



Transitional Justice Bulletin

Belgrade, May 9, 2007

On February 24th, 2007, HLC – in cooperation with the Outreach programme of the ICTY and with the financial support of the Council of Europe – organized the event *Čelebići 1992: Beyond Reasonable Doubt* in Belgrade, Serbia. In the Voice of the Victims session Boro Gligorijević, Milojka Antić, Vaso Kuljanin, Mile Kuljanin, Zora Kuljanin, Rajko Kuljanin, Velibor Mrkajić and Strahinja Živak testified about Čelebići camp. 200 participants, among whom 50 high school students from Serbia, 30 Serbs from Republika Srpska, Bosniaks from Prijedor and family members of the victims, heard the testimonies of the Serbian victims. The Voice of the Victims session was moderated by Nataša Kandić.

Voice of the Victims of Čelebići

Nataša Kandić: This session is dedicated to the victims, they'll be conducting the session, speaking, telling the truth. Right away I'm going to give the floor to Boro Gligorijević, who's going to talk about the episode of his life starting with the moment he was forced to leave his village, Bradina.

Boro Gligorijević I extend greetings to all who are present here. My name's Borislav Gligorijević, I come from Bradina in the municipality of Konjic. The crime that occurred in Bradina was a terrible crime. The innocent population had no inkling of what fate awaited them. The Muslim and Croat forces attacked Bradina on 25 or 26 May 1992. That day they stormed into the village of Donja Bradina and they stopped at nothing, shrank from no means. Everyone from that village who stepped out into the road when they came were shot and killed. For instance, a relative who was a teacher, he held classes in a Muslim village, they swore at him, he had no idea what awaited him, he was there, waiting, he was innocent, had done nothing, but they brought him out in to the presence of his wife, parents, children, women. They beat him until he died. Next thing, they marched the whole population from the area, male and female, to the centre of Bradina. They lined them all up, selected some, took them away and killed them.

Nataša Kandić: Where were you, Boro, at that moment?

Boro Gligorijević I was in the upper part of Bradina. That incident, it occurred in the lower part of Bradina. But next day, 27 May 1992, in our part, a worse, the same scenario was played out. They swept the village from one end and converged on the centre of Bradina. They picked up everybody, men and women. They only left the children and old folks alone. They killed a couple of them on the spot. Having driven us down there, they separated the women and children from the men.

Nataša Kandić: Where were you taken?

Boro Gligorijević I was taken to the centre of Bradina. As soon as they separated us, women and men, they robbed us of our possessions, took all our gold, money, everything we had. They threw our identity cards around. They said, 'You won't be needing them.' At that spot they cut the throat of one from our group, a young man, a hard worker. They took his head to Konjic where they made fun of it and kicked it about. They moved us from that place. The women were put in one truck, the men in another. They took the women to Musala in Konjic, to the sports centre, and us men to Čelebići. At night, as soon as it got dark, they turned on torches and picked out girls, younger women, took them away and took out their frustrations on them.

Concerning us, they took us to Čelebići and at once lined us up against a concrete wall. They told us to take off our clothes and stay in T-shirts or shirts. They beat us there, it must have been for five to six hours, and it was there that the first victims fell, before our eyes. Two died on the spot. One of them succumbed at once. The other was shot and killed, a third lay unconscious and we dragged him into the hangar after they'd finished with the beating. He wheezed all night and died in the morning.

Two days later some men came and identified two of our fellow villagers from Bradina who used to work in Sarajevo and took them away. Later we learned that they were taken over Mount Igman to Sarajevo, to Hrasnica, where both of them were killed, their skeletons were found three years ago and buried. As to us, we were kept in that hangar and were practically naked, we had no clothes. It was a real hangar, with a





concrete floor and sheet metal all around, measuring maybe 30 by 20 metres. We were lined up around that hangar, two rows deep in the middle. What can I say to you, they beat us day and night with anything and everything. A great deal of the atrocities we went through has now come to light. The only thing I might not agree with is the figures, because nineteen persons were killed at Čelebići. Three were shot with firearms and all the rest died from the beatings.

As to Musala up there, in Konjic, we have credible evidence that they fired two grenades and killed thirteen persons up there. I couldn't say how many were wounded, our women went there at the time to pay a visit and when they approached Musala they saw that something was going on, something was amiss, there was no guard in sight, there wasn't a soul around. Then they spotted an ambulance car and the staff. When the women drew near the guards saw them and told them to go away at once. They hid in a shelter and after a while two grenades hit the sports centre killing thirteen on the spot. They insist it was our people that did it, but only they could have done that.

Nataša Kandić: Which facility were you kept in?

Boro Gligorijević I was at Čelebići, in the Number Six hangar.

Nataša Kandić: How many of you were there?

Boro Gligorijević: In Number Six there were on average some 260 of us, but there were many more of us than that at the time of the interrogations. On those occasions, it could be said that we were squeezed together. We had no room to sit down. On 12 July 1992 nine Muslims were killed in a battle between Bradina and Repovo. As it was put about that we were from Bradina, we from Bradina were expecting to be shot. We waited to see how things would pan out and were prepared to accept our lot. By chance we survived on that occasion. Though later they found out that people from Bradina were not to blame, they bore us a grudge all the same. Though they didn't kill us as they'd planned to do, they beat us mercilessly that day. They said, 'Those from Bradina, get up!' and beat us one after another. The rest were spared a little. That time, they gave us from Bradina no water and food for three days although we were exhausted and weak. Concerning food, a one-kilo loaf was cut into eighteen slices. We would be given perhaps a meal or two, but no third. You get one, not two. We suffered like that all the time.

Now, on St Peter's Day, when they started shooting each other, they drove all who'd remained in Bradina, women, children, infants, into the school building. Bradina was completely ethnically cleansed, we know who carried arms and who was forced out at that time. Three people were killed in the school that day too. Two men and a woman were taken out, she was raped and killed. No one was able to identify her by looking at her body, only by her clothes. That woman was found a year ago and buried.

I don't know what to say, the torture they put us through is documented here. The Red Cross, that is, the International Red Cross, came on 12 August 1992. When they came, they made the entire personnel, the guards, leave. They positioned a military box in the middle and questioned and examined us there. They made notes and went away, and we believed that they'd finished for the day and that they would be back next day and so on. But after they'd gone, Delić brought ten men into the hangar and detailed five to deal with one row and five with another. Our backs were turned to them. They gave us kicks with their shoes; it's easy enough to imagine how it felt receiving a kick from each of them, though there was one who gave up to ten kicks. Yells of pain rang repeatedly all day long. Having finished, those two groups jostled among themselves for the privilege being the first to deliver a blow as we lay down like sheaves.

When they took us out to urinate, they'd line us up in groups of thirty or fifty and say, 'Get up.' We relieved ourselves, we urinated outside on the run. The last one who got there had no time to finish. 'Come on, finish up, do yourself up!' was the command and you trotted back. Once I was the last. The man behind me asked, 'What are you waiting for?' As I carried on, a pistol shot rang out behind my back. All I thought was, if only he were to shoot me to cut short this suffering. But again, I was afraid that he might only wound me. He fired a second time and I stayed put. Beside himself with rage, he cursed my Chetnik mother. 'What are you waiting for?' I replied, 'For God's sake, what have I done to you?' 'I blame all of you, you're Chetniks and you're all to blame.' This made me see the light. There was nothing for it but to keep silent and hope for the best.

They exchanged some of us, taking out two or three groups to be exchanged, the rest remaining to endure it in the camp for up to two and a half years. I was exchanged at Trnovo, maybe because they didn't expect me to live.

Our only grievance is, Bradina is not an out-of-the-way place, it lies along a main road. There's also a railway station. By the time of the St Peter's Day incident, let's say that some ten per cent of the houses had perhaps





been demolished or burned down, the rest standing where they were. Later, after they'd driven out all – women, children – not a soul remained and they started to make a thorough job of it. Everything was razed to the ground – houses, cowsheds, huts. Nothing remains. Everything was flattened. That makes at least 300 houses. About 1,000 residents. None of the houses has been repaired to date, and no one has shown any interest. We've asked that repairs should be made. Not a chance. So we've given it all up, and save for a Serb who lives there, there's not a living soul in Bradina. Bradina is completely ethnically cleansed, torched, torn down.

But Bradina is not the only place, there're places in the neighbourhood such as Blace, only no one mentions them. Admittedly, they're a bit out of the way. There's not a living soul out there. Everything's been put to the torch, stolen. There's no mention of the fact that five women were raped and burned in a house out there. Donje Selo, Bjela and the surrounding places, the entire valley of the Neretva, all that's been ethnically cleansed. If you set out from Mostar and pass through Jablanica, Konjic, Bradina, Tarčin, Pazarić, you can count the remaining Serbs on your fingers. So, all that is ethnically pure now. We in Bradina have evidence about those who did it, but no one raises this matter these days. On top of all the suffering we've been through, we who survive are bothered by the fact that we've been left on the sidelines as it were, no one's raising the question and it's as though nothing happened in those parts at all. I am sure, especially since fifteen years have passed since, that things will remain as they are. In my opinion, this matter is closed. The whole affair boiled down to three criminals. The rest will get away with it, both those who issued the orders along the chain of command and the rest. But there you are.

Nataša Kandić: We all believe that they won't, that justice exists. As you all know, there's still justice even for those who committed crimes during the Second World War and are still alive, we're going to take care of that.

Boro Gligorijević All right, but Bradina went through such things during the last war too. In 1941 the Ustashe halved Bradina's population at the time. The most respected men were killed off and the matter was hushed up. Today also it is thoroughly cleansed, there's no one there, the young ones have dispersed all over the world, there's no one to give evidence, and who cares. The few of us that remain are powerless. In my opinion, there's nothing you can do about it. But we who remain aren't going to give up, though we stand little chance of achieving anything.

