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Srebrenica, juli 1995 – 2015

Esad BAJTAL

## **UJED ZMIJE SJEĆANJA**

*Hommage dostojanstvu i bolu majki  
Srebrenice*

Sarajevo, 2015.



U Srebrenici, od 6. do 19. jula 1995. ubijeno je 8.372 nedužna čovjeka. Od toga, prema nalazima suda u Haagu, najmanje 48 žena, među kojima su i djevojčice od 8 i 9 godina. I čak 76 dječaka ispod 16 godina, te 629 staraca preko 60 godina.

Upravo ta spolno-starosna struktura žrtava otkriva sistematičnost i genocidno zacrtanu namjeru koja je sudski dokazana i kvalifikovana. Sve je rađeno planski: od Karadžićeve „Direktive vojsci“ (8.3.1995) da u Srebrenici stvara „nemoguće uslove življenja“, uključujući i onemogućavanje UNPROFOR-a u dostavi humanitarne pomoći, ali sve to sofisterijski zakamuflirano da se „izbjegne osuda međunarodne zajednice i međunarodnog javnog mnijenja“.



Bio je jul 1995. godine, dvanaesti u mjesecu, kada je nastao snimak koji je obišao svijet. Ratko Mladić s grupom vojnika u Potočarima, nedaleko od Srebrenice, nalazi se među ljudima proganjivanim iz njihovih domova i po obrazu tapši plavokosog dječaka. Pita ga kako se zove i koliko mu je godina, a dječak na brzinu slaže.

Da bi ispočeo veći, kaže da ima dvanaest, iako je imao osam. Taj plavokosi dječak bio je Izudin Alić.

Dokle se išlo u koordinaciji skrivanja istine i obmane domaće i svjetske javnosti, najbolje govori vojno-medijski izrežiran trenutak propagandnog TV-prenosa Mladićevog davanja čokoladica djeci Srebrenice. Sve se odvija u trenutku dok dječije očeve (autobusima planski dopremljenim iz Srbije), ajhmanovski uredno, deportuju na već pripremljena stratišta. Na sceni je cinizam mimikrijske, medijski osmišljene reinterpretacije tekuće zločinačke aktivnosti srpske vojske s ciljem njenog izvrtanja u sliku tobožnjeg humanizma.

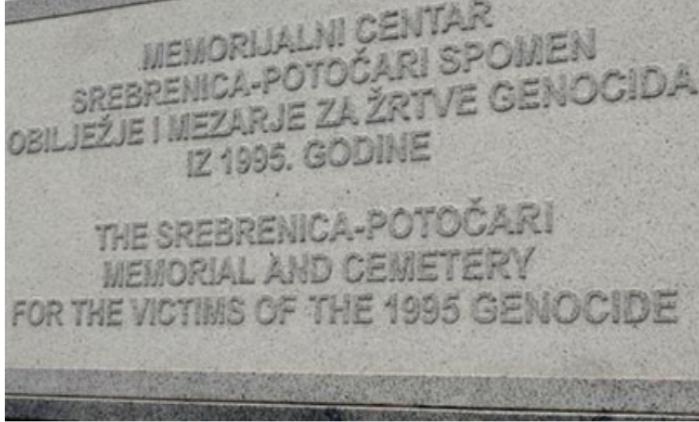
Radi se o licemjerno-ciničnoj zloupotrebi naivne dječice koja, ništa ne sluteći, skoru smrt vlastitih očeva zaslađuju gorkim čokoladicama vojnog i jeftino-propagandnog cinizma državne televizije Srbije. Neljudskost i jeftinost te marketing mimikrije ogleda se u činjenici da njen dvostruki cinizam leži kako u djelu podlo osmišljenog davanja čokoladica tako (i još više) i u TV slici tog davanja planski namijenjenog obmani Svijeta. Odnosno, marketinški tempirana TV slika samo je očigledno i nepobitno uvjerljivo svjedočanstvo strateški osmišljenog „koda poricanja“ istine o genocidu na djelu.

Tako se crna slika nemoralna, bijede i vojnog beščašća pokušava prikriti licemjernom gestom tobоžnje dobrote. Koliko je lažna sva ta ideoološki osmišljena mimikrija najbolje svjedoči činjenica da, i dan-danas, na javnim manifestacijama i velikim sportskim priredbama ogromni transaparenti „NOŽ, ŽICA, SREBRNICA“ širom Srbije i manjeg bh. entiteta slove kao neupitni etno-patriotski slogan za koji nikad niko nije pozvan na odgovornost.

Uprkos davnoj sudskoj presudi, genocid se službeno-politički još uvijek negira. I ne samo to. Kolektivnim pjevanjem na javnim mjestima i skupovima, srebrenički genocid se gromoglasno i nekažnjeno slavi, a prijeteći najavljuje čak i novi:

Oj, Pazaru novi Vukovaru  
A Sjenice, nova Srebrenice

Pri tome, međunarodna zajednica nijemo šuti i pasivno posmatra baš onako kako je to činila i krvavog jula 1995.



