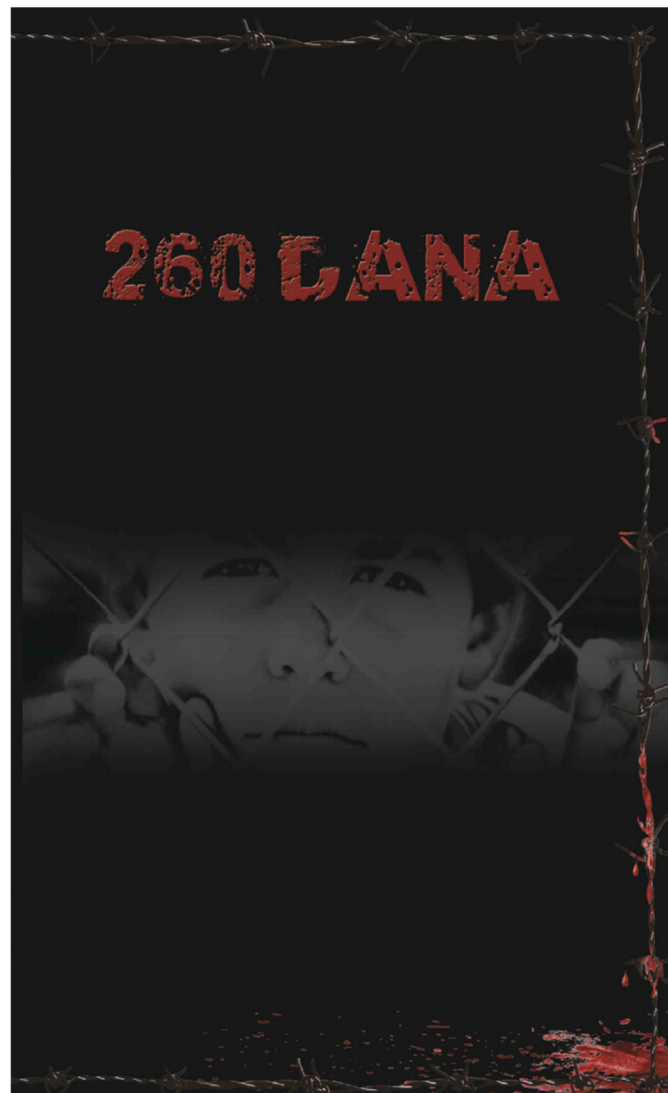


HRT – Croatian Radio



Marijan Gubina's 260 Days

HRT – Hrvatski radio

260 dana Marijana Gubine

prvi puta emitirano 15.03.2016. III program Hrvatskoga radija
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trajanje 40.51”

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Marijan Gubina's 260 Days

first aired 15.3.2016. on Croatian Radio's Channel III at 14.00

duration 40.51"

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Marijan Gubina je početkom Domovinskog rata u Hrvatskoj 1991. kao 10-godišnji dječak zajedno sa svojim roditeljima i tri sestre živio u malom selu Novom Dalju. Početak rata je za njega i obitelj značio i početak zarobljeništva dugog 260 dana, koje je bilo obilježeno mnogostrukim mučenjima, nasiljem, silovanjima i torturama svih vrsta. Mnogo godina kasnije Gubina je o zlosretnom vremenu napisao roman "260 dana" koji je zatim pretvoren i u kazališnu predstavu. Danas Marijan kroz humanitarni i aktivistički rad, kroz predavanja i radionice govori ljudima o oprost, toleranciji, podjeli na dobro i zlo.

O toj dirljivoj sudbinskoj priči načinjena je dokumentarna radio drama u kojoj govori sam Gubina, a protkana je i ulomcima iz kazališne predstave.

At the begin of the Croatian War for Independence in 1991, Marijan Gubina was a ten year old boy living with his parents and three sisters in the small village Novi Dalj. The outbreak of war meant the beginning of captivity that would last 260 days for him and his family. It was marked by multiple cases of torture, violence, rapes and all types of torment. Many years later, Gubina wrote a novel about the accursed time called "260 Days", which was also adapted for theatre. Today Marijan is a humanitarian and activist who talks to people about forgiveness, tolerance, and the divide of good and evil at his lectures and workshops.

This documentary radio drama was created about the touching story of destiny of which Gubina speaks himself, including excerpts from its theatre performance.

About the authors:



Ljubo Pauzin, born 1954, has graduated from Zagreb University in 1980., majoring in English language and literature. Writer and translator of considerable experience, he has been working with Croatian Radio since 1975. (since 1993 with The Drama Department, in charge of feature production). He has published five books of poetry (two of them for children), one novel (*The Accidental Bestiary*, 2008.), four of his plays for a puppet theatre have been staged, and eight plays originally written for radio have been aired. He is a member of the Association of Croatian Writers and Journalists' Association of Croatia. Author and director of numerous features. He has left some traces internationally – on four occasions Ljubo Pauzin had been invited to coordinate Radio Documentary category at Prix Europa in Berlin, out of his several participations in Radio Juries at Prix Italia – once he had been elected a President for a Documentary and once for a Drama Jury. On two occasions he had been elected a two years term member for an EBU Feature Group. Lj.P. had been invited for a jury at the first edition of the Grand Prix Nova radio festival in Bucharest, Romania and also The Grand PiK festival in Bydgoszcz, Poland. He has been involved with the Prix Marulic International Radio festival of Croatian Radio since the very beginning and from 2002 to 2013, he was Head of the Festival.



Miro Pijaca - Sound engineer, completed all course requirements for a degree in telecommunication at the Faculty of Electrical Engineering. He had worked as a recording engineer at Radio Zagreb since 1979, and since 1981, he has been a sound engineer in Croatian Radio's Drama Department.

He has done the sound mixing and editing on several hundred dramas. He is author of several dozen documentary dramas as well.

His awards include: JRT-festival -Ohrid, Taktons -Novi Sad, Fedor -Beograd, Special recognition-Prix Italia-Parma, Marulovi dani-Split , Prix Ex Aequo - Bratislava, Prix Marulic-Hvar

(Osijek, ulica, čuje se zvuk tamburica i pjesma: ... preko polja za mnom idu dvije muzike:

jedna uvijek tugu svira da me ubije,

druga samo jednu pjesmu, pjesmu ljubavi,

pjesmu koju neću moći ja preboljeti ...

- eeeeeej - oprost mi što te volim...

koraci, tramvaj)

Marijan Gubina: Toliko sam života proživio za svoje 34 godine da smatram da je grijeh to ne zabilježiti... I taman kada bi mogli staviti točku na kraju rečenice i reć' - je'l to tih 260 dana proživljenih – ja kažem, ne, zato što sam nakon ... 10 godina poslije ponovno počeo proživljavati svojih 260 dana pisajući roman, a onda, još kasnije, ponovno proživljavajući to – radeći na istoimenoj kazališnoj predstavi...

(kazališna predstava – zvuk rata: pucnjevi, zvuk sirene, signal radio stanice)

„ ... Vukovar noćas mora pasti – idemo dalje...

- ovoga trenutka evo dobijam i podatke o završenim pregovorima: konvoj kreće sutra u 10 sati, imat će kapacitet 600 pacijenata... Nadajmo se da je mukama po Vukovaru – kraj. Za „Kroniku dana“ javlja Siniša Glavašević.“

(pjesma srpskih odmetnika – „... bit će mesa, bit će mesa, klat ćemo Hrvate...“)

(šum prostorije, stolac)

(Osijek, a street, the sound of tamburitza is heard and a song:

... over the fields behind me two musics are following:

one is always playing sorrow in order to kill me,

and the other only one song, the song of love,

the song I will not be able to overcome ...