Nataša Kandić: The story we've heard from Boro is certainly a grim one. But it is hardest for a woman to tell what happened to her chiefly on account of her nationality. We have today [during the morning session when the ICTY staff made their presentations] had occasion to listen to a woman who gave evidence in the Čelebići case at The Hague without any witness protection at all. Milojka Antić also gave evidence at The Hague without any protection, speaking quite openly and without fear of what those out there about whom she spoke would think. I think that the hardest thing to decide is to speak openly about sexual violence and ill-treatment in public, in front of others, that really is hard. A man can tell about his incarceration, torment, the way he was tortured, thousands of times without feeling as bad as a woman who must talk about such crimes. I know that Milojka is not going to find it easy, though all who had occasion to hear her speak at The Hague know that she always had the strength to tell openly what happened and how it all was, and to say whether today, after all that's happened, there is any hope of justice of some kind.

Milojka Antić First of all, I wish to greet all of you here. My name's Milojka Antić. I was born in the village of Ibar, in the municipality of Konjic. The village of Ibar lies four kilometres from Čelebići camp. I lived in Ibar with my mother who was eighty-two at the time. We were sitting in our house and having coffee. The two of us were in the company of my brother and sister-in-law when we heard a shot, an exchange of shots around the houses. Not knowing what was happening, we went outside. We stood in the yard waiting to see what was going on. All we heard was shots being fired until two men in camouflage uniform carrying rifles in their hands appeared near our house. They came to my house and ordered us to come along. We set out, we had to go. Only my old mother, who could not walk, and my aunt who was also old, remained. We followed those men. We walked to a place 200 metres from my house. There was a tarmacked road farther down. Two others, also armed and in uniform, waited for us there. They were my first neighbours. They left us there. Those who'd come to pick us up left us, and the other two stayed to keep an eye on us. Those went back to the village to round up people still inside their houses. They brought us all together at that spot. They kept us there maybe two hours. Then they separated the men from the women. A vehicle with a tarpaulin came along. They separated the men and told them to get inside the truck covered with the tarpaulin. My brother was with them. They told us women that we were free to return to our houses.

We returned to our house not knowing where they'd been taken and what was going to happen. It was on 9 May 1992. Next day our neighbours came over and





told us that our movement in the village was restricted, that we were not to visit each other and meet each other. They told us how far from the house we were allowed to move. Once my mother asked me, 'Could you go and find out something, if our brother is still alive?' So I set off. I took along some clothes for him and a shaving kit. The guards were in the vicinity, not far from my house, and they let me go. They permitted me to go to that camp. I arrived there. I was stopped by the guards at the gate. I made my inquiries, I told my brother's name and how long he'd been there, and asked if I could just hand over the shaving kit, the towel and the change of clothes. They didn't let me do it. I returned home. I told this to my mother, not knowing if he was alive. For some days we were only allowed to stay close to the house. We weren't allowed to go anywhere far.

On 16 June 1992 we heard that a visit to the prisoners was permitted. I set out in the company of five old women from the village who had relatives there, a son or a husband. When we approached the gate in Čelebići we encountered a large column of women. I couldn't say how many of them were there, they'd come to visit their folks, to deliver clothes because no one had been permitted to see anybody. There were two soldiers there. One of them kept guard and the other wrote down the names of the men who were to receive the things. Hazim Delić came out of the yard and ordered all of us to step back from the gate. We backed off. Then a vehicle with a tarpaulin arrived. It drove past the gate. They'd brought in the people from the village of Brđane and told them to get off the truck. It was on that day that these people were brought to the camp. I watched them line those people up against the wall with their hands above their heads, fire shots past them and take them into the hangars. Some were marched through the tunnel Number Nine and others taken to the hangar Number Six. Then it came our turn to drop off those clothes. We returned home. I told my mother and sister-in-law that I'd seen no one, that they'd taken the things and promised to deliver them.

Then we again heard shots being fired in front of the house. My sister-in-law went out and came back inside, saying, 'Come Milojka, go out, some men are looking for you.' I went out. I saw two of my neighbours. The one was Dževad Alibašić, the other Admir Nuhić. They had with them my neighbour Milorad Jovanović, and they told me to go inside the house with them because they were looking for something or other. I said, 'You're welcome. What are you interested in?' They rummaged around, looked for things, took things of value. As they set off, Dževad Alibašić asked Nuhić, 'What do we do

with Milojka?' The other said nothing and they just went away. I went into the garden on some business – my garden's close by – when three soldiers appeared farther along the street. They were in uniform and armed. Two of them were strangers to me, but the third was my neighbour, Zaim Čosić. He told me to get out of the garden and come with them. Having been busy in the garden, I was dirty and I asked, 'Can I go inside to change my clothes?' He replied, 'you won't be away long, we'll bring you back in no time.' I went with them to the same place on the tarmacked road where we'd been rounded up before.

When I got down there I saw a small TAM truck with a tarpaulin parked there, with Ismet Lapo nicknamed Hodža at the wheel. There I met Rajko Jovanović, Ljubica Jovanović, and Velimir Jovanović. They're husband and wife and their son. Radoslav Antić, Milorad Jovanović and I joined them. We were there stripped of any possessions we had on ourselves. They ordered us to climb on to the vehicle. We had to do it. He started the vehicle and drove off in the direction of Čelebići. On arrival at Čelebići we were let into the yard. Hazim Delić came, ordered them to separate the women from the men, and they did as told. A guard came to take me and Ljubica Jovanović away. He took us to one side, and the men to another. They took us into that room. When the place belonged to the army, it was used as their gate-house. It was a small room, measuring three by three metres. We found five other women inside. The women, who'd arrived twenty days before, began to tell us about the life there and what went on as we sat there.

In the evening, after it'd got dark – we didn't know what time it was because one was forbidden to turn on the lights and we had no watches – a guard appeared at the door and told me to come out. I asked if there was any chance of putting this business off until morning. He said, 'can't be done, just step outside the door, they only want to ask you something.' I went out of the gate-house and stood in front of the door. Waiting for me outside were Pavo Mucić, Hazim Delić, Zejnil Delalić and a Mustafić – with them there was a guard, a man named Mustafić, I don't know his first name. They started to interrogate me, asking me who I was, where I came from, why I'd been brought in. I answered all their questions. They asked me where my husband was. I replied that I had no husband, that I wasn't married. At that Pavo Delić put in, 'There, just the thing for you!' Delalić asked about some of my Antić relatives, and then I was returned to the room.

Not long afterwards – I don't know what time it was – the guard who worked in the command with the camp commandant – I knew him from before – came to the door, called out my first name and surname, and told





me to come out. I asked him whether that business could by any chance be put off until tomorrow. He said, 'They gave me this order and I must obey.' I replied, 'Will you please go and ask them to put it off till morning.' He went and came back, saying this thing couldn't be put off; they had to talk with me tonight. I had to go. He took me to the command, that is, to the building where the command was. It wasn't far from the building where we were kept. After finding Hazim Delić in his room, the guard left me there and returned. He started to ask me who I was, where I came from, why I'd been brought in. I answered the questions I could answer. He started to maltreat me, tried to frighten me with a rifle, pointed the muzzle at my neck and told me to take off my clothes and sleep there in the room. I beseeched him, cried, pleaded. To put it simply, nothing helped. If anything, he only grew bolder with me. He ordered me to take off my clothes. I hesitated. He started to rip things off me. In short, I was raped that night.

He called the guard and he returned me to the room. The women who were with us were released, so we spent only two nights together. I and Grozdana remained alone. One day Hazim Delić appeared in the doorway and told us to have a bath because we were to transfer to the command building. Doctors were coming to examine us. We had to do it. We went there. They had baths there. Grozdana had a bath. The guard took her back to the room in which we were staying. I went inside to have a bath. The guard who'd escorted us to the bath stood in the doorway and watched me wash myself. I pleaded with him, trying to close the door. He was present there all the time while I washed myself. Next he was ordered by Delić to take me to his room again. He took me there. Again, he told me to strip. I didn't want to, I resisted and cried. Nothing helped. He flew into a rage, threw me onto the bed and, that time, he raped me in the anus. I was unable to walk. He called the guard and he walked me back to the room. I was sick as a result. Grozdana asked for Hazim Delić to come and see what was to be done, because I was sick. He came or called for the doctors Petko Grubač and Relja Mrkajić – they were there as prisoners but were apparently given pills of some sort or other in order to be able to care for other prisoners. They brought me some pills to calm me down. That's how it was on that occasion.

The third time around he came into the room and told Grozdana to get out. We remained alone. He raped me for the third time. I put up a fight and grappled with him, but there was simply nothing I could do. He put the rifle muzzle to my body and said, 'I'm going to kill you.' I replied, 'Kill me.' There wasn't a thing I could do to stop him. I was raped on that occasion

too. On 12 July 1992 they brought in some women who'd been beaten black and blue and covered with blood. Those women were from Zukići. Their names were Sofija Đorđić, Anđa Đorđić, Ljubica Đorđić, Goša and her thirteen-year-old daughter Borka. The old woman Sofia was covered in blood. She asked us for something, she was hungry, wanted something to eat. We had nothing to give her.

Anyway, next thing a soldier called me over to where the tap was and said, 'Come here, wash this thing.' 'There, I've just cut off a Chetnik's ear,' he said and placed that thing on the washbasin. I had to wash the blood off.

A voice from the audience: Savo Đorđić.

Milojka Antić: Savo Đorđić, Sofija's husband, the woman I said had been severely beaten. We had nothing to eat for four days after those Zukići women had been brought in. I couldn't stand up. I could no longer stand on my feet, they'd only been giving us a little bread before, the food was bad. This time we ate nothing for four days. I could no longer walk. I asked the guard to go and get someone from the command to decide what was to be done. Either let them kill me or give us something to eat. Hazim Delić appeared at the door smiling, with a mocking air, and asked me what the matter with me was. I repeated, 'Either kill us or give us something to eat.' He said, 'Never mind that, you should find out how it feels fasting during Ramadan.' It was only in the morning that they brought us a slice of bread each. A woman who worked in the command – a pretty girl – brought me two lumps of sugar on the sly. The sugar brought me back to life; I ate the sugar, drank plenty of water, and rose to my feet.

