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MOSTARSKA HURQUALYA

(Ne)Zaboravljeni grad

graficar



Bogdan Bogdanović
(1922-2010)

Čovjek, arhitekta, filozof, urbanista, profesor, kreativac, vizionar, litofil, esteta, vajar, esejist, počasni stanovnik Mostara, ljubitelj antičkih civilizacija, paganstva, mističnog jevrejstva, kršćanstva i islama, nesuđeni astronom, idealista grada, volšebnik, erudit, gradonačelnik Beograda, egzilant, vlasnik Zelene kutije, sanjar i idejni tvorac Partizanskog spomenika.*

/ A human, architect, philosopher, urbanist, professor, the Creative One, visionary, lithophile, aesthete, sculptor, essayist, honorary citizen of Mostar, admirer of ancient civilizations, paganism, and mystical Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, would be astronomer, idealist of the city, wizard, the Erudite, mayor of Belgrade, an Exile One, owner of the Green Box, dreamer and creator of the Partizan monument.*

* Način na koji ga vidi istraživački tim. / As viewed by the research team.



Mostar, Bosna i Hercegovina

P – Partizansko spomen-groblje / Partisan Memorial Cemetery

S – Stari most / Old bridge

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Grafičar d.o.o. Bihać

ŠTAMPA / PRINT

Grafičar doo za proizvodnju i trgovinu
77000 Bihać, Bosna i Hercegovina

TIRAŽ / PRINTING

500

CIP - Katalogizacija u publikaciji

Nacionalna i univerzitetska biblioteka Bosne i Hercegovine,
Sarajevo

725.94(497.6 Mostar)

MOSTARSKA Hurqualya : (ne)zaboravljeni grad ; Mostar's
Hurqualya : the (un)forgotten city / [urednici, editors Marko
Barišić, Aida Murtić, Alisa Burzić] ; [prevodi, translations
Vanja Gredelj]. - Bihać : Grafičar, 2017. - 129 str. : ilustr. ; 23
cm

Tekst na bos. i engl. jeziku.

ISBN 978-9958-781-86-5

COBISS.BH-ID 24717318

Publikacija podržana od
strane forumZFD-a i SHL-a.
/ Publication supported by
forumZFD and SHL.



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MOSTARSKA HURQUALYA
(Ne)Zaboravljeni grad

MOSTAR'S HURQUALYA
The (Un)Forgotten City

Bihać, 2017.

”

Graditelj ne treba mnogo da govori o svome delu. Ako delo samo ne govori, reči graditelja su uzaludne. Dela stoje, graditelji odlaze. Kako će ovu građevinu tumačiti generacije posle nas? Šta će u njoj videti, šta će doživljavati? Hoće li im ona štogod reći? Hoće li razgovarati posetioci i građevina, onako kao što se danas, reklo bi se već pomalo razgovaraju?

Moguće su brojne asocijacije, razna domišljanja. Hoće li i deca naše dece videti u ovom spomeniku sliku nekog čudnog ponosnog i humanog grada, dignutog kao fatamorgana negde između neba i zemlje? I hoće li u njemu prepoznati svoj grad u jednom davnom, ponosnom i teškom vremenu kada je najteže od svega bilo biti i ostati čovek? Ne bez izvesnog straha, ali ne i bez odlučnosti, graditelj bi kratko odgovorio: da, prepoznaće se i grad i čovek, sretaće se dok je čoveka i grada.

Bogdan Bogdanović¹

The creator should not speak a lot about his creations. If the creation does not speak for itself, the words of the creator are in vain. Creations remain, creators depart. How will this building be seen by generations to come? What will they see in it, what will they experience? Will it speak to them? Will the visitors and the building converse then, in a way they slightly do today, so to speak?

Numerous associations are possible, all kinds of inventions. Will the children of our children also see in this Monument an image of an odd, proud, and humane city, a city built as a Fata Morgana, between the earth and the sky? And will they recognize their city in an ancient, proud, and difficult age when the most difficult thing was to be and to remain a true human? Not without a certain fear and certain resolution too, the creator will answer curtly: Yes, the city and a man will recognise each other, they will meet as long as they both exist.

Bogdan Bogdanović¹

¹ Predgovor za *Partizanski spomenik u Mostaru*, autora Ive Mutevelića i Blage Čale, 1980.

¹ Preface to *Partizanski spomenik u Mostaru* by Ivo Mutevelić and Blago Čale, 1980

*Za Ljude,
Za Grad,
Za Bogdana*

*For the People,
For the City,
For Bogdan*

PREDGOVOR

Mi, spomenik i knjiga

Knjiga *Mostarska Hurqualya: (Ne)Zaboravljeni grad* je projekt koji je osmislila grupa mladih aktivista iz Mostara, regije i različitih djelova svijeta baveći se jednim od najpoznatijih memorijalnih djela dvadesetog stoljeća u Hercegovini – Partizanskim spomen-grobljem². Njegov kreator, jugoslavenski arhitekta Bogdan Bogdanović, u svojim ga esejima naziva i lebdećim gradom – *Hurqualyom*. Djelo koje oscilira između arhitekture, pejzažne umjetnosti i skulpture sagrađeno je 1965. godine u Mostaru, a na listu nacionalnih spomenika Bosne i Hercegovine upisano je 2006. kao graditeljska cjelina.

Iako pod pravnom zaštitom državnih institucija, spomenik je danas izložen čestim devastacijama te služi kao sredstvo otvorenih političkih obračuna. Budući da se obično portretira ili kao idealizirani simbol jugoslovenskog *Bratstva i jedinstva* ili kao tekovina "još jednog totalitarnog režima", spomenik je značenjski reduciran. Dok se naglasak stavlja na isključive interpretacije, kompleksnost susreta svakodnevnog čovjeka sa ovim javnim prostorom ostaje zanemarena i, samim tim, izvan dominantnog diskursa. Materijalni svijet i doživljaji proizašli iz te interakcije, fokus su istraživanja kojeg nastojimo predstaviti ovom knjigom. Na taj način, ona postaje svojevrsno alternativno svjedočanstvo ljudi koje bi, da nije prikupljeno u ovom historijskom momentu, zauvijek ostalo na margini sjećanja.

Prikupljene priče i fotografije pratile su nas dvije i pol godine kroz naše uobičajene aktivnosti i putovale s nama gradovima gdje smo studirali, radili i živjeli. Upravo one su nam pružile osnovu na kojoj ćemo započeti cjelokupno daljnje promišljanje, kao i otkrivanje dimenzija u kojima lokalna baština obitava.

Od doživljaja do višeznačnosti

Publiciranje knjige znači otvaranje nove prilike za dijalog sa fragmentima prošlosti, sadašnjosti i budućnosti, kako bi se Partizanski spomenik sagledao kroz širi okvir u kojem ima dovoljno prostora za različita shvatanja. Bili smo motivirani da zabilježimo neke od priča koje borave na pola puta između arhitektonskog plana, realnosti svakodnevnog korištenja i službenih interpretacija. Upravo tu se sakrivaju lična sjećanja i emocije, ali i sukobljavaju političke vizije, dokazujući da je značenje spomenika mnogo šarolikije i kompleksnije nego što nam se to na prvi pogled čini.

U knjizi se ne nalaze stručna razmatranja o spomeniku, već je sva pažnja usmjerena ka emocijama, sjećanjima i mislima četrnaest pripovjedača/ica. Izbor istih odražava raznolikost stavova i angažmana prema Partizanskom spomeniku i gradu Mostaru. Oni/e su sami/e pripremili/e svoje kratke biografije, koje smo mi nadopunili vizualnim markerima, posebno kreiranim za ovu publikaciju. Dok se jedni predstavljaju svojim pravim imenom, drugi koriste pseudonime. Uz njihovo dopuštenje, radi preglednosti i jasnoće sadržaja, razgovore smo prilagodili pisanoj formi te tematski organizirali u sedam poglavlja: *Prostor, Umjetnost, Simboli, Politika, Historija, Emocije i Budućnost*.

Refleksije koje smo prikupili kroz seriju razgovora i susreta nastoje probuditi kritički aspekt gledanja na ovo Bogdanovićevo djelo, ali i potaknuti mlade kako u Mostaru tako i u cijelom regionu da na slične kreativne načine istraže mogućnosti korištenja i čuvanja svoje lokalne baštine, koja je od 90-ih godina najčešće ostavljena zanemarena od strane nadležnih institucija.

Knjiga, spomenik i ti

Mnogo je načina na koje se *Mostarska Hurqualya: (Ne)Zaboravljeni grad* može čitati: uobičajeno iz početka, odabirom određenih poglavlja ili pak praćenjem nekog od pripovjedača kroz knjigu.

Ukoliko i ti želiš da budeš dio ove priče o Partizanskom spomeniku, na stranici broj jedanaest naznačeno je mjesto gdje se možeš upisati na listu pripovjedača/ica. Ujedno, u svakom je poglavlju ostavljeno dovoljno prostora da, uz ovdje predstavljene doživljaje dopišeš svoje zabilješke i saznanja o Bogdanu Bogdanoviću ili ovom spomeniku te smjestiš fotografije ili skice kao svjedočanstva trenutaka koje bi sačuvao/la za budućnost. Odlučiš li se za taj put, ova knjiga postaje unikatan primjerak svog vremena i, kao takva, će biti ostavljena budućim generacijama.

Urednici,
Novembar, 2017.

2 Pored ovog naziva koriste se i izrazi: Partiza, Partizansko, Park, Partizanski spomenik i Partizansko groblje.

PREFACE

We, the monument, and the book

The book *Mostar's Hurqalya: The (Un)forgotten City* – envisioned by a group of young activists from Mostar, the region, and various parts of the world, deals with one of the most well-known memorial sites of the twentieth century in Herzegovina – the Partisan Memorial Cemetery.² Its creator, the Yugoslav architect Bogdan Bogdanović, has referred to it in his essays as the drifting city – *Hurqalya*. The monument, which fluctuates between architecture, land-art and sculpture, was built in 1965 in Mostar and in 2006 it was added to the list of national monuments of Bosnia and Herzegovina as an architectural ensemble.

Although under the legal guardianship of the state, the monument is nowadays exposed to frequent vandalism and it is a pretext for political clashes. The monument's meaning has been narrowed down further, as a consequence of being portrayed as either an idealised symbol of Yugoslav concept of *Brotherhood and Unity*, or as architectural heritage of "yet another totalitarian regime". When the emphasis is placed on such exclusive interpretations, the complexity of everyday encounters of people and this public space remains neglected, rendering it outside the dominant discourse. The material world and experiences resulting from these everyday interactions are precisely the focus of our research. Hence, the book emerges as an alternative testimonial which, were it not compiled, would forever remain on the margins of memory.

Over the two and a half years of research and writing, the collected stories and photographs have accompanied us through our everyday activities, and have travelled with us through the cities in which we lived, worked and studied. They served as the basis for our further thinking through and discovering the realms in which our local heritage resides.

Through experience to polyvalent discourses

The publication of this book opens up a new opportunity for a dialogue with fragments of the past, present and future, so that the Partisan Monument can be seen through a broader frame, wherein there

would be enough space for different understandings and opinions. We were motivated to write down some of the stories that dwell between an architectural plan, everyday use, and official representations. This is a place where emotions and personal memories are hidden, and where political visions clash, proving that the monument's meanings are more diverse and complex than they first appear.

This book does not contain the academic opinions on the monument: its attention is wholly dedicated to the emotions, memories and thoughts of our fourteen storytellers. Their personal portraits reflect the multitude of stances and engagements with the Partisan Monument and the city of Mostar. They themselves have prepared their own short biographies, which we marked with icons, specifically created for this publication. Whilst some of them use their real names, others use pseudonyms. To retain a clear overview of the content and with the permission of the storytellers, the conversations have been adapted to fit the written form of this book and have been thematically organized into seven chapters: *Space, Art, Symbols, Politics, History, Emotions, and the Future*.

The reflections we have gathered through this series of conversations and meetings seek not only to rekindle a critical dimension to the interpretation of Bogdanović's work, but also to encourage young people in Mostar, and in the region more broadly, to explore the possibilities of using and preserving their local heritage which has often been neglected by state institutions from the nineties onwards.

The book, the monument, and you

There are many ways to read *Mostar's Hurqalya: The (Un)Forgotten City*: conventionally from cover to cover, by picking out chapters of interest, or by following certain storytellers through the book.

Should you wish to partake in this story, you will find a marked space on page eleven where you can enlist yourself as a storyteller. At the same time, next to the presented experiences, there is enough space for you in every chapter to include your stories on Bogdan Bogdanović or the Partisan Monument. Finally, you can also add photographs or sketches as witnesses of those moments you wish to preserve for the future. By deciding to take that path, this book shall become a unique example of its time and will be left for future generations to explore.

Editors,
November 2017

² Besides this name, following terms are also used: Partiza, Partizansko, the Park, the Partisan Monument, and the Partisan Cemetery.

Brigita Ćorić, 60,
majka, baka, štovateljica kulture i svijeta /
mother, grandmother, culture and world's
enthusiast



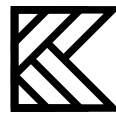
Yoav Admoni, 33,
konceptualni umjetnik, ljubitelj prirode,
istraživač života / conceptual artist, nature
lover, life explorer



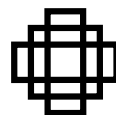
Elfida i Željko Alerić, 58 i 59,
medicinska sestra i inženjer za strojarstvo,
roditelji / medical nurse, mechanical
engineer, parents



Kristina Bradara, 29,
studentica građevine, slobodni mislilac /
student of civil engineering, open minded
thinker



Agnes Ćišić, 19,
ljubiteljica plesa, čitanja, muzike, kuhanja i
tišine / lover of reading, dancing, cooking,
music, and quietness



Ivana Ereš, 27,
povjesničarka umjetnosti, protivnica
sistema / art historian, system opponent



Lea Kordić, 41,
mašinska inženjerka, krojačica /
technical engineer and dressmaker



Ines i Mirko Šunjić, 41 i 37,
nastavnica i pravnik, roditelji /
teacher and lawyer, parents



Radmilo Braca Andrić, 90,
Mostarac, antifašista /
Mostarian, anti-fascist



Marko Dalmatinac, 75,
zaljubljenik u telegrafiju /
telegraphy enthusiast



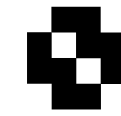
Vesna Marić, 40,
nastavnica, spisateljica /
teacher, writer



Igor Talić, 59,
slikar, javni službenik /
painter, public servant



Arna Mačkić, 27,
arhitektica /
architect



Alesz Lesz, 24,
student /
student



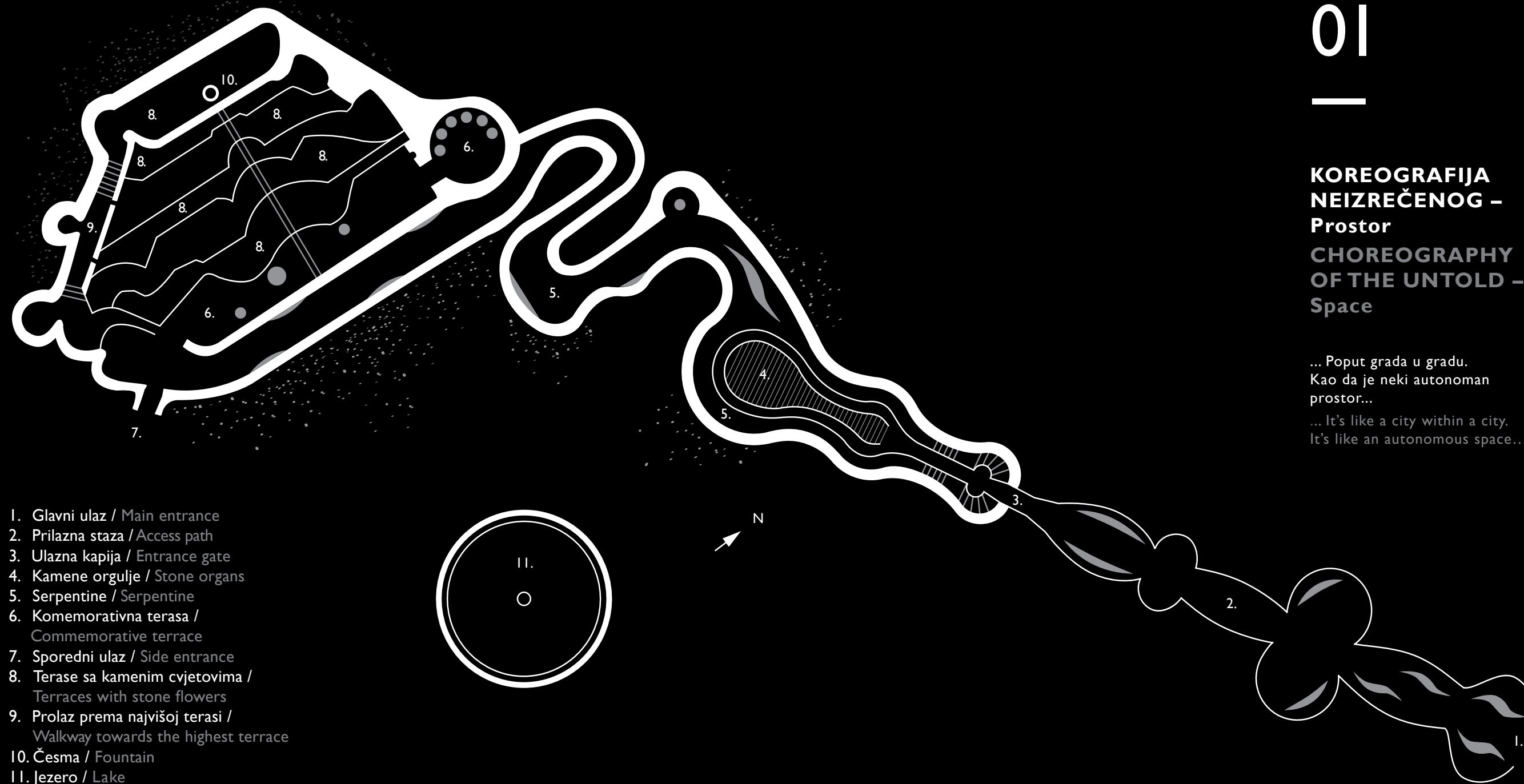
You, the storyteller



**KOREOGRAFIJA
NEIZREČENOG –
Prostor**
**CHOREOGRAPHY
OF THE UNTOLD –
Space**

... Poput grada u gradu.
Kao da je neki autonoman
prostor...