MEMORIJALNI CENTAR  
SREBRENICA-POTOČARI SPOMEN  
OBILJEŽJE I MEZARJE ZA ŽRTVE GENOCIDA  
IZ 1995. GODINE

THE SREBRENICA-POTOČARI  
MEMORIAL AND CEMETERY  
FOR THE VICTIMS OF THE 1995 GENOCIDE



*Smrt je u zaboravu,  
a ne u faktu smrti.  
Čovjek je mrtav tek onda  
kad ga se više niko ne sjeća.*

F. Alfirević



8372...

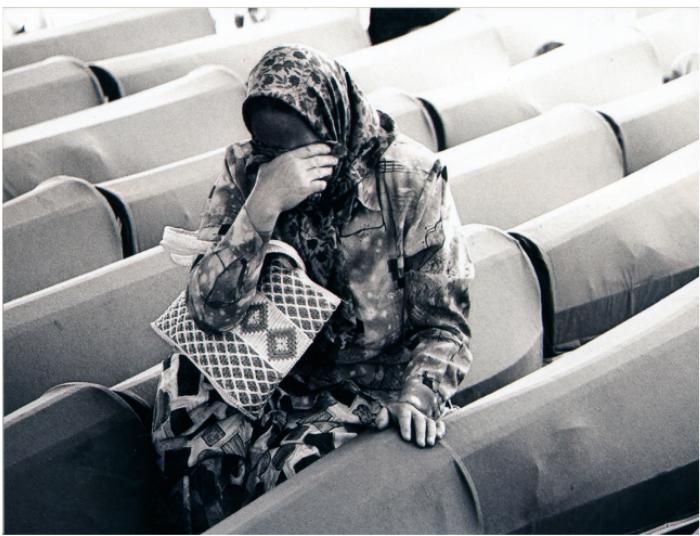
LUKUPAN BROJERIJA  
...OUNJE KOJACAN





U bezrazložnoj nasilnosti osionih  
ubica,  
smrt nevinih uvijek je više nego  
okrutna.

Ali,  
u dramatičnoj odiseji neizvjesnog  
traganja za planski i dobro skrivanim  
posmrtnim ostacima, i konačno  
suočavanje s istinom njihovog  
nalaženja, postaje i bolnije i okrutnije  
čak  
i od same smrti.



Priča o jednoj potresnoj filmskoj priči,  
svjedoči o neizrecivom bolu tih  
nemuštih susreta.

O bolu suočavanja majki sa  
konačno pronađenim ostacima  
zločinački pogubljenih sinova.

O paklu beznadežnog suočavanja  
iz koga nikakav bijeg nije moguć.  
Pa ni onaj neizbjježni.

Jer,  
ima i očiglednih istina u koje se  
ne može vjerovati.

Baš kao što se počinioći tih zločina,  
uprkos svoj njihovoј očiglednosti,  
čak ni notornih laži negiranja svojih  
zločina ne žele odreći.

U tome je porazna dijalektika bola  
izgubljenih nada.

Dijalektika sjećanja  
koje zmijski smrtonosno  
ujeda.



*Traženje koje duše smiruje,*  
naziv je dokumentarnog filma  
o petnaestogodišnjem poratnom i  
bolnom traganju bosanskih majki  
za zemnim ostacima svojih bezočno  
pobijenih sinova.

Nenadomjestivo uvjerljivim jezikom  
slike i tona, film nam prikazuje i  
pokazuje  
upravo taj potresni nemir – živih.

Odnosno,  
u svojoj dvadestominutnoj  
dokumentaristički temporalnoj  
svedenosti,  
ovaj film se, uglavnom,  
odvija na centripetalnoj orbiti  
momenta  
šokantnog suočavanja majki s  
konačno (pro)nađenim skeletnim  
ostacima svojih sinova.

Zemnim ostacima života  
reduciranog na puko Ništa.

Ništa skršenih, i  
skrivajućim premještanjem podobro  
deformiranih kostura.



Paradoksalno Ništa nepotpunih i  
pokidanih skeleta,  
u čije se nepojmljivo postojanje ne  
može više ni sumnjati ni vjerovati.

Stjerana uza zid opore  
i opipljive nestvarnosti hladne  
kosturnice;

suočena s konačnim ishodom odurno  
bemislenog nasilja njegovih ubica;  
izgubljeno zagledana u zdrobljene  
sinovlje kosti pred sobom,

jedna od neutješno ojađenih majki,  
mehanički slušajući stručna  
objašnjenja ljekara-forenzičara,  
u najdramatičnijoj i emotivno  
šokantnoj sceni filma,  
kratko i poluodsutno izgovara:

„*Očima ne vjerujem, ali nauci  
vjerujem*“!

Taj refleksni bijeg u nevjericu  
vlastitih očiju, najteža je optužba  
bezumlja i zločina s kojim je ta  
izgubljena majka,  
sudbinski tako nestvarno-tragično,  
a realistički krajnje surovo  
suočena.