We had a plastic jug which we used as a chamber pot during the night and to drink water from during the day. As we were by the gate, we heard people being brought in and taken out, we heard people whimper and scream, the dead being moved out. The day the International Red Cross came I was ordered into the yard to sweep up. When the people from the International Red Cross came, one of the guards was ordered to take me inside in order to conceal the fact that there were women there. I went in and told Grozdana, 'Probably they either want to kill us all or to hide us some place, so that the International Red Cross wouldn't register us.' They came the following day too – the men, prisoners, must have told them – so they came to our room and we told them everything that went on. I spent seventy-seven days there. Next day Pavo came to the door and told the Zukići women they were free to go home. Goša and her daughter Borka stayed with her brother in Konjic and the others





returned to Zukići. That was near Bradina. That same night, as soon as they returned, they had their throats cut. Radojka Đorđić was wounded and set on fire. By pure chance she survived, she dragged herself into a cowshed and so saved her life. Jelenko, Sofija and Anđa had their throats cut in Zukići that night. The elderly woman Mara was there too. I've told the tale of my suffering. I've said this many, many times. I'll tell this whenever necessary, but what's the use.

Nataša Kandić: These things ought to be told because people must know. This can't be forgotten. These things should be told for others to hear. Next to Milojka is Vaso Kuljanin who finds it difficult to speak. He had a hard time persuading himself to speak today, and he decided to speak after all.

Vaso Kuljanin: Dear brothers and sisters, my name's Vaso Kuljanin, and I come from the village of Bradina. My story is grim and a strange one. I can't tell it without shedding tears. I had a son whom I'd raised to be a human being. He was the teacher in the villages of Repovac and Brđani. They are Muslim villages. Until the evil hour struck, all of them swore by him as their best teacher and their best neighbour. All of a sudden, their teacher had turned into a Chetnik in their eyes although he'd never as much as hurt a fly. I always used to tell him, as if he didn't know it himself, 'Do not, my son, put anybody against yourself. Do not fail anybody's child.' And he'd reply, 'How can I, dad, let into the fourth year a child who still can't sign his name?' The child's parent would come to me and plead with me, 'Tell your son to pass my child, he's going to tend my sheep, he's not going further than that.' So he let the children pass, he failed nobody's child so as not to get on the wrong side of anybody.

By the time the attack on my village took place, he had already been wounded. We manned the positions above the village, we guarded the village, and it was agreed that we shouldn't attack each other. But there was already fighting in other places and you couldn't fully trust people. I was devastated when people started to bring in weapons and carry them around. What do I need weapons for? I don't need any weapons; I'm not going to shoot at my neighbours. I'd taken oath to guard the former Yugoslavia and I liked guarding it. I may have fired a weapon on its account but not to shoot at my neighbours and to be shot at by them. But things went amiss completely. My child was wounded. I had a hard time dragging him into the cellar. When the first bunch of soldiers – a rabble – stormed in, they asked, 'Got any relations?' 'I've a son, he's wounded.' At once I started beseeching them not to

kill him. The soldier who'd arrived first asked, 'Where was he wounded?' 'Why, he was wounded manning the line, he'd been guarding the village out there and been dragged in here. His leg is broken. Can you save him? I've some money and gold. I'll give you all I have to save his life.' One of them laughed out, 'You've got money?' 'I've some. I'll give you all I have, just save him.' He says, 'I can't save him myself. A large army's coming. Where is he lying?' 'In the cellar?'

It was as he said. Soldiers swarmed in from all sides. As soon as they came, they turned their weapons on him. Doctor Relja Mrkajić and Petko Grubač came during the night. They changed his bandages and I stayed with him because there was no place I could take him. There was shooting around. We considered taking him somewhere, to some hospital, as soon as it got light. At that moment, they filed into the cellar. There were other folks in there. They'd huddled together. It seemed more secure that way. 'Get up!' He got up. As soon as he got up, he slumped down again. His mother and wife put their arms round him, and he fell again. All he wore was underwear, white as snow. The whole scene is in my mind's eye even today. They marched us out to the centre of the village. As they started gathering in all the rest, they asked me the hardest question in my life, a question that is impossible to answer, 'Who shall we shoot, you or your son?' 'Why on earth do you want to shoot us, neither of us is guilty?' 'Yes, we will. We're going to shoot him.' I was struck dumb. I slumped down, sat on the ground. It's not easy to condemn yourself and your child to death. But they kept asking me, 'What are we to do? Whom shall we shoot?' 'Why, we haven't done anybody any harm. My son's well brought up. Here, ask the neighbours.' The neighbours hid themselves. They stayed away. Others came. 'Find me a man from Repovac where he taught the children, let him say what kind of a man he was and if he's to blame for anything.' But no one came forward. In the end, a soldier spoke up. A huge man. He's chewing gum. He says, 'I'll take care of this one.' He's holding on to the fence, standing on one leg. They started to chase us away. He remained there with them. Then they drove us back some more. Then they returned us. When I returned, I saw him lying dead in front of the house door. The sight is still before my eyes. I dream about it. I'll never stop. It's killing me. I can't think straight. I've lost my memory.

So what happened next. He remained there. They made us go back there. He was already dead lying in front of the door. He wasn't a tiny man like me. He was a strapping lad, weighing ninety-eight kilos. I'll never get over his loss. I'll cry as long as I live. Don't mind my crying. Once upon a time I thought, when a man cries, he must be a sissy. But now, I can't help not crying all





the time. Ever. In the end, they marched us back there. They're asking for fuel. They asked if anyone had any fuel, they needed it for their car. 'I have fuel,' I said. A can of fuel for a car that'd run out of fuel, fifty metres up the road. 'Get on, quick now. Go and pour in that fuel.' I took the fuel in front of another house and started pouring it in, when ten of them started walking down, their weapons pointed at me. I said, 'Your soldier sent me to pour this fuel into this car. They need it.' 'What soldier, which one?' I somehow remembered that the soldier's name was Riba. I'd heard them call him Riba. I said, 'Riba sends me.' At that they let go of me. I poured in the fuel. They marched me up to the boundary line where I saw three of my neighbours, all covered in blood. Todor Žuža, his brother Jovo, and Mirko Mrkajić. They're all my age, born in 1933. Lying there in front of them was a dead youth. They made me join them, like I was to go with them. They're falling down. They can't. They're dragging each other along. 'I've got to take the fuel over there, I'll be back,' I said. 'Go and come back at once.' By the time I returned, they'd been shot. All three of them, on the haystack.

Next thing they rounded us up. Zora was there too. We set out from there. They called out, 'Whose shop is this?' Belongs to a man called Rato Kuljanin, was the answer. They brought the old man in. They broke down his door. 'Is this your shop?' 'Yes.' Rato slumped down. He's an old man. I think he was born in 1911. Exhausted, he was. He dropped down on that road. A soldier gave him a kick. He remained where he lay. We were marched on. Later, Rato was burned to death in the house. They set his house on fire and he burned in it. I was marched to the centre of the village. They were gathering together all, women and children, prisoners, everybody. At that spot I saw Strahinja Živak's two sons. They were taken behind a house ten metres from where we were. People say they were killed there. They and a young man. Up till then they'd been with us. Unarmed.

We were marched on. They marched us a kilometre downhill where their trucks were parked waiting to take us to Konjic. Drago Kuljanin walked in front of me. We all had to hold our hands like this. Whoever removed his hand from his head got a blow with a rifle on the head. Blood was pouring down from everybody. Drago Kuljanin fell once, a second time, a third time, he could not get up. A rifle shot rang out. They killed him there. His two sons had already been killed, he was the third. No male member survived in the family. Only his grieving wife. Nothing of this was known at the time. Our trials and tribulations remain unknown today and will never be known.

When I arrived in Čelebići, we got crammed on to FAP trucks. We lay on top of each other. No one was to move. Two stood at the door. Whoever moved was struck with rifles, machine-guns. They were not particular about that. So they drove us into Konjic. It appears that there was no room there. They got us off the truck, then said, 'Get on to the truck again.' Those who couldn't get on to the truck were severely beaten. A man made three attempts to climb aboard and fell down each time under the blows. We got on to the trucks again. They drove us somewhere. I didn't know where. We were in fact being taken to Čelebići. It wasn't far. They pulled up and started to yank us down from the truck one by one. As a man got wrenched down, he was struck dumb. He was simply yanked down to the ground. A thud and a yell from the poor beaten soul. One was struck dumb. It occurred to me – they're beating us, throwing us into a pit or into water, into a lake. It passed through my mind, my child was left behind dead in front of the house, I should do something to put myself out of this misery at once. I groped for something to kill myself with. Being a railwayman, I had in a pocket of my railwayman's jacket two or three old nails. I tried to kill myself with that nail, but I had nothing to strike it with. I placed the nail here and gave it a rap with my hand. I see blood coming out. I did it on the other side too, another rap but only blood spurted out. I tried here too. Then it came my turn to be hauled off the truck. I don't remember how they got me down. They probably dragged me down holding me by the hair, but where they threw me – I don't know. All I heard was yelling, people snapping at each other, a scuffle – my arm's broken, my leg's snapped, get off of me! Men on top of each other. I couldn't tell how long I stayed there. All I know is that later we were visited and looked at. Some doctors came. They examined us. They took us out of there as if they were taking us to another hospital, they put us into a van and drove us down to Konjic. We were somewhat less crammed in that place. They placed two of us on a couch. Well, you got to live. I was naïve. I couldn't walk. I was supported as I walked about. Next day I started walking unaided. A doctor asked me, 'How are you, Shorty?' 'Why, I'm better.' At that he took me straight back, to Čelebići. The beating resumed. Night and day. There's something else I want to tell you, and it's plain truth. I neither lied before, nor will I lie now. I left the hospital weighing thirty-nine kilos. Thirty-nine kilos, not a kilo more.