- eeeeeeej - forgive me for I love you ...

footsteps, the tram)

Marijan Gubina: I have lived so many lives in my 34 years that I consider it a sin not to record it... And just when we could put a full stop at the end of a sentence and say – is that those 260 days that have been lived through – I say no, because... 10 years after, I have started to live those 260 days again by writing the novel and then, later, living through it again while working on the theatre performance with the same name...

(theatre performance – the sounds of the war: shooting, the sound of a siren, the signal of a radio station)

“... Vukovar must surrender tonight – we are moving on...

-at this very moment I am getting the data on the finished negotiation: the convoy will start tomorrow at 10 a.m. and it will have the capacity of 600 patients... Let us all hope that the Vukovar sufferings have come to an end. For “The Chronicle of the Day” Siniša Glavašević reporting.”

(Serbian outlaws’ song – “... there’ll be meat, there’ll be meat, we will slaughter Croats...”)

(the sound of a room, a chair)

M.Gubina: Dosta često su me pitali prijatelji, branitelji, ratnici – koji su proživjeli također pakao – što pričam to, o kakvoj ljubavi pričam, o miru, o oprost... Ja kažem da je odgovor na pitanje jednostavan. Ne oprostiti znači željeti nekome da proživi muku koju smo proživljavali mi po logorima. Jedino pravo oružje protiv zla – je dobro.

(muzika iz predstave)

„ Glumac (tata Hinko):... Ti to prijetiš mojoj obitelji u mojoj kući ?! Nakon što si se naloko i naždrao sa mog stola?! Nećeš više preko moga praga!

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): E, to ćemo još da vidimo! Komšo Gubina! ...“

M.Gubina: Zovem se Marijan Gubina. Rođen sam 1981. godine u slavonskom gradiću Vinkovci, a 1987. godine sam se preselio u Dalj – točnije u Novi Dalj. Razlog moje selidbe bio je očev posao, jer je tada radio na „Jugoslavenskim željeznicama“ i bio je premještan do trenutka dok nije našao savršeno mjesto za život svoje obitelji – predivno imanje, koje je uz standardne domaće životinje popunjavala cijela naša obitelj, šesteročlana obitelj: mlađa sestra Helena, Gabrijela – starija dvije godine od mene, Nena – starija deset godina od mene, majka Marija i, naravno, vrijedni tata – Hinko. Jedna slavonska, seoska idila je u stvari upotpunjavala moje djetinjstvo u kojem se nije osjetilo oskudijevanje, ni u ljubavi ni u materijalnome... Spletom okolnosti nalazim se, u stvari, na krivom mjestu u krivo vrijeme i prvog osmog devedeset i prve godine dočekujem užas rata koji doslovno kuca u jutarnjim satima na moja vrata...

(kazališna predstava, glazba)

„ Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Gubine! Gde smo! *(pucanj)*

Glumac (Marijan): Tata! Mama!

Glumica (majka Marija): ... Sve će biti dobro!

Glumac (Marijan): Kako?

M. Gubina: Often I was asked by friends, defenders, warriors – who also lived through hell – what are you talking about, about what love are you talking, about what peace, forgiveness... I say that the answer to that question is simple. Not to forgive means wanting someone to live through all the pain we had lived through in the concentration camps. The only true weapon against evil – is good.

(music from the theatre performance)

“ Actor (father Hinko):... Are you threatening my family in my house?! After you have gotten drunk and guttled at my table?! You will never cross my threshold again!

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Well, we'll see about that, neighbor Gubina! ...”

M. Gubina: My name is Marijan Gubina. I was born in the year 1981 in the small Slavonian city of Vinkovci and in 1987 I moved to Dalj – to be more precise to Novi Dalj. The reason for my move was my father's job because back then he was working for “The Yugoslav Railroads” and he kept getting transferred until he had found the perfect place for his family to live – a wonderful estate which, along with the standard domestic animals, was inhabited by our whole family of six: my younger sister Helena, Gabrijela – two years older than me, Nena, ten years older, mother Marija and, of course, hardworking daddy – Hinko. One Slavonian rural idyll has, in fact, completed my childhood with no deficiency nor in love nor in the material... But by the combination of various circumstances I am, in fact, at the wrong place in the wrong time and on the first of August in the year of ninety one, I meet the horror of war which is literally knocking on my door in the early morning hours...

(theatre performance, music)

“Actor (Serbian outlaw): Gubinas! Where are we? (*a shot*)

Actor (Marijan): Daddy! Mom!

Actress (mother Marija): ... Everything will be o.k.!

Actor (Marijan): How?

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Jel' čuješ? Gde su vam ostali? (*pucanj*)

Glumica (sestra Nena): Ko je to? Vidiš da nije dobro!

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Gde ste sakrili oružje? (*pucanj*)

Glumac (Marijan): Tata, jel' imamo pušku?

Glumac (tata Hinko): Nemamo. Da bar imamo.

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Šta je miševi? Zavukli ste se u rupice, a? Maca popapala jezik, je li? Pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pi... „

M.Gubina: Točnije - u 4 i 15 započela je kalvarija u mom životu koja je trajala dugih devet mjeseci – 260 dana. Roditelji su za dijete uvijek najsnažniji i uvijek se uzdamo u roditelje kako će nas oni zaštititi u svakoj situaciji i, u stvari, u tom trenutku kada su ti zločesti ljudi uletili u našu kuću – ta idila se urušila. Otac, veliki otac, snažni otac, pošten, dobar otac završio je vrlo brzo na podu u lokvi krvi, bespomoćan...

(*kazališna predstava*)

„Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Pa, gde si komšo?

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Mali, vidiš ti sve ovo – ako ne odradiš svoje ili pokušaš nekakvu glupost i ti ćeš da završiš na gomilici... Jasno?

Glumica: Prvog kolovoza 1991. u ranim jutarnjim satima srpski pobunjenici su uz pomoć JNA žestoko napali policajce, gardiste, pripadnike Civilne zaštite u zgradi Policije tražeći njihovu predaju (*pucanj*).

Nakon desetosatne opsade, postaja je zauzeta. (*rafal*).

Svi koji nisu ubijeni u opsadi likvidirani su odmah potom – i to 20 policajaca, 15 pripadnika Zbora Narodne garde i 4 člana Civilne zaštite koji su i izmasakrirani. (*pucanj s odjekom*)

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Do you hear? Where are the others? (*a shot*)

Actress (sister Nena): Who is that? You see it's not o.k.!

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Where did you hide the weapons? (*a shot*)

Actor (Marijan): Daddy, do we have a gun?

Actor (father Hinko): We don't. I'd wish we had one.

Actor (Serbian outlaw): What's the matter, you mice? You hid into the holes, eh? A cat has got your tongue, has it? Pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pi..."

M. Gubina: To be exact – at 4:15, my life became a nightmare that lasted a long nine months – 260 days. For children, the parents are always the strongest and we always trust that they will protect us in any situation but, in fact, when those mean people barged into our house – that idyll collapsed. The father, big father, the strong father, the honest, good father ended up on the floor very quickly in a puddle of blood, helpless...

(theatre performance)

“Actor (Serbian outlaw): So, where are you, neighbor?