... It's like a city within a city.
It's like an autonomous space...

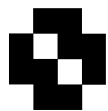


S Kako danas uopće misliti Mostar? Jesu li to dva, tri ili četiristo četiri grada? Možda pak više nije nijedan?

Može li se ta neumoljiva autofagija zvana podjela, iz proste dosade koja joj zapravo tako često i podilazi, izvesti nekim drugačijim linijama, mjeranim i crtkanim nekim drugačijim aparatima? Što bi se dogodilo kad bismo išli do krajnosti tog svakodnevnog apsurdnog, ali gotovo općeprihvaćenog zakona cijepanja stvari? Igrajmo se. U pruge ili možda sedmerokutno? U koncentrične krugove, u dvije, u tri, u stotine međusobno ispresijecajućih elipsi? Što kad bi svaki stanovnik i stanovnica dobili svoj grad? Bi li to bio grad u gradu u gradu ili grad do grada do grada? Mislimo li uopće Grad?



Nekima je bilo drago kad se pravila Partiza, a nekima nije. K'o i danas. To se zna tko je bio protiv, a tko je bio za...



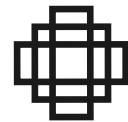
Spomenik je dizajniran na način da nemamo odmah pogled na cjelokupnu površinu. Put do spomenika je tegoban i pejzaž se stalno mijenja. Put pravi oštar zaokret prema vrhu. Po dolasku gore, vidik obuhvata cijeli grad i cijeli spomenik. Ali valja se popeti do gore... Nikad ne znate da li će neko ući na spomenik sa strana jer ima nekoliko ulaza na gornjem dijelu, s lijeva i sa desna. Ljudi tu

ulaze kroz grmlje što ga čini malo strašnim, uz to što nemamo pregledan pogled.



Bilo je puno cvijeća, uredno i lijepo. Oni zidići su bili fini, a mi smo na njima sjedili. Bilo je čak neko jezerce ili fontana, neke neobične biljke i cvijeće sezonsko. Bilo je zanimljivo. Mi bismo ovako u petom mjesecu išli šetati na Partizansko i onda bismo preskočili zid i išli u trešnje. Najsimpatičnije su mi u sjećanju ostale te trešnje. Prošlo je više od 40 godina od tada...

Mi nismo razmišljali da je to groblje jer je to bilo atraktivno mjesto. Ne znam čak da li tu ima grobova, mislim da su samo spomen-ploče.



Kada se puteljkom popne na sami vrh, može se naći mnoštvo manjih—nisu to skulpture, već nešto nalik kockicama—koje predstavljaju ljude. Ne samo ljude koji su tu izginuli, nego ljude koji su oslobađali i nastavljaju da oslobađaju i Mostar i cijeli naš narod od nacionalizma koji tu kruži; da oslobađaju sve nas od svih tih loših stvari koje nam se dešavaju. Tako da mislim da je najbitnije, ustvari, bar za mene, da se samo dođe i da se samo posmatra šta se dešava i šta nas okružuje, mada se tu može raditi još mnogo toga. Ljudi često imaju i piknike i dolaze sa prijateljima i porodicama. Znam

da je, prije samog ulaska na spomenik, nekad postojao veliki travnjak. Ljudi su čak dolazili sa djecom koja su mogla da se igraju lopte, fudbala ili bilo kakvih drugih društvenih igara. Međutim, nažalost, danas se te stvari više ne dešavaju upravo zbog stanja u kojem se sada spomenik nalazi.

Kao klinka sam dolazila s roditeljima i tata nam je često pričao priče o tome šta se tu dešavalo i mogu reći da mi je to jedno od dražih iskustava u životu. Mama bi spremila neke sendviče i sokiće, došli bismo tu i ostali cijeli dan. Malo bismo se igrali, pa bismo ja i brat skakali, i bilo je stvarno super jer smo se u isto vrijeme zabavljali i uživali, a također i učili o historiji i simbolici. Bilo mi je jako lijepo tu ustvari, jer je bila priroda, mirno, možda čak i najmirnije mjesto u gradu.



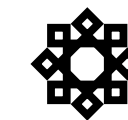
On: Provodili smo ljeto tu i kupali se tamo... Znaš li kako je tamo zgodno naučiti plivati? Prvo je bila plitka voda, pa duboka, i na sredini bazena opet plitka. A ja kad sam imao 10 godina, točno sam mogao stati u bazenu, bio je točno moje dubine. Tu je pola raje naučilo plivati. Kad je Straško počeo stavljati vreće mišjeg otrova u bazen, govorio nam je da ćemo se otrovati i da ne dolazimo. Straško je bio stražar u smeđoj uniformi. Ja sam puno više bio na Partizanskom, nego u Velikom parku, jer je bio bolji. Partizansko je bilo prava igraonica, turbo-svemirska! To je prostor usred grada.

Znaš kakav je to dobar park bio!

Spomenik mi stoga nema neku spomeničku vrijednost, već je više bio dobar za igru. Ja sam ga doživljavao kao park, a moglo se i napiti vode. Imao je dobar WC tamo u šumi. Pravo je bio uređen, i muški i ženski...



Za mene je Partizanski spomenik bio jako zanimljiv primjer zelene površine. U jednu ruku je umjetan zbog svoje arhitekture dok u drugu ruku može funkcionirati kao park. Kako je sada spomenik zanemaren, prirodno okružje ga polako razara. Time on sve više postaje prirodni prostor. Također, ono što mi se dopada kod Bogdanovićeve metafore je što je on poput grada u gradu, kao da je neki autonoman prostor... tako da na neki način funkcionira samostalno.



Dan oslobođenja Mostara, 14. februar, obilježavao se tako što se većinom nosilo cvijeće. Onda bi za svaki spomenik po jedan karanfil stavili, a dolje u početku u onom mjestu bi vijence donijeli...



Mama: Koliko god je Mostar nekad bio čist, Partizansko je bilo još čistije. Ogledalo grada je bilo. I voda je bila pitka.

Tata: Pa prije je ambijent bio, koliko-toliko, kao

kod groblja. Napravljen je na pravom mjestu jer vidiš Mostar, i lijevo i desno i naprijed. A od tog ambijenta samog nije ostalo ništa. Prvo, samo groblje je devastirano skroz, a i okolina. Na Partizu više niko ne ulazi odozgo, kao što sam ja nekada. To je sada nemoguće. Žalosno je da su to pregradili. To je sve sada ispregrađivano da se više ne može proći. Možeš samo ući gore i vratiti se istim putem. Ima sada ulaz ali to je sve kroz šumu i uđe se na pola Partize. I ja nekad uđem sa trim-staze i popnem se prema bolnici. Ali, kažem, nisu to oficijelni ulazi. Inače, ja volim kad hodam na jednu stranu ući a na drugu izaći. Nikad se ne vraćam istim putem. Možda je to naopako, možda sam takav...

Mama: Svi su parovi završavali gore. To je uvijek bilo mjesto okupljanja mladih nakon šetnje gradom (*fotografija 37*).



Bilo je jako ljupko jer su postojali puteljci i voda u vidu fontana i bazena. Bilo je mnogo zelenih površina te i šuma koja je okruživala spomenik. Sa spomenika je bio odličan pogled. To je ustvari bio park. Kao dijete, mogao si da provedeš čitav dan ondje. 2015. sam ponovo vidjela spomenik nakon dvadeset godina. Zadnji put sam bila ondje 1992. To je bilo odlično mjesto za piknik, ležanje ili sjedenje na zidovima. Bilo je to tako divno mjesto i žao mi je što se danas takav više ne može vidjeti.



Puno je sjećanja vezanih za taj spomenik, ali ne znam koje da istaknem kao posebno. Zнала sam često turiste voditi da vide spomenik.

Svi su bili oduševljeni prostornim rješenjem, pogledom na Mostar, prirodom, pričama o spomeniku. U isto su vrijeme bili, možda je prejaka riječ, ali i šokirani stanjem u kojem se spomenik nalazi i izostankom volje da se obnovi.



Svi mi koji smo imali između 15 i 19 godina – svi smo išli u park ili Partizansko. Danas prođem, obratim pažnju i vidim da je zapušteno. Tu samo idu drogeraši. Tako da ne bih išla nikako dok se ne oporavi. Znači da to nije spomenik više.



Taj spomenik je maltene postao, hajde neću reći, možda je velika riječ – svetište, ali mogu reći sjecište i omladine i starijih ljudi koji su dolazili. Stariji ljudi su dolazili uglavnom iz pijeteta, da odaju počast svojim precima, ali i taj mlađi svijet je dolazio. Zabavljali su se, sjedili, vodili ljubav. Ali interesantno, na tom spomeniku nikada nismo mogli primijetiti bilo kakvo oštećenje, čak ni crte da je neko napis'o olovkom, a kamoli grafite masnim bojama, kao što će to biti slučaj kasnije. Tako da je taj spomenik stvarno bio održavan i Mostarci su ga pored Starog mosta neobično cijenili,

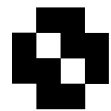
jer je spomenik postao značajan objekt. Na njemu su đaci prvaci polagali pionirski zavjet, a vojska zakletvu. Mnogi ljudi su dolazili, jer još tada je bilo rodbine poginulih partizana koja je palila svijeće i polagala cvijeće. Ja sam po službenoj dužnosti primao šefove država koji su dolazili, i predsjednike vlada te mnoge velike osobe, koje neću da spominjem sad. No, bilo ih je mnogo, iz Njemačke, Rusije, Francuske, i mnogih drugih zemalja. Sa njima sam išao na groblje da polažu vijence. Svi su se oni divili tome spomeniku, jer Bogdanova osnovna koncepcija je bila *Život za bolji život*.

Usred partizanskog ratovanja bilo je jako teško voditi evidencije i sačuvati ostatke poginulih. Neke je odnijela voda, Neretva, Sutjeska ili su im leševi bačeni u jamu. Ovdje je sahranjeno nešto više od tristo boraca, što je nešto manje od polovine. Ostali nisu pronađeni. Sahranjeno je negdje oko stotinjak boraca kojima se zna i ime i prezime. A na onom mjestu gdje se danas polažu vijenci je masovna grobnica i posmrtni ostaci iz raznih jama u koje su bačeni ti partizani, a njihov identitet nije utvrđen nikada. Tu ima preko dvjesto posmrtnih ostataka. To je betonirano i postavljene su ploče. Tu se više ne može ući.

S How does one think of Mostar at all? Is it two or three cities, or four hundred and four? Or maybe none at all? Can that inexorable autophagy called “the division,” out of sheer boredom which grovels to it, be made by some other lines, to be measured and drawn by some other machines? What would happen if we went to the limits of that everyday absurd but almost completely accepted law of shredding things apart? Let’s play a game. Shall we shred it into strips or into seven angles? Into circles or into two, three, or a hundred intertwined ellipses? What if every citizen got their own city? Would that be a city within a city or one city next to another? Do we even think of the City?



Some were pleased with the construction of Partiza and some were not. Just like today. Everyone knew who was against it and who was for it...



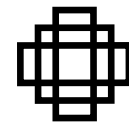
The monument is designed in a way that you don’t have an overview over the area immediately. The path to the monument is tortuous and the landscape design is constantly changing. The path at first leads away from the top and, eventually, swiftly takes a sharp turn towards it. Upon arrival, you have an overview of the whole city and the whole monument. But first

you have to climb up there... You never know if someone enters the monument from the side, as there are a couple of other roads to the top, on the left and on the right, and people enter there through the bushes. So that, along with not having an overview of the area, makes it a bit scary.



There were so many flowers, it was neat and nice. Those walls were nice and we’d sit on them. There was even some kind of a pond or a fountain, some unusual herbs and seasonal flowers. It was interesting, we’d go for a walk on Partizansko in May, then we’d jump over the wall and steal some cherries. That’s the most adorable memory I have, those cherries. It’s been over forty years since then...

We never saw it as a graveyard because it was an appealing place. I don’t even know if there are graves there, I think those are just memorials. We’d go there to stroll and sit around. That was really nice.



Following the pathway you reach the top, and you can see numerous – not sculptures but rather little cubes – representing people. Not only people who were killed there, but also people who were liberating, and who kept on liberating, Mostar and our entire nation from the nationalism that is still present here;

liberating us all from those evil things that keep happening. So, I think the most important thing is, for me, to just come here and observe what is going on, what surrounds us, though you can do more things. People often have picnics there, they bring their friends and family. I know that, once, there was a big lawn just before the entrance to the monument. People would come with their children to play football or other games. But now those things are impossible due to the state that the monument is in.

As a kid, I’d come here with my parents and dad would tell us stories about what happened here and I can safely say it’s one of the most treasured experiences in my life. Mom would make sandwiches and juices, we’d come here and stay all day. We’d play a bit, my brother and I would jump around, and it was really nice because we were enjoying ourselves and having fun whilst learning about history and symbolism. I had the most wonderful time here because of the nature, because it was serene, perhaps the most serene place in the entire city.



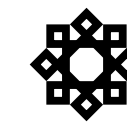
Him: We spent summers there and went swimming... Do you know how neat it is to learn how to swim there? You have shallow water at first, then deeper, and at the middle of the pool it’s shallow again. When I was 10 years old, I could fit in the pool, it was just my size. Half

of my mates learned how to swim there. When Straško began to put rat poison there, he told us we would get poisoned so we shouldn’t come anymore. Straško was a guard in a brown uniform. I spent more time at Partizansko than in the Big Park, because it was better. Partizansko was a true playground, out of this world! That is the space in the middle of the city. Oh, how good that park was!

The monument hasn’t really got the value of a mere monument, it was more of a great place for playing games. I considered it as a park, a place where you could even drink the water. There was a good toilet nearby in the woods. Really well done, male and female...



For me, the Partisan Monument was a very interesting example of a green space. On the one hand it’s very man-made because of its architecture and on the other hand it could also function as a park. Since the monument is now neglected, the natural habitat has consumed the area. So it has become even more of a natural space. Also, what I really like about Bogdan Bogdanović’s metaphor is that it’s like a city within a city. It’s like an autonomous space, functioning on its own.



On February 14th, Mostar Liberation Day, one would usually bring flowers. Then you’d place a carnation on each monument and

down there, at the front, you'd usually place a wreath...



Mum: As much as Mostar used to be clean, Partizansko was cleaner. A mirror of the city, that's what it was. And you could drink the water there.

Dad: Well, the ambience before was, more or less, that of a cemetery. It was built on the right spot because you can see Mostar, left, right and forward. Of that ambience, nothing remains now. First of all, the cemetery itself is now completely ruined, and so is the surrounding area. Nobody enters Partiza from up above, as I used to do. That is now impossible. It's a pity they have destroyed it. There are so many barriers there now, you cannot even walk through. You can enter up there and go back the same way. There is an entrance now but it goes through the wood and you enter halfway through Partiza. I sometimes enter using a trim-lane and climb to the hospital. But, I repeat, those are not official entrances. I, however, like, when I go for a walk, to enter on one side and exit on another. I never return using the same path. Maybe that's twisted, maybe it's just me...

Mum: All couples would end up there. That was the place where youth would always gather, after a stroll through the city (*photo 37*).



It was really neat because there were pathways and water in fountains and pools. There were a lot of green spaces and a forest which surrounded the monument. The view from the monument was amazing. It was actually a park. As a child you could spend the entire day there. In 2015, I saw the monument again, after twenty years. Last time I was there in 1992. It was a great place for picnic, laying around or sitting on the walls. It was such a beautiful place and I am sorry you cannot see that now.



There are so many memories related to the monument but I don't know which one is most particular. I used to bring tourists there. They were all delighted with the spatial concept, the view over Mostar, the nature, the stories. At the same time they were, it might be a rough expression, but they were shocked with its current state and the lack of will to restore it.



We were between fifteen and nineteen years old and we'd all go together to Partizansko, or to *the park* as we called it. Today I go by and see how neglected it is. Only the addicts go there. I wouldn't visit it until it gets better. It is no longer a monument as it was before.



That monument almost became, I won't say, because it's too strong a word, a sanctuary. But I can say that was the intersection of the people, young and old, who visited it. Elderly people usually came out of reverence or piousness, to honor their ancestors, but younger people also came. They'd sit around, had fun, made love. What is interesting, we could never detect any kind of deterioration, not even a line of a pencil, let alone some oily colored graffiti, as it would be the case later on. So the monument was kept in a really good condition and the people of Mostar held it in a great esteem, along with the Old Bridge, so the monument became a significant place. Both first graders and the army would take their vows there. Many people would come because, at that time, numerous relatives of the partizans were still alive, so they'd light candles and bring flowers. Due to my official duty, I received heads of states who would arrive, presidents of governments and many great people I will not name now. But they were numerous, from Germany, Russia, France and many other countries. I'd visit the cemetery with them to lay the wreaths, and all of them admired the monument. Because Bogdan's basic concept was: *Life for a better life*.

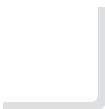
Amidst the partisan's fighting it was very difficult to keep track and preserve the remains of the deceased. Some were taken by the waters, the Neretva or Sutjeska, or their corpses were

thrown into a pit. A little over three hundred soldiers were buried here, which is somewhat over a half. The rest were never found. About a hundred soldiers whose names and surnames are known were buried here. The place where they usually lay wreaths is a mass grave with the remains of partisans found in the various pits they were thrown into. There are over two hundred remains there that were never individually identified. They are entombed and the gravestones were placed on top. One cannot enter there anymore.