When I was released, I asked myself where to go. I knew where my house was, but I didn't know where my family stayed. Whether they were alive or not. 'Go,' they said, 'where you have next of kin. Everything you had in Bradina burned down.' Well, I decided to go to Brđani, that's where my wife comes from. I was





released there, but there was quite a walk to Brđani below Orašac. The younger men walked without a problem but I couldn't. They somehow dragged me to Brđani. I arrived around midnight. They called out but no one dare reply. I cried, 'Open up for God's sake, it's me, Vaso!' and they opened up. 'Is my wife there?' 'Yes.' They spoke in low voices, 'Yes, she's here.' They took me in, washed me, helped me remove the lice, gave me plenty to eat, so already next day I felt I'd bounced back. I felt alive. I stayed there a week or two, always in fear. We heard that one could now reach the village of Donje Selo. I had a sister-in-law down there and I wanted to stay with her. We thought the place was safer and that people were being evacuated to Serb territory from there. In the middle of the night I walked from Brđani down to Cerići. Those down there had nothing to eat either. Some people said, 'Just give us money and we'll take you over to Kobiljača.' What money? I had all my money taken away. Had I been permitted, I might have recovered the little money I had, but they didn't let me open the door and step inside. The cows were up there. The cowsheds. I had two cows and an ox. They bellowed amid the flames. I begged them to just let me open the gate and let the livestock out. No, nothing doing. So, there wasn't anything I could have done.

When I was taken to the camp – I'm not sure whether I've told you this – my son remained and I can still see him in my mind's eye lying dead outside the door. Next day men in trucks turned up to collect the dead bodies from all over the village. They threw them on to the trucks. My wife saw that and she hid her son's body. She dragged him into the cellar. I don't know where they were taking the bodies. She lugged him into the cellar and buried him. He was buried by his wife and three other women during the night, before daybreak. Below the house in the garden. For six years we neither dared go there nor could. Later we went there with that international commission, dug him up and, took him to Čelebići, actually, we buried him in Trebinje. And I am in Višegrad. I can't go there to visit the grave. I've no money either. As for myself, I've had a hard time of it in every way, I don't know why I live and what for. God knows what's in store yet.

But what hurts me the most is when I hear it said that the one side is to blame and the other is not. What was my guilt, what was my child's guilt? I brought him up like a god, to be a man, which he was. Now we're criminals. We're criminals in the eyes of the whole world. But when it came time to go to war, I thought that we ought to be defending the old Yugoslavia. We'd been sworn in to do that. Who could have guessed that there'd be another army. I

could no longer think where I am, who I am, what I've been through. I moved six times and I had two houses burned down. The one in Bradina, the other in Ilidža, the one I took possession of and repaired during the war. That one too burned to the ground. Given my poor luck I see no life ahead of me. But again, I don't hate anybody. If tomorrow you were to bring me the man who shot my child, I wouldn't be able to kill him with my hands. I surely wouldn't. Let his fate kill him, I've never been the one for that.

A voice from the audience: Why, that's precisely why they do it, because our old folks used to teach us - turn the other cheek.

Vaso Kuljanin: Why, it is so.

The voice from the audience: ...he hurls a stone at you, you cut his throat.

Vaso Kuljanin: Why, it is so.

The voice from the audience: ...that'll teach him to mend his ways.

Vaso Kuljanin: Well, that is so, but I can't. God didn't create me for such things. But that man could do it to my child, who was strong and healthy, although he'd never seen him before. He said, 'I'm going to shoot that one standing over there on one leg'. We cried. Who'd led him astray, who put that idea in his head? People are saying these days – we should live together. There can be no life together. I only wish I could have enough bread to eat. Let them live on one side and us on the other and let the chips fall where they may. We must respect each other. We've been brought together by calamity, they suffered as much as we did. And other nations too. But to live together again would be for me living in another camp. I haven't told you half of what I've been through. There's so much I could...but there you are. Now, if anybody thinks that there's any incorrectness or lie in what I've said, even a single word, please say so – I see people go on television and lie. You can hear them lie at every turn. They say things that are untrue and bury our truth in the ground.

Nataša Kandić: Thank you for deciding and being able to speak. I think that it was good for us to hear you. Everybody listened to you with great attention. Next to you is Velibor Mrkajić. He was in Čelebići with his father and uncle.

Velibor Mrkajić Our suffering started with the fall of Bradina on 25 May 1992 because we could not defend ourselves even if we'd had the means of doing so. Those 100 stood no chance against the 3,500 or 4,000





attacking us. The day Bradina fell I was in the woods, watching. The houses and cowsheds were burning, the people were being taken away to prison. We didn't dare give ourselves up and had nowhere to run away. The nearest Serb territory was thirty kilometres away. The village is surrounded by Muslim and Croat villages. The nearest Serb village is thirty kilometres distant. On 26 and 27 May everybody was driven off to Čelebići, to prison. I and four or five others hid in the woods for three or four days. The village burned down. We had nothing to eat. There was plenty of water, thank God, because it rained, but again it only made matters worse. There was no place to sleep. Amid all that confusion we didn't know where to go and what to do. Some decided to head in the direction of Tarčin. I was with this here old man. They caught us and took us to Čelebići. I had a pair of leather trousers and a leather jacket on. When they arrested us, they made much of that. The way they saw it, I'd fitted myself out properly because I was on my way to join up with the Chetniks. They started to maltreat us right away. Only a patch on the sleeve of the jacket remained intact. The rest they cut up with knives. They drove us off in the direction of Konjic in a Golf car. We stopped in the village of Ovčari on the road to Konjic. A policeman walked out on to the road. Being a haulier myself, I knew them all. I knew that policeman too. He asked me what personal complaints I had about Konjic. He accused us of attacking them wantonly, of thinking up excuses, saying let's get this thing straightened out. 'But who mounted the attack,' I asked, 'did we attack you, or was it, rather, you who attacked us?' At that, they started to call us names. We drove on. They brought us to the police station in Konjic. They wrote down our particulars and drove a small TAM truck over – I knew the driver behind the wheel, he used to distribute the *Oslobođenje* daily in Konjic. They threw us inside with two thieves. One of them was actually nicknamed 'Lopov' [Thief], he was a thief and a Mafioso. Čelebići and Konjic are about six kilometres from each other. We covered those six kilometres in perhaps an hour, to give time to those two to beat us. We somehow made it to Čelebići alive.

We got out and stood in front of the prison. A guard who knew me from before came up and had a good look at me, not being sure if it was me or someone else, and he finally recognized me with difficulty. 'What did they do to you, who did it?' 'I don't know, I don't know him,' I said although I knew the man who did it. 'Well, what've you got? Give me your watch to keep it for you. Give me the ring, give me the chain, the money, the things you have. We know each other, I'm going to return it to you when this thing's over. When this is over.' I thought about it. Whether I

gave him or he took it from me, it was the same. At that spot they abused and beat us for some time, I couldn't say for how long. A commandant came up and asked, 'Where shall we keep these two?' 'In Number Nine.' Number Nine was a bit more notorious than Number Six, though there was actually no difference there. They took us into Number Nine. There we found about twenty, maybe twenty-five prisoners. Number Nine is, I think, the entrance to a fallout shelter, the facility having belonged to the army, the former JNA. It is about a metre and forty centimetres wide. It is about twenty metres long and slopes down like this. There's concrete below, on the sides, above. Everything's made of concrete. The place is sunk into the ground. There are three or four steps, you go below ground and then descend further downwards. Down there are two huge fans. We did number one on the bottom. We felt no need to do number two because we had nothing to eat. One didn't do number two for twenty to twenty-five days at a time. Some time during the night they turned on those fans. The fans were very powerful, I guess to be able to drive the fallout away if a bomb is dropped. We froze in that place. All kinds of things happened.

But let's go on. One day they brought in a television crew to take pictures of us. As it later turned out, while they were taking pictures of us their soldiers wore no insignia, so the footage was edited and broadcast with us portrayed as their [Bosniak] prisoners in a Serb prison. I came to learn of this after we'd been released, because some people on our territory who watched the programme recognized some of us. I was there three months. Three and a bit longer.

We left that place in August. The temperature was forty degrees centigrade outside, but we wore long pants and trousers. We weren't hot down there at all. We even felt a bit cold. From there they drove us to the manholes. They drove us on two occasions. You went down the manhole, didn't you? The manhole measures maybe two metres by two. It is a metre and a half deep and houses large valves since the barracks had a good many tanks for fuel that was needed by the army. Ten of them would form two parallel rows – five on one side and five on the other – holding rifles and sticks and forcing us to go down the manhole one by one. One of them stood above the manhole opening, which measured fifty by fifty centimetres. After you've run the gauntlet you're good for nothing, you're already stunned. Then you reach the hole, get whacked, and down you fly. They would squeeze us into the manhole, the seventeen of us, put on the lid and make it air-tight. Once the lid's put on, you're out of air. With seventeen men inside, there's only air for three, four or five hours, then you lose conscience. They closed the lid sometime in the afternoon, about five or six. They





first removed the lid sometime before dawn. No one knows when they did it. I couldn't say when I came round completely. I don't recall taking off my T-shirt, shirt, nothing at all. If they had kept us shut inside a little longer, we would've died, we wouldn't have felt anything. We would've been completely senseless. I thought I was going to die for lack of air, suffocate, because when you pass out due to lack of air, it means you've had it.

Two of my relatives and my father were there. After hiding in the woods for some time, my father gave up and turned up. We're lying down in Number Nine. We hear them beating someone at the gate. Number Nine wasn't very far from the gate. My relative Desimir nicknamed Čuta says to me, 'There, they've got Baraba too.' Baraba was the nickname by which my father was known even before the war. 'How do you know?' 'I recognized him.' The man is whining under the blows. Some time passed. They brought him up there. You couldn't recognize him. His head was swollen, large, he couldn't walk and they had a hard time squeezing him inside. We cared for him inside for a while. My uncle died at that time, he wasn't with us in Number Nine. In Number Nine there were us three relatives and my father. My uncle was in Number Six, then he was transferred to the in-patient clinic, if you call it that at all. There were three beds, with three or four lying in each, the floor being bare concrete. He died there. A relative of mine was put with us in the manhole, but as they apparently didn't think this enough, they put him in a manhole filled with water. That manhole also measures half a metre across. Down below there's a ladder and water. He spent over thirty hours in the water there. The other manhole where we were would be opened a little to let in some fresh air, then shut again. We didn't know when they would open it again. Again there's no air, just a tiny crack under the lid letting in a glimmer of light. Someone had a bright idea to take off his T-shirt and position it in such a way as to deflect a draught of air into the manhole. That saved our lives, it really did.