Actor (Serbian outlaw): See all this, kid – if you don't do your work or try something stupid you will also end in that little pile... Clear?

Actress: On the first of August 1991 in the early morning hours the Serbian mutineers with the help of JNA (Yugoslav Army) violently attacked policemen, guardsmen and the members of the Civil Protection in the Police building asking for their surrender (*a shot*).

After a ten-hour siege the Station was occupied. (*a burst of shooting*)

Everybody who wasn't killed during the siege, was liquidated immediately afterwards – namely 20 policemen, 15 members of the National Guard and 4 members of the Civil Protection who were also been massacred. (*a shot with the echo*)

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Halo mali, pitao sam – jel' jasno?

Glumac (Marijan): Jasno je, da.

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Da. Hajde sad – skupi ih na gomilicu da ih zapalimo... I mali, imaš sat vremena!

Glumac (Marijan): A čime ću ih?

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Šta čime ćeš ih? Rukama... Rukama ćeš... Rukama ćeš... Rukama se to...

Ajde vataj tačke i na poso! I mali, vreme ti curi...!“

M. Gubina: Uspio sam nekako smanjiti strah... Mislim da je u tom zarobljeništvu strah bio naš najveći neprijatelj... Strah... od toga da će vam se u životu desiti nešto ružno... da će vam se desiti neka bolest... da ćete izgubiti voljenu osobu... Međutim, nijedna vrsta toga straha se ne može usporediti sa strahom koji vi proživljavate u zatočeništvu. Bilo je iznimno bitno naći taj neki amortizer tješeći sebe kako me neće ubiti dok radim... Kada sam i rukama i nogama pomic'o vreću šrota i vidio da ne mogu, da mi je teško, skupio sam snage tješeći se – ako odradim svoj posao i pokažem im da sam vrijedan i da im vrijedim - neće me ubiti i dobit ću jesti. Kroz 260 dana tog pakla – koji sam ja tada imao 10 godina – bit će da sam mogao spoznati da se radi o jednom velikom zlu i zlo prema nam činili su naši prvi susjedi... u tom zlu koje se zove rat... Bilo je puno trenutaka kada sam mislio da otac više nije živ...

(kazališna predstava, glazba)

„Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Vidi ih... Hranimo vas ko ljude, ali vi jedete ko stoka!“

M.Gubina: Svaki dan sam bio gladan... Dosta često sam mislio da ću umrijeti od gladi.

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Hey kid, I asked – is it clear?

Actor (Marijan): It's clear, yes.

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Yes. Come on now – collect them onto a pile, so we can set them on fire...

And kid, you have one hour!

Actor (Marijan): And with what will I do that?

Actor (Serbian outlaw): What with what? Hands... With your hands... With your hands... This is done with hands...

Come on, get the wheel-barrow and get to work! And kid, time is ticking...!"

M. Gubina: I succeeded somehow to diminish the fear... I think in that captivity, fear was our biggest enemy... A fear... that something ugly may happen in your life... some sickness may happen to you... you may lose a beloved person... Nevertheless, none of these forms of fear can be compared to the fear one lives through in captivity. It was extremely essential to find that certain amortisseur in comforting yourself that they won't kill me as long as I work... When I was moving the sack full of grits with my hands and legs and realized I couldn't do it, I gathered the strength comforting myself – if I could work off my job and showed them I was deserving and of value to them – I wouldn't be killed and would get to eat. Throughout 260 days of that hell – and I was 10 years old then – it seems I could have realized this was one big evil and evil against us was the doing of our first neighbors... in this evil named war... There were many moments I thought my father was no longer alive...

(theatre performance, music)

Actor (Serbian outlaw): "Look at them... We are feeding you like people, but you're eating like cattle!"

M. Gubina: Every day I was hungry... Very often I thought I would die of hunger.

(predstava)

„Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Slušaj sad ovamo: Od danas svi imate radne zadatke! Gotovo je sa besplatnom 'ranom... Ko će da jede – mora da radi! Ko neće – neka glođe svoju sopstvenu nogu – jebe mi se... Ako netko pokuša nekakvu glupost, pokuša, ne daj bože, da pobegne ili se bude pravio mnooogo pametan – taj će prvo da gleda kako koljemo njegove, a onda će i sam da dođe na red...

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ajmo, Čaruga. Kamion čeka, treba zaradit za svu tu kopilad!

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ajmo, ajmo, ajmo! Svi ćete da radite, a!

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ajde mali, idemo!

Glumica (sestra Nena): Nemojte, molim vas...

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ajde, ajde ustaj i za mnom!

Glumica (majka Marija): A kamo ga vodite?

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Mir! Ma, neće ništa da mu se desi! Vraću ga kad odradi posao, a dobiće i jesti.

Glumica (majka Marija): Nije on gladan!

Glumac (Marijan): Jesam.

Glumica (majka Marija): Šuti! Ako neko treba da radi – uzmite mene!

Glumica (sestra Nena): A i naš tata radi, rekli su da radi za nas!

Glumac (Marijan): Možda su ga ubili...”

M.Gubina: Teško je opisati 260 dana u par rečenica ili u par minuta... međutim, događaji su u sjećanju... naravno, među njima i trenutak kada sam bio dodijeljen jednoj srpskoj obitelji – kao rob.

(performance)

“Actor (Serbian outlaw): Listen here now: From today on, you all have working assignments! It's over with the free food ... Who wants to eat – must work! Who doesn't – let him gnaw his own leg – I don't give a fuck... If someone tries something stupid, tries, god forbid, to escape or pretend to be veery smart – that one will first watch how we butcher his family and then it will be his turn...

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Let's go Čaruga. The truck is waiting, one has to earn for all these bastards!

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Let's go, let's go, let's go! You will all work, ha!

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Come on kid, let's go!

Actress (sister Nena): Don't, please...

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Come on, come on get up and follow me!

Actress (mother Marija): And where are you taking him?

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Hush! Nothing will happen to him! I'll bring him back when he works off his job and he will even get to eat.

Actress (mother Marija): He is not hungry!

Actor (Marijan): I am.

Actress (mother Marija): Be quiet! If someone has to work – take me!

Actress (sister Nena): And our daddy works, they told us he is working for our sake!

Actor (Marijan): Maybe they killed him...”

M. Gubina: It is difficult to describe 260 days in few sentences or in several minutes... nevertheless, the happenings are in the memory... of course, among them also the moment when I was assigned

Dosta šokantno i samo pomisliti da u našem vremenu desetogodišnji dječak može biti negdje – rob. Ja sam bio taj rob... međutim, ja sam u toj negativnoj situaciji pronašao – dobro. Desetogodišnje dijete – rob, a to je nešto dobro?! Nije to dobro, ali u tom negativnom je dobro to što sam nekad dobio čašu soka od višnje ili od bazge... Teško je ljudima objasniti koliko može imati značenje – ta čaša soka. Znao sam dobiti i kruh umočen u vodu, pa posut šećerom i to nam je bilo kao desert... Znao sam dobiti i šnitu kruha namazanu s masti i crvenom paprikom... i tome sam se najviše veselio, jer je to bilo najzasitnije...

(predstava)

„Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ajmo, Čaruga... još jedan korak napred...

Glumac (Marijan): Tata?!

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Priprema... Pozor... čekaj. čekaj... Stani! Mali, skloni te ruke, otvori oči i – gledaj! Gledaj!

Glumac (Marijan): Gledam...

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ajmo ponovo. Priprema... Pozor!