Oporost njenog iskaza:

„*Očima ne vjerujem, ali nauci  
vjerujem*“!

bolni je gest ljudskog odbijanja  
te izmučene žene  
da se suoči upravo sa onim  
za čim je godinama  
tako istrajno i neumorno tragala.

A tragala je za *posljednjom istinom*  
svog života.

Teškom istinom koju sad, konačno,  
ima pred sobom.

Ali, koju, u njenoj racionalnoj  
neshvatljivosti i svojoj majčinskoj  
nepomirljivosti, nije ni spremna  
ni kadra da prihvati.

Jer,  
*htjeti* je jedno,  
*imati* je – drugo,  
a *prihvatiti* sudbinski  
nepojmljivo okrutnu spoznaju,  
nešto je – sasvim treće.



Kad rezignirano kaže da  
„vjeruje nauci“, a ne vjeruje „svojim  
očima“, ta bolno ucvijeljena majka  
samo  
*vjeruje* da – ne vjeruje.

Odnosno,  
ona bi samo *htjela*  
da – ne vjeruje.

U beznađu tog egzistencijalno  
poraznog suočenja, ona dobro *zna* da  
je sve to baš tako.

Tako kako joj vlastite oči  
kazuju i po-kazuju.

Ali,  
realno stiješnjena između  
potresnog Bola Istine,  
i konačno Izgubljene Nade,  
ona naprsto  
ne želi vjerovati  
da vidi to što vidi.

I da jest – to što jest.



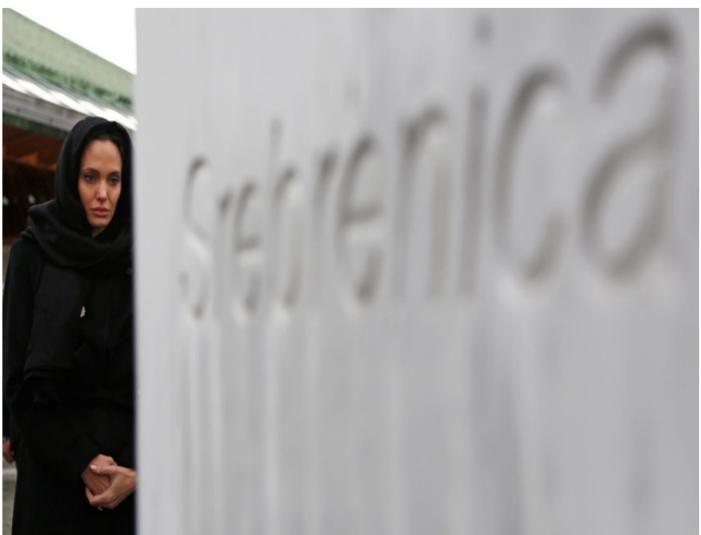
Evidentnu i najzad pronađenu istinu  
(za kojom je svim srcem majčinski  
istrajno tragala),  
njen razoren um sada  
odbija da prihvati.

Pod presijom te  
tako nestvarne stvarnosti,  
elementarni pojmovi  
školski uobičajenog  
reda i poretna stvari,

u njenoj se glavi refleksno obrću  
u svoju logičku suprotnost.

U tom emotivno prisilnom obrtanju,  
ona svoju bolnu Nevjeru izriče glasom  
Razuma, dok racionalnu Nauku  
reducira na unutranji glas čiste  
Vjere.

Ona sada „vjeruje“ u *nevjerovatno*,  
samo zato, jer joj tako  
hladna Nauka kaže.



Istovremeno,  
ona „ne vjeruje“ u ono *očigledno* i  
opipljivo-prisutno, jer,  
njeno skrhanošću pobunjeno srce,  
tu očiglednost odbija da prihvati.

Izgubljena u svojoj nevjerici,  
ona,  
s tim suhim,  
ogoljelim i deformisanim kostima,  
– „kao da“ nema ništa.

U krajnje nepojmljivoj nestvarnosti  
iracionalnog trenutka  
suočavanja,

te su joj beživotne kosti – u isti mah  
i nešto *tuđe*,  
i nešto – *sveto*.

Svojom *tuđošću* one je  
apsolutno *odbijaju*,  
a svojom uzvišenom *svetošću*  
bolno i neodoljivo *privlače*.

Pokrenuto  
tom užasno svetom *nedodirljivošću*,  
tonom neviđenog strahopoštovanja,  
uslijediće njeno majčinski-



skrušeno pitanje, upućeno  
doktoru-forenzičaru:

„Mogu li Ovo dirnuti“?

A, „Mogu li Ovo dirnuti“,  
na jeziku ambivalentne majčinske  
nevjerice, znači:

Smijem li dirnuti to *tako moje*,  
a idejnom bahatošću mi –  
*tako sablasno otuđeno*.

Odnosno,  
to božanski *nedodirljivo* i Svetu,  
a majčinski, ipak moje,  
*i – samo moje*.