The arrival of the Red Cross awakened hope in us. However, we were disappointed after they left. They came to see us. We were glad they did. We made statements for them. They registered us. While they were visiting Number Six, we were marched out and beaten to the shouts of, 'There's your Red Cross! You think they're going to help you? Have hope in them! You've been making statements. You've been saying this, that!' While the Red Cross people were inside Number Nine talking to us, a guard whom we hadn't seen stood above the door and listened in. The Red Cross people were still in the yard when they proceeded to beat us. There were no rules, no

limits. There was no guessing what would pass through their minds. They carried an electric device resembling a microphone, about this big or a bit smaller. Later we learned that butchers use that to prod bulls into trucks. To give them an electric shock. They used that to sting us, give us electric shocks, the electricity gave you quite a shock. I forget things. I should've kept notes. We stayed in Čelebići until the month of December. In December they transferred us to Musala. Up there they made you go right up to the firing line. We dug trenches. We carried food to their troops, repaired their trucks, cars, everything was done under threat and duress. This went on for twenty-nine months until we were exchanged. There, that's what happened, in brief outline.

Nataša Kandić: A minute ago we mentioned the village of Blace. Mile Kuljanin is from Blace.

Mile Kuljanin I wish to greet all present here. My name's Mile Kuljanin, I was born in the village of Blace in the municipality of Konjic. My village was the same as the village of Bradina, a purely Serb village save for one Muslim house. We lived normally with our neighbours like all the rest. Five or six days after the attack on Bradina, my village came under attack. There was no organized defence in my village at all. We had no weapons. The only ones who had rifles were the huntsmen and the members of the hunting association. On that day the Muslim forces attacked the village jointly with the Croat Defence Council and started shooting on the approaches to the village. As soon as they reached a house, they set it on fire. Most of those who could run, mainly young people, ran away and took to the woods. Everybody found in a house was killed. The gentleman who spoke before me said that five or six women were killed; it wasn't five or six women but about twelve men and nine women. The women were aged from sixty to seventy. They brought them all into the same house. They killed them there and set them on fire. They blew up the houses a month later. Every house in my village was blown up. I lost there my brother aged seventeen, my father, uncle, and uncle's son; I lost about seven members of my immediate family. I found my father, but am still looking for my brother's bones. Afterwards, as Velo said, we also hid in the woods. About eighteen young men from their village came along and stayed with us. As there was no possibility of a breakthrough, we gave ourselves up. We too were driven away in a truck. We were thrown on to it one on top of another, our hands tied with lengths of wire. They beat us on the truck and during the ride to the Čelebići camp, and one young fellow, perhaps eighteen years old, started shooting at us in the truck. He shot dead a man whose name I can't quite recall, a Vujičić, a Dragan Vajčić who'd left behind a two-month-old child, he'd been telling us in





the truck that he had a child aged two months or thereabouts. Ten minutes or so later he was killed there. We were taken to the Čelebići camp and lined up near a hangar. They made us take off our clothes, took all our possessions and started to beat us. After that, we entered Number Nine, the tunnel where Velo was also kept. When we arrived the tunnel was empty; allegedly emptied when we arrived, the tunnel was awash in blood. In other words, there wasn't an area on the walls the size of a palm that wasn't covered in blood. We entered and they grabbed us by the hair and bashed our heads against the walls until blood ran out of our mouths and noses, there was blood all over the place. I'm now telling you what happened next – Velo said enough, we were there together, he got there after me, the television crews came just as Velo said.

He forgot to say that two men were killed in Number Nine. Slavko Sušić and Željko Milošević were killed. They were beaten to death. They took them out in the evening – they always did their killings at nightfall, they always did their beatings at dusk. At that time of day several of them would file in and fill us in. The beating was a regular, non-stop affair. We got filled in every day.

I will tell you about one incident to illustrate the things they did to us, the atrocities they committed. They took out Vukašin Mrkajić only, they called out his name and took him out. It might have been some time in the morning. Before that, they'd slaughtered a calf for meat. They took him out and made him lie down by the road, by the tarmac where our exit was. They smeared his neck with blood, applied it all over him, told him not to give a sign of life and placed a large knife across his neck. They told us, 'You're all going to have your throats sliced now, one by one, go and have look what we did to Vukašin.' We filed out and saw that the man had had his throat cut. You couldn't tell, he lay there, his head awash with blood. That's one of the things they did to us. I spent ninety-odd days in Čelebići. What else is there to tell? Velo's told a lot of it.

From Čelebići I was transferred to Trnovo, to the camp in Trnovo where I spent four and a half months. There was to have been an exchange but nothing came of it. I was next taken to the camp in Hrasnica, which was perhaps even worse than Čelebići. I was there twenty-seven days. It was a building, a residential building with the cellars converted into cells. They were small rooms partitioned off to accommodate two or three men. We were beaten there, although we'd been transferred through the Red Cross from Trnovo, they beat us every day. We went without water and bread for

three or four days. There was a corridor which separated those cellar cells. One morning I saw two dead men being removed from those rooms. There's been a shot from a weapon but I couldn't tell whether he'd been killed with a weapon or with something else. All I saw was them carrying two dead men out. The prison was full of Serb women. They brought them in every morning. I saw lots of women. They swept up and washed down the blood every morning. The women who were imprisoned there were most probably from Hrasnica. Since Velo has said a lot about what went on in Number Nine, where I was too, I don't have anything else to say other than I don't believe in justice, I don't believe much in this kind of justice. For instance, twenty people from my village were murdered without anybody from the municipality of Konjic having been charged let alone processed in The Hague. In spite of the fact that we who survived made statements. I don't believe in this kind of justice. I have this much to say.

Nataša Kandić: Have a little more faith in justice. There's reason for us to believe in justice, for you to believe in justice. Zora and Rajko Kuljanin are here with us. At the time they had a son aged nine months. Let's hear Zora.

Zora Kuljanin My name's Zora Kuljanin. I've come here from Bratunac, which is where I live at present. A lot has been said already, so I'd like to present the case of my son Danijel. The things happened just as described. Maybe the hardest moment was when we had to watch all those bodies. As a matter of fact, during the first fall of Bradina, on 25-26 May 1992, they drove us out of our houses. We were going through the woods. We reached a cave. We thought we'd rest there a while, but a woman came along and told us to run on, we were not to linger there as the brothers Jovo and Todor Žuža and Mirko Mrkajić had already been beaten up. From there we ran into a house that had not been burned, there were a lot of us with only three or four small children. Danijel was the youngest of them, a mere baby nine months old. We couldn't tend the children, couldn't feed and wash them. We wanted to go over a hill to see whether our houses were in order. Whether or not they'd been burned. I and my sister-in-law Dušanka found the strength to go over and find out things. We came upon the bodies of Mirko, Todor, and Jovo, they'd been killed by bullet after being tortured. We found the body of Goran Kuljanin, whose house'd been set on fire. The house was burning and so was his body. His mother wouldn't have recognized him. Two metres farther on we found Slobodan Kuljanin's body. They all lay within some ten metres from each other. He'd been hit by a bullet. When we reached our house, we found the door closed and everything looked normal. We didn't know





whether it was safe to go in or not. We took the key, unlocked the door, and just went in. There was no problem. We went back, fetched the children and returned to the house. Everybody was staying with us, we didn't dare make a move, didn't dare walk about, we had to shut ourselves in. We didn't dare to talk. We had no electricity. But there was still food around, you could still find some.

The surviving men were picked up or surrendered, and were all taken to Čelebići. A number managed to hide away. Among them was my husband, Rajko Kuljanin, his brother Mijat Kuljanin, Ranko Žuža, Todor Žuža, Zdravko Žuža, Božidar Žuža – sorry, also Božidar's son-in-law Mišo Kovačević – they hid in the woods for fifty days. We took food to them, only we knew how it was, until black St Peter's Day dawned and they started to kill each other. Who were they, what were they? Doesn't matter. But Serbs they were not. A car was hit with a Zolja [hand-held rocket launcher], killing seven of their men. One of them fell out of the car before that, but they killed him too so he couldn't testify, so they herded us all together and marched us into Bradina in their escort, to make us say where the Chetniks were. It was dark. Everything's shut. In the school building, three rooms were packed with people, there wasn't room for a matchstick to drop. They took out Milan Kuljanin, who succumbed to his injuries on the third day, I saw him with my own eyes, the state he was in. Vojislav Mrkajić likewise, I saw with my own eyes what they did to him, what they beat him with. But all this was done in turns. Danica Žuža, whom I, regrettably, don't see here today, her grandfather Milan was eighty-six years old, there's also Vojislav, aged sixty-five. One of them came to the door – it was dark, you weren't allowed to turn on any light, no lights at all – and asked, 'Which one of you's Zora Kuljanin?' I said it was me. 'Will you step outside?' 'I will.' I went out. 'May I take my child with me?' 'You may.' I took the child along and they marched me at gunpoint to the upper floor to tell them where Mičo was hiding. I'm referring – I believe most of you know him – to Mitar Kuljanin, he owns the Bradina restaurant in Šabac. I had no idea where Mičo was, or a man named Žuža, whose surname they didn't give. I said politely that I didn't know and he threatened me, 'You'll be better off telling this to us than to the HOS [Croat Defence Forces] people.' 'I'll tell the HOS people the same I'm telling you.' 'Is that so?' 'Yes.' I was marched back downstairs. You couldn't sleep normally. The children lay on the desks. If only the children could have had proper beds. We changed the children's clothes, fed them. We thought, well, at least everything's going to be quiet. How wrong we were! It was heart-rending to hear. A man is groaning here, another is groaning

there. One is being beaten with an iron bar, another with a chair, a third with a bottle. It was impossible to sleep.