(muzika napetosti pomiješana s jecajima)

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Jest vam pao pasulj, majku vam jebem ustašku... Ajde, ajde... teraj odatle... nije vam ovo kupleraj, majku vam jebem...

Glumac (Marijan): Tata... tata...

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): ... i ućutkaj tu kopilad, pička ti materina ili ću ti ja!

Glumac (Marijan): Tata, tata!

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ma, ćuti, bre!

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): E, vidi ovo – a – mala junačina se popiškila u gaće, ha,ha,ha!

to a certain Serbian family – as a slave. Pretty shocking that in our time a ten year old boy can be a slave somewhere. I was that slave... however, in this negative situation I found – a good thing. Ten year old child – a slave, and that is something good?! It is not good, but in this negative, the good is that I sometimes got a glass of a sour cherry or elder juice... It is hard to explain to people what significance this glass of juice can have. I sometimes used to even get bread sunken in water and sown with sugar and it was like a desert to us... I sometimes got a slice of bread with grease spread on it and red pepper... and that is what I looked forward to the most because this made one feel full the most...

(performance)

“Actor (Serbian outlaw): Let’s go Čaruga... one more step forward...

Actor (Marijan): Daddy?!

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Ready... Attention... wait, wait... Stop! Kid, put away those hands, open your eyes and – watch! Watch!

Actor (Marijan): I’m watching...

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Let’s go again. Ready... Attention!

(music of tension mixed with sobbing)

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Well, you have been lucky again, fuck your Ustasha mother... Come on, come on... go away from here... this is not a brothel, fuck your mother...

Actor (Marijan): Daddy, daddy!

Actor (Serbian outlaw): ... and silence those bastards, motherfucker, or I will shut them up!

Actor (Marijan): Daddy, daddy!

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Shut your mouth!

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Eh, see that – ha – little hero pissed his pants, ha, ha, ha!

Glumac (tata Hinko): Ma, dosta! Dosta, ma ne možete nam to radit!... Dosta... Dosta...

Glumica (majka Marija): Hinko, nemoj...

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ti ćeš meni da govoriš šta mogu, stoko jedna ustaška... Znaš šta ti mogu?

Ha? Apsolutno sve šta hoću... Mogu da ti silujem ženu... ćerku... a i sina... ha... i da te nateram da sve to lepo gledaš... Mogu da te nateram da odrežeš svoj sopstveni prst... da jedeš svoja sopstvena govna, govno jedno ustaško!“

M. Gubina: Kako možeš oprostiti... Nema – od dva zla biram – manje... Nema kalkulacije između dobra i zla... Dobro. Ili zlo. Ja sam se odlučio za dobro i nemam potrebu nikome, pa ni tom krvniku, napraviti nešto nažao... I žao mi je ljudi koji nose teret mržnje na svojim leđima. Ne osuđujem ih, razumijem ih, ali mi ih je žao... jer nisu sretni i zadovoljni u životu... Ja ponosno odgajam svoju djecu znajući da nisam licemjer... Tragedija je najveća... što veliki vjernici... koji kažu... u svojim molitvama... „i oprostite nama duge naše kako i mi opraštamo dužnicima našim“... kažu: „i ne uvedi me u napast, nego izbavi me od zla“... u zlo se stalno sami stavljaju... I to je tragedija... što se mole... izgovaraju te riječi... onako bez imalo osjećaja, a kamoli da žive život vjernika.

(predstava)

„Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Gubine!

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Šta je, bre? Malo vam se pomerio kompas, a? Ha, ha, ha,ha...

E, sad ćete da vidite tog svog... boga, ha!

(udarci i jauci uz naizmjenični smijeh krvnika)

Glumac (tata Hinko): Tuču, mlate... al' ne ubijaju tol'ko!

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Gledaaaaj!

Actor (father Hinko): But enough! Enough, you can't do this to us! Enough... Enough...

Actress (mother Marija): Hinko, don't...

Actor (Serbian outlaw): You will tell to me what I can do, you Ustasha cattle... Do you know what I can do to you? Ha? Absolutely everything what I want... I can rape your wife... daughter... even your son... ha... and make you nicely watch all that... I can make you cut off your own finger... to eat your own shit, you Ustasha piece of shit!"

M. Gubina: How can one forgive... There is no – out of two evils I choose – the smaller... There are no calculations between good and evil... Good. Or Evil. I have decided for good and I don't have a need to do harm to anyone, not even to this butcher... And I feel sorry for those people who carry the burden of hatred on their shoulders. I don't judge them, I understand them, but I feel sorry for them... because they aren't happy and satisfied in life... I am proudly raising my children knowing I'm not a hypocrite... It is the biggest tragedy... that big believers... who say... in their prayers... "and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us"... they say: "and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"... and then put themselves into evil all the time... And this is a tragedy... that they're praying... they're pronouncing those words... like that, without any emotions, not to mention that they obviously don't live the life of believers.

(performance)

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Gubinas!

Actor (Serbian outlaw): What is it? Did you lose your compass, ha? ha, ha, ha, ha...

Eh, now you'll see that... God of yours, ha!

(blows and moans in turn with butchers' laughter)

Actor (father Hinko): They beat, they flail... but they don't kill so much!

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Looook!

(smijeh)

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Gledaj, bre!“

Časna sestra: Ja sam zgrožena svim onim što čovjek može čovjeku učiniti... i rat... su takve užasne okolnosti koje... u kojima čovjek doista gubi... gubi... razum... gubi jedan... ne možeš pojmiti da je moguće da čovjek takvo zvjerstvo može učiniti drugom čovjeku... To znači da su ubijeni svaki osjećaji... evo... čovještva... a da ne govorimo o ljubavi... Ali je, gledajući ovo... ja kao vjernica... božje čudo da čovjek koji je takvo zvjerstvo na sebi iskusio... da može reć... ja ne mrzim, ja praštam... Čovjeka koji prašta, koji neprijatelju želi dobro i koji pobjeđuje tu mržnju u sebi – ljubavlju... To je onda mir koji samo bog može dati...

(predstava)

„Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Kokice, ajde reci što nam ti to tu radiš, a?

Glumica (sestra Nena): Čistim...

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Čistiš... Čistiš... Bravo, to je baš lepo... E, nama baš treba jedna ovakva da nam malo pročisti... šta?

Glumica (majka Marija): Ako netko treba za čistiti...

(metalni zvuk napinjanja puške)

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ćuti bre! ... Ajde reci šta ti sve još znaš da radiš, a?

(krikovi boli, muzika napetosti)

Glumica (sestra Nena): Nemojte... Nemojte molim vas... Nemojte... Nemojte molim vas...

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ti! ... Gledaj!“

(muzika napetosti)

(laughter)

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Look, bro!

The nun: I am horrified by all that a man can do to a man... and war... those are such horrible circumstances which... where a man really loses... loses... sanity... loses one... one can't apprehend it is possible a man can do such a bestiality to another man... That means all emotions are killed... there... of humanism... not to speak about love... But it is, looking at this... I as a believer...it is a miracle of God that a man who has experienced such bestiality upon himself... that he can say... I don't hate, I forgive... A man who forgives, who wishes good upon his enemy and who defeats this hatred in himself - with love... That is then a peace only God can give...

(performance)

“Actor (Serbian outlaw): Hey chick, come on tell me what are you doing here, ha?”

Actress (sister Nena): Cleaning...

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Cleaning... Cleaning... Bravo, that is really nice... Eh, we just need one like that to clean a bit for us... what?

