decades. They are marked. But, for me, the idea of communism itself is a good solution. After all, I live in the socialist kibbutz founded by the Yugoslav emigrants in 1935. I haven’t changed.*

Tijana is leaving her mother

That was the year when Tijana Panić made the decision to move to Israel. She felt all the consequences of her family tragedy and unwillingness to continue living in the same place where she had lost her father, while living with the mother who, even free, had to prove that she was worth that freedom.

- *My daughter said, "Mom, you were communists. Dad had to die, and you ended up on Sveti Grgur. I cannot stay in this country." I told my child that the only option was going to Israel, to the kibbutz founded by former Yugoslavia. There, I had many acquaintances who emigrated from the country, and she spent the summer after she had finished high school there. In 1964 she moved to Kibbutz Sha'ar HaAmakim. Two years later I emigrated there, too.*

Dallas, November 2014.

Tijana Wages: *I think that my departure from Yugoslavia wasn't dramatic. After graduation, at eighteen, I went to my mom's friends in Israel for summer holidays. There they were receiving volunteers and I responded with great interest. It was very nice and when I came back to Belgrade in September, I told my mother that I intended to move to Israel. It is true that I wanted to leave my difficult past behind... due to all the above reasons.*

Confirmation: Radoslav Panić died innocent

At the time of Eva's fight for the truth about her husband, another woman from Čakovec lived and worked in Belgrade, Veda Zagorac Pećar. Someone benevolent tipped off Eva that turning to Veda could be useful for her. It was worth a try.

- *She was writing the memoirs of Josip Broz Tito and was close to the high society circles and I asked her for help. She was clever. She decided to send a telegram to the Congress of War Veterans in my name. She wrote: "I, Eva Panić wonder why my husband had to kill himself, when we have never been Cominformists"? I have heard that they stopped reading my telegram halfway, and I was called by Vojkan Lukić, who was pretty angry, to come to the Central Committee.*



Eva Panić Nahir

Eva was glad that secretary Lukić called her. More than anything she wanted to face anyone who would begin to unravel that knotty tangle of life and death.

- *What is it Panić?*

- *Veda agreed to send a telegraph so that I would be able to tell you that my husband and I have never been Rusophiles. We were not Cominformists. My Rade killed himself in custody immediately upon his arrest. An innocent man. What did you want from us? We sent 1,500 people to the Partisans, saved their lives. I am going to stand in the middle of Terazije and shout this to the world!*

- *You are not going to shout anything anywhere because you are going to Israel.*

- *I cannot go. You've taken everything from me, I'm naked.*

- *We'll buy you all that we have taken and you'll go. In six weeks, you're out.*

At that moment it seemed less important whether Eva Panić convinced Vojkan Lukić. All the circumstances already indicated that the Panić couple, like many others, were collateral victims of complicated ideological, intelligence set-ups and intrigues. Without any criteria, without proper evidence of any involvement in the games of the big ones - they were cornered.

- *Vojkan Lukić wrote a certificate which stated that my husband Radoslav Panić died an innocent man. I went to see Moša Pijade who told me: "You've saved so many people, and you ended up in jail, your Rade killed himself. If they did not believe him, who do they believe?" I was the only person in Yugoslavia, to my knowledge, who was compensated as an innocent convict from Sveti Grgur. They bought me everything: TV, blankets, furniture. They sent me to Israel, and I was happy to go.*

Čakovec, June 2012

Eva Panić Nahir: *I participated in World War II because I did not want to sit and wait. I'm not angry because of Sveti Grgur, they say that a prison like Goli Otok has never existed anywhere else, but I am very glad that I did not get scared and fall into a useless heap of a person, I was a fighter.*

IV. Eva PANIĆ NAHIR

Israel

In the first half of 1966, Eva Panić quit her job at the Belgrade company TEKIG Invest and moved to Israel. She knew what was waiting for her there in Sha'ar HaAmakim – a kibbutz situated between Haifa and Nazareth, because her daughter had already been living there for the last two years.

- The first time I went to visit my daughter, to meet her future husband, it was clear to me that the life in the kibbutz was the life I liked. Simple, honest and sympathetic. I didn't like Tijana's future husband, who was Israeli. He was guided only by interest, I told Tijana not to marry. But you know how it is with young people ... She married and soon divorced. Her second husband was American, I liked him. She emigrated to the United States with him and the children. Today she lives in Dallas, Texas, and before that she lived in Spain.

Dallas, November 2014

Tijana Wages: *During my first visit to Israel, in the same kibbutz, I met Gideon Vaisman. After a three-month "romance" I returned to Belgrade and the romance continued with letters until June 1964. That year I moved to Israel forever. Since at that time, according to Yugoslav terms, it was inconceivable for people to live*

together unmarried, I told my mother that I was going to get married. She came to the kibbutz to meet my future husband, but they didn't find a common language. The next three years I studied in Jerusalem, and I spent weekends with my "legal boyfriend". Gideon studied at the Technion, Haifa. At 24, I was already divorced. My second husband Brian Wages was American. We met in Jerusalem when I was 28 years old. He graduated from the Air Force Academy, was a military pilot and Eva liked him very much because he reminded her of Rade. Brian was not a Jew. We met in April 1973, soon got married, and in September the same year we were in Washington, DC. The next four years Brian worked for the Pentagon, Middle East Desk. Our son Jason was born in 1974, and daughter Emily 16 months later. When my husband was assigned the rank of colonel (Colonel USA Air Force), he was transferred to Spain so we lived in Madrid from 1977 to 1981. During this period we also got divorced and I moved to Dallas, Texas.

That same year 1966, Eva said goodbye to all the nice people in Belgrade, Varaždin, Zagreb and generally all over the former Yugoslavia, to friends that she would permanently stay in touch with and whom she would outlive. She left behind the sacrifice she had given in World War II and the one left on Sveti Grgur, the island of stone and blood. Widow Eva Panić was leaving behind the exposed and confirmed truth about her husband, and in Kruševica she said good-bye to the love of her life at his grave. She made sure to bury him with dignity as soon as she had returned from prison. It was time for a new beginning.

