

*Ponekada nam se dešavaju stvari koje nismo mogli predvidjeti, ponekad, prosto neobjašnjivo, nabasamo na informacije o nama poznatim osobama, o događajima i epizodama iz njihovih života koje nam nisu bile dostupne desetinama godina. I na žalost, ponekad su te epizode dramatične, pa i tragične. Desilo se nešto tako našem članu Dejanu Stojniću koji je neočekivano naišao na ispovijest svog djeda Monija Altarca, koju je ovaj davne 1955 i 1956 g. ispovijedao u pisaču mašinu Dejanovog oca Slobodana Bode Stojnića. Redakcija SaLona je uz Dejanov pristanak odlučila da objavi ova sjećanja u četiri nastavka, kako su i zabilježena. Žestok razlog za ovu odluku redakcija je imala u činjenici da se radi o ličnom svjedočenju preživjelog jedne od najsurovijih zločinačkih epizoda II Svjetskog Rata, epizoda kada se čovjek najviše udaljio od humanizma, možda i više od onoga kuda je zagazio njemački nacional-socijalizam. Ovo zbog toga što ovdje zločin, masovni zločin, nije bio industrijaliziran, već je bio ličan i pojedinačan, unatoč svojoj masovnosti. Ta epizoda se zove **Jasenovac**. Za one koji ne znaju ili koji su premladi, pa im niko nije ispričao, Jasenovac je gubilište nezamislive surovosti, koje su hrvatski ekstremni nacionalisti – rukama svojih dželata – Ustaša, ustanovili i u kome su počeli svoju zločinačku rabotu još 1941 g, dakle prije mašinerija nacističkih logora istrebljenja, sa ciljem konačnog razračuna sa Srbima, Jevrejima, Ciganima, ali i rodoljubivim Hrvatima. Ukupni broj žrtava se izražava 6-to cifrenim brojkama. Ove priloge treba shvatiti kao protest protiv svih onih pokušaja koji su dolazili i koji će vjerovatno dolaziti sa samog vrha nove države Hrvatske, da se veličina tragedije umanj, pa čak i da se izjednače zločinac i žrtva.*

zamračila. A rijetko bi ovde osuđeni na smrt nešto progovorili prije nego bi bili dignuti na vješala. Mnogi od njih već su bili živi mrtvaci, fizički i duševno u takvom stanju da su se jedva sami mogli držati na nogama,

iz jednog sela ispod Kozare. Nedavno je došao u logor i još je bio u punoj snazi, krupan, prav, očiju u kojima logor i njegove strahote još nisu uspjeli da zatamne svjetlosti planine koja je tako blizu, takoreći na



SALOMON MONI ALTARAC

SALOMON MONI ALTARAC: SJEĆANJA IZ JASENOVCA

- VJEŠANJE -

Padala je kiša, s kraja na kraj logora nebo je bilo zastrveno oblacima. Bilo je kasno popodne i sunce je već moralo da se kloni zapadu, ali opet, nije bilo sve tako tamno, bilo je neke čudne svjetlosti u tom sumraku, neke bjeline, a da nisi mogao osjetiti odakle ona izbijaju. A možda su to samo oči varale, jer su se pred nama crnila vješala, čitav red vješala, i ona su se jasno ocrtavala na tamnom nebu. Bilo je očito da vješala nisu pravljena kako se ona obično prave, jedna za jednog čovjeka. To bi ovde, u ovom paklu, bilo nekako nepraktično, i, ako se tako može reći, raskošno. Ova ovdje, bila su napravljena tako da na jednoj štangi može da visi više ljudi, i da to ona mogu da podnesu, prema čemu se štanga morala oslanjati na dva stuba. I tako su vješala bila napravljena, jedna štanga na dva stuba, i tako redom, pred barakama, gdje su nas postrojavali da prisustvujemo teškoj tragediji onih između

nas koji su imali tu nesreću da na ovakav nečovječan način završe svoj život.

Bilo je preko četiri hiljade nas, zatočenika, koji smo danas morali da prisustvujemo vješanju. I dvadeset i devet onih kojima je ovo bio posljednji dan, posljednje popodne, posljednji sumrak u životu.

Od njih, dvojica su danas progovorila, rekli su nešto prije nego im se svijest potpuno

potpuno pomireni sa onim što je trebalo da nastupi, imajući još samo jednu jedinu želju, da se to što je trebalo da nastupi, što prije završi.

Prije nedelju dana bilo je obješeno sedam zatočenika. Ovdje, na istom mjestu, sve je bilo isto, samo je dan bio drugačiji, bilo je vedro, potpuno vedro, potpuno svijetlo, jer je sunce bilo visoko na nebu.