At eleven on Monday, 13 July, they came to the door and asked, 'Which one of you is Zora Kuljanin? Let her come out.' I had to get up, I couldn't help it. 'May I take my child with me?' 'You may not.' They took me into the room where, as I've said already, Vojislav Mrkajić and Milan Kuljanin had been beaten. There were other men inside too. A pool of blood. In one corner a bottle – you may still remember the one-litre Cola bottles they used to make before the war – it's already broken. Surely it wasn't smashed against the wall, or the floor, but from hitting those two men with it. The iron, wooden chairs were broken. He says to me, 'Come, admit where Mičo is and where you took the food.' They also want me to tell the whereabouts of my husband, brother-in-law, Žuža, all the rest of them. At first, I thought I was going to say that I don't know. I didn't know what would happen. If I'd known what was to happen, I might have thought differently, I just don't know. I persistently replied that I didn't know. The four or five of them all insisted that I did. I kept saying that I didn't. He struck me with the bottle, 'Speak!' 'I've nothing to say.' He slapped me across the face, 'Speak!' 'I've nothing to say.' He picked up the pistol, 'Speak!' 'I've nothing to say.' Finally, he said, 'Zora, you're hiding the Chetniks. We'll take your child away. Your child will be taken to Grude. You'll never see it again. Admit before it's too late.' I replied politely that I had nothing to admit. I kept saying the same thing for half an hour, namely that I had nothing to admit. Five or six minutes later they went out and told my mother-in-law to pick up the child, the feeding bottle, blanket, the things, and come out. I had no idea that the order had already been given. They kept asking me, and insisting that I own up. I have nothing to admit. Then one of them told me, 'Get up Zora, you're shielding the Chetniks, your child's going away.' I got up and saw them getting into a white Golf car, unfortunately I don't know any of them, they're saying, 'Say goodbye to it, you're never going to see it again.' I replied, 'You can do what you like, it's at your mercy. Whatever happens, I can't help it.' 'You're not going to admit?' 'I've nothing to admit.' The car drove away. Later they told me again, 'Admit before it's too late.' 'I've nothing to admit.' 'Where's the dugout?' 'I don't know where the dugout is.' 'Where's Mičo?' 'I don't know.' 'I've no idea, I'm not all that close to Mičo to know. I knew him, but I didn't know him all that well. I say again, maybe he harmed someone, but he was good to me. Maybe Pavo also did harm, Zdravko Mucić nicknamed Pavo, but he came upon that car on the approaches to Konjic and asked whose child it was and how come they had the child in there. 'The child was taken from the school in Bradina.' 'And where's its mother, is she in Bradina?





Why was it taken?' 'I don't know.' 'Why gave the order?' 'I don't know.' This account is certainly correct. My mother-in-law told me that Pavo ordered that the child should be taken back to its mother in Bradina. An hour or so later my child was returned to me. I don't know how it came about that the man came across that car. I know nothing, nothing. But they received the order from above and moved me from that room to the corridor. I hear a conversation, a man is shouting, 'This isn't Rajko Đorđić's wife!' Another is shouting back, 'We know full well whose wife she is!' A man from Šunj – a Muslim, I must say, I'm grateful to him, wherever he may be – came to me ten times to say, 'Zora, just keep quiet, your child will be back.' But they must've already been told, they'd probably been notified from out there, that's why they took me out of that room. My child was returned to me in about an hour.

I ask them to put my name down on the list because the children were small, so I could go and stay with relatives in Konjic. One of them told me, 'Everybody may go there, only you and your child can't.' My mother-in-law came along, begging them to have us transferred to Konjic. No way. When that man came along – it was then that I learned that he's name was Pavo, Zdravko, that he was in charge – I asked him to let me go to Konjic. 'With whom to stay?' he shouted. 'With Vukan Žuža.' Everybody in Konjic knows everybody, they're all one community. 'They took away my child, they drove it off somewhere, they've returned it now.' 'Who did it? I came across that child.' 'I don't know who did it.' I knew but I daren't say. I daren't point my finger at the one who gave the order. At that, he piled us into that van, though he shouldn't have really, there were too many of us, and he took us to Konjic. Then he said, 'If you need anything, Vukan Žuža knows my number, let him know, there's going to be no problem.'

We arrived there on 13 July and went over to Hadžići on 27 July. Rajko was taken prisoner, I knew nothing about this until I arrived in Hadžići, until I met his brother. His brother asks me, 'Where is Rajko?' and I ask back, 'Where is Rajko?' Neither he nor I know his whereabouts. He was in prison in Musala while I was in Konjic. Though Konjic isn't as big as Belgrade so that you can't find out such things, we didn't know the whereabouts of each other. I buried the corpses. We women collected the bodies in the village because there were no males around to do that. The bodies were arranged in rows by the church and the graves dug with an excavator. The excavator comes, scoops up as much earth as can fit in the shovel, and the body is dumped into the hole - I think that sixty-eight bodies were buried there. Three days later Zdravko Mucić saved Milan Kuljanin and others,

who'd already been taken out to the stadium to be shot. Now, some of you may think what you want, I'm not shielding anybody, but I want to say this much: he was good to some, and wasn't to others; Pavo Mucić, actually Zdravko, saved those men from being shot at the stadium. On their way back from there, Uncle Mile Kuljanin died before he reached the house. Whether of fear or of beatings, I don't know. On the third day we buried him by the church, we reburied the bodies that'd been buried with the excavator in order that they wouldn't be scattered around by animals.

No one has ever mentioned Bradina [publicly]. No one's said how many people were killed in Bradina. Sreten Kuljanin called Beka had his head cut off. They brought it to the hotel in Konjic. From the hotel they took it to the bridge and kicked it about. Even today, no one knows where his body is. A man said where he'd been buried, but when they went there, there was no body. The body'd been moved to another place. Why was it removed? Because the head is somewhere in Konjic, the body in Bradina. As to Bradina, there's been no reference to what occurred there. We found Pero Kuljanin who'd lost his brother. We found Radenko Kuljanin. We found Vaso Žuža, Nikola Gligorević, Nedeljko from Brđani. There's no helping them. The four of them together, piled on top of each other. We pick them up. We tell where they are. We find Radenko's brother Pera fifteen or twenty days later, his body is decomposing. We wrapped him up in a sheet and buried him to stop animals scattering him around. Has anybody [in authority] ever inquired into what happened in Bradina? Has there ever been any mention of Bradina? Srebrenica is talked about all the time, I have nothing against it. Srebrenica is on everybody's lips. But where do you find any reference to Bradina? Where's any reference to Konjic? Is there any mention of Blace? What about Brđani? Two to three hundred people were killed there; all the villages in the vicinity were occupied. Slaughtered, raped, murdered. The bullet was a privilege. Kill but don't torture.

The man didn't have the strength to say. So I'm going to say it now. This may shake him. His son Neđo was shot clean through the leg. They poked and twisted a hot dagger in his wound. Maybe the man didn't have the strength to say this. Such things happened. Has anybody talked about this publicly anywhere? Nobody knows about this. People keep saying 'Srebrenica, Srebrenica'. I have nothing against it. It happened. All over the place. People got killed everywhere. Let's be realistic. What happened in Kravica on Christmas Day? Is there any reference to that anywhere? What happened, not only in Kravica, but in many other villages? Where, what? How many children got killed? A seventeen-year-old child was found in Bradina on





the fifth day. Gojko Kuljanin, Nedeljko, Njegoš Koprivica, we used to come across bodies scattered all over Bradina for days on end. In the end, it was burned down. No problem. In the end they found Milenko Kuljanin whose brother had been killed, Gojko Kuljanin and father Drago Kuljanin. So, all three of them killed. Radenko Kuljanin, Pero Kuljanin were also killed. Two sisters had two sons killed each. One is simply lost for words. After killing Milenko Kuljanin, they cut up his tongue. His head was cut up here. Has anybody testified about this anywhere? I know all this. I saw nearly all of this with my own eyes. Božidar Žuža is not here, he beseeched me, we didn't know what was going to happen, to help him pick up his son, only to help him remove him from the road outside the house, to carry his child behind the house so that they would not see him, not take him away. To stop them taking him to the mass grave by the church down below. But I didn't know what was afoot, if I'd known what was going to happen, I would have picked up his son, we would've carried and hidden him behind the house to remain there, the way Vaso hid his son. But there's no mention of this anywhere, no one talks about these things. Nowhere.

After that, we first visited Bradina in 1996. Our first journey from Konjic under escort, to keep us safe. In Bradina, we found a mosque that wasn't there before, we found a mosque, we found a plaque saying, 'Bradina was liberated from the Chetnik criminals on 25-26 May 1992.' The mosque was erected on the ruins of the house of Bogdan Kureš, who was killed; they killed him during the war. He left behind a wife and two daughters. The mosque was built on those foundations. We later insisted that the mosque and the plaque should be removed. Before we brought the journalists along, they'd replaced the plaque. I forget what the inscription on it says, but the text was changed. It no longer says that Bradina was liberated from the Chetnik criminals. The mosque remains, the minaret remains, though everything around it has been cleared. We aren't allowed to go near any of the houses. So, how come there's been no reference to Bradina anywhere before? In Bratunac, we all live like beggars. People have no bread. The children don't go to school, people don't work, there's no work, there's no bread. Nobody asks us where we've been, what we've been. I'd like to finish my story.

Nataša Kandić: Where was Rajko at that time?

Zora Kuljanin Rajko is now going to say what he has. I said what I had to say. This is why I said that I would talk about my case and Rajko about his. I thank you all, you go on.