- *The Jews who survived the war and the camps returned to Čakovec, but only shortly. No one stayed there, they all went to Israel. When I emigrated, I met all those people there again. We Jews from Čakovec have always stuck together. I remember the Schlesinger family who had a forwarding firm in Preloška Street in Čakovec. Their daughters with their husbands also immigrated to Israel. One of them married Zolti Hirzson, whose daughter I am still in contact with today. I invited her to come with me to Čakovec for the 70th anniversary of taking the Medimurje Jews to concentration camps¹⁵, but she did not have the courage to go.*

¹⁵The anniversary was marked under the name *70 years of memory - not to forget the crimes* in May 2014. It was organised by the Jewish Community Čakovec. The Mayor of Čakovec Stjepan Kovač at the ceremony held at the Cultural Centre awarded to Eva Nahir Panić the status of a honorary citizen of Čakovec, in accordance with the decision of the Town Council of the Town of Čakovec.

Proof that life may be unpredictable, and the fact that Jewish communities from these regions linked, would be confirmed by Eve's encounter with a woman whom she was close to in Belgrade. They met in Israel.

- Almost every day I was seeing Mrs. Berger. She and her daughter Edith survived Auschwitz. They lived close to us in Kosmajaska Street, in the Jewish home. My Tijana constantly hung out with Edith and the girl often stayed with us for lunch. Mother and daughter Berger moved to Israel before us and Edith married a doctor from Skopje. Mrs. Berger was a cousin of the late wife of Moshe Nahir, who later became my husband.

During Eva's last visit to her daughter Tijana before moving to Israel, Mrs. Berger turned to her and suggested she should meet Moshe Nahir, because she could help him in raising his son. Namely, Mr. Nahir was a widower and several people tried to organize his acquaintance with Eva. The day before her return to Belgrade, Moshe personally knocked on the door of Tijana's house. He came to invite Eva to visit him and officially meet. Generally she accepted the invitation, but a little upset, she immediately turned to Mrs. Berger.

- What should I do? I've never been alone with a man in the house.

- Just go. Moshe is pleasant and smooth. Everything will be fine.

Moshe and Amos

- I came to meet Moshe, he prepared fresh coffee. As soon as we started talking, he had to go. He said that he needed to be present at a meeting. He was a kibbutz accountant and could not avoid his obligations, and I had to go back to Belgrade the next day. I explained that there would be no more opportunities for us to meet again, to which he calmly replied that I should write my biography and deliver it to him - Eva retells her first encounter alone with the man who would later become her husband.

After returning to Belgrade, she sat at a typewriter and wrote her biography. Soon she received a letter from Moshe, written in German. "I have received your biography. I am in a very difficult situation because my son doesn't have a mother. Your daughter is not in a good situation, either. Come as soon as possible to help our children," these words were stated in the introduction of his letter.



First Eva's visit to Moshe Nahir in his apartment in Israeli kibbutz Sha'ar HaAmakim

Moshe Nahir graduated in agronomy in the Netherlands, and as one of the founders of the kibbutz Sha'ar HaAmakim became close with a group of Yugoslav and Romanian young Jews who had settled there. On several occasions he was elected director of the kibbutz, and in the late 1960s the Israeli government hired him as an agricultural adviser and inspector in the area from Haifa to Nazareth.

- It was April 1966, before the Jewish holiday of Pesach. I had moved to Israel forever. At first I lived in Haifa, in the Language School, which I attended for half a year. The first time Moshe told me he would come see me- we met in a café. Our conversation was quite relaxed. In those moments it was important to me to establish contact with his son Amos as soon as possible. I told him I wanted to talk to the boy.

On the first occasion she went to the kibbutz, to visit father and son Nahir. She wanted to meet the boy and approach him with an open heart.

- I told Amos: "Your father wants me to take care of you. I'll come only if you need me. I promise I'll do the best I can, but I'll need your help, too." He was then 13 and a half years old. Today, both of us gladly remember our first meeting. He told me then: "Come and I'll help you."

Moshe Nahir also had an older son, Asaf, who was already married at that time, and also lived in the kibbutz with his family. Eva told her future husband that she did not want to move into his family house, believing that Moshe and she should have a brand new start. She asked from the kibbutz management to give her an apartment.

- I wanted to turn a new and positive page in the book of life, to start a new life with Moshe and Amos in the environment that we could share together. I got an apartment and I've been in it for the past 48 years. I also established good relationship with Asaf, who unfortunately suffers from Parkinson's disease. It is a very good relationship. He still lives with his family in the kibbutz, and Amos moved to Ramat Ishai immediately after his father's death and works at the kibbutz Degania Bet known for its dairy industry, agriculture, silicone factory, tourism.

Tijana was very happy when her mother arrived in the kibbutz. She also reacted with joy to the news that she would live with Moshe.

- I am very pleased that I chose the kibbutz to continue my life. My daughter was also very pleased for me. She was glad that we would both live in Israel and that I'd have to take care of someone. After graduating chemistry, Tijana worked at the hospital in Hadassah, and when she married she moved with her husband to the United States, so soon we were separated again.

Čakovec, May 2014

Eva Panić Nahir: Tijana's husband had been sent to Israel to finish his studies. When he returned to America, married, he worked as an Air Force lieutenant colonel in Washington. Because he was transferred to Spain, they moved there, got diplomatic passports and soon got divorced. He said that he was ordered to get divorced because my Panić and I were communists. I do not know if it's true, but anyway it's doesn't matter. Tijana brought up her two children Emily and Jason herself; In Spain, she learned to make gold jewelry and it has been her job until today. She creates artistic filigrees 22-carat gold jewelry. She lives in Dallas, the capital of the state of Texas. It seems to be a very uncultured city, but people are rich and buy her jewelry a lot. She is successful, but I think she's lonely.

Dallas, November 2014

Tijana Wages: "Dallas is a very uncultured city?" I have to laugh. Then, the whole of America, except New York and a few other exceptions, is "uncultured". Everything is relative. It depends on our point of view, doesn't it? Loneliness? It is also relative. Interestingly, my mother sees me as a reserved and shy person. Maybe it's just that I do not like to be in the spotlight.

Humanity licking its wounds

Amos Nahir became withdrawn after his mother's death and treated his environment with antagonism. This was particularly evident in school where he often fought with his peers.