Tražene i konačno nađene,  
te gole, suhe kosti,  
DNK-ovski sabrane, tu,  
pred njenim presahlim očima,  
u koje sada niti želi niti može da  
vjeruje,

ogledalo su prizemnog inata i bahate  
bezumnosti osionih čuvara naciona!



Odratz su pomamne okrutnosti  
idejnog fanatizma  
i netrpeljivosti

besmisleno nepotrebne i  
planski kovane mržnje  
dokonih etno-spisatelja i  
etno-“spasitelja”.

Mržnje koja bezdušno  
*laže,*  
*bije i*  
*ubija!*

U ime čega?  
I zašto?

U ime Politike!  
U ime Nacije!  
U ime Vjere!

Čije Politike?  
Čije Nacije?  
I čije Vjere?

I šta su

ta Politika,  
ta Nacija  
i ta Vjera



u odnosu na bolnu Nevjeru  
ove jadom skrhane žene?

Nevjeru njene nespremnosti  
da povjeruje u  
okrutnost i idejno bezumlje  
strahobnog povijesnog zločina.

Zločina što se,  
u gomili skršenih kostiju,  
zrcali, tu, pred njenim  
usahlim očima.

Njena svijest  
o besmisleno krvavom  
krojenju istorije,  
čini tu istoriju krajnje neljudskom i  
ljudski neprihvatljivom.

Za nju,  
ta histerična historija  
nema više nikakvog smisla.

I nikada ga više neće imati.

Uprkos očiglednosti  
opipljive gomile požutjelih kostiju,  
u tako bezočni ishod jednog  
smišljenog zločina  
ne može se povjerovati.



Niti se,  
tim kostima očigledno potvrđeni,  
a razumu neshvatljivi zločin,  
može majčinski ikad prihvatići.

I zato,  
ova bolom skrhana majka,

*niti želi,*  
*niti može,*  
*niti hoće*

da – povjeruje u ono  
što vidi.

U trenutku kad ga je konačno našla,  
ona sumnjičavo odbija  
upravo *To* za čim je,  
godinama,

tako uporno,  
majčinski strasno  
tragala.

Budimo realni.

Ne vjeruje ona više ni  
Nauci na koju se  
u svojoj bolnoj nevjerici  
poziva.



U tom gorkom,  
spoznajno pogubnom momentu  
nadrealne scene suočenja

Nauka je za nju  
samo častan izgovor  
„zdravog razuma“.

Vid odbrane pred neshvatljivim i  
majčinski neprihvatljivim  
tragovima ratnog užasa  
i idejno-planski osmišljenog  
nasilja.

Ona,  
više Nikada,  
više Nikome,  
i više Ništa,  
neće,

niti može,  
niti hoće,  
niti želi vjerovati.

Sve što je imala  
za nju je definitivno,  
nepovratno, i  
za sva vremena –  
izgubljeno!



Pred njenim očima  
plutaju još samo  
sablasne Sjenke Privida.

I Privid Sviljeta  
oličen tim Sjenkama.

U hipu tog  
tragično-potresnog suočenja,  
njen stvarni svijet

stropoštava se u  
mračni ambis  
Idejnog Ništavila.

A u pomrčini tog Ništavila,  
njene presahle oči  
nemaju više šta da traže.

Niti imaju šta da vide.

I sve što je još preostalo,  
tim, iracionalnom nadom  
iznevjerenim očima,  
jeste samo to  
– da zaplaču  
i plaču.



Tiho.  
Nijemo.  
Bez glasa.

I bez suza.

Posljednja scena tog  
ljudski poraznog,  
psihološki slojevitog i  
filmski uvjerljivog kazivanja,  
govori nam upravo o tome.

Budi nas za  
potresnu istinu jedne  
ljudski i civilizacijski  
porazne stvarnosti.

Naglo suočena  
s gomilom pronađenih kostiju,  
u hipu te neshvatljive istine,

umire majčina  
Posljednja Nada.

Njeno iracionalno htijenje  
da bi,  
*uprkos svemu što*  
zna i vidi,  
ipak,  
moglo biti i – drugačije.



Drugačije od  
tragičnog ishoda koji,  
tim nijemim kostima  
na stolu polumračne kosturnice,

potvrđuje sve one crne slutnje  
od kojih je –  
svjesno se nadajući  
– nesvjesno bježala.

Ali,  
nisu samo te suhe i  
nepomične kosti – mrtve.

Prije nego ih sahrani,  
one su nju – *živu*  
– već sahranile.

Definitivno srušen,  
i zajedno  
s njom živom pokopan,

nestaje svaki smisao  
ostatka njenog života.



Sabronica 11 juli 1995

Od tog trenutka,  
on nepovratno pripada  
još samo nestvarnom sjećanju  
nekog davno prohujalog  
vremena.