TVOJE ZABILJEŠKE / YOUR STORIES



TVOJE FOTOGRAFIJE I SKICE / YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES





1. Pogled sa južne strane /
View from the south side
1966. Olga Miličević-
Nikolić (Agencija Stari grad
Mostar)



2. Ulazna kapija prije rata /
Entrance gate before the war
(Facebook grupa Partizansko
spomen-groblje – Help to
preserve famous WW2 Memorial
in Mostar)



3. Ulazna kapija /
Entrance gate
2017. Alina Mateos
Horrisberger



4. Prilaz prema
kamenim orguljama /
Entrance towards
stone organs
2017. Alina Mateos
Horrisberger

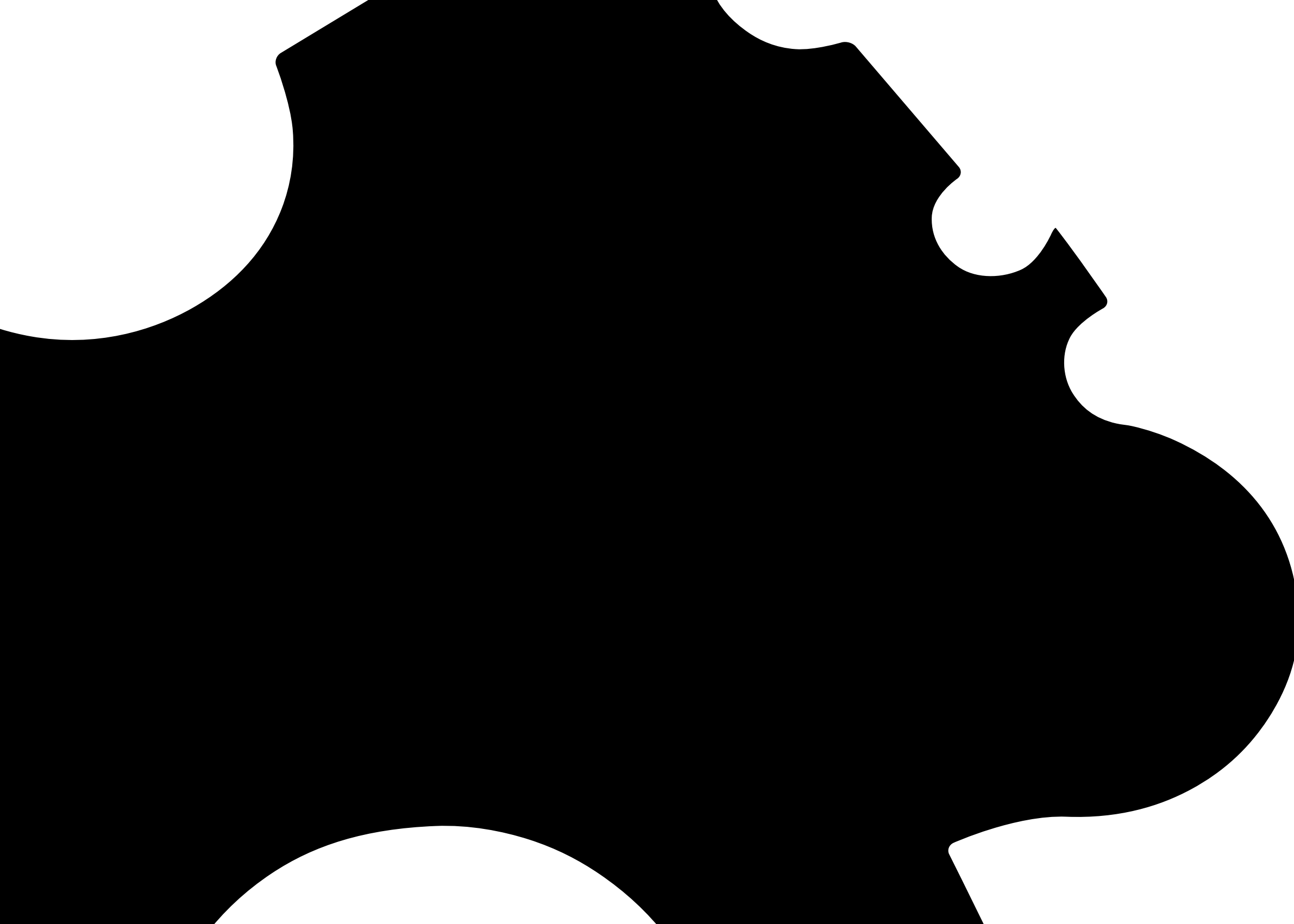
5. Sertentine sa
kamenim orguljama /
Sertentines with
stone organs
2016. Zlata
Hadžihasanović



6. Sertentine i
kamene orgulje prije
rata / Sertentine and
stone organs before
the war
(Facebook grupa
Partizansko spomen
groblje – Help to
preserve famous
WW2 Memorial in
Mostar)

7. Pogled na terase sa sjevera /
Northern view on terraces
2016. Zlata Hadžihanović





02

HARMONIJA OBLIKA – Umjetnost HARMONY OF SHAPES – Art

... Jesi vidio kako je
ono napravljeno? Oni
spomeničići onako... to
je sve lijepo i sve jednako
uklesano.

... Did you see how it
was done? Those tiny
monuments... it's all so
wonderfully and evenly
carved.



Pa arhitektura spomenika i priroda koju tamo možemo vidjeti čine jednu cjelinu. Bar je tako bilo zamišljeno.

Spomenik je nastao kao ostvarenje ideje o nebeskom gradu, gradu za sve poginule Mostarce. Baš taj sklad prirode i arhitekture čini ga posebnim na našem prostoru. S druge strane sama arhitektura, zajedno sa drugim spomenicima tog vremena, predstavlja umjetnost koja sve više privlači stručnjake, ne samo na lokalnoj razini, nego i globalno. Možete pronaći dosta članaka, što u stručnoj literaturi, što na stranim portalima koji su posvećeni spomenicima s područja bivše Jugoslavije.



Tri tjedna sam pripremao performans (*fotografija 13*). Bio je to na neki način intimni gest između mog tijela i prostora.

Glavni razlog zbog kojeg sam kupio ribičko odijelo koje sam koristio u performansu je bila stalna kiša koja je padala prvih sedam dana i smočila mi svu odjeću. Nakon toga više nisam morao brinuti o kiši. Nakon što sam uzeo odijelo, dobio sam ideju kako ono može i nositi vodu, a ne samo spriječiti je da dođe do odjeće. I tako sam ušao u Neretvu, ispunio odjelo vodom i otišao do Partizanskog spomenika gdje sam je ispustio.

Moja glavna ideja bila je da se pokuša oživjeti fontana koja ne radi, kao i ideja Bogdana Bogdanovića: *Spomenik kao grad, grad*

mrtvih... On je ovu fontanu zvao *Jezero*, pa sam osjetio da bi bilo ispravno povezati ovo jezero sa rijekom Neretvom, što mi se činilo ne samo prirodnim već i načinom na koji bi se objasnilo da razlog zbog kojeg fontana ne radi nije nedostatak vode u gradu. Nema nestašice vode u Mostaru, to je očito. Prije je to politička situacija koja drži spomenik u ovakvom stanju.

Bio je to prvi put da sam se kroz svoj umjetnički rad povezao sa prostorom koji mi ne pripada i reagovao na njega na nekom osobnom nivou, što se moglo razumjeti u širem pogledu, posebno od strane ljudi koji poznaju to područje. Tako da je za mene to bio ogroman uspjeh i prekretnica kad su u pitanju razlozi zbog kojih sam umjetnik. Kada uđete tamo imate osjećaj da ste na drugom mjestu i vremenu. To je vrlo posebno mjesto za mene. Mislim da se taj prostor zbilja iskazuje na umjetničkom nivou. Za mene, činjenica da sam mogao da se povežem s umjetničkim djelom, da nešto o njemu iskažem, da privremeno interveniram u njemu, je bilo nevjerojatno iskustvo. Ja volim... volim... volim Mostar.



U neka svjetlija vremena, u godinama svoje najplodnije umjetničke i filozofske istine, Bogdan Bogdanović bi svoje studente arhitekture pozivao upravo na maštanja, na snove i na igru. A svoje sopstvene kozmičke vizije ostavio nam je na čitanje i kontemplaciju svuda po

prostoru unaokolo, što u obliku pisane riječi, što isklesane u kamenu.



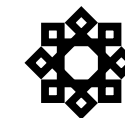
Vizuelno, taj je spomenik specifičan za Jugoslaviju. Ne vidite takve spomenike nigdje drugo. Kamen je osobit za sedamdesete godine. Mislim da je prelijepo.

Činjenica da Partizansko groblje još stoji tamo je jako važna. Predivno je koliko je kamen neuništiv osim ako ga ne minirate. Činjenica da je tako jak...



Bogdan je im'o jednu sposobnost da sasluša govornika i prijedloge i odnosio se je uvijek krajnje korektno prema tim prijedlozima. Neke, normalno, nije prihvatio, ali kada smo mu rekli da bi ipak trebalo neke elemente staroga Mostara unijeti u taj spomenik, kao što je kaldrma, i kao što su ploče kojima su stare kuće bile pokrivene, on se toliko oduševio tim prijedlogom, kojeg je vrlo rado i prihvatio. Ja sam tada bio zamjenik potpredsjednika općine, pa sam se zato i usudio da mu to predložim, na što je on meni reko: „Ja ću tebe sad zvati koautorom“, na što sam mu ja reko: „Je li, Bogdane, kakav koautor, ja nit sam tehničar, nit sam arhitekta!“ Ali, šalu na stranu, on je te prijedloge prihvatio, i na kraju je taj spomenik stvarno dobrim dijelom napravljen od hercegovačkog kamena i hercegovačkih ploča.

Što se tiče klesara koji su radili na spomeniku, oni su bili dolje iz Dubrovnika. Jednog smo zvali čak Mikelo, po Mikelandelu jer to su tako vrsni majstori bili. Vjerujem da su drugog zvali Brado, i mislim da je jedan od njih još živ. Prije par godina obojica su bila živa, i mislim da je jedan od njih oženio Mostarku. Ja imam zapisana njihova imena negdje, ali stvarno se ne mogu sjetiti. Znam da smo ih zvali Mikelo i Brada i stvarno su dobro mogli popiti. Svaki dan barem demijanu.



Tako ti je to... Sa društvom sam obilazio Partizansko i kad se tek počelo graditi. To su gradili i klesali Dalmatinici iz onih krajeva gdje ima mramora. Znaš... Gdje se to lijepo zna... Jesi vidio kako je ono napravljeno? Oni spomeničići onako... To je sve lijepo i sve jednako uklesano. A groblje se svako pravi da bude nešto lijepo. I ono jeste lijepo napravljeno.

Ja sam bio gore. Klesari su po barakama radili, a ja sam iš'o gore i gled'o. Mene je zanimalo klesanje i kako se to moglo onako lijepo isklesati. A to je bila jednostavno ledina. Nije tu ništa bilo. Sve su po nacrtu pravili. Ja sam to ozbiljno gled'o. Kako je to mene zanimalo! Mislim da je to na saveznom nivou čak građeno. Bogdan Bogdanović i ovi drugi neki; šta ja znam. Mnogo tih ljudi se uvlačilo u to. Ja sam samo gled'o kako se gradi.

I Šteta bi bilo potaracati Partizansko groblje kad smo imali sreću da je arhitekta bio humanista i ljudina koji je napravio jednu tako finu parkovsku arhitekturu. On je ondje stavio simbol mostova te simbol Neretve. Ono bi ja bianco potpisao kao nešto prelijepo. Ipak, estetika nikad nema veze sa suštinom. Obično ono što je zlo napravi se prelijepo...



Well, the architecture of the monument and the nature you see there exist as a unity. That was the intention, at least. The monument was made as a realization of an idea of a celestial city, a city for all deceased people from Mostar. And that particular harmony, between the nature and architecture, makes it something special on our territory. On the other hand, the architecture itself, along with the other monuments of that period, represents an art that draws the attention of experts, not just locally but also globally. You can find a lot of professional articles in literature and foreign internet boards, dedicated to the monuments of former Yugoslavia.



It took me three weeks to develop the performance which was a kind of intimate gesture between my body and the space (*photo 13*). The main reason why I bought the fishing suit that I used in this performance is because it was raining non-stop for the first week and all of my clothes got wet. After that, I didn't have to worry about the rain anymore. Then, I realized that the suit was not just water resistant but that it could also carry water. And then, on one of the last days when we had to show our projects, I entered the Neretva River and filled my suit with water and went to the Partisan Monument where I deployed it. My main idea was to revive the fountain that

was not working and also the idea of Bogdan Bogdanović: *The monument as a city, a city for the dead...* He called this fountain *The Lake*, so I felt like it would be accurate to connect this lake with the Neretva River, which seemed natural to me, and also as a way to explain that the reason why the fountain is not working is not because of a lack of water in the city. There is no lack of water in Mostar, that is obvious. It is more the political situation that keeps this monument in its current state.

Also, for me, it was the first time when I felt really connected through my art practice, when I really connected to a space that was not mine and was able to react to it on a personal level that could also be understood in a wider sense, especially by people who know the area. So, for me it was a huge success and a turning point in the way I make art. In that way, it's really special for me. Yeah, and I think there is something really magical about this space. It's an artwork in that way. When you enter you feel like you're in a different space and time. I think this space really speaks for itself on an artistic level. For me to be able to connect to an art piece and to comment on it, to intervene in it on a temporary way was an amazing experience and I love... I love... I love Mostar.



In some other, more luminous times, in the years of his most fruitful artistic and philosophical truth,

Bogdan Bogdanović would invite his students of architecture to imagine, to dream, to play. And his own cosmic visions were left to us for reading and musing all over the space, some in the form of a written word, and some sculpted in stone.



Visually, that monument is also particular to Yugoslavia. You don't get that kind of monument anywhere else. The stone is very particular to the '70s. It is beautiful, I think.

The fact that the Partisan Cemetery still stands there is really important. It is beautiful that the stone is indestructible unless you go and mine it. The fact that it is so strong...



Bogdan had this ability to listen to his interlocutors and their suggestions, and he would treat them very kindly. Some, of course, he would not accept, but when we told him he should include some elements of old Mostar in the monument, for example the paved road or the blocks that used to cover the old homes, he was so delighted with it, and he accepted it immediately. As I was the municipal deputy vice-president, I dared to suggest that. His response was: "I will consider you a co-author, from now on." And I said to him, "Why, Bogdan, what nonsense, a co-author, I am neither a technician nor an architect!" But, jokes aside, he accepted the suggestion

and, in the end, the monument was really made of Herzegovinian stone and blocks.

Regarding the stonemasons that worked on the monument, they were from Dubrovnik. We called one of them Mikelo, after Michaelangelo, because those were exceptional masters. I believe that the other one was called Brada (The Beard) and I think one of them is still alive. A few years ago both of them were still alive, I think one of them married a woman from Mostar. I have their names written somewhere but I really can't remember. I know we called them Mikelo and Brada, and they could hold their liquor. At least a demijohn every day.



That's how it is... Me and my friends would visit Partizansko when they started the construction. The stonemasons and constructors were from Dalmatia, you know, those places rich with marble. You know... places where people know how to do it well... Did you see how it was done? Those tiny monuments... It's all so wonderfully and evenly carved. And every cemetery is made in such a way, to be something beautiful. And that one is no exception.

I was up there. The stonemasons worked in camps and I'd go up there and watch. I was interested in carving and how they did it so well. And that was just a mere wasteland,

a turf. There was nothing there. They followed a scheme and did it. I watched it with greatest seriousness, honest. I was so into it! I think it was even done on a federal level. Bogdan Bogdanović and others; I don't know who it was. A lot of people were getting into it. I was just watching how it was done.

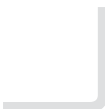


It's such a waste to squander it all away, when we had such good fortune to have an architect who was a great humanist and person who created such beautiful park architecture. He integrated a symbol of the bridge and a symbol of the Neretva River. I'd immediately sign it as something absolutely gorgeous. Still, aesthetics never has anything to do with essence. Usually, that which is evil is beautifully embodied...