- Moshe and I really got on well. He was grateful that I had established a good relationship with Amos. I've always been very kind to him. For instance, before him I never expressed great closeness to Moshe because I did not want to arouse unwanted emotions in the child. I did not want him to be jealous. He soon gained more confidence, and stopped fighting at school. His teacher told me that I had performed a miracle, but it seems that it only took a little warmth and a good friend- he obviously had one in me.



Eva and Moshe Nahir

The life of Eva and Moshe, who was six years older, and their relationship as a whole were not only defined by a desire to give the best of themselves to Amos and help Tijana and Asaf in the best possible way, but also by the fact that the past still intensely lived in both of them.

Eva chooses the words when talking about life with Moshe with care. The attention with which her husband treated her felt good. Eva's admiration for the fact that her past in a new home and new environment was extremely appreciated cannot be hidden. Moshe soon expressed his desire to visit the native village and the grave of her late husband with Eva.

- Moshe was a great man. With his knowledge he helped the economic development of the nearby Bosnat Tivon. Although he had quite a high salary, he would give it all to the kibbutz where we still stayed to live by the rules that were valid for all. I never got over my husband Rade. I told Moshe that I would be a good and loyal friend, but I loved only one man. He deeply respected that. He would later go with me to Croatia and Serbia. When we first came together to the Panićs in Kruševica, my mother-in-law told him: "Let me hug you instead of my son, since you are so good to my grandchildren and this martyr".

Eva Panić Nahir

Moshe Nahir and Eva Panić were never formally married. The reasons for this are not a secret. On the contrary.

- Moshe and I never got married. When Moshe went to a rabbi in Tivon, he asked him where I got my surname Panić from? I told Moshe: "Moshe, I'm not going to a rabbi to ask me about my name. Nobody needs to ask me about my name. Go to Haifa and change it." My documents say Eva Panić Nahir.

This event did not disturb Eva's satisfaction with life in the kibbutz at all. As time went on, she was more and more satisfied with her decision.

- The way of life in a kibbutz suits my habit, my life determinants. I was pleased that I came to live with my second husband and helped him raise his son. His wife had been sick for years, they had also been through the heavy burden of personal tragedy. Losing a loved one is a great tragedy. Moshe and I got along very well, we had the same political thought. We were members of leftist party MAPAM, which advocated the idea of egalitarianism in the kibbutzim.

Moshe had heart disease. He died in 1997 at the age of 84.



One of the last photos where Eva and her second husband Moshe Nahir are together. Moshe died in 1997.

Čakovec, May 2014

Eva Panić Nahir: After leaving Čakovec and going back to Israel, I am going to Belgrade and Kruševica. I'll visit the family, the children of some of my friends, Tijana's friends from school, and then I'll go to visit my Panić. I'm going to his grave, to say goodbye to him for the last time. Soon, I will turn 96, I do not think I will ever come back to this area again.



By the tomb of the Panić family in Kruševica (Serbia) in May 2014. Eva considered this coming as her last, also as goodbye forever to Radoslav.

Kibbutz

Life in the kibbutz before four, five decades and today, is not the same. In the late 60s of the last century, when Eva moved to Sha'ar HaAmakim, the organisation there was somewhat different. But the most important thing has remained unchanged - the conditions of life for all residents are exactly the same.

- It was a real kibbutz at the time when I moved here. Today it is different though, but life is still very simple. Trade was made not by means of money. We had almost no salary, only a small allowance. We lived modestly and we were civil, as true social democrats. We are not devout, we do not fast for Yom Kippur, have no connections with the rabbis. Things are different today, we have to pay for many things. I receive my husband's pension, and he was vice president of the kibbutz at some point. The president is elected every three years, by a free vote, and he lives like any other member of the community. The kibbutz is also managed by a secretary, maskir. All six members have the same rights and the same material opportunities.

Residents of the kibbutz eat mainly in the soup kitchen, but in the local shop you can buy food for your private kitchen. However, food can be bought both for yourself and for the kibbutz kitchen. Eat little and do not burden the stomach is the most important Eva's motto when talking about food. As the years go by, she is an even more convinced advocate of this thesis.

- With age, the bones loose calcium so your legs can no longer carry a large belly and behind. You should endure for a few months and eat less. The stomach gets smaller over time, and you cannot eat large quantity of food any more. At first it may not be easy to endure, you are hungry, but believe me the system works. With food you should be moderate and think a step ahead. In the kibbutz we eat well. Although I rarely eat in the soup kitchen, I can confirm that the food is good. I prepare my meals myself because I'm very careful not to get fat. Every day I eat three vegetables and a fried chicken wing. I eat little and humbly because I want to stay slim. For thirty years I have had 42 kilograms. It ensures vitality, so I feel more secure in myself. For me it is a requirement to be independent, and independence is very important for me.

Eva Panić Nahir was a dietician at the kibbutz soup kitchen for twelve years. She designed menus for the chronically ill, always respecting the instructions of her mentor from Tel Aviv – you should eat in small quantities.

- I spent half a year in another kibbutz learning how to cook for diabetics, people with stomach problems, all sorts of diseases. My advisor was from a big hospital, and as in the beginning I spoke bad Hebrew, she explained everything to me in German.

At the mention of food, Eva inevitably recalls cottage cheese with sour cream which she always looks forward to when coming to Croatia.

- Cottage cheese with cream is a Croatian thing, it is not eaten anywhere else. I love it. Whenever I come to Čakovec, as a guest of the Pal family, who are very nice people, they always prepare it for me. There are also cakes, but I haven't been eating them for ten years. I do not touch anything sweet, although every week I make cakes for my family.

Each month Eva Panić Nahir receives a pension and gives the kibbutz 9,800 shekels¹⁶. The rest of 7900 shekels she has for herself, but every month she helps three Asaf's daughters with five hundred shekels each.