Actress (mother Marija): If someone is needed for cleaning...

(metal sound of charging the gun)

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Quiet there! Come on tell us what else you know to do, ha?

(sounds of pain, music of tension)

Actress (sister Nena): Don't... Please don't... Don't... Please don't...

Actor (Serbian outlaw): You! ... Look!

(music of tension)

M. Gubina: Ponovno sam osjetio patnju roditelja, patnju sestre, ponovno sam osjetio miris leševa, miris spaljenog mozga, ponovno sam osjetio strah... Međutim, ono što nisam osjetio sa deset godina kao živi svjedok, a odnosi se na bol roditelja... Gledajući roditelje u mučnim situacijama, gledajući roditelje kako gledaju mučenje njihovog djeteta ili moje sestre – osjetio sam bol, osjetio sam strah... Danas mogu reći da sam MISLIO da osjećam ono što oni osjećaju.

(predstava)

„Glumac (srpski odmetnik): E, jebiga... Rekli su da čistimo... Smesta!

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): A, jel'?

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): A-ha.

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Šta se dešava?

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): A neka... međunarodna kontrola... (...)

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): A jel'? A šta ćemo s njima?

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): A šta ćemo? Trpamo... u autobus... Kol'ko stane... a šta ne stane... Pa, rešićemo...

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ajmo zvjerad!

Glumica (majka Marija): (...) mene i pedesetak drugih zarobljenika sreća je posjela u autobus.

Glumac (tata Hinko): U posljednji tren, jedan od stražara pod prijetnjom za vlastiti život u autobus je ugurao i mene. Nena je ostala, nisu mi dali da je povedem...

Glumica (majka Marija): Autobus je zaustavljen u Sarvašu.

Ispred minskog polja.

Glumac (srpski odmetnik): Ajmo, pičke ustaške... Preko polja su vaša ustaška govna... Trči! Dok vas nismo poklali!

M. Gubina: I felt again the suffering of my parents, the suffering of my sister, I felt again the scent of corpses, the scent of the burnt brain, I felt the fear again... However, what I didn't feel at the age of ten, as a living witness, and it concerns the pain of my parents... Watching my parents in the grievous situations, watching my parents when watching the martyring of their child or my sister – I felt pain, I felt fear... Today I can say I THOUGHT I felt what they were feeling.

(performance)

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Eh, fuck... They told us to clean... Right away!

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Ah, yes?

Actor (Serbian outlaw): A-ha.

Actor (Serbian outlaw): What's going on?

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Well, some... international control... (...)

Actor (Serbian outlaw): A yes? And what are we going to do with them?

Actor (Serbian outlaw): What are we going to do? We'll cram them... in the bus... As much as we can... and what we can't... Well, we'll handle that...

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Come on, beasts!

Actress (mother Marija): (...) me and about fifty other prisoners were put in the bus by luck.

Actor (father Hinko): In the very last moment one of the guards, under the threat for his own life, pushed me into the bus also. Nena stayed behind, they didn't let me bring her along...

Actress (mother Marija): The bus stopped in Sarvaš.

Before the mine field.

Actor (Serbian outlaw): Come on, you Ustasha cunts... Across the field are your Ustasha shits... Run!
Before we slaughter you!

Glumica (majka Marija): Točno na Uskrs, 16.4.92. godine, nakon 260 dana zarobljeništva, dolazimo u Osijek.

Glumica (sestra Nena): Obitelj je ponovno na okupu: mama, tata, dvije mlađe sestre – Gabrijela i Helena... i Marijan. Jedino ja nisam s njima, jedino ja nisam uspjela ući u onaj autobus...”

M. Gubina: 16.4.92. godine meni je posebno značajan datum, jer tada slavim svoj drugi rođendan. Svi mi, bivši logoraši, slavimo dan našeg izlaska iz zatočeništva... Međutim, taj dan je poseban i po tome što je bio Uskrs. Niti sam j postao slobodan 16.4.92., niti je moja kalvarija stala... Nažalost, desile su se i puno gore stvari...

(predstava)

„ Glumac (tata Hinko): Sloboda. Čim smo stigli u Osijek odmah sam navukao uniformu... Ulazim u Zbor Narodne garde... Idem tražit Nenu... idem tražit... tko zna što još... nekakvu pravdu... osvetu... olakšanje... slobodu. Samo idem... bez razmišljanja... lakše mi je kad se ne zaustavljam... Puno mi je lakše kad ne dopustim da stare slike potisnu nove...”

M. Gubina: Ono što me je pratilo svakoga dana to je bol i zabrinutost za stariju sestru, jer ona jedina nije izašla s nama. Ona je ostala u zarobljeništvu... i pojavila se tek nakon novih devet mjeseci... Ona je proživjela svoju muku punih 18 mjeseci, vođena od štaba do štaba, na grupna silovanja, na mučenja... Pojavila se 93. godine u prvom mjesecu... sa bebačem u rukama... Nakon izlaska iz logora otac se pridružio Zboru Narodne garde i otišao u osvetnički pohod... Otišao je tražiti kćerku koja je ostala u zarobljeništvu... i bio je... sam je isporučivao svoje smjene do iznemoglosti... da što duže bude na terenu... Čudo je bilo da je ostao normalan nakon mučenja i nakon gledanja kako mu muče djecu... Međutim... i tu je zlo... došlo po svoje... Šesti mjesec 92. godine... Otac dolazi do faze da više ne može izdržati pritisak... ne može izdržati poniženje koje je doživio... i odlučio se za suicid... Nažalost... ja sam predosjetio... da je otišao u kuću... odlučan... da se ubije... Krenuo sam za njim...

Actress (mother Marija): Exactly on Easter, 16. 4. 92, after 260 days of captivity, we arrive to Osijek.

Actress (sister Nena): The family is together again: mama, daddy, two younger sisters – Gabrijela and Helena... and Marijan. Only I am not with them, only I couldn't get into that bus..."

M. Gubina: 16.4. of the year 92 is to me a date of special significance because then I celebrate my second birthday. All of us, ex-detainees, celebrate the day of exiting the captivity... However this day is special by being Easter. Nor have I become free on 16.4.92, nor has my calvary stopped...

Unfortunately, a lot of worse things have happened...

(performance)

Actor (father Hinko): Freedom. As soon as we came to Osijek I pulled the uniform on... I enlisted in the Croatian National Guard ... I am going to look for Nena... I am looking for... who knows what else... some justice... revenge... relief... freedom. I am just going... without thinking... It is easier when I'm not stopping... It is a lot easier if I don't let the old images suppress the new..."

M. Gubina: What was following me every day was the pain and worry for my older sister Nena because only she didn't exit together with us. She remained in captivity... and had appeared only after a new nine months... She had lived through her misery for a full 18 months, led from one headquarter to another for group rapes, for torments... She had appeared in the year 93 in the first months... with a baby in her hands. After coming out of the imprisonment, father joined The Croatian National Guard and went for the revengeful campaign... He went looking for his daughter who had remained in captivity... and had... he had prolonged his shifts up to a feebleness... to stay as long as possible on the terrain... It's a miracle he had remained sane after the torments and after watching his children being tormented... Nevertheless... even here the evil had come to collect... Sixth month of the year 92... Father had reached the phase that he couldn't endure the pressure anymore... he couldn't endure the humiliation he had passed through... and decided to commit suicide...