TVOJE ZABILJEŠKE / YOUR STORIES



TVOJE FOTOGRAFIJE I SKICE / YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES





8. Serpentine i kamene orgulje / Serpentine and stone organs
2015. Arna Mačkić



9. Prolaz i terase / Walkway and terraces
2017. Alina Mateos Horrisberger



10. Ulazna kapija, pogled iz prolaza ka najvišoj terasi / Gate entrance, view from the walkway towards the highest terrace
2016. Zlata Hadžihanović

II. Terasa sa kamenim cvjetovima /
Terraces with stone flowers
2016. Marko Krojač



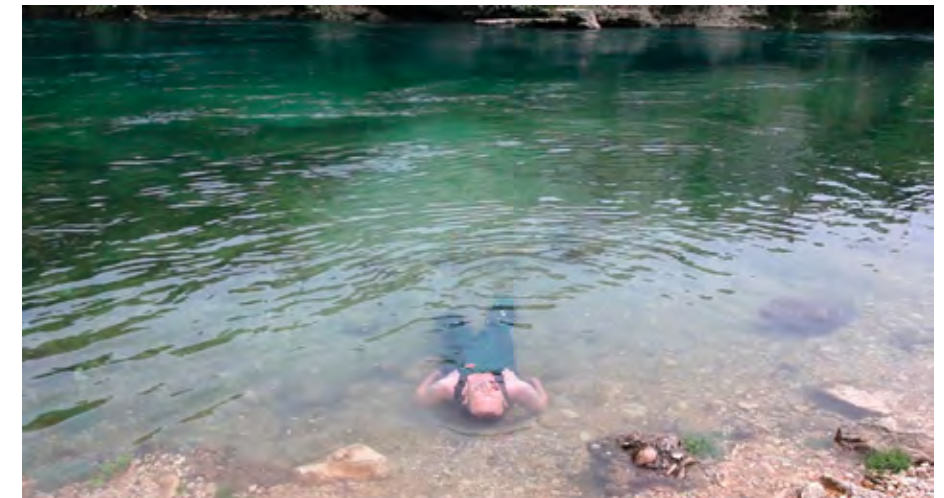


12. Instalacija inspirisana tekstom Bogdana Bogdanovića autorice Marine Đapić / Marina Đapić's installation inspired by the text of Bogdan Bogdanović
2013. Marko Krojač

"I fear a city without memory, just as I fear a people without a subconscious..."

polis
metropolis
megapolis
nekropolis

13. Performans *Bodies of water* autora Yoava Admonia u sklopu *Mostar City Lab* saradnje / Performance *Bodies of Water* by Yoav Admoni as a part of *Mostar City Lab* collaboration
2014. Merisa Bašić





14. *Pozdrav Univerzumu*, mural na Kantarevcu inspiriran detaljem sa spomenika / *Greeting to the Universe*, mural on Kantarevac inspired by the detail from the monument
Street Art Festival Mostar 2013.
2013. Kristina Bradara

15 Performans Dejana Kosanića /
Performans by Dejan Kosanić
2013. Marko Krojač

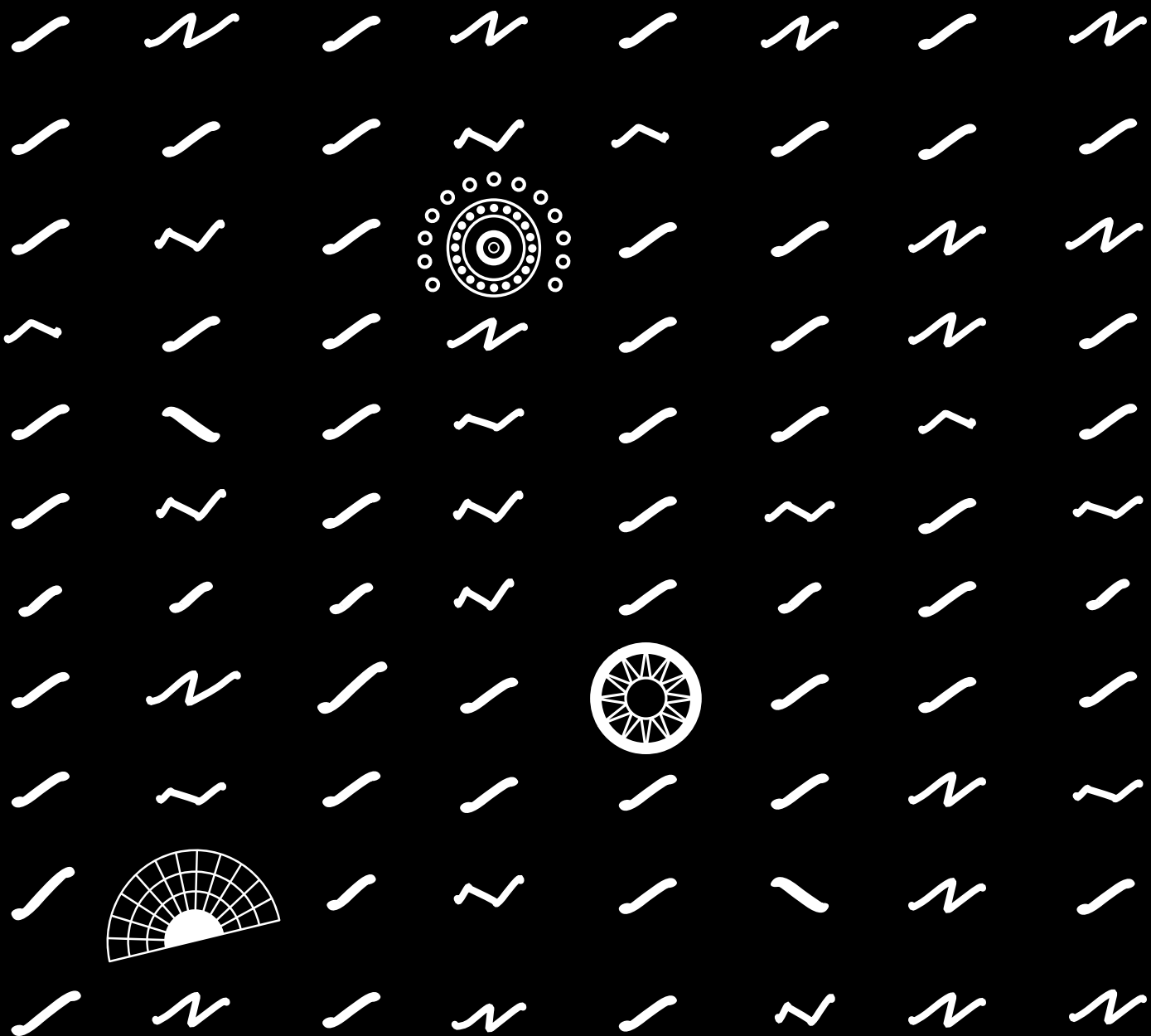


16. *Osvjetljavanje*,
svjetlosna instalacija
Marine Đapić / *Lightening up*, light instalations by Marina Đapić
2013. Marko Krojač



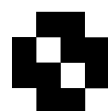
17. *Tears*, svjetlosna instalacija
Marine Đapić / *Tears*, light
instalations by Marina Đapić
Mostar City of Lights Festival
2015. Andreana Smiljanić





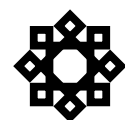
**METAFORE
U KAMENU –
Simboli
STONE AS
METAPHOR –
Symbols**

A inače gore, skroz
gore, imaš vodu koja
se izlijeva, a ono
iznad nje u sredini je
sunce. Od toga izvora
dolazi sunce i ugrijat
će slobodu. Tu ima
netko... Ima nešto tu...
And up there, way up
there, you have water
that overflows, and
above it, in the middle,
there's the sun. From
that spring the sun
arrives and it will
warm the freedom.
There's someone
there... There's
something there...



Bogdanovićeви spomenici su izvanredni jer imaju arhaične simbole. Ne samo da su surovi već imaju i neke antičke znake i simbole koji su više upravljani ka ljudima.

Kada sam vidjela ovaj spomenik počela sam s istraživanjem o tome šta se u Mostaru radi s javnim prostorima i simbolima, šta Mostar pokušava reći sa njima i kako ih koristi sa Zapadne i Istočne strane. Kad sam vidjela šta se dešava, kako se simboli koriste i kakvo političko značenje imaju, počela sam i razumijevati Mostar bolje. Mislim da meni ovo pomaže da se riješim ljutnje prema načinu na koji su se stvari dešavale, oko čega se dizala velika prašina. Jednostavno, morate razumjeti zašto se stvari dešavaju.



Ona voda ondje simbolizira Neretvu. Čitav spomenik je kao simbol, neki instrument, violina, gitara ili tako nesto. A ono u donjem dijelu predstavlja Neretvu. A inače gore, skroz gore, imaš vodu koja se izliva, a ono iznad nje u sredini je sunce. Od toga izvora dolazi sunce i ugrijat će slobodu. Tu ima netko... Ima nešto tu... Ne znam ja to; nije mi sve ostalo u pameti. Tako ti je to... Neko mi je nekad pričao o toj simbolici. Svaki jedan cvijet jeste jedno lice – jedan poginuli.

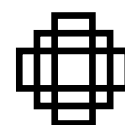
Ondje imaš i grobnicu. Ja mislim da je tamo i kosturnica. Gdje se uđe gore, pa na lijevu

stranu ispod brda, ima nešto gdje se i zastave objese. Trebaš još nekoga pitati vezano za simbole. Doznat ćeš mnogo lijepih stvari. Ja ne znam sve to... Ja sam Dalmatinac...

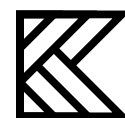


Bogdanović bi rekao svojevremeno: "Ja sam mali grad, a grad je jedno veliko Ja". Taj civilizacijski aksiom u *Gradu mojih prijatelja* nije pretjerano kontempliran, iako mu je uz njega poklonjen i jedan od njegovih najdražih, najumnijih i najmisterioznijih umotvorina za egzemplar, posvećujući mu svoje vanvremenske misli, čak i nakon što je isti taj grad simbolički prestao da biva.

Danas se ovdje strukturno motivira malo misliti sebe, a grad (leš) još manje. Partizanski spomenik u Mostaru transcendirao ideološke konotacije vremena u kojem je nastao. Na njemu nema simbola ljudskih pokreta i sitnih interesa. Nema zastava, nema doktrine. On je kamena alegorija, Mostarov idealni dijagram. Odaje i počast i bilježi spomen djevojkama i mladićima koji su u kataklizmična vremena u prošlosti dali jedva zaživljene živote za svoj Grad. Dok leže imena ispisanih u kamene panjeve rano posjećenih stabala na mezopotamijskim visećim vrtovima, iznad njih prema poeziji i svjetlu Mostara skamenjeno gledaju konstelacije Velikog psa, "Sedam mršavih kravica"... A tu su spontano gotovo antičkim ritualima začinjana i nova djeca.



Prvo na što me ustvari asocira spomenik jeste oslobođenje Mostara 14. februara. Međutim, to danas nije i jedini razlog asocijacije. Mislim da on predstavlja nešto mnogo više za ovaj grad. On predstavlja povezanost svih naroda koji su u mogućnosti da ga posjete. Tako da ono što Partiza predstavlja nije samo groblje tih nekih partizana o kojima se priča, nego i simbol jačine, simbol prijateljstva i snage koji ustvari okuplja sve ljude različitih nacionalnosti, vjera i kultura.



Spomenik je bezbroj puta oštećen. Išaran je različitim uvredljivim simbolima što je jako ironično, jer je Bogdanović spomenik napravio bez ikakve sakralne ikonografije i socijalističkih simbola upućujući na taj način na odsustvo vlade. Na vrhu spomenika nalazi se *Pozdrav univerzumu* koji zapravo izražava vjeru u čovječanstvo, ljudsku misao i napredak te izražava nadu da će se izgraditi svijet u kojem neće biti spomenika (*fotografija 15*).



Tata: Partizansko me asocira na dvije stvari: prva je, koliko god nekom bilo krivo, simbol borbe protiv fašizma. A druga je mladost. Zapravo, Mostar po meni ima dva simbola. Jedan je Stari most kao simbol starije historije, i Partizansko groblje kao spomenik novije historije. I kad sad vidite na šta liče i Stari most i Partizansko groblje

sve vam to nešto govori o Mostaru danas. Stari most i Partizansko groblje su dva simbola, a poslije rata su dva ožiljka Mostara. Jedan je repariran, a drugi još nije. Sa tim drugim je još teže, čini mi se, zbog politike.



Partizanski spomenik je odlična metafora za stari i novi sistem, za zabranjena mjesta koja svi pokušavaju zaboraviti ali koja su i dalje tu, sa svim propalim prilikama. Tu danas dolaze ili ovisnici o cracku ili pijanice i oni koji žele nešto razbiti.

Partizanski spomenik za mene ima mnogo posebnih značenja, a ona su se mijenjala kroz vrijeme u posljednjih 40 godina mog života. To je mjesto na kojem smo se družili kao djeca i ono je prava metafora za sjećanja iz mog djetinjstva, kao i za ovaj traumatični rez između starog i novog režima, od kojih jedan više nije dozvoljen. Metafora je i za tu vrstu šizofrenog odnosa između prošlosti i sadašnjosti u kojoj ništa nije usvojeno.



Taj spomenik je iz tog vremena koji veliča vrijeme komunizma, a ti partizani, su imali te antifašističke ideje iz tog vremena. Ipak, spomenik nije nastao 40-ih, nego 60-ih. Prema tome, taj spomenik je spomenik tom komunističkom režimu, toj zločinačkoj vlasti, a ne partizanima.



Ona: Na početku spomenik ima oblik Neretve. Zatim slijedi simbol uspona tj. prikazivanje Igmanskog marša, i na vrhu je Sutjeska. Tako da spomenik ima nekoliko simbola u sebi.



Mislim da je za mene najvažnija povezanost koju imamo između ideja i ideologija, a koja se tiče objekata i, u ovom slučaju, spomenika. Ideologije i ideje se s vremenom mijenjaju tako da isti spomenici mogu biti simbolom dobra ili zla, fašizma ili socijalizma. Na njih se može gledati kao na nešto što treba biti zaboravljeno ili upamćeno, što ovisi od ljudi koji su u kontaktu sa tim mjestom. Mislim da se značenje svakog mjesta može promijeniti ukoliko se dovoljan broj ljudi poveže sa njim i izrazi svoju vezanost sa prostorom na poseban način ili barem na način drugačiji od dotadašnjeg. Mjesto se tako može preobraziti u spomenik dobra, u spomenik koji izražava osjećaje Mostaraca danas i ne mora se gledati uvijek isto kroz različita vremena.

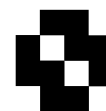


Bogdanović je javno govorio o simboli spomenika. Već sam rekao kako je njegova osnovna koncepcija *Život za bolji život*. Znači, nema ništa na tom spomeniku što podsjeća na groblje. On nije sakralan. Nema ni križa, ni mjeseca, ni zvijezde. I to je ljepota tog spomenika.

Objasniću vam Bogdanovu koncepciju spomenika – to je okrenuto granajuće drvo koje na vrhu ima česmu (*fotografija 19*). U njoj su četiri kamena koja asociraju na četiri godine rata koje su drobile ljudske živote i iz kojih je izlazila voda koja skroz dolje teče i radi oblik harfe. Tu mnogo simbolike ima. Evo recimo ima jedna velika vodena površina koja asocira na mjesto gdje je formiran mostarski bataljun jer je on formiran na Boračkom jezeru...

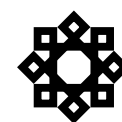


Kada čovjek sazna što spomenik predstavlja za umjetnika, onda na njega gleda drugim očima.



His monuments are exceptional because there is something archaic about them. They are not only brutal, but they also have these ancient signs and symbols that are directed towards humans.

So when I saw this monument I started a research about how Mostar deals with its public spaces and symbols, what Mostar wants to say with them and how it handles them on both the West and East side of the city. When I saw what was happening, how symbols were used and what kind of political meaning they actually have, I started understanding Mostar even better. I think, for me, this really helps to get rid of the angry towards the way it was all happening because there was really a big conversation about it. You just have to understand why these things are happening.



The water there represents the Neretva River. The entire monument is a great symbol, some kind of instrument, a violin, a guitar or something akin to it. And that lower part, that's the Neretva. And up there, way up there, you have water that overflows, and above it, in the middle, there's the sun. From that sources comes the sun, and it will warm freedom. There's someone there... there's something there... I cannot grasp it; I cannot recall it... That's how it is... Someone once told me about the symbolism there. Every single

flower is for a person – for a fallen individual.

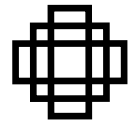
And then you have the tomb. I think the ossuary is there as well. When one enters up above, goes left under the hill, there's something one can place flags on. You need to ask someone else about it – about the symbols. You'll find out so many beautiful things. I don't know all that... I'm from Dalmatia...



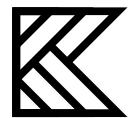
Bogdanović would at some point say, "I am a small city, and the city is one great I." That civilizational axiom in *The City of My Friends* hasn't really been contemplated, though one of his most beloved, most intelligent, and most mysterious designs was given alongside as an example, giving him his thought out of time, even after the same city symbolically ceased to be.

Nowadays one is structurally less motivated to think of oneself, and of the city (the cadaver) even less so. The Partisan Monument in Mostar transcends the ideological connotations of the times in which it was created. There are no symbols of human movements and shallow interests. There are no flags, no doctrines. It's a stone allegory, the ideal diagram of Mostar. It honors and marks the memory of young men and women who have, in such cataclysmic times, given their lives, barely lived, to their city. As they lay, their names carved in stone logs of early cut trees on the hanging gardens of Mesopotamia, above them, according to the poetry and the light of Mostar, the stoney

immaculate gaze of the constellations of the Canis Major, "Seven lean cows"... whilst there, spontaneously, in almost ancient rituals, new children were conceived.



The first thing it reminds me of is the liberation of Mostar on February 14. But, that is not the only association I'd have today. I think it stands for something more in this city. It represents the bonding of all nations who are able to visit it. So, Partiza actually is more than just a cemetery of some partisans one talks of, but also a symbol of vigor, a symbol of friendship and strength that unites people of different nationalities, religions, and cultures.



The monument has been damaged numerous times. Drawings of impertinent symbols are all over the place, which is ironic because Bogdanović made the monument not using any type of sacral iconography or socialist symbols, thus pointing at the absence of government. At the top of the monument stands "Hail to the Universe" which represents the faith he had in humanity, human thought, and progress, thereby expressing hope of building a world that will have no need of monuments (*photo 15*).



Dad: Partizansko reminds me of two things: the first one is, as much as some might mind, a symbol of the fight against

the fascism. And the second one is youth. In fact, I'd say Mostar has two symbols. One is the Old Bridge, as a symbol of older history, and Partizansko as a monument of a more recent history. And now when you see what they look like, both the Bridge and Partizan Cemetery, this says something about Mostar today. The Old Bridge and Partisan Cemetery are two symbols, but after the war they've turned into two scars of Mostar. One of them has been restored, the other one hasn't. With the latter one it's more difficult, I'd say, due to politics.



The Partisan Monument is a great metaphor for the old and the new system, for the forbidden places that everyone is trying to forget but are still there, with all the wasted opportunities. Today, people go there who are either addicted to crack or drunks or those want to break stuff.

To me, the Partisan Monument means a lot of special things which have changed meanings in the last 40 years of my life. It's a place where we would hang out as kids and it's a real metaphor for the memories of my childhood, and likewise represents this traumatic cut between the old regime and the new regime, of which one of them is no longer allowed. It's a metaphor for that sort of schizophrenic relation between the past and the present in which nothing is integrated.



That monument is from the era which glorifies the time of communism, and those partisans – they had the anti-fascist ideas of those times. Still, the monument wasn't made in the '40s but in the '60s. Thus, that monument is a monument to that communist regime, that criminal government, not partisans.



Her: At the beginning the monument had the shape of the Neretva. Then there's a symbol of ascent, that is the image of the Igman March, and at the very top is the Sutjeska. So, the monument has several symbols in it.



I think that, for me, the most important connection we have is the one between ideologies and ideas, concerning places and objects and, in this case, the monument. These ideologies and ideas change over time, so the same monuments could be symbols of good or bad, of fascism or socialism. It's possible to see in them something that needs to be forgotten or remembered, and it depends on the people who are in contact with the place. I think the meaning of each place could change if enough people are connected to it and express their relationship with the space in a specific way or at least in a different way than before. A place can evolve like that into a monument of good, a monument that expresses the feelings of the

people of Mostar today, and does not need to be thought of in the same way in different times.



Bogdanović spoke publicly about the symbolism of the monument. I've mentioned before how his fundamental conception was *Life for a better life*. There is nothing in that monument that even remotely reminds one of a cemetery. It isn't sacral. There are no crosses, no moons, no stars. And that is the beauty of that monument.