Asaf Nahir's (Moshe's son) daughters: Ajefer, Nadar, Nama, Idit and Segal

- Every month we get the calculation of our consumption. It is specified how much we've spent in the store, eaten at a restaurant, our overheads, everything but the apartment rent. Each month around 3,500 shekels are left, and I can help my family. I've always lived very modestly and sparingly, it is simply my principle. My sister-in-law says: "What shall we do with her when she is such a proletarian". Every Friday night I visit Amos to show him I am alive and kicking. I have a good family that I brought up and that is

¹⁶ One US dollar is worth 4.5 shekels.

very committed to me. Tijana's relationship with all of them is excellent. I can say that I have always had a positive attitude about everything and that it greatly affected my life and the lives of the people dear to me.

Eva is not considerate only towards her family. She treats other inhabitants of the kibbutz in the same way, especially the elderly - although the eldest ones are younger than her. Every day, at 4 p.m. she visits the people who live alone. She will help them with something if necessary, talk a little to them, sometimes have decaffeinated coffee, and after spending about ten minutes there, she is off.

- My peers and friends are mostly dead. There are ninety-six years behind me. I had friends from Croatia, but no one from Čakovec. In the kibbutz there were no people from my town. But you know, I'm good with young people, with everyone. I live a very nice and good life in the kibbutz. Every day at 4 o'clock I go to visit people who are lonely or sick, help them a little with the basics, bring their mail and newspapers, fresh laundry, maybe something from the store if needed. But most of all, they need to talk to someone. I talk to each of them a little. When I was getting ready for a trip to Čakovec, they asked me how they would live without me for eleven days? I am glad that I am independent and I can make somebody's day a little happier. I do not need any help, except that once a week an Arabian woman cleans my windows. I'd do it myself, but I do not dare to get up on a chair. I'm old.

Complete care of the elderly population is handled in two old people's homes. People who were not the residents of the kibbutz are placed there, thereby generating additional income for the community. Health care of the residents is taken care of by physicians and nurses in the clinic and the Emergency Department.

Because of her angina pectoris, Eva takes a lot of drugs. However, to the question if she is healthy, she will answer that she is and that she feels fine.

- I have a spray for angina pectoris in several places in the apartment, so I can immediately respond if I have an attack. Besides that, I'm OK.

There is a personal satisfaction that Eva has never wanted to give up - since arriving in Israel to this day. These are concerts of classical music. She has been subscribed to the concert hall in Haifa, where she has had the same seat for forty-five years. In the beginning, the question of going to the concert was the subject of discussion with her husband.

- When I started living with Moshe, I told him I would like to go to a concert, and he said: "When your turn comes." This means that the kibbutz regularly buys five tickets for one concert for its members and when all who want to go take their turns, I'll be able to go to a concert. It was not an option! I told him that I would buy the season ticket and go, and if he didn't want to go with me, he didn't have to. Moshe objected. He was afraid of my disobedience, because he personally was very disciplined and complied with all regulations of the life in the kibbutz. He would go to a concert once in a decade. For me, music is a vital basic need. I bought the season ticket, immediately.

Haifa is located eighteen kilometres away from the kibbutz, so Eva goes to concerts by bus. Her family has told her on more occasions that at her age it is far more convenient and safer to take a taxi.

- I say to my family that buses are for people, not for cattle, so there is no problem. But they only comment that I was, and still am a proletarian. You know, I'm very pleased that I haven't been spoiled.

Woman

When talking about her diet and physical vitality, Eva Panić Nahir does not leave any questions open. Especially when talking about herself as a woman.

- I've always been skinny, but being old I am even more careful about my weight. That's why I am very well dressed. Many women from the kibbutz donate me clothes which they cannot wear any longer because they've put on weight. Sometimes they just leave a bag with clothes at my front door.

Her fingernails are always painted red, she nurtures her hands with special care because in her opinion they are a reflection of basic tidiness, and she never leaves the house not dressed up. Eva Panić Nahir believes that everything on a woman should look neat, that a woman should always take care of her hygiene, and her clothing and footwear must be well preserved to be wearable as long as possible.

- I think that a woman should in particular nurture her hands and keep her nails neat. Mine are always red. Of course, I did not polish them at the time when I was really poor. After all, when I lived in the countryside, I worked a lot and polishing nails did not even

cross my mind then, neither in the time of war. Generally speaking, I do not like people to see me not dressed up. When I go out I put on lipstick, draw my eyebrows and go out tidy and elegant. I'm a woman. A woman always has to look good.

Talking about appearances takes Eva back to the days of her youth. She recalls how elegant she always looked.

- First of all, we were a rich family and in our store there were always beautiful fabrics and clothing. Everything from abroad. Mom bought silk in Paris. For one ball she brought me white taffeta material with roses. I had a new elegant dress for every ball. Čakovec was such a town, then. You couldn't go for a walk without a hat, gloves and stockings. Very classy. I loved dressing up very much. Later I became very poor. It didn't bother me at all, nothing ever bothered me because I had my Rade. We lived a good life, we loved each other knowing that the only important thing for us was to be together.

Satisfaction with small things

Eva has never shown particular interest in politics. She likes everyday topics, discussions in the circle of the family and friends, she is sincerely and warmly interested in the people around her. However, her character does not allow ambiguity when it comes to personal system of values and the country in which she lives.

- I am proud of the fact that I have never, ever done anything against my conscience. I've always been a free person. I also came to Israel to the leftist kibbutz following my conscience. I live modestly, but well. People need to know that a modest life can be a good life. Today I am very happy that I was a woman in black protesting and requesting that the occupied Palestinian territory should be returned to its legal owners. I do not need big Israel, the country getting rich at the expense of others. I get on very well with the Arab minority. They are not to blame for anything. Every time when I come back to Israel from my travels, an Arab and a Bedouin wait for me to take me to the kibbutz. The Croatian ambassador told me that he had never seen an old Jewish woman being hugged by a Bedouin. I am aware that the kibbutz is not exactly suitable for the current government, because Israel has become arrogant since it became great and powerful. I do not need a big Israel, it brings only bad news. People get mad about the territory, about the money. Being an invader is a very bad thing, psychologically and physically. It is about choosing bad presidents, and for me Benjamin Netanyahu is a horrible choice.