Unfortunately... I had anticipated it...that he went into the house... determined... to kill himself...

pokušavajući ga spriječiti... Moja molba... „tata, ne“ ... nije dopirala do njega... Podigao je madrac s kreveta... uzeo automat... stavio si u usta i opalio... A ja sam bio na... na možda par milimetara sa rukom do puške prije nego što je... povukao obarač... Pao je na mene bez pola glave... po meni su bili dijelovi mozga... Pokušao sam... skupiti oči... mozak... lubanju... sastaviti ga... jer sam mislio da još uvijek... se može spasiti... unatoč tome... što nije imao osamdeset posto glave...

(muzika napetosti se pretapa u crkvena zvona, zvuk grada)

M. Gubina: U Osijeku... najdraži dio... mi je Tvrđa. I tu sam, u pravilu, odrastao. Jedan značajan dio moga života se odvio baš u ovoj Tvrđi. U Tvrđi sam našao prvi posao s 14 godina... i onda sam... 95. godine... kad sam kao klinjo tu dolazio u taj jedan kafić... taj kafić i disko... jel'... gazda se nekako... ovaj... sažalio nada mnom pa je... znao platiti kavu, čaj... uvijek je bilo nešto sitno za odraditi... de sad prebaci ove cigle s jedne hrpe na drugu... pa, ovaj... onda on gurne 20-30 kuna, jelda... a onda sam imao tu sreću da se čistačica razboljela i onda sam ga ja jedva uspio nagovoriti da pusti mene da probam očistiti... to je, ovoga, lokal od skoro 800 kvadrata... i tako sam ja, ovaj, dobio svoj prvi posao... posao čistačice, to jest čistača... i to sam radio par mjeseci. Uz to sam post'o... „mali od tacne“ se to zvalo... kao jedna vrsta konobara koji ne konobari nego skuplja pepeljare... prazni pepeljare... čisti pepeljare, skuplja boce, čaše, slaže te boce u skladištu... Onda sam nakon toga post'o pomoćni konobar... znači - smio sam poslužiti, a nisam smio naplatiti,... evo, tu sam i upozn'o... svog spasitelja - što ja kažem – moju sadašnju suprugu – 2002. godine... Ona je išla tu u jezičnu gimnaziju... vjenčali smo se u evo, ovoj crkvi koju smo sad prošli... vratiti ćemo se prema tamo... Dan – danas surađujem... Osječka Tvrđa je... u njoj je... ono... puno srednjih škola... i ja i dan – danas surađujem sa... sa tim školama... tako da sam posebno vezan za Tvrđu.

(glazba)

I went after him... trying to stop him... My request... “daddy, no”... didn’t reach him... He lifted the mattress from the bed... took the machinegun... put it in his mouth and fired... And I was... maybe a few millimeters away with my hand from the rifle before he ... pulled the trigger... He fell on top of me without half of his head... parts of his brain all over me... I tried... to collect the eyes... brain... skull... to put him together... because I thought he could still be saved... in spite of the fact... he didn’t have eighty percent of his head...

(music of tension fades in the church bells, the sound of the city)

M. Gubina: In Osijek... my favorite part... is Tvrđa. And here I have, in fact, grown up. A significant part of my life took place right in this Tvrđa. In Tvrđa I got my first job when I was 14.... and then... in 95... when as a kid I came to this particular coffee place... coffee place and disco... right... the boss had somehow... felt sorry for me... so, he would pay for my coffee, tea... there had always been something small to be worked off... well, now shift those bricks from one pile to another... and then he gives me 20-30 kunas, right... and then I had that luck that the cleaning lady got sick and I had a hard time persuading him to let me try the cleaning... well, this is a place of almost 800 square meters... and so I, well, got my first job... the job of a cleaning lady, that is... a cleaner... and I was doing that for a couple of months. Besides that I had become... “a junior of the tray” this was called... like a kind of a waiter who is not waiting but collecting ashtrays ... emptying ashtrays... cleaning the ashtrays, collecting bottles, glasses, stacking those bottles in the warehouse... After that I became a waiter assistant... meaning – I could wait, but must not charge,... here, I met my savior here – what I use to say – my wife today – in the year 2002... She was attending a linguistic gymnasium... we married here in the church we have just passed by... we’ll come back towards there... Even today I cooperate... Osijek’s Tvrđa is... there are a lot of high schools... and even today I cooperate with... with those schools... so I am specially connected to Tvrđa.

(music)

M. Gubina: Agoniji nema kraja. Točno nakon godinu dana... na putu do videoteke zajedno sa svojom mlađom sestrom, koja je tada imala 8 godina... stojim na pješačkom prijelazu, držeći je za ruku... pogledam... lijevo... pogled desno... vozila nema... kišica lagano pada... ja izgovaram riječi – kreni... nailazi auto koji obara sestru... to jest – baca je u zrak... nailazi auto iz suprotnog smjera... ne stiže padat na tlo... on je udara... i baca je meni u naručje jednako kako mi je bio i tata... Jednako ležim s njom na podu, kao i s ocem... Isto joj je pukla glava, isto sam joj pokuš'o vratiti oko na mjesto...
Sastaviti glavu...

(nastavak glazbe, žamor publike)

Voditeljica: Poštovane dame i gospodo najsrdačnije vas pozdravljam u ime organizatora i svima želim srdačnu dobrodošlicu na promociju romana „260 dana“ autora Marijana Gubine.

(pljesak)

M. Gubina: Tako da sam ja, u pravilu, tih... onako... krajem devedesetih... to uspio... onako... znači, staviti... u zaborav neki... Međutim, šta je... noćne more su i dalje bile prisutne... Ali, u pravilu je sve prestalo kad je sadašnja supruga moja počela živjeti sa mnom... Šest mjeseci je bila prilagodba... E, a onda mi se desilo baš ono – odnešeno... znači – nikakvi prob... prije – to kod mene – nema sp... gori svjetlo k'o u Betlehemu – nema svjetla u kući koje nije upaljeno, vječito uz televizor... dok se skroz, ono, ne iscrpiš, dok se ne izmoriš, jelda... Ona je, jadnica, proživljavala sa mnom šokove, ono, jer ono što ja nisam znao, nisam davao pažnju tome, ovaj... masu puta sam ja imo noćne more gotovo svaku noć, a da se nisam probudio... u pravilu, ja to nisam znao dok ona nije počela živjeti sa mnom... i onda jednu noć sam se probudio... probudio me je jecaj... a ona u ćošku sobe... sklupčana... i plače, jelda... ne da plače nego jeca... onakve oči od straha... ono vidiš... ko da je vidjela... zlo.

(lavež psa, dječji usklici)

M. Gubina: There is no ending to the agonies. Exactly a year after... on the way to the video-store, together with my younger sister, who was 8 at the time... I stand at a pedestrian crossing, holding her by the hand... I look... left... look right... there are no cars... it is slowly raining... I'm pronouncing the words – go ahead... a car ranges and hits my sister... that is - throws her in the air... the car from opposite direction ranges... she hasn't fallen to the ground yet... he hits her... and throws her into my arms the same way my father was... I am lying down with her the same way as I did with my father... Her head was also broken, I also tried to put her eye back in place...Put her head back together...

(continuance of music, a hubbub of the audience)

The Announcer: Honorable ladies and gentlemen I most heartily greet you in the name of the organizer and cordially welcome you to the promotion of the novel "260 Days" by the author Marijan Gubina.