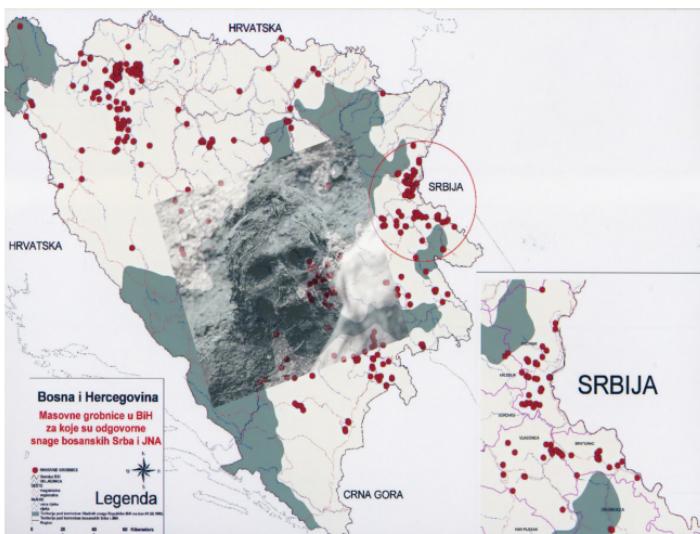
I zato,  
na samom kraju,  
  
ljudski postiđeno, i  
s dužnim poštovanjem  
koje im pripada,

valja odlučno stati i  
pokloniti se  
pred

porazno neizrecivim bolom  
tih hrabrih Žena-Majki.

Majki koje to više nisu.

Tih povjesno-nasilno i  
moralno-tragično  
*razmajčenih* majki.



Kao *živi mrtvaci*  
sumorno-poratne bosanske zbilje,

one su jedini istinski svjedoci  
užasno neljudskog, i  
ogavno suludog zločina.

Zločina  
koji leži na savjesti jednog  
bezočno poganog vremena,  
kome,  
nažalost,

i sami pripadamo.

I čijoj poganosti  
mnogi od nas,  
ako ničim drugim,  
a ono  
svojom kukavnom ratnom i  
poratnom šutnjom,

podosta toga  
bar – *moralno*  
duguju.



Upravo zato,  
zbog neizmjernog bola  
ovih Dostojanstvenih  
i  
Uspravnih Žena,

*umjesto lažnih molitvi  
iza kojih se krijemo*

pokajnički ponizno  
i mantrički uporno,

svako od nas,

iz dana u dan  
iz sata u sat, i  
„šezdeset puta u minuti“

treba da ponavlja one  
uzvišene riječi,  
etički sabrane  
i cioranovski pobunjene  
savjesti:

*Nikada više  
neću reći: „Postojim“  
a da se pri tom  
ne zastidim.*



## **P.S.**

Osnovu prethodne priče čini ekspresija impresije tokom promotivne projekcije dokumentarnog filma „*Traženje koje duše smiruje*“, autora F. Sokolovića, u Domu kulture Kakanj 06. 07 .2009.

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Dipl. ing. Sead Muhić

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Basis of this story is made of impressions expressed during the promotional presentation of the documentary film "Tragedije koge duše smrtnje" / Quest that sooths the sole/, by F. Sokolovic in Cultural center in Kakanj on 6 July 2009

**P.S.**



*I will never say again:*  
 “I exist”  
*without being, at the same time*  
*ashamed.*

consciousness:  
 in Cioran style revolted  
 and  
 ethically collected  
 repeat those holy words,

should we

“sixty times per minute”  
 hour by hour, in  
 day by day

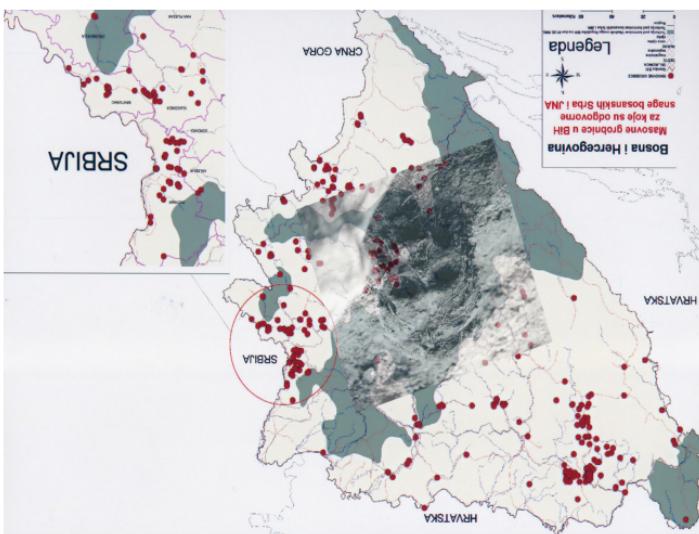
and mantra-like persistently  
 repetitively humbly

instead of false prayers  
 behind which we hide

every one of us  
 Upright Women,  
 and  
 of this Dignified  
 due to enormous pain  
 Exactly because of that,



As living dead  
of gloomy-postwar Bosnian reality,  
they are the only true witnesses  
of horribly inhuman, and  
disgustingly crazy crime.  
Crime  
that lies in the consciousness of a  
cruelly salacious time,  
to which,  
unfortunately, even we belong.  
And to whose dirtiness  
many of us,  
if nothing else,  
then  
with its cowardly war time and  
postwar silence,  
so much  
at least – morally  
owe.