Čakovec, May 2014

Eva Panić Nahir: *I fought against fascism according to my conscience and never had a complex of expulsion of the Jews in the period of World War II. I had my ideology. I thought that all Jews should go to fight, and not allow to be thrown out of their homes and deported to concentration camps. Do you know who Slavko Goldstein¹⁷ is? You see, his father was arrested by Ustashe and sent to Auschwitz, when he was fourteen years old, and his younger brother Danko eight. Lea, their mother, took them and went to the partisans. At first, she hid her younger son, and later he became a courier. She was a nurse in the medical corps, and Slavko returned as an officer after the war ended. That's how it should work. We need to fight.*

Tijana, Emily and Jason

Eva's daughter and grandchildren live in America. Eva's daughter Tijana lives in Dallas (Texas), granddaughter Emily in San Francisco, and Jason in San Diego (California). - While Moshe was alive, together we went to America to help Tijana with the children. We took them to school, cooked, spent time together. Emily and Jason were really connected to us, and we were happy when every summer they visited us, came to spend holidays with us in Israel. Jason graduated from the Academy of Arts, and Emily finished law and Chinese language and today works for immigrants as a lawyer in San Francisco, representing them and preparing all the necessary documents to help them get citizenship and find their way in America. Once she wrote a letter to Moshe which read: "Thank you saba¹⁸ Moshe. You taught me to like other nations. A Palestinian girl is coming to the USA, and I'm doing citizenship work for her" Tijana comes to visit me twice a year. She takes after her father Rade more and more, and for twenty years now she has been telling me: "Mom, you're old".

¹⁷ Slavko Goldstein is a Croatian politician and writer born in 1928 in Sarajevo. His father Ivo Goldstein was a prominent book merchant in Karlovac. He was taken away and executed in 1942. At the Faculty of Philosophy in Zagreb, he studied literature and philosophy, but he never graduated. He worked as a journalist, he was editor of the *Vjesnik* and the publishing house *Stvarnost*. He is the founder of the publishing house *Liber* and *Novi liber*, as the publisher has worked on over four hundred titles. He was president of the Zagreb Jewish Community and co-founder of the political party HSL 1989. He has directed five documentary films, written screenplays for movies *Akcija stadion* and *Prometej s otoka Viševice*, edited 150 books. For the book *1941 – godina koja se vraća* in 2007 he received the award *Kiklop - the journalistic work of the year*. His brother Danko changed his name to Daniel Ivin. His son John has been a Croatian Ambassador to France since 2012. (source: Croatian Society of Writers, Večernji List / Biographies)

¹⁸ Saba in Hebrew means grandfather.



With her granddaughter Emily Eva feels special love and mutual understanding



Eva's grandson Jason Wages with his wife Olga

Dallas, November 2014

Tijana Wages: Jason lives in San Diego, California with his wife Olga. He graduated from the Art Institute - Computer Animation, and works with computers and acting.



Eva, Tiana and Emily in San Francisco in 2006



Eva's granddaughter Emily Wages with her husband Rick

Honorary citizen visiting Čakovec for the last time (?)

On the Day of the Town of Čakovec, on May 29, awards are conferred on the citizens and organizations whose social engagement has left a distinctive mark on the community. The Town Council of Čakovec brought the decision on giving awards of public recognition of the Town of Čakovec at their meeting on 15 May 2014, and for the first time declared an honorary citizen of Čakovec. Eva Panić Nahir is the first one to receive this honour, at the suggestion of the President of the Jewish Community Čakovec, Mr Andrej Pal.

On the occasion of marking the 70th anniversary of taking Jews from Čakovec, Međimurje to concentration camps in 1944, from 22 to 25 May 2014 a program entitled “70 years of memory – not to forget the crimes” was held. In such a way the Jewish Community Čakovec has reminded everyone of the Jewish community that lived in Međimurje, especially in Čakovec until the Second World War, of their displacement and suffering in death camps.

The central programme of the anniversary held on May 22 at the Cultural Centre



On May 22nd 2014, the mayor of Čakovec Stjepan Kovač awarded Eva Panić Nahir the title of honorary citizen of Čakovec, on the occasion of remembering the event when the Jews of Čakovec and Međimurje were deported to concentration camps. The program was named “70 years of memory – not to forget the crimes”.

was used for that symbolic, but important and solemn moment of awarding the title of honorary citizen to Eva Panić Nahir. Stjepan Kovač, the Mayor of Čakovec explained the decision of the Town Council and handed the title to the extraordinary woman with a fascinating life story. He pointed out that “Eva, with her life path, the survival of the Holocaust and the Second World War, persecution by the communist rule and hard labour on Sveti Grgur, truly deserved to receive the status of the honorary citizen.”

In front of a packed auditorium, an impressed and delighted Eva said:

- I am very happy that I've come to Čakovec. I am proud of the friends that I have here and I would like to thank the Town Council that adopted the decision to give this award to me. I'm honoured. I've never thought that I would ever receive the status of honorary citizen. I was born in Čakovec, my parents' house and my father's shop were where today is Zagrebačka banka. I'm glad to see that the streets in this town bear the names of my friends and acquaintances, brothers Weiss, brothers Graner, Neumann. Čakovec knew that they were communists, but still named the streets after them. I am especially pleased with the street named after Weiss brothers because Miki Weiss was my best friend.



In May 2014 in Čakovec - Eva with Marina Payerl-Pal, MD (left), president of the Jewish Community Čakovec Andrej Pal, MD (right) and Themal couple from Kiryat Tivon, a sister city of Čakovec

Touched and with full heart Eva Panić Nahir could continue her planned trip to Belgrade and Mala Kruševica in Serbia, where she was about to say goodbye to all - living and deceased. In Belgrade her daughter's classmates, family members and journalists who wanted to meet her were waiting for her. Kruševica, on the other hand, is a different story. Once it was her home, and there is still the grave of her greatest love Radoslav Panić.