Samo jedan od njih nije ćutke otišao na vješala. Bio je to čovjek srednjih godina, seljak

dohvat ruke, i opet tako daleko, tako daleko da više nikada neće moći propješačiti do nje.

Taj čovjek, Banović se zvao, kada je stigao pod vješala, okrenuo se za jedan trenutak prema nama, prema stroju. Rekao je, ne tako glasno, ali, kako je vladala tišina, dobro se čuo njegov glas, pa i to da je podrhtavao:

- Zdravo drugovi

Rekao je to i nije dobio odgovora, vladala je i dalje mučna tišina, samo što većina nas nije više gledala u čovjeka koji nas je pozdravljao, koji se opraštao.

Ljudi su gledali u zemlju.

Onda je zatočeniku pod vješalima prišao komandant logora Maks Luburić:

- Ti, šta si to rekao?

- Pozdravio sam se.

- S kim si se to pozdravio?

- S drugovima.

- Kojim drugovima?

Mirno je tekao ovaj razgovor





**Metalna maketa
jasenovačkog
logora sa "Ružom"
u pozadini**

**Metal mockup of
Jasenovac camp
with "Rose" in
the background**

između ustaškog komandanta i čovjeka osuđenog na smrt, nevjerovatno mirno, kao da dva poznanika vode neke svoje obične razgovore, kao da na vješalima već nisu visila dvojica zatočenika, kao da tu nismo stajali mi, nas četiri hiljade oduđenika na smrt, kao da se jasno nije čuo žubor Save, nabujale od posljednjih kiša, Save koja je svakodnevno primala u svoje mutne dubine sve nove i nove žrtve.

- Kojim drugovima ?

Čovjek pod vješalima nije odmah odgovorio na ovo pitanje ustaškog komandanta. Gledao je jedno vrijeme mirno u njega, a onda je svoj pogled prenio na stroj:

- Sa svima ovde, drugovima po nesreći

Čovjek pod vješalima je ovdje zastao. I više nije gledao u nas, gledao je preko nas, u daljinu, gdje se pod jarkim suncem bijelila i odsijavala Prosara.

.... I onima tamo drugovima po borbi

- A, tako

Komandant logora skinuo je šmajser i njime svom sangom udario zatočenika po glavi. Ovaj se zanjihao na jednu, pa na drugu stranu, a zatim, kada je primio još jedan udarac, obliiven krvlju pao je pod vješala. Tada su priskočila još dva - tri ustaška oficira i počeli su bjesomučno da tuku nesrećnika.

Sve dok nije izdahnuo.

Tada su ga digli gore - mrtvog.

Kažem, tada ih je obješeno sedam. Progovorio je samo on. Sada su to učinila dvojica: doktor Bošković i Branko Vujinović, zvani Vujan.

Kada je Doktor došao na red, već ih je sedam bilo obješeno. Sada je padala kiša praćena vjetrom i lješevi su se sablasno njihali u kvadratima vješala na sivoj pozadini sumraka. On je pošao prema vješalima, a onda se naglo, na par metara od njih, zaustavio, i zagledao se u njih širom otvorenih očiju u kojima se ogledalo nešto nalik na stravičan osmjeh.

Prišao mu je Luburić:

- Šta je doktore, šta to posmatraš?

I doktor je odgovorio, ne skidajući pogled sa vješala:

- Posmatram, gospodine komandante, hiljadugodišnju kulturu Nezavisne države Hrvatske!

- A šta bi ti htio - pita ga Luburić

- Htio bi da me ubijete kao čovjeka.

- LEZI!

Tako je ubijen doktor Bošković. Legao je na crnu raskvašenu zemlju i mirno u grudi primio čitav rafal. Nisu ga više ni dizali na vješala.

Tekst obradio Dejan Stojnić

*Sometimes things we could not predict happen to us; inexplicably sometimes we come upon information about persons known to us and about events and episodes from their lives not accessible to us for decades. Regretfully also, these episodes are sometimes dramatic and even tragic. One such thing happened to our member, Dejan Stojnić, who unexpectedly discovered the recollections of Moni Altarac, his grandfather as told into the typewriter of Slobodan Bodo Stojnić, Dejan's father back in 1955 and 1956. The editorial board of SaLon has decided, with Dejan's consent, to publish these memories in four instalments, reflecting the way they were recorded. A compelling reason for our decision was the fact that it is a personal testimony by a survivor from one of the most brutal criminal episodes of World War Two, where the distance of man from humanity was the greatest, probably even greater than the distance to which the German National-Socialism stepped in. It is because the crime, the mass crime, was not industrialized here but personal and individual in spite of its immensity. The name of that episode is Jasenovac. For those who do not know what it means or for those who are too young and nobody has told them yet: **Jasenovac** is a place of execution of unimaginable cruelty established by Croat extreme nationalists – by the hands of their executioners – the Ustashas, where they started their criminal actions already in 1941, namely before the Nazi extermination camps machine started; The purpose of Jasenovac was the final face-off with Serbs, Jews, Gypsies and patriotic Croats. The total number of victims is stated in six figures. The episodes published in SaLon should be understood as a protest against all the attempts that have been coming from the very top of the new state of Croatia to diminish the size of the tragedy and even to equate the criminal with the victim.*