Mothers who are not any more.  
Those historically-violently and  
moralily-tragically  
*de-mothered* mothers.

Women-Mothers.  
of those brave  
cruisingly unspeken pain

One has to decisively stand and  
that belong to them,  
with due respect  
humanly ashamed, and  
at the very end,  
And thus,  
time.  
only to the unreal memory  
it irreplacably belongs  
As of this moment,

of a long gone



of the rest of her life.  
disappears every purpose

with her buried,  
and together  
Definitely destroyed,

— her.  
they have — buried  
Before she buries them,

still bones — dead.  
these are not only those dry and  
But,

— unconsciously ran away.  
knowingly hoping  
from which she —  
confirms all those dark thoughts

on the table of dim-lighted mortuary,  
to those silent bones  
tragic outcome which,  
Different from the



could be yet – different.

everything,

knows and sees,

regardless of everything she

that,

Her irrational wanting

Last Hope.

dies mother's

incomprehensible truth,

in the peak of that

with a heap of found bones,

Suddenly confronted

crushing reality.

humanly and civilizational

emotional truth of a

It wakes us for

speak exactly about this.

film style convincing speech,

psychologically layered and

humanly crushing,

Last scene of that

And without tears.

Without voice.

Silently.

Quietly.



Before her eyes float  
Shadows of Appearance.  
And the Appearance of the World  
Marked with these Shadows.  
At the peak of this  
tragic-shocking confrontation,  
her real world  
collapses to  
dark abyss  
Her dry eyes  
And in the darkness of that Nothing,  
have nothing to look for.  
The only thing left,  
to those,  
by the irrational hope  
betrayed eyes,  
is that they  
- start crying  
and cry.

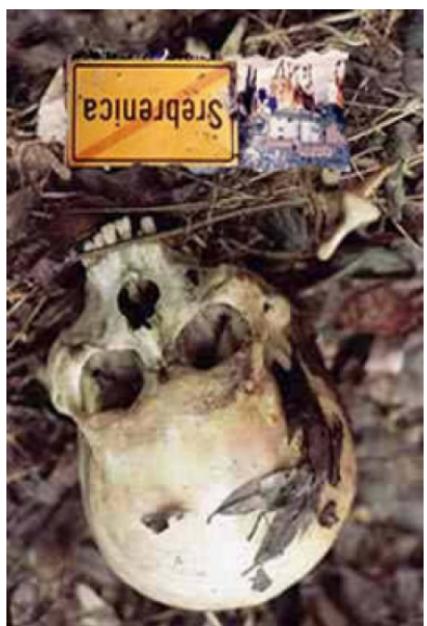
Nor have something to see.  
Nor have something to see.  
And in the darkness of that Nothing,  
have nothing to look for.  
The only thing left,  
to those,  
by the irrational hope  
betrayed eyes,  
is that they  
- start crying  
and cry.



In this bitter,  
 knowingly devastating moment  
 of surreal scene of confrontation  
 Science for her is  
 Only an honorable excuse  
 of "common sense".  
 A form of defense before  
 incomprehensible and motherly  
 unacceptable traces of horrible war  
 and conceptually-planned design of  
 violence.

She,  
 Never again,  
 No one any more,  
 and Nothing any more,  
 will not,

nor she can,  
 nor she wants to believe.  
 Everything she had  
 for her is definitely,  
 irrecoverably, and  
 for all times –  
 lost!



Nor, by these bones apparently  
 confirmed, and for the mind  
 incomprehensible crime, can be ever  
 accepted by mothers.  
 And thus,  
 this mother devastated by pain,  
 And thus,  
 what she sees.  
 At the moment when she finally  
 found him, she suspiciously refuses  
 exactly That what she  
 so persistently,  
 motherly passionately  
 search for.  
 Be realistic.  
 She does not believe any more  
 to Science which she  
 in her painful disbelief  
 invokes.



designed crime one cannot believe.  
in such a cruel outcome of one

despite the obviously  
palpable heap of bones that turned  
yellow,

And it will never have it again.

makes no more sense.  
that hysterical history  
For her,

humanly unacceptable.  
makes that history inhuman and  
about senselessly, in blood tailoring  
Her awareness

dry eyes.  
mirrors, there, in front of her  
in the heap of broken bones,

crime, which,  
senselessness of a terrible historic  
to believe in cruelty and conceptual  
Disbelief of her non-readiness

sorrow?  
of this woman, devastated by her  
compared to painful Disbelieving



and that Religion  
that Nation  
that Politics,

And what is

And whose Religion?  
Whose Nation?  
Whose Politics?

In the name of Religion!  
In the name of National!  
In the name of Politics!