Strolling through Čakovec in 2014

Čakovec, May 2014

Eva Panić Nahir: *When preparing for coming here everybody always asks me how I'm going to travel? I always say that this is my last trip, that I will not go anywhere anymore. I've been saying this for a long time. But I think this is really my last visit to Čakovec, although I am very happy that I'm here. Marina and Andrej Pal, who are my hosts have a very nice family, I always feel good with them. At the ceremony celebrating the 70th anniversary, the arrival of Juraj Bujanić and his wife from Montenegro made me very happy. Juraj lived in the house a little further from the former Café Royal¹⁹, his mother was a Jew, nee Zsor. His father was a doctor. I remember his parents well. Next to the Royal, today's Dom sindikata, was the house of the attorney Volak. Right next to it was a small park and from his house you could practically enter the park.*

Opposite was the Scheier Cafe, I know that today it is the Scheier building as well, with a coffee shop and a reading room on the ground floor. Upstairs, there was a cinema, where balls, dance schools, meetings were also held. The building next door, which today accommodates people of lower social status, was the house of Janči Moses, and today's clinic was the house of Elmer Vajda. He had sons Peter and Ivan, who was called Hanzi. He went to the same class with me. The last time we met in Switzerland fifteen years ago, and the meeting was arranged by Vlatko Velebit. In Geneva Hanzi met me at the railway station, and we stayed sitting for hours in a nearby cafe. Can you imagine, he greeted me with a stick in his hand, and commented: "Eva, you're running like a squirrel." In time of the war Vajda exported to Switzerland, and so he managed to save his family.

Today, when talking about all of this, people, events, Čakovec, from today's point of view, I'm glad that I managed to keep all the contacts. As for my house in the centre of the town, our family sold the upper floor long ago after repossession. However, as for the business premises where Zagrebačka Banka is located, I'm glad that there is a possibility that my daughter will be paid a rent for it. Once it was the workspace and home of my family. I'm grateful to the Town of Čakovec for the title of the honorary citizen. I'll return to Israel very proud.

¹⁹ This refers to the house which is now the Millennium Business Centre in Matice hrvatske Street.



Eva Panić Nahir was the initiator of the establishment of a friendly relation between the two cities - Kiryat Tivon, a town located near the kibbutz, and Čakovec. At the time of finishing this biography Eva Panić Nahir is 97 years old and lives in the kibbutz Sha'ar HaAmakim (Gate of Two Valleys) in Israel. In addition to live interviews, we often communicated via e-mail. Her answers always came within short periods of time and were very concise. They would always begin or end with: "I'm fine".

Authentic authorization of Eva Panić Nahir

Dear Aleksandra,

I've read the whole text, thank you for your hard work, everything is fine and I am very grateful because I feel friendship and positive attitude in it. I am very touched by your work. My life hasn't been easy, but I'm happy that I've never given in, preferred not to submit and did not lose the courage and give up my beloved Panić.

When we were shooting the movie on Goli Otok, there were my daughter Tijana and granddaughter Emily. Tijana forgave me for leaving her, and now we have the ideal relationship. It is very important, vitally important. Thank you for your efforts. I hug you.

I'm fine.

Eva

Abstract

Eva Panić Nahir was born in 1918 in Čakovec as the youngest of three daughters of Ema and Bela Kelemen. She was raised in a wealthy Jewish family with her sisters Klara and Žuža. She accepted the Zionist movement, but after the dissolution of the Čakovec organization she turned to the communist ideology together with her friends, and before coming of age she meets a military officer, her future husband Radoslav Panić.

After five years of courting they got married despite all the obstacles, and went to live in Belgrade. They lived their marital bliss for a very short period of time before the Second World War. Radoslav was mobilized, and Eva in the night of air attack on Belgrade got evicted from their apartment and went on foot to the Panić family in Kruševica.

Later, after the Chetniks put her on the list of undesirable persons, Eva and her husband went to Belgrade where they began their counter-intelligence activities, in that way saving 1,500 people by sending them to the Partisans.

Shortly after the war Tijana, their daughter was born.

In October 1951 UDBA took her husband into custody where Radoslav committed suicide. A few days later Eva was arrested, too. After six months of detention, she was deported to the island of Sveti Grgur, where in the Female camp she was forced into hard labour, subjected to torture and psychological abuse. Due to the pressure from abroad the camp was dissolved and Eva, together with other prisoners, left the island in November 1953. When free, she started searching for the truth about her late husband, in which she succeeded and became the only person compensated by the former state as innocent.

Her daughter Tijana emigrated to Israel in 1964, and two years later Eva did the same. She moved to Sha'ar HaAmakim – a kibbutz between Haifa and Nazareth, where she still lives. She married a prominent agronomist Moshe Nahir, worked as a dietician in the kibbutz nursing home, has been engaged in voluntary and humanitarian work, and for 45 years has been sitting at the same place in the audience of the concert hall in Haifa. Moshe passed away in 1997.

Today, Eva Panić Nahir is still, at 97, fascinatingly vital, simple, refined with the wisdom created during her long, turbulent life that is worth getting to know better. She still visits the elderly residents of the kibbutz, helps them with their daily needs, socializes with children of her late husband, grandchildren, friends. Her daughter Tijana Wages lives in Dallas (Texas), granddaughter Emily in San Francisco, and grandson Jason in San Diego (California).

Marking the Day of the Town of Čakovec on May 29, 2014, Eva Panić Nahir was awarded the title of the honorary citizen of Čakovec. Stjepan Kovač, the Mayor, handed her the title on May 22, 2014 during the celebration *70 years of memory - not to forget the crimes*, organized by the Jewish Community Čakovec.

Aleksandra Ličanin

Afterword

In January 2014 the branch of Matica Hrvatska Čakovec together with the Jewish Community Čakovec printed the book by Branimir Bunjac entitled *From the Ashes of the Čakovec Synagogue - Biography of Eva Schwarz*. In the last sentence of the Afterword I wrote: *I hope that someone patient and serious like the author of this book will record the memories of the living encyclopaedia Eva Nahir*. Exactly one year later, here it is, the biography organically intertwined with the previously mentioned one. *Spiritus movens* of this book is also the Jewish Community Čakovec, which was very prosperous in the period between the two World Wars. Its tragic destiny affected the protagonists of this story, not only during the Holocaust, but also after the Second World War. Another regime, this time communist, showed all its brutality towards the weakest. After her husband was killed, totally innocent Eva Panić was sent to prison, which was not much different from a concentration camp. She was exposed to unimaginable physical and mental suffering, her family broken, robbed and humiliated. After everything she had gone through, she and her daughter went to live in a kibbutz in Israel. Her visits to Čakovec in the nineties of her life are an attempt to reconstruct everything she has lost, to rescue from permanent oblivion what was on two occasions violently interrupted, and that is the continuity of life, the right to a family and to the results of her dedicated work. This book is another stone in the broken mosaic of the lives of the Čakovec Jewish community, which is to preserve even a trace of memories about everything that was and will remain among us as a finger raised in warning at how easily one can sink in crime if the imperative of personal responsibility for all we do is forgotten only for a moment.