(applause)

M. Gubina: So I, approximately, in those... like... at the end of nineties... succeeded... like... let's say... to put this... into oblivion of some kind... However, the thing is... nightmares were still present... But in fact it all stopped when my actual wife began living with me... There was a six-month adaptation... Eh, and then happened just that – taken away... let's say – no prob... before – with me – there is no sl... it's lit like in Bethlehem – there's no light in the house that's not on, television's on forever... until one was, like, totally exhausted, until you're tiring yourself, right... She was, poor woman, passing through states of shock with me, like, because what I didn't know, I didn't pay attention to that, like... plenty times I had nightmares almost every night without waking up... in fact, I didn't know that until she began living with me... and then one night sobbing woke me up... and she was in the corner of the room... squatted... and crying, right... not crying but sobbing... eyes full of fear... like, you see... as she has seen... evil.

(dog barking, children's shouts)

Vidi ga! Vidi ga! Kol'ko je veliki! Vidi ga!

Supruga Marta: Zmaj!

To je zmaj veliki...

Marijan: Zmaj... Zmaj...

M. Gubina: Teško je, teško je, u pravilu, prihvatiti... teško se snaći u vremenu i prostoru... ja sam stalno kroz svoj život imao, onak', jako puno turbulencija... puno uspona, puno padova... i... pa, promjena se desila kad se ona pojavila... u pravilu ja sam do tada živio jedan... jedan prazan život... jedan besmisleni život u pravilu... i ovaj, s njenim pojavljivanjem... ja sam postao slobodan... i napokon sam... počeo živjeti normalno... Sve ono... sve ono što sam ja napravio... na... ma na svim područjima... od te dvije i druge godine do danas... sve smo napravili mi – ne ja... Posebno danas kada imamo, evo, ovu obitelj... znači, kada nas je pet, ne smijemo zaboraviti i ćuku kojeg imamo u dvorištu...

(čitavo vrijeme zvukovi dječje igre u pozadini)

Supruga Marta: ... ispričao... i to mi je, u biti, ispričao samo djelić priče, da je on meni pričao detalje, on je samo rekao da je bio tamo-i-tamo i da je, ono, prošao pakao... nikakve detalje... ja sam, u biti, najviše toga saznala iščitavajući knjigu...

Marijan: To nije, prije svega bila tema o kojoj sam ja htio pričati... Nisam imao potrebu... Nije se tu imalo šta... šta lijepoga za reći... Ali, zato danas pričam... Stavio sam si to pod jedan od zadataka u životu... u mojoj misiji... Ne može me ništa spriječiti... ni ove prijetnje smrću koje znam dobiti... ni negodovanje mnogih... Moj stav o ne-generaliziranju...

Supruga Marta: Knjigu i predstavu sam nekako različito doživjela... Ja sam knjigu čitala u komadima... Bila sam prisutna dok ju je pisao, tak da sam proživljavala svaki... svaki taj komadić knjige... Bilo je takvih trenutaka da sam mu znala reći – daj, molim te, ostavi... ostavi se toga... nemoj više... jer ja više

Marijan Jr: Look at it! Look at it! How big it is! Look at it!

Wife Marta: A kite!

It is a big kite!

Marijan: A kite... a kite...

M. Gubina: It's hard, it's hard, usually, to accept... it's hard to settle down in time and space... I always had throughout my life, in the way, a great deal of turbulences... a lot of rises, a lot of falls... and... well, a change came when she appeared... as a rule, until then I had lived one... one empty life... one senseless life as a rule... and well, with her appearance... I became free... and finally I... started to live normally... All that... all that I've done...at... well in all fields... from that year two and two up to this day... all that has been done by us – not just me... Especially today when we have, there, this family... meaning, when there is five of us, and we mustn't forget the doggy we have in the yard...

(all the time the sounds of children's playing in the background)

Wife Marta: ... he told me... and he, essentially, told me just a little part of the story, he didn't tell the details, he just said he was there-and-there and that he, like, went through hell... no details... I have, essentially, found out most of it by reading the book...

Marijan: It wasn't, above all, a topic I wanted to talk about... I didn't have the need... There wasn't anything... nice to be said... But, that's why I am telling it today... I put it as one of the tasks in life... in my mission... Nothing can stop me... not even the death threats I sometimes get... nor the disapproval of many... my stance on non-generalizing...

Wife Marta: The book and the performance somehow I experienced differently... I read the book in parts... I was present when he was writing it, so I lived through every... every little bit of that book...

There were such moments I used to say – come on, please, leave it... leave it behind...

ne mogu te gledat takvog... jer je on sve to proživljavao ispočetka i prisjećao se stvari koje možda dotad se... mu nije bilo u nikakvim mislima... sam mu rekla... da nije vrijedno... jednostavno toga svega... zato što... teško je svakom tko pročita knjigu. I svi suosjećaju... i... i... u svima se probudi ta emocija... ali, kad znate da je to netko kog volite najviše na svijetu,... da se to radi o toj osobi koja je još bila dijete uz to i sve... onda je to... onda je to... stvarno nešto neopisivo... a, predstavu... dok sam gledala... gledala sam ju i... i očima supruge i očima majke i očima žene... i... i...

(muzika)

M. Gubina: Sama... sama predstava... dok smo je radili... je nosila... je nosila neke svoje udarce... a, bilo je posebno zanimljivo dočekati tu glavnu generalnu probu... na kojoj su nazočile i majka... i najstarija sestra Nena... i ja sam se... jako sam se bojao... kako će to... ovaj... podnijeti majka i sestra... i onda sam... ono... dogovarao Hitnu da mi budu tamo na raspolaganju i... a, mama... mama je, ovaj... mama, kak je sjedila iza mene... je u jednom trenutku meni komentirala... uhvatila me za ramena... i... prislonila glavu i viče meni – ne boj se sine... ne boj se, ne mogu oni nama ništa... neće ti ništa, ne boj se...

Supruga: Ja sam rekla da ne mogu nikad bit objektivna što se njega tiče... ali, za mene je on osoba koja je najpozitivnija na svijetu i koja ima takvu karizmu jednu koju... i stvarno mu se divim zbog svega što radi... i ovo je... mislim, mi se skupa veselimo svim nagradama koje on dobije i sve... ali, to je meni, u biti, što je zaslužio... jer stvarno radi veliku stvar sa cijelim projektom i sa svime...

M. Gubina: Pisajući roman „260 dana“ vratio sam se u mjesto i vrijeme, ponovno proživljavajući te iste nemile događaje... Naravno razlika je u vremenu, a samim time i u zrelosti čovjeka... Gledajući roditelje u mučnim situacijama, danas mogu reći da sam MISLIO da osjećam ono što oni osjećaju...

don't do it any more... because I cannot look at you like that anymore... because he was living it through from scratch and was remembering things which maybe until then... were not in his thoughts at all... I told him... it's not worth it... simply of all that... because... it's hard to anyone who has read the book. And everybody is sympathetic... and... and... in everybody this emotion is awoken... but, when you know it is someone you love the most in the world,... that it is about that person who was just a child in addition to all that... then it is... then it is... really something indescribable... and a performance... when I was watching... I was watching... with the eyes of a wife and with the eyes of a mother and with the eyes of a woman... and... and...