I'll tell you how Bogdan developed the concept for the monument – it is an inverted branching tree with the fountain at the top (*photo 19*). In the fountain are four stones which represent the four years of war that crushed human lives from which comes the water, flowing downwards, in a shape of a harp. There is a lot of symbolism there. For example, there is a big pool which is associated with the place where the Mostar battalion was formed, because it was formed on Lake Boračko.



When one finds out what the monument meant to the artist, one sees it in different light.

TVOJE ZABILJEŠKE / YOUR STORIES



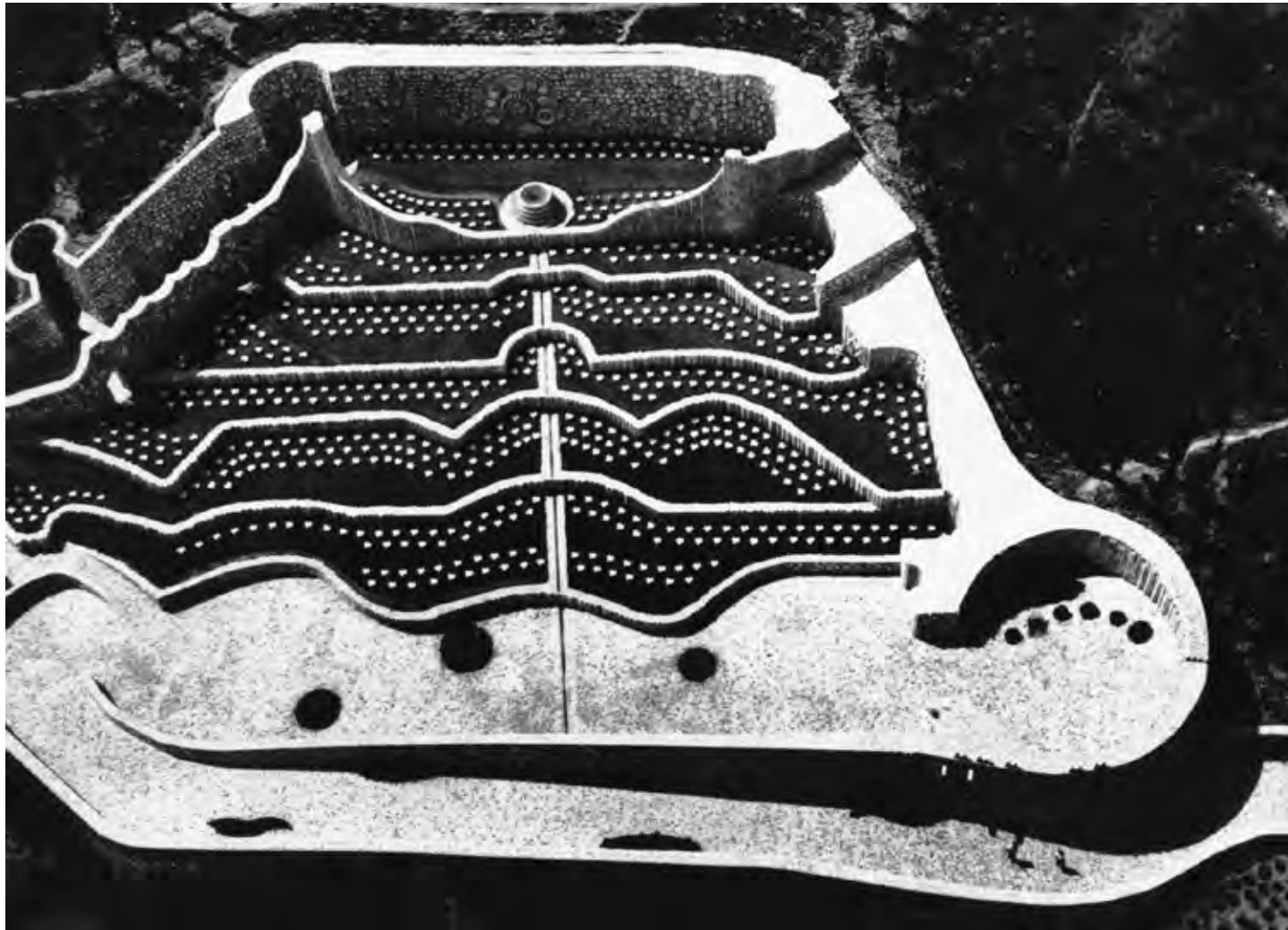
TVOJE FOTOGRAFIJE I SKICE / YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES





18. Detalj sa sjevernog zida /
Detail from northern wall
2016. Zlata Hadžihasanović

19. Pogled iz zraka / Birdview
1966. Olga Miličević-Nikolić
(Agencija Stari grad Mostar)

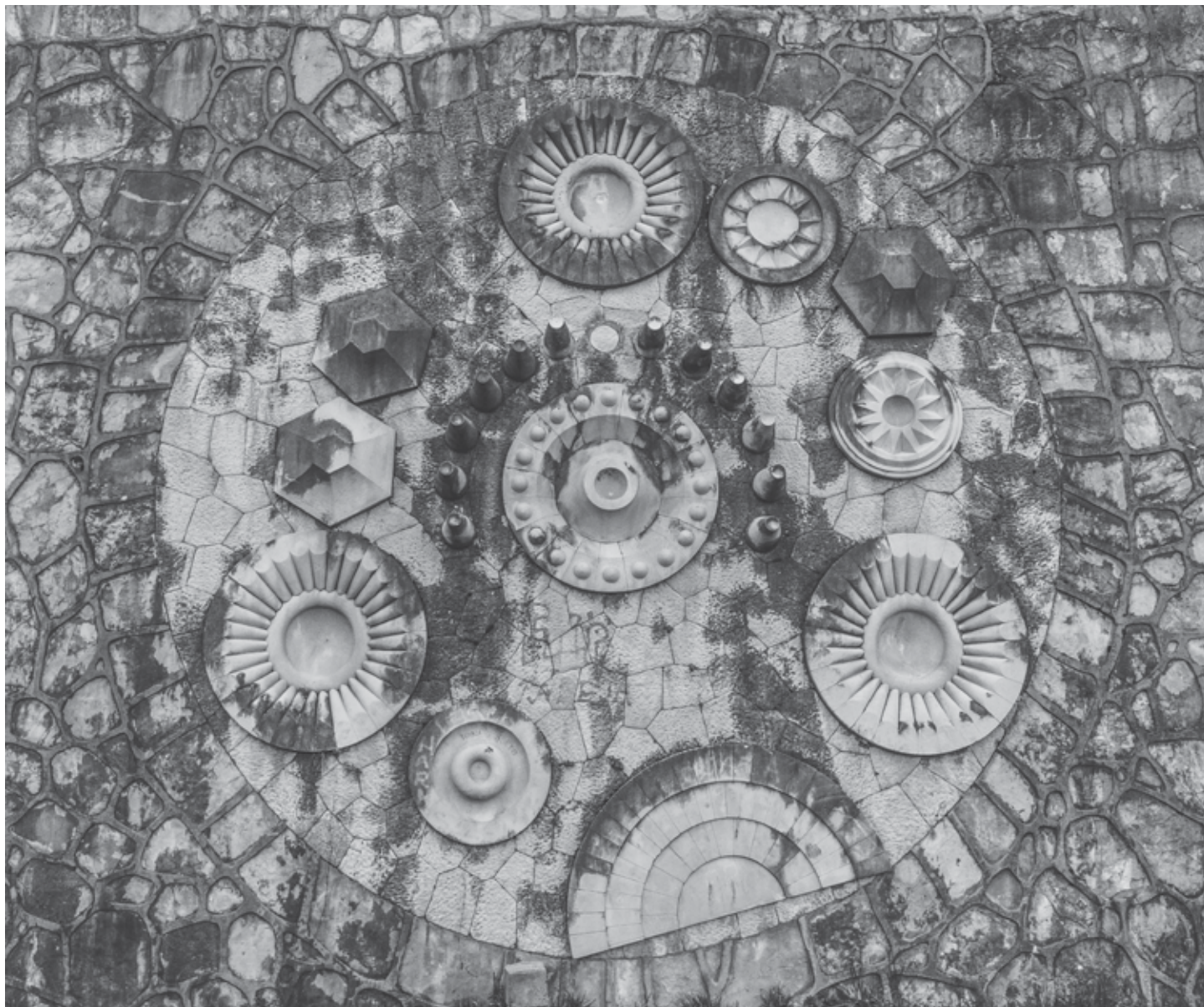


21. Pogled sa sjeveroistočne
strane / Northeast view
1966. Olga Miličević-Nikolić
(Agencija Stari grad Mostar)



20. Detalj sa sjevernog zida /
Detail from northern wall
2016. Zlata Hadžihasanović





22. Zapadni zid najviše terase /
Western wall of the highest
terrace
2016. Zlata Hadžihasanović



23. Jedan dan na Partizi /
One day at Partiza
2016. Zlata Hadžihasanović



24. Kameni cvijet / Stone flower
2016. Zlata Hadžihasanović



25. Detalj sa komemorativne
terase / Detail from
commemorative terrace
2016. Toni Miličević

**ZAPLETENE
PERCEPCIJE –
Politika
(DIS)ENTANGLING
PERCEPTIONS –
Politics**

... Kao da su ti organi
zaraćeni jedni s drugima. To
je jako čudno. Zato mislim da
postoji istinski nemir...

... It is like your organs are
at war with each other.
It is very strange. This is
why I think there is a real
turmoil...



Bogdan Bogdanović je bio u nemilosti kod Miloševića. Ja i on smo postali dobri prijatelji i poznanici. Čak sam pokušav'o za vrijeme mog izbjeglištva da dođem kod njega kući u Beograd. I na putu do njega na nekoliko mjesta bile su strelice i pisalo je "Ustaša". Njega su u Srbiji proglasili ustašom. I on je morao emigrirati u Beč, gdje je živio sve do smrti.

1992. godine dvaput je izvršeno miniranje spomenika. To je bilo u martu, i to je prvi minirani objekat i ujedno nagovještaj ratnih događanja u gradu Mostaru. U toku rata taj spomenik je dijelom oštećen. Međutim, veća oštećenja nastala su poslije rata jer je organizovano namjerno uništavanje i razbijanje tih ploča. Da spasimo spomenik, mi smo podigli galamu i angažovali dosta ljudi da se taj spomenik sačuva. Kad kažem "mi", mislim mi iz Saveza antifašista i boraca narodnooslobodilačkog rata. Moram reći da je tadašnje rukovodstvo grada prihvatilo naš prijedlog. Pokušali smo i uspjeli smo preko nekih međunarodnih organizacija, jer je to stvarno bio barbarski cilj – uništavati groblje i takav spomenik borcima protiv fašizma.

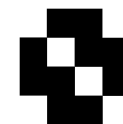
Mi iz Saveza boraca smo imali svoje privatne prostorije, i te poslovne prostorije smo prodali jednoj banci, i s tim parama smo, uz pomoć Norveške koja nam je dala 22 hiljade maraka, i Holandije, obnovili spomenik, i doveli

ga skoro u prvobitno stanje. I uložili smo tada oko 300 hiljada maraka. Sutradan je već nastalo ponovno razbijanje, oštećivanje i ploča i rasvjete koja je postavljena. A sve to zato što nitko nije htio da uspostavi nadzornu službu, video uređaje ili stražarsku službu ili nekoga ko će voditi računa o tom spomeniku. Ni grad ni Federacija. I spomenik je doveden ponovo u stanje gore nego što je bilo iza rata. Mi, Organizacija saveza boraca i antifašista, nismo odustajali od njegovog sačuvanja i obnove. Zahvaljujući razumijevanju ministra za kulturu uspjeli smo dobiti oko 300 hiljada maraka. Nešto je dao i grad i neke druge organizacije. Tako da je tada uloženo oko 500 hiljada maraka za njegovu obnovu. I, štaviše, od tih sredstava izgrađena je jedna službena prostorija, u kojoj bi bila stalna spomen-izložba sa osnovnim podacima o spomeniku. Tu bi bili smješteni i određeni uređaji kao što je videonadzor, a i tu bi čuvarska služba imala svoj prostor. Sutradan su nastala ponovo oštećenja, a zgrada je zapaljena. Štaviše, podmetnuti su požari dvatri puta i zapaljeni su i najveći čempresi koji su bili stari preko 50 godina.

Zadnja obnova je bila negdje 2010. godine. A 2014. godine, kada je delegacija htjela da položi cvijeće na grobove poginulih boraca, posječeni su neki čempresi i od njih je napravljena barikada. Donesene su i gume (fotografija 33). Zatim su na maloj kapiji barikadu polilli benzinom i zapalili. Na kraju delegacija nije mogla da ode sve dok nisu

došli vatrogasci. I ove godine za 14. februar, a to je Dan oslobođenja Mostara, delegacija je htjela da položi cvijeće. Tada su ih zasuli kamenjem, na očigled policije. Mi smo redovno podnosili prijave za ta oštećenja i tražili da se vrši istraga. Međutim, nikad nitko nije mrdnuo prstom ni učinio išta da bi se taj spomenik spasio od daljnjeg urušavanja i oštećivanja. To je u najkraćim crtama šta je sve taj spomenik doživio, kakav je bio i kakav je sada. To je jedna kulturna sramota ovoga grada.

Čak smo mi u Odboru odlučili i zaključili da se obratimo stranim državama, jer ovi iz Federacije ništa ne rade. Ja znam da su i Republika i grad u teškoj finansijskoj situaciji, i da gledano objektivno ima i prećih životnih potreba. Ipak, to ne može biti opravdanje. Jer ako smo mi mogli četrdesetih godina, posle završetka rata, kada smo bili i gladni i goli i bos, praviti i pozorište i otvarati i druge institucije, k'o što je simfonijski orkestar, pozorište lutaka, muzej, arhiv, muzičku školu i neke druge, onda se moglo naći, ja mislim, i sredstava da se taj spomenik obnovi i održava.



Ljuta sam kad vidim da je spomenik zanemaren ali znam da je to i politički čin. Nije to politički čin pojedinih građana već je to na nivou općine, čak bih rekla i na nivou UNESCO-a ili druge politički angažirane države. Oni bi se zbilja trebali umiješati, ali to ne čine. To je uobičajena strategija, općina zanemaruje

stvari dok ove ne postanu toliko loše i prljave da ljudi pomisle kako bi ih se jednostavno trebali riješiti. To je toliko očigledno da mi nije jasno kako to ljudi ne primjete.

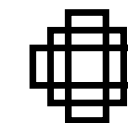
Imam neke stare prijatelje koji su katolici i koji ne žele razgovarati o ovom problemu. Ignoriraju me kad počnem govoriti o Partizanskom spomeniku. Ne žele da se suoče sa tim. Oni misle da se ne dešava išta neobično. Za njih je sve kako jest.



Taj spomenik je dio tog sistema i svega što je taj sistem predstavljao. Kome se taj spomenik sviđa i kome on predstavlja nešto fino, neka se taj oko toga brine.



Partizansko groblje je simbol crvenog terora i jednopartijskog sustava i pedesetogodišnje diktature svih vrsta i svih mogućih isključivosti.



Povodom obilježavanja godišnjice oslobođenja grada Mostara bio je organiziran marš, ili nazovimo ga, posjet Partizanskom groblju. Dolazili su ljudi iz cijelog svijeta. Prvenstveno su to bili ljudi iz cijele BiH, a zatim iz ostalih zemalja Europe, ali i sa drugih kontinenta. Neki su ljudi držali govore. Vidjela sam jednog čovjeka koji mi je zapao za oko. Bio je stariji. Imao je sigurno oko 90 i tri, četiri godine i

bio je u partizanskoj uniformi. U toku svih tih govora on je samo šutio i gledao u pod. Kada smo odali minutu šutnje čovjek je pustio suzu. Kasnije je i on držao neki kratak govor. Predstavio se i rekao da je on ustvari bio jedan od tih ljudi koji su branili Mostar.

Prišla sam mu sa par svojih prijatelja da izravno čujem njegovu priču. Čovjek nam je rekao da dolazi iz Slovenije i da je on bio jedan od ljudi koji su bili poslani u BiH u Drugom svjetskom ratu. Tu je za sobom ostavio dva brata i par najboljih prijatelja. Dok je to govorio, na njemu se mogla vidjeti tuga. Nakon što nam je ispričao tu životnu priču, jedino što nas je zamolilo jeste da pokušamo očuvati ono što je on jedne prilike odbranio, jer on više nema snage da se vraća tu. Tako da mislim da mi je to ostalo u najboljem sjećanju i ne znam da li ću ikada ovo moći da zaboravim. Nakon svega sam se zapitala zašto ljudi ne čuvaju nešto od tolike važnosti kao što je Partizansko groblje.

Prije nego što je marš počeo, sve je bilo super. Ljudi su došli autobusima, a nas par je čak i išlo pješke. Ono što mi je zatim zapalo za oči jeste da je bilo jako mnogo policije. Kada je marš završio, policijske patrole su nam rekle da oni koji žele da se vrate pješke to rade na svoju odgovornost. Nama je to bilo čudno jer nismo znali šta se dešava dok nismo kasnije čuli uzvike, povike i dobacivanja. Kad smo pogledali prema starom Veležovom i Rondou, vidjeli smo jako mnogo, hajde da ih nazovem, huligana. To su ustvari bila većinom djeca. To nisu bili ljudi

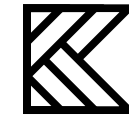
potpuno svjesni situacije i svega u Mostaru, već su to većinom bili petnaestogodišnjaci, koji su dobacivali uzvike te iskazivali nacionalizam i neku mržnju za koju nisam ni znala da postoji uolikoj mjeri. Ono što me ustvari zabrinulo i jako zasmetalo je bila nemogućnost prelaska nazad na dio u kojem živiš. I to zbog, blago rečeno, dječurlije koja su tu došla iz nekih nepoznatih razloga. Stvarno nisam mogla da vjerujem. Na kraju su došli specijalci u punoj opremi. Stvarno me uhvatio neki strah jer to nije nešto na što si navikao da viđaš svaki dan. Osim toga, stvarno nije bilo loših stvari i ta jedna može da se zanemari u potpunosti. Drago mi je što smo mi ostali prisebni i nismo reagovali na provokacije.