Rajko Kuljanin My name's Rajko Kuljanin. You've already heard a good part of the story. However, you haven't heard the prelude to all this. Bradina was first attacked on 25 and 26 May, and it finally fell on 27 May 1992. A number of young people tried to avoid being taken prisoner and took to the woods. What is characteristic of Bradina is that it lies in a valley and is surrounded by villages populated mostly by Muslims and Croats, I mean, Catholics. The nearest place to Bradina from where you could reach free territory was Borci or Hadžići. The worst thing was, at that time we in Bradina had no way of knowing who was in Tarčin and who in Hadžići. We were isolated from all. So what happened happened. One of us has already mentioned that an arrangement had been made, those village sentries, you don't attack our village, you don't turn on us and we don't turn on you. They posted their sentries in their fields, we in ours. We guarded our houses. Then 25 May came. What happened happened. The Muslims were together with the Croats, the HOS men, I couldn't say which army. What happened, happened. A large part of Bradina was torched then. Such men folk as were not killed were taken to the camp. The women, children, and elderly people remained in the houses. The younger people were hiding in the woods and trying to break through to free territory. You knew what lay in store for you. No one was in touch with anybody, though we knew approximately where others were, then we separated. At one point I met up with Nikola Mrkajić, Rajko Mrkajić and another one, I don't know who the third man was. He could've been Zoran Kuljanin, I think also Đuro Kuljanin, yes. Then we again went our separate ways, Đuro and Brane went off, I and Zoran Kuljanin set off together.

The two of us spent the night in a cave. Next day soldiers turned up. They searched and mopped the place thoroughly. The river Trešanica is nearby, we gathered things to mask the entrance to the cave. We saw everything from there. We knew what would happen if they found us. If they didn't find us, we'd stay there. And so we did. We remained inside a few days until our hunger became too much to bear. One night we went out to see what'd happened to our houses, if there was anybody alive, there'd been a lot of smoke during the attack. By coincidence – it seemed impossible at first but turned out possible after all – I reached my house. I called out. I didn't want my next of kin, any of them from my house to see me, but I wasn't concerned about others. We established contact. I was given a little food and then I simply vanished. I'd been issued with a pistol before this unfortunate war. I worked as a driver. I had a licensed pistol. The pistol gave my folks a lot of trouble too. They looked for it, wanted to know where it was. We hid in the woods. We hid until 12 July 1992. We tried to reach Hadžići, a





place called Orahovica, it's near a Muslim village, we were safest there and we stayed there. We stole food from them. There was no other way. They didn't expect that, we were in the heart of their territory. They didn't think anyone could steal anything from them in that place.

And so we survived, but then came St Peter's Day, when Bradina was completely burned down for the second time. Two of the seven of us who were together decided to go over and find out what was happening. The other one was Ranko or Zdravko Žuža. They're twin brothers. Now, one of them was to come with me to find out what was going on. I wore a pair of All Stars sneakers, he a pair of short boots. It was a long walk from there. We set off. He slips on a rock and loses his shoe. The sole came off. We returned. What is the matter? He can't walk. My younger brother was there with us. He says, 'I'm going with my brother to find out.' I have a small child. We're going to find out if any of them's alive. If they're not alive, I had no reason to live either. I'm going to make trouble. Repovci is not far away, Šunje is not far away. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Božidar was an elderly man, more experienced than the rest. He says, 'You're not going both of you. One of you's going.' I made the decision to go alone. We agreed, if I'm not back before dark, by a certain time during the night, we had no watches, could not orient ourselves, but if I'm not back by some time during the night, if I'm not there, they are to leave that territory. That's what happened. I reached a house, another, a third. Everything's burned, everything's burning. No one's there, not a living soul. I was not afraid then, just as I'm not afraid, sitting here in front of you, that any of you will do me any harm, I had the same feeling then. In the middle of the day, the houses are burning, no one's around, and I'm walking from house to house, until I inspected about twenty houses. I didn't see a living soul. Only the livestock around. Walking, grazing. Not a living soul. I don't know what to do. You can't find anything to eat. I decide to return to my company. We have no other choice. We must break through to Hadžići. It was summer time, about five o'clock, I was fifty metres short of a small stream, otherwise they wouldn't ever have caught me. It's warm. No one in sight. I tied a kind of jacket, a tracksuit top around the waist, it's warm. I'm carrying the pistol tucked into my belt. All of a sudden there's a group of men around me and I'm surrounded from all sides. There wasn't a thing I could've done with that pistol. I came to a halt and I had a look around. Of the ten or perhaps more of them I knew more than half of them as well as I know myself. They were all my nearest neighbours from Repovci. The chief commander was from Repovci.

Of them all, one named Kaman – he used to work for the public transport company, used to drive a tram – was one of the most extreme ones. Not wasting a moment, he told the commander, 'Let's finish him off here. He's the only one remaining in Bradina.' The idea was that I should remain there. However, why, I don't know, he radioed by walkie-talkie, they all had walkie-talkies with them, he reported to some commander that they'd caught a Chetnik at a place called Pode.

To make a long story short, they marched me to Bradina, to the local office. I didn't know who we were waiting for, though later military police arrived from Konjic in a Zastava car, a couple of them, I knew, I knew them well, I'd finished my eight-year school and training course down there. I knew those people, they used to be manual workers, used to push those three-wheelers around the town in search of work, but then war came, they were given uniforms and hoped to become heroes, generals. They are the worst kind of people. They did the most harm. Those who'd been in prison before, on the Goli Otok island, they didn't do people harm. They did the least harm. It was rather those whom I'd not expected to do such things, those in whose company I'd been a thousand times. There, there are younger people than me here, Velimir who used to be a haulier, many of us, one didn't discriminate, we sat in the pubs together, we ate, drank, attended weddings, patron saints' days, everything. One of them first handcuffed me. My nickname's Kičo. He says, 'I've been waiting for you, Kičo.' He put the handcuffs on my hands. That was the first time I'd been handcuffed in my life. He says, 'Let's see if they're secure,' and pulls my hands apart so that the handcuffs grip real tight. The handcuffs cut into the flesh, the hands bleed. I still have the marks. But this is not enough for him. He's a military policeman. He has a baton and he uses it. He catches me a blow there, a blow or two on the back. Others now take over. They dance on my back. They drum on it real hard. They kept at it for some time. They threw me into a Zastava. The Zastava has seats front and back. I'm at the back, on the floor between the seats, they're sitting on the seat with their feet on me, they keep kicking me all the way from Bradina to Konjic, some fourteen or fifteen kilometres.

We arrive in Konjic. I happen to know Konjic well. I'm brought to Tešanica, where their military police are stationed. I'm thrown out of the Zastava like a sack of potatoes, head first. I still have a souvenir here. A stone, sand, got inside and lodged there. Later I removed it. You wouldn't have recognized me. I was brought in, handcuffed, and they exchanged greetings, I forget whether they use their left or right hand, 'We caught a Chetnik in such and such place. He killed our people.' 'What "our people"?' I knew nothing at the





time, but I learned later all right. The man Alagić was in charge of the military police. I'm sorry, fourteen or fifteen years have passed since, I can't remember, I only recall that he attended the secondary school in Konjic together with my sister. I knew that face well, though I've now forgotten his first name, but I'm one hundred per cent sure that his surname's Alagić. Winks and nods were given. All of a sudden, I was being beaten left and right with batons, boots and fists. They used whatever there was to hand. One used a rifle. I passed out. When I came to – which I did after I was splashed in the toilet with ten or eleven litres of water from a bucket – one of them yelled, 'Here, the Chetnik hasn't died.' Another bucketful was splashed over me. They started jumping on me again, asking, 'Say where's Mićo, where's Žuža, where's Lazar Čečez?' Lazar Čečez lived in a village below Konjic, in Donje Selo village. He's the husband of Grozda Čečez, who gave evidence in The Hague, but I naturally didn't know them then. I couldn't have known. All was in vain. I spotted a man there who'd been with me at school. At one moment, after they'd stopped beating me for a while, he said to me, 'Kićo, they're beating you because you're a Serb.' I understood it all. From there I was returned to the same car, the handcuffs remaining on my hands all the while. They're asking, 'Where do we drive, Čelebići, Musala?' He replies, 'Let's find out.' They must've rung up a number of stations, because he says, 'Take him straight to Musala.' I'm driven to Musala. They throw me out and take me into a cellar. In peacetime, in the former Yugoslavia, these small cells were only used to keep someone overnight or make interrogations. These rooms measure two metres by one and have no windows. The iron doors have a hole, a spy hole, whatever, and a padlock, and that's it. No bed, no rug, nothing at all. The concrete floor's your rug. That's where Rajko spent a full nine months, the worst months in his life.

Interestingly, we were all of us who've been testifying here beaten during the night. You didn't know who was beating you, the idea being, if you survived, you couldn't point your finger at someone and say, 'You beat me, he beat me.' I too was beaten up that night. I passed out and when I came to I couldn't stand up. Some time later they would come in and say, 'Get up Chetnik. Whoever comes to this door, you're to stand up, stand to attention, and salute him with the words: "Sir, I'm the Chetnik So-and-So".' But there was no chance of my getting up even in theory. After 6 November they broke every bone in my body. My ribs haven't healed properly to this day. My arms and legs, I can't use them properly any more. A tattoo's gone from them. Next day, during daylight, another delegation arrived, to see the Chetnik who'd killed

seven of their soldiers. I know who came on that occasion, I have their names in my head and I see them in my mind's eye. But it's no use. I can tell you their names. But those names mean nothing to anybody. At the end of the whole trial that was held in The Hague, three lower-ranked persons were sentenced. All of those who did those things to us, they were guards, they received their orders from someone. They were given orders from someone to beat me up, to extract a confession from me, to make me say that I'd killed seven of their soldiers who'd refused to carry rifles. They were Muslims who didn't want to pick up rifles, weapons, they didn't want to fight Serbs. One of their men fired a Zolja. There was a Croat with them. He used to play football for 'Igman' in Konjic, I think that he was called Pandža. He was the only one wearing body armour. He was wounded. He tried to escape and he ran away from the place, but a couple of kilometres farther on they caught up with him and finished him off. They finished off each one of them and by doing that they made the things worse. They used their knives and cut off a finger, an ear, anything from each body. Because only a Chetnik is said to use the knife on a dead man. Simply, that thing had to happen, that had to be done, in order that Bradina should no longer exist as such. So it happened.. By coincidence, I was caught a few kilometres from that place and was completely ignorant of the incident. I was beaten up good and proper. I endured things I thought a man could never endure, but now I know that he can. Now, if anything were to happen, I'd fight day and night.