(music)

M. Gubina: The performance... the performance itself... during the time were working on it... was carrying... its own blows...and it was especially interesting to see that general rehearsal at last... also having my mother and oldest sister Nena present... and I was really scared... how they would... well... my mother and sister bear it... and then I... well... made arrangements for the ambulance to be at my disposal and... and mother... mother was, well... mother, as she was sitting behind me... she was in one moment commenting to me... she took me by the shoulders... and... leaned her head towards me and shouted at me – don't be afraid, son... don't be afraid, they can't do anything to us... they won't do anything to you, don't be afraid...

Wife Marta: I said I can't ever be objective concerning him... but for me he is the person that is the most positive in the world and has such a charisma that... I am really admiring him for everything he is doing... and this is... I mean we are all together cheering all the awards he gets and all... but that is to me, essentially, what he has earned... because he is really doing a great thing with the whole project and with everything...

M. Gubina: Writing the novel "260 Days" I came back to a place and time, re-living the same sad events... Of course the difference is in time and with that in the maturity of the man... Watching parents in grievous situations, I can say today I THOUGHT I feel what they feel...

Osjetio sam to kada sam pisao roman „260 dana“... jer kada sam pisao roman „260 dana“ i sam sam bio otac... i tek tada sam mogao osjetiti... i tada sam osjetio... tu bol koju su oni proživjeli... I mogu reći da se nekako taj teret... pisanja romana... to jest teret ispovijesti kroz pisanje... i kroz izričaj na daskama uspio nekako podijeliti...

(svečanost u Osijeku)

„Naš prvi laureat danas... Mi smo ove godine... Odbor je dodijelio dvije glavne nagrade... mirovne - „Krunoslav Sukić“... a prva, koju ćemo sada uručiti je... za Marijana Gubinu!

(pljesak)

Marijanu Gubini... uručili smo nagradu... i odlučili... i drago nam je da mu je možemo uručiti... radi... njegovog odabira ispravnog življenja kojim postaje primjerom, poticajem i podrškom ljudima oko sebe: mladima, braniteljskoj populaciji, nastavnicima, vjernicima, političarima i umjetnicima... hvala mu...

(govor se nastavlja i pod slijedećim)

M. Gubina: I nažalost, kroz ove 24 godine vi možete vidjeti samo zlouporabu žrtava rata, manipulaciju s njima za korist određenih političkih grupacija... Tu moramo staviti taj zaključak da su žrtve rata bile devedesetih... kolateralne žrtve, stvar statistike i da su one to i danas... Ne postoji stvarna senzibiliziranost za tu populaciju... Sve nam se svodi na materijalno, na trgovinu, na moć i položaj... A mi mali ljudi, neovisno da li bili žrtve rata – direktne, indirektne – mi smo samo stvar matematike...

M.Gubina: Gorčine... gorčine ima, ali nemam potrebu za osvetom... Ja osvetu doživljam... Pa, možda bi se moglo to moje djelovanje nazvat osvetom... Ako su moje godine kontinuiranog rada na razvoju kulture mira... čin osvete... onda sam osvetoljubiv...

I felt that when I was writing the novel “260 Days” ... because when I was writing the novel “260 Days” I myself was a father... and only then could I feel... and I felt then... that pain they had lived through... and I can say that the burden of writing the novel somehow... that is the burden of confession through writing... and through the expression on stage that has somehow succeeded to be distributed...

(a ceremony in Osijek)

“Our first laureate today... We have this year... The Committee has granted two main awards... peace awards – “Krunoslav Sukić” ... and the first we are about to hand over is... for Marijan Gubina!

(applause)

We handed the award to... Marijan Gubina... and decided... and we are glad we can hand it to him... because of his choosing of the right way of living which made him an example, encouragement and support to the people around him: to the young, the population of defenders, teachers, believers, politicians and artists... I thank him...

(the speech is continuing under the following)

M. Gubina: And, unfortunately, throughout these 24 years you can see only the abuse of the victims of the war, the manipulation with them for the benefit of certain political groups... We have to come to the conclusion that victims of the war were in the nineties... collateral victims, a matter of the statistics and that they are also the same today... There isn't a real sensibilization for that population... It all comes down to the material, to commerce, to power and position... And we little people regardless of if we are victims of war – direct or indirect – we're only the matter of mathematics...

M. Gubina: Bitterness... there is bitterness, but I don't have the need for revenge... The revenge I see... Well, maybe my activities can be named the revenge... If my years of continuous work on the development of the culture of peace are... the act of revenge... then I am revengeful...

Ako je moja humanitarna pomoć prema ljudima u potrebi, a među njima i Romi i pravoslavci i Makedonci i Mađari... onda sam ja osvetoljubiv...

... Možemo izvadit, evo jedno od pisama učenika, to jest - učenice koja nakon odslušanog predavanja šalje mail sadržaja:

„Jučer, to jest dvadeset i osmog desetog smo imali vašu prezentaciju i mogu vam priznati da me je u srce pogodila, a i ujedno osvijestila. Živim s mamom, tatom i starijim bratom. Imam obiteljskih problema: većinom s tatom ne razgovaramo, jer on nas većinom krivi za sve probleme u kući. Većinu vremena kod kuće provodim sama. često se zbog toga osjećam odbačeno, ali više se tako neću osjećati. Moram vam se zahvaliti u vezi toga što ste mi pomogli da izađem iz kože i da kažem mami i bratu u suzama da ih volim. Nisam mogla spavati, jer su mi vaše riječi zvonile u glavi, kao: Zagrlite svoje roditelje, braću kad dođeš kući i reci im da ih volite, jer nikada ne znate kada će biti kasno i kada ćete ih izgubiti. Stvarno sam vam zahvalna što ste me osvijestili, jer da nisam bila na vašem predavanju još i danas bila bih zatvorena u sebe i ne bih razgovarala otvoreno s bratom i s mamom, a nadam se da ću se i usuditi prići tati da se pomirimo.

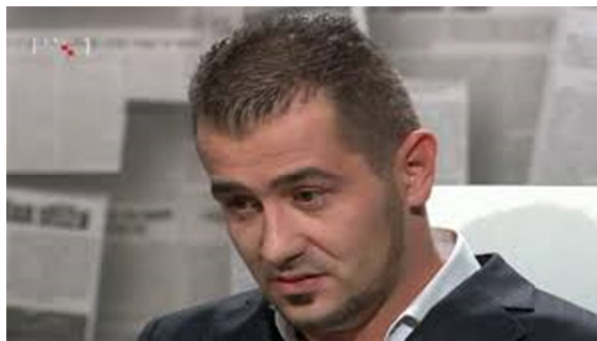
(muzika)

If my humanitarian help to the people in need, and among them Roma and orthodox and Macedonians and Hungarians... then I am revengeful...

... Here, we can take out one of the letters students wrote, that is - one of the students after attending the lecture sends an e-mail of following content:

“Yesterday, that is – October twenty eighth we had your presentation and I can tell you it struck me in the heart and at the same time it brought me around. I live with my mom, dad and older brother. I have family issues: mostly we don’t talk to dad because in most cases he blames us for the problems we have at home. Most of the time at home, I spend alone. Often I feel rejected because of that, but I won’t feel like that anymore. I must thank you because you helped me get out of my skin and in tears, tell my mom and brother I love them. I couldn’t sleep because your words were ringing in my head, like: hug your parents, brothers when you come home and tell them you love them because you never know when it will be too late and when you might lose them. I am really grateful that you brought me around for if I hadn’t been at your lecture even today I would be closed in myself and wouldn’t talk freely to my brother and mom and I hope that I will dare to approach my dad to reconcile.

(music)



Marijan Gubina