Bolje sam razumio kontekst partizana nakon prvog performansa sa spomenikom. Vezao sam se za ideju odavanja

počasti partizanima kao Židov. U Izraelu učimo o židovskim partizanima ali ne učimo o partizanima drugih naroda, što je zanimljivo. Kad sam došao u Bosnu prvi put osjetio sam da je to možda budućnost Izraela. Kao u Mostaru, sa svim njegovim složenostima... U neku ruku, rat je gotov i ljudi pokušavaju izgraditi mostove, oprostiti i krenuti prema budućnosti. U Izraelu smo još u ratu. Ponekad mislim kako bismo trebali učiti iz situacije u Bosni. Povezanost koju sam osjetio sa drugim poprištem konflikta kao i sposobnost da

reagujem na isto je bila jaka. Zbog situacije u Izraelu ne reagujem olako budući da nemamo priču sa krajem, to je preokret u cijeloj situaciji....



Posljednja rečenica iz Bogdanovićeve teksta *Grad mojih prijatelja* koja glasi: “A sve što je ostalo od mog prvotnog obećanja to je da se bivši grad mrtvih i bivši grad živih ipak gledaju, ali gledaju se praznim, crnim, izgorelim očima.” U toj rečenici je zapravo sve rečeno i stanje danas nije nimalo drugačije. Prema Vojinu Bakiću, memorijalni spomenici su mjesta gdje se pokušavaju artikulirati javna i privatna sjećanja, odnosno mjesta gdje se grade prošlost i sadašnjost. U Mostaru prošlost i sadašnjost nisu pomirene i zbog toga imamo Grad živih koji više nije čak niti jedan grad, nego neka izobličena tvorevina koju neprestano dijele i svojataju i prezreni, bezbroj puta obeščaćeni Grad mrtvih koji je zapravo odraz grada onih živih.

Bogdanović je rekao kako su ličnost i sudbina grada nerazdvojivo povezani. Gradovi zanemarenog, zaturenog i zaboravljenog identiteta, obično su gradovi bez budućnosti.



Mama: Onda nekad, ja ne znam da sam čula nešto negativno o Partizi. Sad se iza ovog zadnjeg rata čuju negativne stvari. Svakom svačije mišljenje, ali ja mislim da nisu u pravu. Drugi svjetski rat je

jedno, a ovaj zadnji rat je nešto drugo, tako da se tu možda miješaju kruške i jabuke. Puno političara misli da je to isto, a nije. To je fašizam.



Koliko je samo tegobno obitavati u lešu nečega. Rasap i truljenje nisu bili građevinska učenja, ali su, nakon što su bezbrižnost i optimizam bespovratno obezglavljeni i potopljani u krv, uzeli sebi maha na već nekoliko decenija, a njihovi odani korifeji (p)ostali su naši arhitekti, te su posljedično nasilno iscrtili i jednu nakaznu mapu po kojoj smo danas ovdje svi manje ili više osuđeni da lutamo i stoga tako rijetko pronađemo neki iole smislen put. Rezultat igre u potpunosti suprotne onoj o kojoj je *Ukleti neimar* govorio između ostalih i Mostaru – Gradu svojih prijatelja. Tu je igru bilo lako igrati i jedino zbog toga je i možemo za potrebe metafore nazvati igrom. Budemo li mišlju i riječju iskreniji, bio je to urbicid.



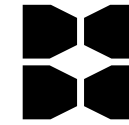
Odmah po početku rata, oni su postavili minu... Ko god to bio... Čini mi se da se mina zvala *Pakleni stroj*. Mislim da je nisu bacili i da su je samo ostavili. Mi smo kao škola odlučili otići tamo i protestovati. Bili smo u srednjoj školi. Nismo se bojali. Savjetovali su nas da ne idemo jer je bilo opasno. Mi smo rekli: „Mi želimo ići, ovo je naša kulturna baština, kako mogu to raditi?“ Za nas je to bilo nečuveno. Tako da smo otišli i dobili neopravdano u školi jer nam profesori

to nisu odobrali, stvari su već krenule na gore.

Sjećam se da sam imala 15 godina. Išla sam sa svojim razredom jer nam je škola bila jako blizu tog mjesta. Išli smo organizirano protiv toga. Niko nas nije tamo vodio. To je bilo nešto što smo željeli uraditi kako bi pokazali naše nezadovoljstvo takvim nasiljem. Ustvari je u to vrijeme bilo dosta protesta protiv rata. Rat još nije otpočeo, ali nismo ga ni željeli u multietničkoj Bosni. Ljudi su bili vrlo svjesni ove činjenice. Postavljanje bombe bi se protumačilo kao anti-jugoslovenski čin. Jugoslavija je bila izgrađena na antifašističkoj ideologiji budući da je socijalizam bio protiv fašizma i nacionalizma. Ujedinjene etničke grupe, taj novi nacionalizam, to je bio direktno protivan čin.

Odrasli smo sa vrlo, vrlo jakom ideologijom i ovaj je spomenik, osim što je sam po sebi lijep i što pristaje prirodi, bio dijelom te ideologije. Na neki je način označavao određeno vrijeme, jedan sistem i ideologiju, stvari koje si želio i u koje si vjerovao. Najednom je bombardovan i nedozvoljen, kao što sam rekla, to je doslovo bila riječ, nedozvoljen. Naravno, to je vrlo nezdravo. Zato je ova država sjebana. Da se neko stvarno potrudio da uvrsti stare stvari u novi sistem na neki funkcionalan način stvari bi drugačije funkcionirale, kao što funkcioniraju u drugim istočnoeuropskim zemljama koje su uspjele uvrstiti stare socijalističke stvari u nove

sisteme. Ovo je kao neka užasna rastava. Pola obitelji je umrlo. To je pomalo morbidno ali je istina, i to je također i veza sa samim sobom, kao da su ti organi zaraćeni jedni s drugima. To je jako čudno. Zato mislim da postoji istinski nemir...



Bogdan Bogdanović was in disfavor with Milošević. He and I became good friends and acquaintances. I even tried to visit him in Belgrade during my time as a refugee. On the way to his place, in several locations, there were arrows pointing that direction which read “Ustaša.” In Serbia, they proclaimed him a ustaša. He had to migrate to Vienna, where he remained until his death.

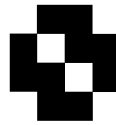
In 1992, the monument was damaged twice due to explosions. That was in March, and that was the first case of mining a site, and also an indication of what was to come in the war in the city of Mostar. During the war that monument was only partially damaged. The bigger damage was done after the war, with deliberately organized destructions and the breaking of the memorial plaques. In order to save the monument we made a big fuss about it and got a lot of people involved to preserve the monument. When I say “we” I mean us from the Union of Anti-Fascists and veterans of the National Liberation Struggle. I have to say that the authorities of the city, at the time, accepted our demands. We tried and succeeded, with support of some international organizations, for it was truly a barbaric act – to destroy a cemetery and a monument dedicated to the fighters against fascism. In order to restore the monument to its former condition, members of the Union sold their private business offices to a bank. Together with additionally obtained

aid from Norway, which donated 22,000 KM, and help from the Kingdom of the Netherlands, we invested nearly 300,000 KM. The next day, the breakage, the damaging of the memorial plaques and lighting, began again. All that happened because nobody wanted to install video surveillance or guards or someone who would take care of the monument. Nobody, neither the city nor the Federation. And the monument was degraded, even more than it was directly after the war.

We, the Union of Soldiers and Anti-Fascists, didn't give up on its salvation and restoration, so we started a campaign for restoration and we succeeded, thanks to the understanding of the Minister of Culture, in obtaining another 300,000 KM. Part of that was donated by the city and some other organizations. So then around 500,000 KM was invested in the restoration. Moreover, from these funds, an office was built, in which there would be a permanent memorial exhibition with basic information about the monument. There would be housed video-surveillance equipment and the security guards would have their space as well. The next day, the damage began again and the building was set on fire. Moreover, fires were set two or three times and the largest cypress trees, over fifty years old, were burned. The last restoration was sometime in 2010. And in 2014, when the delegation wanted to lay the flowers on graves of fallen soldiers, some cypresses were cut down and turned into a barricade. Tires were brought too

(photo 33). Then, at the smaller gate, they poured gasoline over the barricade and set it on fire. In the end, the delegation couldn't leave until the fire brigades arrived. This year, on February 14th, Mostar Liberation Day, the delegation wanted to lay the flowers. Then they were pelted with stones, in full view of the police. We have regularly filed complaints due to the damage and demanded a full investigation. But nobody lifted a finger or did anything to save the monument from further damage and destruction. That is, briefly, what the monument has been through, how it used to be and how it is now. It's a cultural disgrace of this city.

We, in the Committee, have decided and concluded we should turn to foreign countries, because these people from Federation do not do anything. I know that both the Federation and the city are in a difficult financial situation, and objectively speaking we have more important existential matters to tend to. However, that cannot be the only justification. Because if we, in the '40s, right after the war has ended, when we were barefoot, naked, and starved, were able to build a theater and other institutions, like a symphonic orchestra, a puppet theatre, a museum, an archive, a music school and so on, then some funds could be found, I think, to restore and to preserve that monument.



I'm angry when I see the monument neglected but I also know it is a political act. It is not a political act from individual citizens, but from the municipal level, and I would even say on the level of UNESCO or other politically engaged countries. They should really intervene but they haven't. It is a common strategy, the municipality neglects things until they get so bad and dirty that people think they should just get rid of them. It is so obvious and I don't understand how people don't notice this.

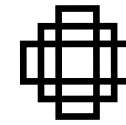
I have some old friends who are Catholics and who don't want to talk about this problem. They completely ignore me when I start speaking about the Partisan Monument. They don't want to be confronted with it. They actually act like nothing out of the ordinary is happening. For them it is what it is.



That monument was a part of that system and everything that system represented. Whoever likes the monument and whoever thinks it represents something nice should also take care of it.



The Partisan Cemetery is a symbol of red terror and of the one-party system and of the five-decades long dictatorship of every kind and every possible exclusion imaginable.



In honor of the anniversary of liberation of the city of Mostar there was an organized march, or let us say, visit to the Partisan Cemetery. People came from all around the world. First and foremost, there were people from all around Bosnia and Herzegovina, and then from other European countries, and from other continents as well. Some held speeches. There was a man who caught my attention. He was older, surely around 93 or 94 years old, and in a partisan uniform. During all those speeches he kept his silence and gazed at the ground. When we were holding a minute of silence, to pay our respects, he shed a single tear. Later on he also gave a short speech. He introduced himself and said he was one of the people who defended Mostar.

I went to him with a couple of friends to hear his story directly. He told us he comes from Slovenia and that he was one of the people who was sent to BiH in World war II. He lost two of his brothers and some of his best friends. As he was saying this, you could see his sorrow. After he told us his life story, the only thing he bade us to do was to try and preserve something he once defended, as he has no strength left in him to come back here. So I think that was what I recall most vividly, I don't know if I will ever be able to forget this. After all that, I wondered why people refuse to protect something as important as the Partisan Cemetery.

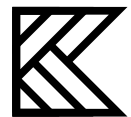
Before the march began, everything was fine. People came in buses, some of us even walked to the monument. What caught my attention was that there were so many police officers. When the march ended, police squads informed us that, should we decide to return on foot, we are doing so on our own responsibility. We found that odd because we didn't know what was going on, until we heard shouting, jeering, and slandering. When we looked to old Veležovo and the Rondo, we saw a lot of, let's call them, hooligans. They were mostly kids. These weren't people who were fully aware of the situation and everything in Mostar, but mostly fifteen year old kids, who were shouting things, expressing nationalism and a kind of hatred I never knew existed to such a degree. What really worried and strongly bothered me was the inability to return to the side you were living on. Because of those, to put it mildly, brats who came there for no apparent reason. I couldn't believe it. Finally, riot police arrived. I was really frightened because this isn't really something you see every day. Other than that, we haven't had some bad things going on and that one incident can be disregarded completely. I am glad we remained calm and didn't react to provocations.



I better understood the context of the Partisans after my first performance with the monument. I got connected to the idea of commemorating the Partisans as a Jewish

person. In Israel we learn about Jewish Partisans but we don't study other people's Partisans, which is interesting.

When I went to Bosnia for the first time, it really felt to me like a possible future for Israel. Like in Mostar, with all its complexities... So, in a way, the war is over and people are trying to build bridges, forgive, and move towards the future. In Israel we are still in war. Sometimes I think we need to learn from the situation in Bosnia. The connection to another place of conflict that I felt and the ability to react to it was very strong. Because of the situation in Israel, I'm not feeling like it's easy to react to it, since we don't have an end to our story, that is, a turning point in the whole situation.



The last sentence of Bogdanović's *The City of My Friends* that reads: "And all that remains of my original promise is the gaze between the former city of the dead and the former city of the living, but they gaze at one another with empty, black, burnt eyes." Everything was and is said with this sentence and the state of things today is the same. According to Vojin Bakić, memorial monuments are places that attempt to articulate both public and private memories, places where one builds the past and the present. In Mostar the past and the present are irreconcilable therefore we have the City of living – which can barely be called a city, rather a formless entity that is ceaselessly

shared and claimed as property – and the despised, countless dishonored City of the dead, a reflection of the City of the living.

Bogdanović said how a person is inseparably connected with the fate of the city. Cities of disregarded, tucked away, and forgotten identities are usually cities without a future.



Mum: At that time, I don't remember hearing anything bad about Partiza. Nowadays, after this last war, negative things are heard. To each his own, but I think they are wrong. The Second World War was one thing, and this last war was something else, so they are mixing apples and oranges. A lot of politicians think it's the same, but it's not. That is fascism.



How tedious it is to live inside a corpse of something. The decay and the rotting weren't constructed learnings, but after the peace of mind and optimism had been irrevocably beheaded and submerged in blood, they have taken their toll in the last few decades, and their devoted conductors came to be our architects, thereby drawing a monstrous map by whose instructions we are more or less condemned to wander and thus ever so rarely coming up with a sensible way. The result of this game is the exact opposite of that about which the *Doomed Architect* spoke, among other things, and of Mostar – the City of his Friends. That

was the game easily played and only for the sake of a metaphor are we allowed to call it a game. If we would be more honest, by thought or by deed, it was an uricide.



It was just when the war started and they placed a mine... Whoever it was... I think it was a time bomb or something. I don't think they threw it, they just left it there. We as a whole school decided to go and protest. We were in secondary school. We weren't afraid. They were advising us not to go, because it was dangerous. We answered, "We want to go, this is our heritage, how can they do it?" For us, it was outrageous. So we went and were given unexcused absence at school because our teachers hadn't approved, because things had already turned bad. I remember that we were 15 at the time. I went there with my schoolmates because our school was quite close to the place. We went like an organized protest against it. No one led us there, it was pretty much what we wanted to do it in order to express our disapproval of this violence. Actually, at the time, there were lots of protests going on against the war. The war hadn't started up yet, but we didn't want it to start in multiethnic Bosnia. People were really aware of these facts.

Planting the bomb would have been seen as an act against Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia was built on this anti-fascist ideology, as socialism was against fascism and nationalism. The united

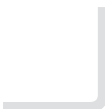
ethnic groups, that new nationalism, was a direct act against it.

We grew up with a very, very strong ideology, and this monument, other than being beautiful in its own right and suited to the nature, was part of that ideology. It kind of denoted a particular time, a particular system and ideology, the things you wanted to and did believe in. And then, all of a sudden, it was bombed and impermissible, as I said, it was literally that word, impermissible. Of course, that is very unhealthy. That is why this country is screwed up now. Had anybody bothered to integrate the old things into the new system in a some kind of functional way, things would function quite differently, as they do in other eastern European countries that managed to integrate the old socialist things into the new systems. It's like a terrible divorce. Half of the family is dead. That's rather morbid but it's true, and it is also a relationship within oneself, like your organs are at war with each other. It is very strange. This is why I think there is a real turmoil...