And why?  
In the name of what?

Kills!  
beats and  
lies,  
Hated that heartlessly

writers and ethno-“saviors”.  
planned hatred of bored ethno-  
of senselessly unneeded and

They are the reflection of frantic  
cruelty of conceptual fanaticism  
and intolerance



rampant guards of the nation!  
and arrogant senselessness of the  
are the mirror of inner obstinacy

wishes not and cannot believe,

which she now

before her dry eyes,

collected by DNA, there,

those bald, dry bones,

Searched and finally found,

and – mine only.

and motherly, yet mine,

that Divine unreachable and Sacred,

In fact,

so eerily taken away from me.

and with the conceptual arrogance –

May I touch that so mine,

disbelieving, mean:

in a language of ambivalent motherly

May I “touch this”,

“May I touch this”?

expert:

follow to the medical doctor-forensic



With this horribly holy unreachability,  
Moved

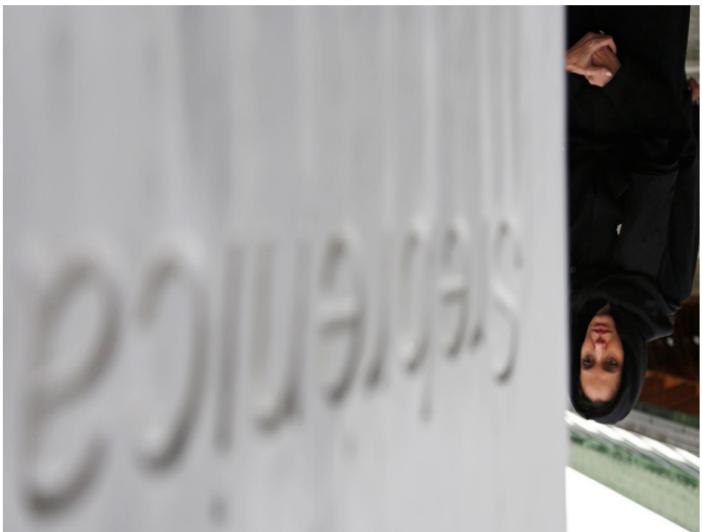
With their being something else's  
they absolutely refuse her,  
and with their sublime holiness they  
irresistibly attract her.

these lifeless bones are — ate the  
same time something else's, and  
something — sacred.

In totally incomprehensible  
surrealism of the irrational moment  
of confrontation,

— "as if" she has nothing.  
bald and deformed bones,  
with these dry,  
she,  
Lost in her disbeliefing,

She "does not believe" the apparent  
and palpably-present, because,  
her devastated rebellious heart,  
refuses to accept that apparent.  
At the same time,



Apparent and finally found truth  
 searched persistently and motherly  
 by all her heart,  
 her destroyed mind now  
 refuses to accept.  
 Under the pressure of that  
 elementary notions of the classic and  
 usual order and system,  
 they turn instinctively in her mind  
 to their logic contradiction.  
 In this emotionally forcible turning,  
 she, her painful Disbelief  
 utters with the voice of Ratio,  
 while reducing rational Science  
 to inner voice of pure Believing.  
 She now "believes" in *unbelievable*,  
 just because, because  
 the cold Science tell her so.



When she says in resignation that  
she „believes science“, not „her eyes“,  
this painfully hurt mother is only  
believing that – she does not believe.

In fact,  
She would only want  
– not to believe.

In despair of that existentially  
crushing confrontation, she knows  
well that everything is just that.

Just as her eyes  
tell and show her.

But,  
Realistically squeezed between  
shaking Pain of Truth,  
and finally Lost Hope,  
she just does not want to believe  
that she sees what she sees.

And it is – what it is.



Sourness of her statement:  
 "I do not believe my eyes, but I believe  
 science!"  
 is a painful gesture of human refusal  
 of this tormented woman  
 to face exactly what she has for years  
 so persistently and tirelessly  
 And she searched for the last truth of  
 Difficult truth, which she finally has  
 in front of her.  
 But which, in her rational  
 unaccepting and her motherly  
 inability to reconcile,  
 she is not ready and able to accept.  
 As,  
 wanting is one,  
 hating is another,  
 and accepting  
 fatefully incomprehensible cruel  
 finding, is yet  
 — something else.



This instinctive escape to disbeliefing  
her own eyes, is the gravest accusa-  
tion of senslessness and crime with  
which this lost mother, is fatefully, so  
unrealistically and tragically, yet so  
realistically and utterly cruelly faced.

*"I do not believe my eyes, but I believe  
science!"*

uttered:

one of the inconsolably hurt mothers,  
while mechanically insisting to the  
forensic experts, in the most dramatic  
explanations of medical doctors  
and emotionally shocking scene in  
this film, she briefly and semi-absent

faceted with final outcome  
of disgustingly senseless violence of  
his murderers; with a lost look at the  
crumpled son's bones in front of her,

mortuary;

Pushed against the wall of sour  
and palpable surrealism of the cold

Paradoxical Nothing of incomplete  
and torn apart skeletons,  
whose incomprehensible existence  
cannot be any more  
either doubted or believed.