SALOMON MONI ALTARAC: RECOLLECTIONS FROM JASENOVAC - HANGINGS -

It was raining; the clouds covered the sky from one side of the camp to the other. It was late afternoon and the sun was bound westwards, but yet it was not so dark; a strange light was present in that twilight - whiteness the origin of which one could not sense. The eyes

could have been deceiving only, because the gallows showed black in front of us, a whole line of gallows were clearly outlined against the dark sky. The gallows obviously were not built in the usual way, one for one man. Here in this hell it would be somehow impractical and if



TESTIMONIES

one could say so – extravagant. The gallows here were made so that several people could hang on one pole not breaking the gallows; therefore the pole was supported on both sides. So the gallows were made from poles, each supported by two columns, one gallows after the other, in front of the barracks where we were lined up to witness the awful tragedy of those

A week ago seven prisoners were hanged. Here, at this same place, everything was the same, only it was a different day – it was clear, completely clear, completely light, because the sun was high on the sky.

One of them did not go to the gallows in silence. He was a middle-aged man, a peasant from a village under the moun-

goodbye to us.

People were looking at the ground.

Then the prisoner under the gallows was approached by the camp commander Maks Luburić:

What have you said?

- I said hello.

- To whom did you say hello?

- To the comrades.

- Which comrades?

This conversation between the Ustasha commander and the man sentenced to death was very calm, unbelievably calm, as if two acquaintances were in one of their usual conversations, as if two other prisoners were not already hanging from the gallows, as if the four thousand of us who were also sentenced to death were not standing there, as if it was not possible to hear clearly rippling sound of the Sava river risen by recent rains, that river that was receiving new victims every day into its murky depths.

- Which comrades?

The man under the gallows had not replied immediately to this question of the Ustasha commander. For a while he looked quietly at him and then turned his eyes to the formation:

- To those here ... my comrades by misfortune ...

The man under the gallows paused here. He was not looking at us any more, he looked over us to the distance, where under the dazzling sun Prosara was shining bright.

the other side and upon being hit again, covered with blood he fell under the gallows. Then two or three Ustasha officers joined in beating violently the unfortunate man.

They stopped when he died.

Then they lifted his corps.

As I said, seven people were hanged that day. He was the only one who spoke. Now two of them did it: Doctor Bošković and Branko Vujinović, nicknamed Vujan.

When it was Doctor's turn, seven were already hanging. It was raining now and the wind was eerily swinging the corpses in the gallows squares against the grey background. He started going to the gallows, and then suddenly only a few meters away he stopped, and looked in their direction with widely open eyes reflecting something similar to a dreadful smile.

Luburić approached him:

- What is the matter, doctor?

And the Doctor replied, not taking his gaze off the gallows:

- I am watching Mister Commander the one thousand years of culture in the Independent State of Croatia!

- And what do you want – asked Luburić.

- I would like to be killed like a man.

- LIE DOWN!

That is how Doctor Bošković was killed. He lied onto the dark



among us who were so unlucky to have their lives ended in such an inhuman way. More than four thousand of us prisoners were forced to be present at the hangings. For twenty one - it was the last day, the last afternoon, the last twilight of their lives.

Among them two have spoken out today, they said something before their consciousness faded away completely. Those sentenced to death here rarely uttered a word before being lifted to the gallows. Many of them already were living corpses, their both physical and mental state were such that it was hard for them to stand and they were reconciled with what was coming, wishing only a quick end to all of it.

tain of Kozara. He arrived in the camp recently and still was a very strong, big upright man with eyes in which the camp and its horrors had not managed yet to extinguish the light of the mountain which was so close, almost within arms reach, and yet so far that he will never again walk to it.

That man, Banović was his name, upon reaching the gallows turned for a moment in our direction, facing the formation. He said, not very loudly, but as the silence was complete, his voice could be heard well together with the tremor in it:

- Hello ... comrades ...

He said that, but had no answer, an uneasy silence prevailed, but most of us did not look any more at the man who was saying



- And those there ... comrades by fight ...

- Oh, so ...

The camp commander took of his **schmeisser** and hit fiercely the prisoner on his head. The man swayed to one and than to

wet ground and calmly received a burst of fire into his chest. They did not lift him onto the gallows.

Text prepared by Dejan Stojnić
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