The author of this book, Aleksandra Ličanin, is the journalist whose articles never leave the readers indifferent. As her interviews with Eva Panić Nahir had already been published, Andrej Pal and I (as the representatives of the publisher) quickly agreed to propose to her to do this demanding job. She accepted and after a year the book is here. It is written in publicistic style, unlike the first one, with some fictional flashes. Interchange of three different perspectives (Eva's, Tijana's and the author's) is the best segment of the entire text, which makes it more convincing, gives the testimony authenticity and greater volume. It's a pity that Tijana is not even more radically present with her vision of events, which would make it a real epic, although this way it is already multi-layered.

I hope that this book will strengthen the cooperation between the branch of Matica hrvatska in Čakovec and the Jewish Community Čakovec even more, and in the future we are hoping to try to clarify our recent past, documenting and with testimonies illuminating what should not be forgotten. Perhaps the time is ripe for a man to tell his story about those violent times.

Ivan Pranjić

They should have fought

the narrative identity of Eva Panić Nahir between belief and sacrifice

Firstly, a story is never a mirror image of the reality. This, at least, is what contemporary linguistic and sociological theories say, and these are the theories that deal with the phenomenon of narrating as the basic procedure by means of which, every human being tries to bring logic into the experienced chaos. Being able to understand narration is being able to understand a person and his motives. Nevertheless, people say that narration is not a copy of the real life. Thus, this is how events that really did occur are distinguished from the how a person experienced the events, and then again, these two distinguish how a person remembers the events, and finally, all of these together, up to how a person talks about the events. Each and every one of us is, undoubtedly, more or less convinced that what we are saying is absolutely true, but science has proven that the reliability and verity of memories are subjective. Our mind deceives us, and sometimes we too take part in this deception. When talking about our personal experiences, we stress some parts of the story, forget or pass over some other part, rationalize or shape memories in order to match them with our own moral values. We do all this in order to present ourselves as just people, possibly as victims and possibly as heroes.

Secondly, it has been said, a story is never free. Building a narrative often depends on the possibilities of a particular language, and on the repertoire of the narrative structure of the community, as well as on what is acceptable and what is ineffable. It also depends on the listener and his assumed expectations. As Žižek says, we all feel free because we do not possess a language by means of which we could express our lack of freedom. Due to the fact that, mostly, we are neither philosophers nor are we poets who, by means of language, open new areas of freedom, we tell stories that are possibly unexpected, and are somewhat surprising and possibly unpredictable, but they are always-predictable. Rarely are we people willing to jump out of these boots.

Thirdly, it has been said that a person grows and shows oneself when telling a story. Yet, only in dialogue, when talking and opposing the Other One does narration have sense.

Let's call all we have read in the book a story, let's forget for a while the fact that it is not fiction, that Eva Panić Nahir talks about unbelievable events in which she is the leading participant. What have we read, what has the story done to us, what has moved us, shaken us, astounded us?

Is it the fact that Eva, who with amazing skill lifted a couple of layers off Čakovec as we know it today, has revealed some of its historical layers to us, and now it is here as some kind of a Pannonian mini-Atlantis. She has pointed out to us that a building that is a bank today used to be a posh apartment in which a hundred years ago a wealthy tradesman lived with his family. We can picture them dining and making comments in German and Hungarian, chatting about yesterday's ball, talking about how they will spend their holidays in the country, in Štrigova. Eva talks about a Čakovec where you do not go for a walk on the promenade without a hat and gloves, where, in today's Town Cafe - then known as "Kavana Royal" the town's elite gathered.

Does the history in Eva's story scare us? Can we feel free after Eva tells us about a time, not so long ago, when marriages were arranged, when a marriage based on love was an act of pure rebellion, when there was a law which forbade officers to marry Jewish girls, a time when Jewish girls were not allowed to get married to a Serb? Can we really believe that, only five decades ago, there were prisons in which prisoners were subjected to the worst kinds of humiliation and torture, and those prisoners did not know what crime they had committed against Yugoslavia - the Yugoslavia they also had built? Does it shock us to imagine that there will be a time when we, as well, will be sentenced for something that seems perfectly normal today.

All that has been stated, this story that has moved us, definitely makes this moving autobiographical testimony unforgettable.

What is really moving is the manner in which Eva describes the real world, how she places herself in this world and how she shows us the role of her people and herself, and finally how she gives answers to her listener, the journalist Aleksandra Ličanin, to questions "who am I", "how did I survive", "why did I do what I did", "how did I become what I am today". She does it without self-pity and without exaggeration. It is only between the lines that her personality emerges. Listening to her we can see that she is a person who made sacrifices for love and for a better world - and she survived. There is no pathos in her story because if it weren't for the story she lived, there would be no story to tell.

Even though science views man as a narrative animal, there is nothing more moving than the fact that Eva's story is true, that it is free, that we want to believe it because we need it, because it gives us hope. And, thirdly, this story shows that before there is a story, there is a person. Even though a person wants to hide in the background, the person is the prerequisite for the story. Otherwise, the story is hollow.

If we allow ourselves the idea that Eva Panić Nahir somehow designed herself in her story, a question arises and we need to answer it with the following: what are the basic features of Eva Panić Nahir's narrative identity?

A superficial analysis leads to the following:

- she refuses to be shown as a victim;
- Jewish identity means less to her than political orientation and ideals;
- she is critical towards the passivity of her compatriots during the holocaust;
- she is willing to do whatever it takes for her personal opinions, her role is to be active;
- even though she becomes a victim of the totalitarian system she was part of, she does not relativize-looking back she has no regrets and she still considers herself to be a communist.