Quest that sooths the soul,  
 is the title of a documentary film  
 about fifteen year long, postwar and  
 painful quest by Bosnian mothers  
 for earthly remains of their cruelly  
 murdered sons.  
 With the irreplaceably convincing  
 language of image and tone,  
 the film presents and  
 shows exactly  
 that shocking unrest – of the living.  
 In fact,  
 in its twenty minutes long  
 documentary temporal reduction,  
 this film, mainly,  
 takes place on centripetal orbit of a  
 moment  
 of shocking meeting of mothers with  
 finally found skeletal remains of their  
 sons.

Earthly remains of life  
 reduced to mere Nothing.  
 Nothing of broken, and  
 covertly transfer of quite  
 deformed skeletons.



A story about upsetting film story,  
 A story about unspeaking pain by  
 testifies about voiceless encounters.  
 these voiceless encounters.  
 About the pain of the mothers,  
 About the pain of the mothers,  
 Finally revealed remains of  
 viciously murdered sons.  
 From which the escape is not  
 About the hell of hopeless encounter  
 Not even the hopeless escape.  
 Because,  
 Three are also apparent trusts that  
 cannot be trusted.  
 Just as the culprits of these crimes,  
 despite their being obvious,  
 not even the notorious lies of denial  
 od their crimes do not wish to give up.  
 There lies the crushing dialectics of  
 the pain of lost hopes.  
 Dialectics of futile invoking of  
 oblivion, that persistently refuses to  
 respond to the victim.



In a dramatic odyssey of uncertain  
death of the innocent is always more  
senseless violence of rampart  
murders,  
But,  
In a dramatic odyssey of uncertain  
hidden mortal remains, and final  
reveling, becomes more painful and  
confrontation with the truth of their  
more cruel,  
more than the death itself.







## F. Alfrevic

*when no one remembers him.  
A man is dead only then  
not in the fact of death.  
Death us in oblivion,*





At the same time, international community remains silent and observes passively, just as it did during July 1995, completely red in blood.

And Sjenica, a new Srebrenica  
Oh, Pazar, a new Vukovar

Despite the old jurisprudence, genocide is still officially and politically denied. And not only that. By collective singing in public places and meetings, the Serbs celebrate genocide loudly and proudly, while they in a new tone announce a new one: it remains unpunished, while they in a public place celebrate and sing.

In this way, the hypocritical gesture of alleged good intention covers the dark image of immorality, misery, and military dishonesty. How false is that entire idea logically envisaged mimicry is best attested by fact that even today ample published by sport events are coloured with huge posters "KNIFE", "WIRE", "SRBRENNICA", which throughout Serbia and a smaller BiH entity are treated as an unquestionable ethnic-patriotic slogan, for which no one has ever been held accountable.

Logically designed "denial code" related to the truth about the genocide in question.

This is about the hypocritical and cynical Serbia, to honor the coming death of their own fathers. Inhumanity and cheap propaganda cynicism of the state television choccolate bars of militairy and cheap pro-Serbia, to predicting anything, took sweets, bitter cal abuse of native children who, not effected in a fact that its dual cynicism lies both within the cunningly planned cho- apness of this mimicity are re-aparted TV image of that planned deceiving colate bar giving and within (even more) of the World. In other words, marketing and timed TV image is only the apparent and uncontested testimony of the strategy and uncouneted testimony of the strategy.

truth and deceiving the national and in- ternational public is best illustrated in the militairy and media staged TV bro- adcast of Mladic who gives choccolate bars to the Srebrenica children. All that takes place while the fathers of these children are deported (on the buses, brought from Serbia for this purpose), in Fichaman style, to the places where they will be exe- cuted. The cynicism of mimicity is vivid here, the media designed reinterpreta- tion of the present criminal activity by the Serbian army, aimed to present it as alle- gedly humane.



The extent of coordination in hiding the UNPROFOR from delivering humanitarian aid, and yet to cover it in a sophisticated style to "avoid the criticism of international community and international public".

It is exactly this gender-age structure of victims that pictures this systematic and genocidal intent, qualified and proven before the court. Everything was done according to a plan: from Karadžić's "Directive to the Army" (8 March 1995), to create in Srebrenica "conditions impossible for living", including to prevent to create in Srebrenica "conditions im-

629 persons older than 60 were killed. 48 women, including young girls 8 or 9 years of age. Even 76 boys below 16, and findings of the Hague Tribunal, at least killed. Of this number, according to the findings of the Hague Tribunal, at least 1995, there were 8,372 innocent people killed. In Srebrenica, in the period 6 - 19 July 1995,



Sarajevo, 2015.

*Homage to dignity and pain of the  
Srebrenica mothers*

# BITE OF THE MEMORY SNAKE

Esad BAJTAI

Srebrenica, July 1995 - 2015

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