TVOJE ZABILJEŠKE / YOUR STORIES



TVOJE FOTOGRAFIJE I SKICE / YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES





26. Jezero / Lake
2016. Gustav Wollentz



28. Pogled na kamene
orgulje prema ulaznoj
kapiji / View of stone
organs towards
entrance gate
2014. Arna Mačkić



27. Grafit na
devastiranom objektu
na ulazu u spomenički
kompleks / Grafitti on
a devastated facility at
the entrance to the
monument complex
2017. Marko Barišić

*So long as we have
Partiza and pot, we are
in a crisis not*



29. Ostaci kamenih
cvjetova na deponiji u
Opinama / Remnants
of stone flowers on
garbage dump in Opine
2015. Marko Barišić



30. Protest protiv podmetanja eksploziva na Partizanskom spomeniku i prijetnji ratom / March against the mining of the Partisan monument and war threats
1992. (Facebook grupa Partizansko spomen-groblje – Help to preserve famous WW2 Memorial in Mostar)



31. Grafiti na zidu blizu kamenih orgulja / Graffiti on the wall near stone organs
2017. Alina Mateos Horrisberger

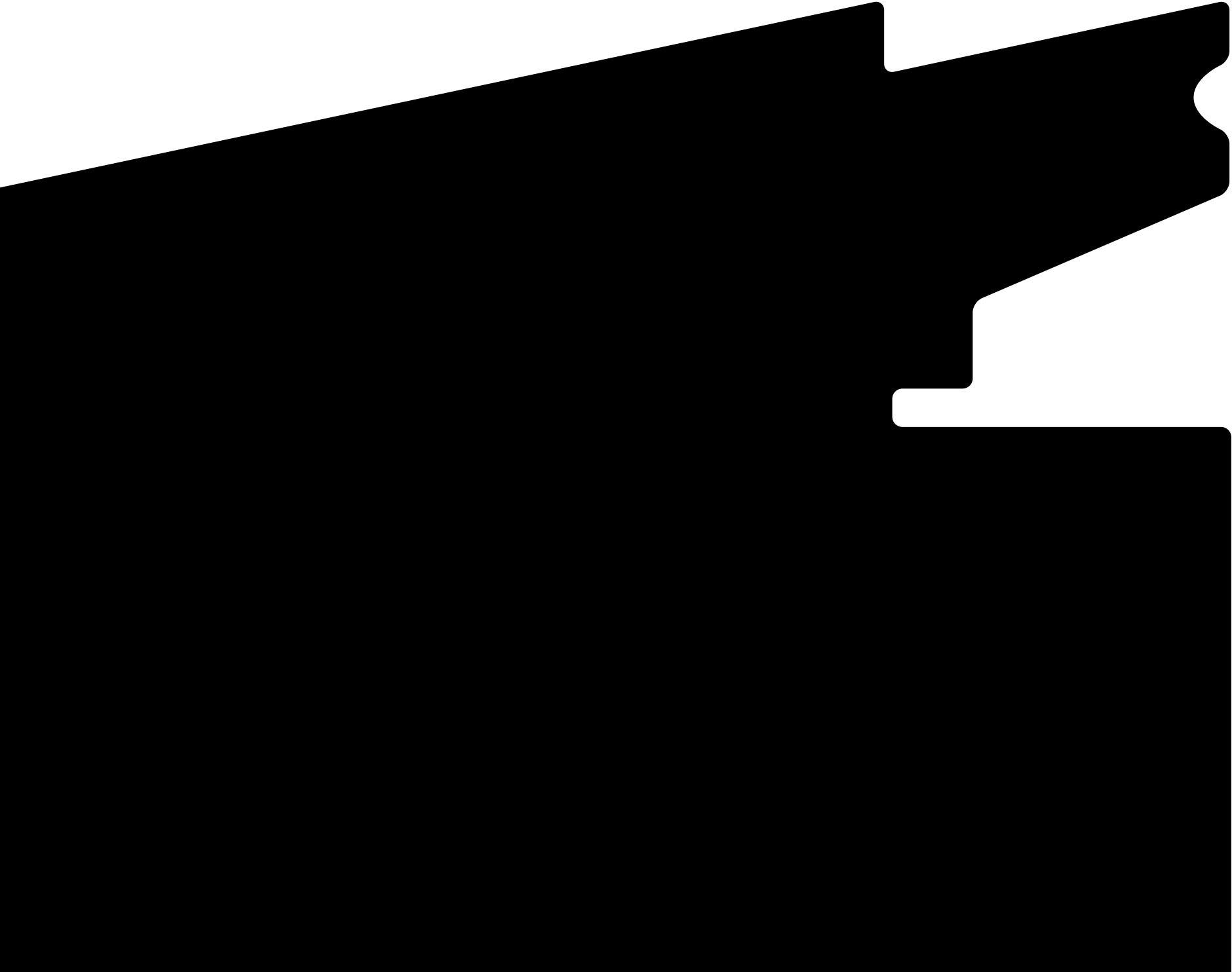


32. Grafiti na zidu /
Graffiti on the wall
2015. Marko Barišić,
2017. (www.herojisaneretve.
blogger.ba)



33. Zapaljeni ulaz u
Partizansko groblje /
Entrance to the Partisan
cemetery on fire
2014. (Facebook grupa
Partizansko spomen-
groblje – Help to
preserve famous WW2
Memorial in Mostar)





05

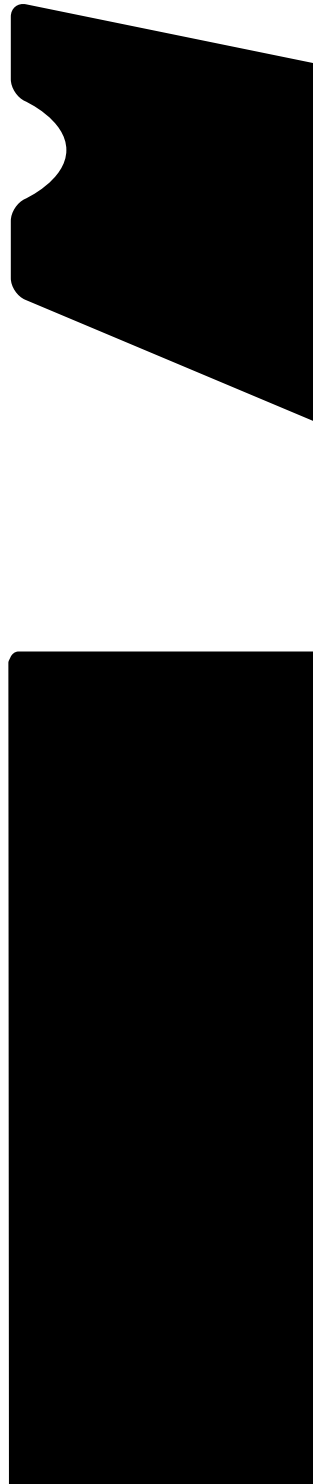
DINAMIKA PROŠLOSTI – Historija DYNAMICS OF THE PAST – History

Sjećam se teksture
kamenja.

Većina sjećanja iz mog
djetinjstva su upravo
takva, kao teksture.

I remember the texture
of the stone.

Most memories of my
childhood are
like that, textures.





U srednjoj školi birani učenici su učestvovali u događajima na Partizi. Ja nisam bila među njima... Sjećam se da je jedna žena pričala kako ju je projektir'o neki arhitekta iz Beograda, da je boravio tu u samom gradu i da ga je ona upoznala.



On: Moja prva uspomena na Partizi je vizanje parova i kupanje u bazenu. Vizanje znači gledanje kako odrasli vode ljubav. To je bio glavni sport na Partizanskom, samo što ti to neće nitko reći.

Ona: Meni je arhitektura i priroda ono što čini spomenik posebnim. Uvijek mi je bila fora penjati se gore da bi te na vrhu onda dočekao pogled na grad. To je bila jedna velika smišljena i uređena zelena površina.

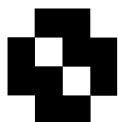
Posebno mi se urezala u sjećanje pionirska zakletva. Ja sam to tada doživljavala vrlo svečano, jer sam imala takvu učiteljicu koja je to fino... Ali to je bilo pravo pranje mozga. Ipak, sjećam se. Došli smo tamo, recitali, onda i dobili knjigu...

On: Ja se sjećam omladinske zakletve, ali ne i pionirske. Omladinska je kad postaneš omladinac. Bila je dosta ideološki obojena i nekako smo mi bili svjesni svega toga, jer smo već bili veliki. Nije to k'o pionirska zakletva, kad si mali i ushićen. Tada smo već veliki bili, pa smo znali da je to šuplja priča. Prilikom omladinske zakletve smo dobili crvene knjižice

i po dekretu postali članovi SKOJ-a (Savez socijalističke omladine Jugoslavije).



Na Partizi je uvijek bilo neko priganjanje. Gore je bio vodovod i tamo su svećenici pravili problem u vezi toga. Smatrali su da je to njihova zemlja, da je to biskupovo.



Općina zanemaruje spomenik jer se ne žele sjećati tog dijela historije. Mislim da svi u ovom podneblju tragaju za novim identitetom. Hrvatska i Srbija ga već imaju. Imaju svoje države. Mogu stvoriti svoje identitete onako kako žele. U Bosni međutim imamo tri različite grupe, i više njih ustvari, koje žele iskazati svoj identitet na njima svojstven način. Mislim da je to način na koji bosanski katolici žele poraditi na svom identitetu. Zato oni ne žele da ih se podsjeća na socijalističku prošlost jer je to za njih prošlo vrijeme, nije njihov identitet. Sve što ih podsjeća na ovaj pređašnji period ne uklapa se u njihovu viziju. Ne bih rekla da su pristalice fašizma jer se ne slažu s ljudima koji odaju počast žrtvama fašizma u Drugom svjetskom ratu. Mislim da samo mala grupa ljudi ostavlja znakove svastike.



Mama: Kad su velike vrućine gore je lijepo sjesti. Partiza je simbol te nekakve prošlosti. Ovdje, u Njemačkoj, se sva ta groblja održavaju i niko ih

ne ruši, osim nekih par budala koji su direkt desničari. A inače, historija je historija. Džaba. Mi možemo porušiti sve to, ali historija se neće promijeniti, a ni činjenice.

Mi smo imali puno tih manifestacija sa školama tada. Danas je to teško, ni ne očekuje se, ali makar da se to groblje održava. Ne treba njega gotiviti, ali bar da se održava! Ovdje u Njemačkoj kad prođeš kroz ta stara groblja, svačija stoje, sva su tu.

Mi smo bili ponosni na taj spomenik. Vodio se svako tamo k'o što ovdje vodimo po općini koja je stara od neke 1500. godine. E isto tako sam vodila svu rodbinu i prijatelje na Partizansko groblje. Jer je nekako, kažem ti, dio nas.

Tata: Partiza je posebna, ali najviše po sjećanju... Ona se ne mora gledati samo kao politički simbol. Ona zapravo nema direktne veze sa komunizmom uopće. Prije svega, nisu svi koji su tu sahranjeni komunisti. Tu su sahranjeni svi koji su se borili protiv fašizma, i oni nisu morali biti komunisti. Nije to spomenik Aliji Sirotanoviću koji je neka istaknuta figura u tom režimu. To nema veze sa tim. U ostalom, ja nisam sigurno išao na Partizansko da se divim komunizmu!



Ljudi sa kojima se družim, imaju iste stavove kao i ja. Jednostavno neće da znaju za spomenik. Većina Mostaraca Hrvata ima takvo

mišljenje kao i ja. Prave se da ne postoji. Jer znaju da je tu neka mračna sotona i neće da se petljaju. Ljudi ne drže do toga jer je ideološka podloga zločinačka. A gospodin Bogdanović je kao arhitekta veličanstven. Ono je fenomenalno urađeno spomen-obilježje i on se trudio da tamo nema nigdje petokrake. I tad se o tome pričalo.



Kad sam prvi put otišla tamo sa svojom kćerkom Fridom, vizualno sjećanje kapije i onih isprepletenih staza koje je bilo utisnuto negdje u pozadini mog uma je bilo tako snažno da je sve to oživjelo. Bilo je doista predivno i tada sam vidjela da nije tako loše kao što ljudi govore.

Nemam neka sjećanja koja bih ti mogla prepričati. Sjećam se teksture kamena. Većina sjećanja iz mog djetinjstva su upravo takva, kao teksture.



Meni Partiza ništa ne predstavlja. Nisam se tu igrala kao druga djeca koja su stanovala u blizini. Isto kao što danas postoji to da npr. djecu iz okolnih sela i gradova posjednu u bus i dovedu u kino u Mepas. Tako su isto prije u komunizmu, kojeg su propagirali, dovodili djecu na Partizansko groblje. To je komunizam izgradio za sebe. Ljudi su dolazili, obilazili i gledali taj spomenik... Normalno da je to pasalo komunizmu jer smo mi u njemu živjeli.



When we were in high school, only the selected students participated in the events on Partiza. I was not among them... I remember a woman saying that the monument was planned by some architect from Belgrade who stayed for a while in the city and that she met him.

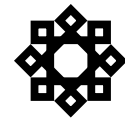


Him: My first memory of Partiza was spying on couples and swimming in the pool. Spying as watching how they made love. That was the main sport discipline on Partizansko, but nobody would admit it...

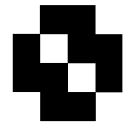
Her: I think that the nature and the architecture make the monument special to me. It was always neat how you could climb to the top and then you got that view from above. The whole monument was one big, skillfully crafted and arranged green area. It's really imprinted in my mind, that Pioneer oath we took. I found it very ceremonial as I had a teacher who put it so nicely... But it was brainwashing really. Still I remember. We went up there, recited, received books...

Him: I remember the Youth Oath, but not the pioneer one. The Youth Oath was when you'd become a youngster. It was really ideological by nature, and we were all kind of aware of that, as we were older by that time, so we knew it was just empty talk. As we were taking an oath we got red books and by decree

became members of SKOJ (League of Young Communists of Yugoslavia).



There were always some disputes about the monument. Up there, there was a water pump and the priests made it a problem. They felt it was their land, that it belongs to the bishop.



The municipality is neglecting the monument because they don't want to remember that part of history. I think that everyone in this area is searching for a new identity. Croatia and Serbia already have it. They have their own countries. So they can make up their identity however they want to. But in Bosnia you have these three different groups, even more of course, but these three different groups also want to show their identity in their own unique way. I think this is also a way for the Bosnian Catholics to work on their identity. So, they don't want to be reminded of this socialist past, because it is a past for them, it is not their identity. All that reminds them of this former period does not fit into their vision. I wouldn't say they are supporters of fascism just because they don't agree with the people who pay homage to the victims of fascism during the Second World War. I think it is only a small group of people that making these swastika signs.



Mum: On summer days, during the intense heat, it's nice to sit there. Partiza is a symbol of some past times. Here, in Germany, all those cemeteries are kept in a good shape and nobody demolishes them – okay some idiots who are of extreme right, they do it. But otherwise, history is history. Futile. We can tear it all down, but history won't change, and neither will facts.

We had a lot of ceremonies in schools back then. That's difficult today, and one does not expect it, but at least keep the cemetery maintained. You don't have to love it and all, but at least you should keep it proper! Here in Germany, when you walk through those old cemeteries, they are all there, no matter who's they are.

We were proud of that monument. You'd bring your guests there in the same way we now bring ours round this municipality building that dates back to the 1500s. I did the same with all my relatives and friends, brought them to Partisan Cemetery. Because it's, I'm telling you, a part of us.

Dad: Partiza is unique, mainly because of the memories attached to it... It shouldn't be seen as a political symbol. It doesn't have any direct connection with communism whatsoever. First of all, not all of those buried there were communists. Buried there were those who fought against fascism, but they weren't

necessarily communists. It's not a memorial to Alija Sirotanović, who was a great figure of the regime. It has nothing to do with it. Anyway, I certainly didn't go to Partizansko to celebrate communism!



The people I spend time with have same views as I do. Simply, they don't want to know about the monument.

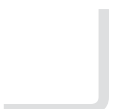
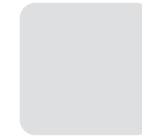
The majority of Mostar's Croats have that kind of opinion, as I do. They pretend it doesn't exist. Because they know there's a dark devil out there and they don't want to mess around with it. People do not care about it because of its ideologically criminal base. And Mr. Bogdanović as an architect is magnificent. The monument as a memento is outstandingly done and he made an effort not to put a five-pointed star anywhere. Even then there was a lot of talk about it.



When I went with my daughter Frida for the first time, the visual memory of the gate and those intertwined pathways that was imprinted somewhere in the back of my mind was so strong that it all came to life. It was really beautiful, and then I realized it wasn't as bad as people say.

I don't have memories that I'd be able to narrate to you. I remember the texture of the stone. Most memories of my childhood are like that, like textures.

Partiza means nothing to me. I never played there, like other kids who lived nearby. Just like today, for example, how kids from the villages and cities all around are put on a bus and brought to the cinema in Mepas Mall. That's the way they did it before, in communism, which they propagated, they'd bring the kids to the Partisan Cemetery. That's what communism had built for itself. People would come, visit, and observe the monument... Surely it befitted communism, because we lived in it.





34. Djevojke na Partizi na
Dan borca, 4. juli 1979. /
Girls on Partiza at
Soldier's Day, 4 July 1979
(Iz porodičnog albuma /
Family album)



35. Par Alerić / Alerić couple
1977. (Iz porodičnog albuma /
Family album)



36. Ljubav na Partizanskom
spomeniku 70-ih godina /
Love on the Partisan
monument in the 1970s
(www.cvjetnaavlija.yolasite.com)



37. Par Alerić /
Alerić couple
1977. (Iz porodičnog
albuma / Family
album)

38. Četiri mladića 70-ih
godina / Four young
men in the 1970s
(www.cvjetnaavlija.yolasite.com)



39. Sjeverni zid
komemorativne terase /
Northern wall of
commemorative
terrace
2017. Alina Mateos
Horrisberger



40. Polaganje vijenaca za Dan borca, 4. jula /
Laying of wreaths on Soldier's Day, July 4th
1979. (Iz porodičnog albuma / Family album)



41. Partizanski spomenik i grad /
The Partisan Monument and the city
1966. Olga Miličević-Nikolić
(Agencija Stari grad Mostar)



42. Josip Broz Tito u posjeti Mostaru (lijevo) / Josip Broz Tito visiting Mostar (left) 1969. (Agencija Stari grad Mostar)

43. Pisac Predrag Matvejević u posjeti zapuštenom Partizanskom spomeniku (desno) / Writer Predrag Matvejević visiting the neglected Partisan monument (right) (Facebook grupa Partizansko spomen-groblje – Help to preserve famous WW2 Memorial in Mostar)



44. Pionirska zakletva / Pioneer's Oath 1982. (Agencija Stari grad Mostar)



45. Pisac Ivo Andrić u posjeti Partizanskom spomeniku ranih 70-ih godina / Writer Ivo Andrić visiting the Partisan Monument in the 1970s (Facebook grupa Partizansko spomen-groblje – Help to preserve famous WW2 Memorial in Mostar)



46. Posjet Princa Charlesa 25. 10. 1978. / Visit of Prince Charles on October 25th 1978 (Facebook grupa Partizansko spomen-groblje – Help to preserve famous WW2 Memorial in Mostar)

**TOPOGRAFIJA
ISKUSTVA –
Emocije
TOPOGRAPHY
OF EXPERIENCE
– Emotions**

Spomenik je ruševina.
Nešto poput zaboravljenog
grada, arheološkog
nalazišta.

The monument is a ruin.
It's like a forgotten city, an
archeological site.



Puno je vremena prošlo, puno rana. Vrijeme je učinilo svoje da ljudi osjećaju kako se osjećaju.



Partizansko groblje podsjeća na te ljude, šta su oni radili i kako su se žrtvovali. A šta su oni dobili ili neko njihov? Sada je to eto, maltene, pasje jebalište gore i svašta nešto... A svako se groblje pravi da bude nešto lijepo. I ono jeste lijepo napravljeno. Ali pustiti ga da propada? Bar da se jedanput-dvaput godišnje dođe! Ali ništa... Ima ih nekoliko koji navrate i to su većinom partizani.