Eva Panić Nahir is aware of her Jewish background. She was raised in a traditional family, but when she was a young girl she abandons the Zionist ideal and turns to Communism. Her story reveals that many other young people who found themselves in Eva's situation bravely accepted the same ideology. Eva did not dare to tell her father because she was afraid of him, but she admitted everything to her mother. Her narration shows that she does not elaborate, she only makes conclusions. Her role is not conformity - it is to fight.

The fact remains that she does not avoid conflict when matters she cares for are in question, such as love and beliefs. The officer Radoslav Panić was not of Jewish origin, but this had no effect on her decision to marry him. We have chosen the word "decision" deliberately, because her feelings had much to do with her decision, even though it is important to make a distinction between the words decision and feelings.

It is important to stress her radically critical attitude towards her Zionist oriented compatriots who had silently become victims. She does not mourn them, nor does she feel sorry for them, she does not try to justify them, she only believes that they had a choice. The following statement proves this:

I have never been to see Auschwitz. I am not interested in it at all. Do you know why? Because I did not think that people needed to go to the camps humiliated and silent, I was convinced they had to fight. I despised that Jewish weakness. They were supposed to fight. People are not cattle to be treated as one! You have to resist and fight.

This statement shows, and other parts in the text confirm, this important determinant of her narrative identity. Eva never presents herself as a victim - not in any part of her story.

She is willing to do everything for her beliefs. After the Chetniks had sentenced her to death, she and her wounded husband travelled through Serbia, buying survival with the family's possessions. Finally, in Belgrade, she and her husband become informers. Risking to get killed, they inform the Partisans about the Chetniks' intentions. When she tells this part of the story, she does not waste time on an attempt to justify her acts. They did what had to be done in order to survive. The reasons were mostly personal, but she also places her activities into the context of the struggle against Fascism. Either way, there was no place for hesitance.

I decided to go to our apartment and if someone was there - I would kill them.

After the war, Eva and Rade have a good life. Eva believes that they had deserved it. But shortly after that, the regime revealed its other face. Rade, being investigated by the UDBA, committed suicide. He had hung himself. While telling this, Eva does not appear to be surprised, which suggests that suicides were frequent at that time. In this part of the story, Eva tries to find reasons as to why he did do what he had done. In order to survive her loss, she has to find an explanation. She finds it in her husband's feeling for justice in a disturbed environment. He could not bear to be humiliated so much, by the Government he had fought for.

Eva does not give up on her husband, even though the notorious UDBA asks her to and is threatened by prison. Eva's minor daughter is with her family, but this is not a sufficient reason for Eva to give up on her beliefs. Thus, she experiences the same fate as her husband, but her attempt to commit suicide failed. In 1952, she was sent to the island Sveti Grgur to serve her sentence (without a verdict!). Her descriptions of the humiliation the prisoners were subjected to, and meaninglessness of it all transforms the story into a testimony about a system that arose after the victory over Fascism, and which turned into something similar. Many prisoners - ex partisans, Eva included, had no idea why they were serving a sentence, and what kind of information they were supposed to give to their investigators. They were physically and psychologically abused and they developed their own system of punishing one another - they fought against one another in order to prove that they had "changed" and that they "hated the enemy" which did not even exist.

Another important moment of Eva's narrative identity is revealed here. Eva tells us that then, completely empty and without any strength, she started considering the thought to relieve her suffering on the island by "punishing" a helpless, weak prisoner named Gordana, and thus prove that her hatred is strong enough. Although in given circumstances such behaviour could be justified, it is not an option for Eva. Despite saying:

Tonight I will spit at Gordana.

...eventually, with no additional elaboration, she does not do what many of the other prisoners had done:

...and then the evening came, and I could not do it.

Even though the socialist system she had been part of forced her husband to commit suicide, and even though she had suffered because of it, she did not give up her beliefs. She does not think about who deserves what, and about the functioning of a system that was supposed to have been based on righteousness and equality, she only declares that she does not have to prove anything to anyone anymore.

Even in her 96th year of life, while telling her story, she thinks of herself as a socialist who lives in a kibbutz, where she had emigrated to in the sixties. The third part of her story is also about life based on social democratic principles. Reports focused on this part of the biography are full of tranquillity and a simpler life focused on the family. Nevertheless, beliefs and refusal to conformism are still present. Eva, for example, advocates the return of the Palestinian territory to its owners and she has friends among the Arabs and Palestinians.

We can conclude that although the structure of Eva Panić Nahir's narrative identity shows shortage of emotion, it does not lack emotion. Eva has experienced everything, she has made peace with it all, despite the fact that she lives it all again in her dreams, despite the fact that her only true love was and still is her first husband. She does not scream or moan, she only talks about her role in this world. No person can deny such a story.

Eva does not want to convince us that we can stop the world when it starts turning in the wrong direction. She clearly states that there is no such thing as a perfect act for an individual, but there are always two choices. One of them is resignation, flight and passivity. If we were all to make this choice, the human race would lose one battle more. Eva made the other choice. That is what makes her biography a biography of an outstanding person.

Finally, it is important to say that a narrative identity is not achieved through a monologue, it is achieved through a dialogue with the Other One. In this case, the Other One is Aleksandra Ličanin. As a journalist, she can choose. Contemporary fiction is not afraid of the personal touch when describing a phenomenon. It is also legitimate. The imperative to be objective is unreachable. And yet, the author of this book lets Eva be the leading and (apart from her daughter) only participant in this story - the one that gives meaning to the story. Aleksandra does not interrupt with her personal opinions. And yet, the author is not completely hidden. She is the readers' colleague who knows more, draws attention to the important moments in the story, and when necessary directs and clarifies. The result is an interview that will live, a powerful text that makes you think about the present and the future, and a text that warns us that we do not have enough knowledge to solve current problems by constantly referring to the worst moments in our history.

This type of fiction seems to provide comfort. Not only to an outstanding person such as Eva Panić Nahir, but to all of us, to every little and unimportant individual who cannot be the wind of historical changes, an individual who lives, watches and dies and is part of the history. It provides comfort because it gives hope that we will not be forgotten if we are just and brave when necessary. There might be someone who will want to write about us. If, in the right moment, we raise our voices and act as human beings should, we might last forever.

Kristian Novak

Aleksandra Ličanin
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