I'd never hurt anyone before, never insulted anyone, but now I'm a different man. The anxiety, the insomnia. I'm not half the man I used to be. You're filled with bitterness. What for all that? There were victims on all sides, and stories like this on all three sides. But what is regrettable is, this story of ours had never been raised before. There, it took fifteen years for us to come to Belgrade and be given a chance like this to tell this to a wider audience. This gentleman here, he was in my house in Bratunac shooting a programme a few years ago, a year, two ago, wasn't it so? I mean, this isn't the first time. We'd told our stories before. There isn't a place we haven't addressed, where we haven't tried to say something, to prove things. But no one seems to be interested. It appears than no one else is to blame, only the Serbs are to blame. Why? What's the reason? There's no author who could describe that, and I myself can't remember all and find the words to describe what happened. Here we've heard only some of the facts, briefly, the anguish, the humiliation, the beatings, the knives and pistol barrels shoved into your mouth. They took me to 'Igman', I who live in Bradina was taken to 'Igman' to say where the Chetnik dugouts were. I'd never been to 'Igman' before. I swore, I swore





to myself that I would never ever go to 'Igman'. I had only this much to say. I greet you and thank you.

Nataša Kandić: Now, I'm going to ask Strahinja Živak to address us at the end of our afternoon session.

Strahinja Živak Ladies and gentlemen, respected guests. I extend my greetings to you. This, today, is a sad story, but I'm addressing you for the sake of the truth. Here are the living witnesses who survived all that. I'm not going to repeat anything. It was my fate to be in the accident ward in Sarajevo, in the hospital, at the time of the fall of Bradina. As soon as the camp in Čelebići was established, because I'm from Konjic, from Bradina, from Brđani, I too was to appear at that assembly point. But since the war had already started, it was April, [and] Serbs were in Hadžići, it wasn't convenient, and there was a better, more secure place, the 'Viktor Bubanj' military barracks. 'He'll be better off there, and besides we're in touch there, we can question him the two of us, and maybe exchange or liquidate him.' Most deplorably, they removed me from the accident ward one night, about eight o'clock. I was immobile. They handcuffed me. I was using crutches at the time. I asked, 'Why?' Because I had nothing to do with anything. He says, 'You're going to catch it, you're going to find out why.' Why, shouldn't there be something in writing? When they took me away, I was wearing short pants and one sock, I was still in a cast, I had langettes on the legs up to my waist. They threw me into the Central Prison and kept me there for three or four days, then transferred me to 'Viktor Bubanj'. I wondered, 'My God, is this a State at all? Whose citizen am I?' I, who was in charge of the PTT system in Sarajevo during the Olympic Games, at the time of an international event, now find myself in a dungeon. I called out to Hippocrates, 'Hippocrates, where are you, does the Hippocratic oath mean anything here?' No reply from Hippocrates. I knew he was dead, but he died a second time there, in Sarajevo. In that place also I lay on concrete. They didn't dress my wounds. There was a sort of covering on me. Underneath that cover, it simply crawled with maggots. I pleaded with them to remove the cast. I kept hoping they would return me to the hospital. Instead of returning me to the hospital to have the cast, the langette, removed, they took it off with horse hoof pliers and a pair of shears and a hammer. Some policemen held me fast there. The operation took about two hours. My leg was black.

What happens next? I'd been a year in prison when I received the saddest piece of news in my life. In the cell whose walls are covered in blood, where thirteen or fourteen of us were squeezed into six square metres of space, I received a letter from my brother

in Smederevo: 'Dear brother, I must tell you the truth, the children are gone.' What now? I am half dead, in a sick bay cell with some wretched souls, some of whom go out and are given work to do, but we can't work, I was there with a Jovo, a certain Ninković. Jovo says to me, 'There must be some mistake about that letter.' 'Do keep quiet Jovo, yes, My brother wouldn't lie to me. But listen now, don't you ever by any chance appeal to God. God has nothing to do with us in this place. Maybe he too has taken a leave of absence. Don't pray to him to help us. I want to live and to testify. I'm going to walk out of this camp and I'll write a book entitled "I live to testify." After I was exchanged, I started to write a book called 'I live to testify'. It is my first book. I described all my suffering in the camp. The book has had three editions so far. I wish to tell you that I've received greetings from some people from Sarajevo, from the Central Prison, from policemen from the 'Viktor Bubanj' military barracks, it was still called 'Viktor Bubanj' then, they asked about me and sent their greetings. A training officer, a Bosniak, Željko by name, who transferred to the Ministry of Justice, said, 'Sent my greetings to Živak, he wrote that book well. Everything he wrote was the truth.'

Now, I'd like to have your attention. It was then that I heard about Bradina. I was taken out to be exchanged. I asked questions about Čelebići because I wasn't down there. I wrote the book 'Čelebići camp'. Of course, I sought out witnesses. The witnesses were all out there, I know the statistics, I know Konjic, I was involved in journalism a little, so I wrote the book 'Čelebići camp'. I got the idea from a man by name Pantelić, he's a lawyer, first name's Igor, I set about investigating things for the sake of the truth when he first defended some persons accused in The Hague. So I wrote eight books documenting the suffering, the human destinies, the encounters. Mind you, my books are not reading material to make you cry, as it were. They're sad, they're distressing, but no, these books are a great consolation, to help us simply open our eyes, to see things better, to learn about that crime, to find out who the real criminals are and to make sure they're brought to justice even if they are my next of kin or others. A crime is a crime.

Mind you, I was the only camp inmate who recognized the Hague Tribunal as soon as it was established. I wrote a letter to Louise Arbour, the public prosecutor. I said, 'I'm a camp inmate, I was kept in Sarajevo for so much time, my children were killed, things like that, as a former camp prisoner I recognize the Tribunal. Please, adjudicate, bring charges. I'll help you as much as I can. But do not be partial in the administration of justice. Do not mix up politics and legal science.' I may be the only camp inmate who has met both Louise Arbour and Carla Del Ponte twice. When I showed





Carla Del Ponte my letter to Louise Arbour and her reply, she became interested and asked, 'Will you give me this?' 'I will.' Though my life is of no consequence, one ought to fight. One ought to persevere, to prove the truth, only on the basis of documents, on the basis of evidence, one shouldn't make false accusations and sow hatred. It becomes a Christian not to hate. One should not hate. Also, one ought to fight evil. As brother Vaso put it, he wouldn't have the heart to kill his son's murderer, he would instead say, 'There's a court of law, there's a way of punishing him.' Well, such men are great.

As to the Čelebići camp, I thank the Humanitarian Law Centre and Mrs Kandić for preparing this meeting, though the epilogue of the Hague Tribunal can be glimpsed. The judgements have been made. They are as they are. Normally, there are three of them, but, there, they have made a promise to us, the esteemed gentlemen from the Hague Tribunal, that they will transmit these crime documents, which are not on the level of the Hague Tribunal proceedings, they will transmit them to the national courts. Also, I would ask them as one who was tortured, as a camp inmate, to stick to it. Mind you, there are a lot of cases. We from the Association of Camp Inmates of Republika Srpska, we have called on Jurčević and others. We asked, 'You've been entrusted with the Konjic cases. What became of them?' We know them all by name. They replied, 'We're short of judges', 'We'll be looking into that shortly', and so on. This isn't done. We want reconciliation, we want to try the war criminals. These are not going to The Hague. Whether they will go, we don't know. When it comes to dealing with those mentioned here – we've got complete documents, everything's been proved – the excuse is, 'We're short of judges.' So, I'd like to ask you who are connected with the Hague Tribunal, who are informed about the cases, to make inquiries. Have they been processed at all? That is one thing.

Another thing, Konjic, Konjic and Bradina, that is the paradigm of the suffering of the Serb people. To be sure, there was suffering everywhere, but, mind you, the first large-scale ethnic cleansing was carried out in Konjic. Bradina had a population of 700, Serb population, one Croat house and one Muslim. Everything was cleansed. There's no one left. No one's returning. No one's trying to return. That is one thing. Another thing: fifteen percent of the Serb population of Konjic comes to 6,700 residents. Three hundred of them remain. All the rest were driven out. In Čelebići, which was a purely Serb village, they established a camp. Why, who was the responsible person in the chain of command who ordered the establishment of the camps? Who ordered the ethnic

cleansing? Let me tell you, just to let you know, that before the war, keeping in mind what happened during the Second World War and not wanting a repetition of it, we were the only ones in Bosnia and Herzegovina to organize a panel discussion including the HDZ [Croatian Democratic Union], SDS [Serb Democratic Party] and SDA [Party of Democratic Action]. We tied the flags together, laid on music, there was merrymaking, we want to live together, we want no evil in our midst. We were there a Yugoslavia in miniature, we Bosnia and Herzegovina. Čengić came from Sarajevo on behalf of the SDA, the late Professor Koljević too, and everything was fine. But look what happened. They found it convenient to remain silent and all hell broke loose. There. There's tit for tat, and this is how we end up. Thank you for your attention.

Nataša Kandić: We shall now close our afternoon 'Voice of the Victims' session. I thank all who've come from Zrenjanin, from Niš, from Kragujevac, from Bratunac, from Višegrad, from Prijedor and I hope that that you agree with us that the time spent with the victims and listening to their experiences and what they went through is worthwhile, that after this we know more and will have more evidence about what happened in Konjic, Bradina, and in the region in general. Thank you.