Kao momak jesam išao mnogo na Partizu, da prošetam. Nisi im'o u Mostaru ništa atraktivnije nego tamo da ideš. Nije dugo i nije veliko, ali je bilo lijepo. Mog'o je da ide ko hoće. Bilo je lijepo prošetati. Lijepo je bilo. Sad toga nema. To je sve zaraslo i nevaljalo.



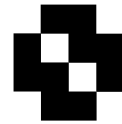
Mama: Meni je, recimo, prva asocijacija na Partizanski spomenik moja mladost i lijepo vrijeme koje smo tu proveli.

Partizansko groblje je dio mene, dio nas. Kad smo bili mladi, bilo je uređeno. I onda, normalno, ako si se slik'o, slik'o si se ili na Starom mostu, koji je simbol Mostara ili na Partizi. To su dva ključna mjesta u gradu. Ja imam tu sliku gdje sam se slikala dolje odmah na ulazu, pored onog "daninoć" cvijeća (fotografija 48). Imala sam 5-6 godina, taman kad se i Partizansko

napravilo. Bili smo Titini pioniri pa sad koliko god to kome bilo fuj, nama nije.

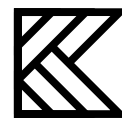


Danas kada vidim spomenik osjećam mješavinu radosti i tuge. Još mislim da izgleda dobro, još može općiniti maštu.



Išla sam tamo svake godine posjetiti spomenik i svake godine je bivao sve gorim i gorim. Prije godinu dana je bio u najgorem stanju otkad ga se sjećam. Nisam se usudila ni da uđem. Trava je bila jako visoka i izgledalo je vrlo opasno. Kad sam prošlo ljeto otišla tamo mnogi taksisti i ljudi oko mene su me odvrćali. Rekli su da su mjesec dana ranije neki turisti šetali po spomeniku, a ljudi su im počeli dovikivati: „Komunisti! Komunisti!“. Drveće je uokolo bilo polomljeno i bilo je dosta vinskih boca. Stvarno je tužno.

Par puta sam vidjela djecu koja puše marihuanu. Mislim da su tamo došli samo da se napuše. Jednom je tamo bio i diler, ali sam znala sresti i par starijih ljudi koji su bili stvarno dragi. Razgovarala sam s njima i bili su isto rastuženi onim što se dešava spomeniku. Oni su bili rijetki koji su šetali onuda. Nikad nisam vidjela turiste.



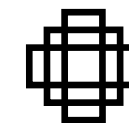
Osjećam tugu i zabrinutost za svoju i mlađe generacije. Spomenik je napravljen bez simbola, polažući nadu i vjeru u budućnost i svijet

bez spomenika. Sada je uništen, pun smeća, spaljivan i išaran. Danas je mjesto gdje ljudi iskaljuju svoje frustracije i mržnju. Postavlja se logično pitanje da li je to ostavština moje i mlađih generacija, naš napredak i naša svijest? Odgovor je trenutno poražavajući.

Spomenik mi jako puno znači, jer sam zahvaljujući tom mjestu upoznala istomišljenike i naučila sam toliko toga iz urbanologije i o prošlosti Mostara.



Ponekad odem na Partizu, sama ili s nekim, da čitamo ili tako nešto. Sada idem rijeđe, ali spomenik me i dalje vuče sebi. Osjećam se pomalo tužno, pogotovo kad vidim neki novi "grafit", a nisam se navikla ni na one stare. Idem na Partizu jer želim malo mira, al' onda bolje da zatvorim oči, jer me ustaški "grafiti" samo uznemiruju (fotografija 31 i 32). A eto, bilo bi super kad bi se "vlast" bar malo potrudila da spriječi ovaj vandalizam. Obnovu, čini mi se, možemo samo sanjati.



S obzirom na to da sam tu dolazila još kao malo dijete, meni to ostavlja veoma težak osjećaj i u srcu, ali i u razumu, jer mislim da se nešto toliko bitno za naš grad i za našu državu, pa čak i za cijeli Balkan, ne bi trebalo tretirati na takav način. To jednostavno zadaje neku vrstu tegobe koju nije tako lako prebroditi. Zapitam se tko bi mogao uraditi nešto tako.

Tko može da bude toliko ne samo zloban, nego jednostavno bezosjećajan da uništi nešto od tolike važnosti?



Ne bih rekao da je spomenik odraz grada. Mislim da je on neka vrsta rane grada iako je izgrađen u veličanstvenom trenutku na mjestu na kojem možete promišljati o prošlosti države i grada. No ono je danas tako skriveno i zanemareno. Ljudi ne odlaze tamo i imaju podijeljene osjećaje o njemu. Ono nije dijelom turističkih atrakcija. Mislim da ljudi žele da zaborave na njega iako je to jedno od najljepših mjesta u gradu. Sa tog mjesta vam se čini da ste u gradu, ali ste ustvari van njega i imate pogled na Mostar. Stoga je ono na neki način utočište.

Neke mi se stvari dopadaju takve kakve jesu sada. Spomenik je ruševina. Nešto poput zaboravljenog grada, arheološkog nalazišta. Zanimljivo mi je kako sada dijelovi prirode kao da se vraćaju da preuzmu spomenik. Ima nečeg na neki način neugodnog u boravku tamo. Osjeti se nasilje u prostoru.



So much time has passed, so many wounds. Time itself has made the people feel the way they do.



The Partisan Cemetery reminds us of those people, what they did and how they have sacrificed themselves.

And what did they get with that? Or their relatives? Now the cemetery is almost worse than a pigsty and whatnot... Yet, every cemetery is made to be something beautiful. And that one is beautifully crafted, indeed. But how to preserve it? By coming once or twice a year? But not even that? There are just a few of those who come to visit it, mostly partisans.

When I was young man I did visit the Partiza often, to take a walk. There wasn't a more attractive place to go in Mostar. It's not long and it's not big, but it was nice. Whoever wanted could go there. It was beautiful to walk through. It was beautiful. Not anymore. It's all rotten and overgrown.



Mum: For me, the first thing that comes to my mind when somebody mentions the Partisan Monument is my youth and the nice times we spent there.

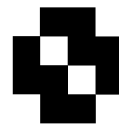
The Partisan Cemetery is a part of me, a part of us. When we were young it was clean. And then, normally, if you wanted to take a photo, you'd take it either on the Bridge, the symbol of Mostar or at this monument. Those are the

two key spots in the city.

I have this picture where I was down there right by the gates, next to those pansy flowers (*photo 48*). I was five or six, just when the Partizansko was made. We were Tito's pioneers, and no matter how nasty that is for some, we liked it.



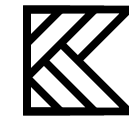
When I see the monument today I feel a mixture of joy and sadness. I still think that it looks good, it is still able to captivate the imagination.



I went there every year to visit the monument and I saw it was becoming worse and worse. A year ago it was in the worst condition I have ever seen. I even did not dare to enter. The grass was really high, and it looked really dangerous. When I went last summer I was actually warned by many taxi drivers and people around me. They said a month earlier some tourists were walking around there and some people started shouting at them, "Communists! Communists!" The trees around there were falling over, and there were many wine bottles. It's really sad.

A couple of times I saw kids smoking marijuana. I think they went there just to smoke. Another time there was even a drug dealer, but I know I also met some older people who were really nice. I spoke with them and they were also really sad about what was happening to the

monument. They were some of the rare ones who visited the place. I've never seen tourists.



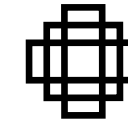
I feel a lot of anger and worry for my own generation and the younger generations too. The monument is designed without the usage of symbols, laying down hope and faith in the future and a world without the need for monuments. Now it is devastated, full of garbage, burnt, and scribbled on. Today that's the place for people to take out their frustration and hatred. This raises the logical question of whether this is the legacy of my generation and the younger generations, our progress and our consciousness? The answer, for the time being, is a devastating one.

The monument means a lot to me because, thanks to it, I have met so many people who think in a same way as I do, learnt so much about urbanology and the past of Mostar.



Sometimes I go to Partiza, alone or with someone else, to read or something like that. Nowadays I don't go as often as before, but the monument still draws me back to. I feel a bit sad, especially when I see some new "graffiti" even before I got used to the previous ones (*photo 31 and 32*). I go to Partiza because I want a bit of peace, but then again it's better if I close my eyes, because that Ustasha "graffiti"

only disturbs me. But it'd be great if the "government" would make some kind of effort to stop this vandalism. Restoration, I think, is something we can only dream of.

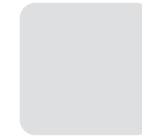


Given the fact that I have been visiting it since I was a child, I am left with a very heavy feeling in my heart and my mind, because something so important for our city and our country, and even for the entire Balkans, should not be treated in that way. It just inflicts me with a discomfort that is not easy to shake off. I wonder, who could do something like that? Who could be not only so malicious, but simply heartless, to destroy something that has such an immense value?



I wouldn't say that the monument is a reflection of the city. I think it's kind of a wound of the city, even though it was just built in a glorious moment as a place where you can contemplate the past of the country and the city. Today it's so hidden and neglected. People don't really go there and they have mixed feelings about the place. It's not part of the city tourist attractions. I think people want to forget it in a way, even though it's one of the most beautiful places in the city. From that place, it's like you're in the city but you are also outside of it and able to look at Mostar. So it's kind of a sanctuary.

I think there are some things I like about it as it is now. The monument is a ruin. It's like a forgotten city, an archeological site. It is interesting to me how some parts of nature are coming back to take over the monument. There are some things, in some way, uncomfortable about being there. But you also feel the destruction and the violence of the monument. You feel the violence in the space.





47. Kameni cvjetovi / Stone flowers
2016. Zlata Hadžihasanović



48. Mlada Elfida Alerić
pored "daninoć" cvijeća na
prilaznoj stazi /
Young Elfida Alerić
standing next to pansy
flowers on the access path
1966. (Iz porodičnog
albuma / Family album)



49. Par Alerić na česmi /
Alerić couple at the fountain
1977. (Iz porodičnog albuma /
Family album)

50. Česma i detalj
sjevernog zida /
The fountain and
detail from the
northern wall
2016. Zlata
Hadžihasanović





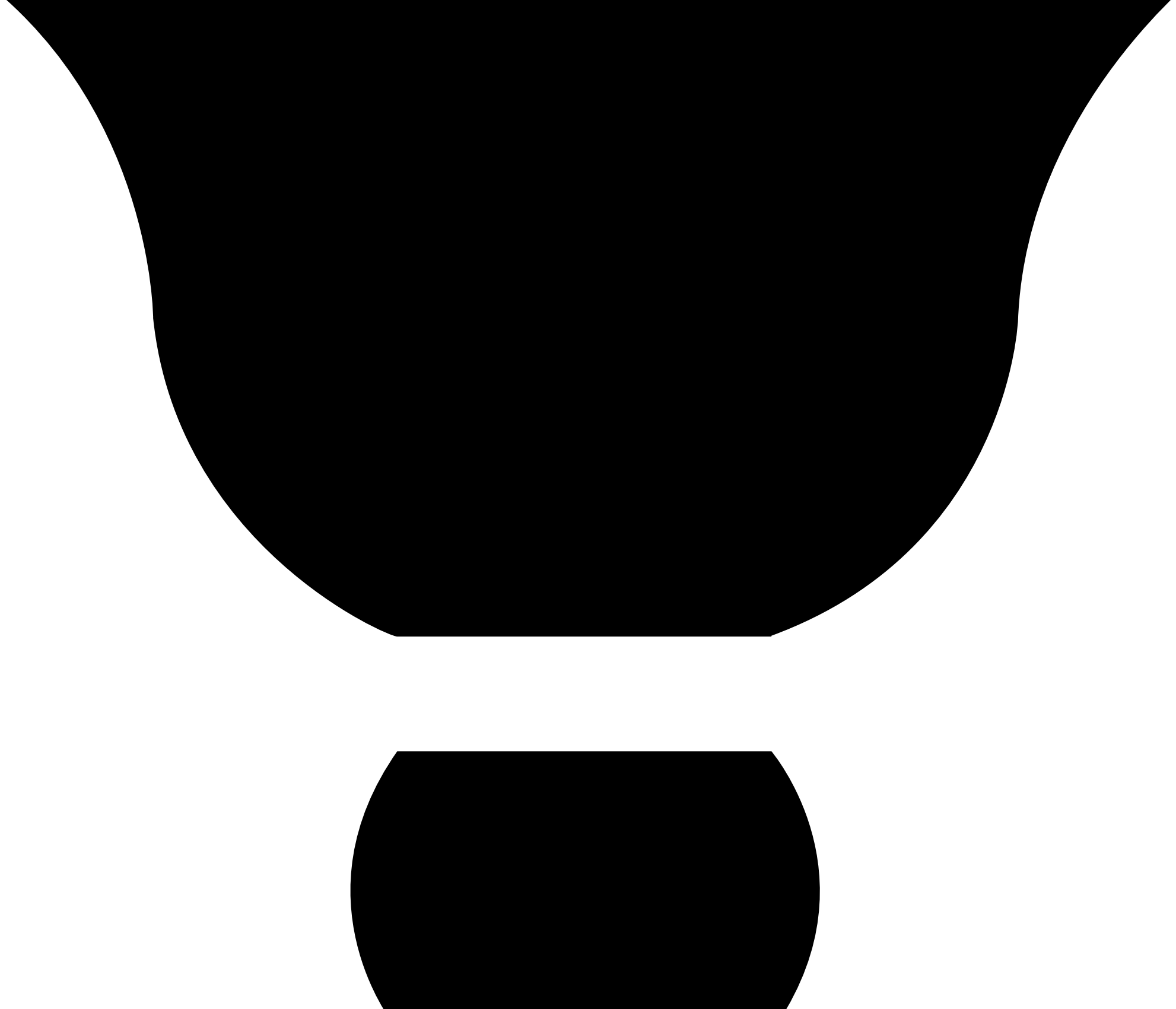
51. Pogled na terase
sa sjeverozapadne
strane / Northwestern
view of the terraces
2015. Arna Mačkić



52. Pogled prema
ulaznoj kapiji sa
prilazne staze /
View towards the
entrance gate
2015. Arna Mačkić

53. Pogled sa najviše
terase prema prolazu /
View from the highest
terrace towards the
walkway
2015. Arna Mačkić





07

SPOMENIK U PROMIŠLJANJU – Budućnost RETHINKING THE MONUMENT – The future

Organizovano, omladina sve
to može popraviti. Bosna i
Hercegovina drugačije ne može
živjeti niti će ikad živjeti.

In an organized way, the
youth can fix it all. Bosnia and
Herzegovina cannot and will not
be able to live in any other way.

S Grad živih i njegov parnjak Grad mrtvih je jako rano i s puno mržnje zahvatila anticivilizacijska pomama za gušenjem svih ideja, snatrenja i mišljenja dobre budućnosti, pa je tako u kamen ucrtana astralna vizija preko noći ostala prešarana, popljuvana, prezrena i najzad zaboravljena, ostavljena da izdahne. Ali Grad mrtvih je i dalje mistično odgovarao, kao po proročanstvu svoga graditelja – nastavio je da gleda i da se takav, devastiran i obeščašćen, ogleda u sad već nekadašnjem gradu živih, nekadašnjem gradu poezije i svjetla. Obratno se, i razrušeni, rasparčani Mostar nastavio ogledati u njemu, svom idealnom dijagramu. Dugo nakon nove, ali u suštini iste kataklizme, od koje se začudo više nije moglo braniti, dva grada gledaju se i dan danas, ali praznim, crnim, izgorjelim očima.

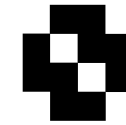
Teško ga je naći, jer ga je teško uopće uočiti, čuti, namirisati. Skrivenog iza zaraslog grmlja i, tu i tamo iz nekog razloga spaljene, šume. Sve ga se manje traži, gleda, sluša, osjeća. Nekadašnji grad mrtvih, mrtav baš kao nekadašnji grad živih, tek svjedoči šutke.

8 Taj nemar na spomeniku se može povezati s time što naš cjelokupni grad nije uređen. Ko ima sad tu hrabrosti da neki spomenik sređuje. Ja mislim da je ta zapuštenost sramota—da se razumijemo—ali da se tu ulažu neke pare? Stotine tisuća maraka? Koliko bi tu trebalo

svakodnevno para uložiti da bi se to održavalo i zalijevalo? Koliko bi vode trebalo da bi to cvjetalo! Nemam ništa protiv i bilo bi to fino. Taj Bogdan Bogdanović je umjetnik i ja ne osporavam njegove kvalitete, ali postoje neki razlozi zašto to nije obnovljeno: jer nije ništa obnovljeno! I šta bi oni sad htjeli?

Y Ostavimo li po strani stvari tehničke prirode koje su lako izvedive, mislim da je problem u glavama ljudi koji moraju vidjeti spomenik kao nešto lijepo i što žele čuvati. Mislim da bi odmah izgledao drugačije i bez velikih novčanih sredstava i planova. Promjene izvana neće puno koristiti ako ljudi ne počnu smatrati ovaj spomenik simbolom grada, kao što to čine s Mostom, to je jedini način da se oživi. Ono što je također bilo važno za mene tokom performansa kojeg sam uradio jeste da pokušam omogućiti rad u tom prostoru, da Mostarci mogu otići tamo i raditi stvari koje smatraju važnima jer, trenutačno, to mjesto je ili netaknuto ili vandalizirano. Da – ostvariti osobnu povezanost sa mjestom, mislim da je to jako važno.

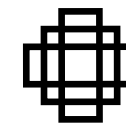
⊙ Groblje je moglo biti iz Prvog svjetskog rata, iz Drugog, iz ovog, ili bilo kojeg rata... Mislim da taj spomenik bez obzira čiji je i iz kojeg je vremena, treba da stoji.



Mislim da bi spomenik privlačio više turista da je u boljem stanju. Mostar nema mnogo dobrih javnih površina i lijepog zelenila tako da mislim da bi mu to svakako koristilo.

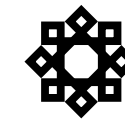


Jedino je rješenje za spomenik da se mora ideološki definirati. Po uzoru na spomenik "Minhenska sloboda" (Münchener Freiheit), Partizansko groblje treba postati spomenik mostarskoj ili hercegovačkoj slobodi. Jer ovdje su svi ginuli za slobodu naroda ili tog grada u protekla 3-4 rata, i mislili su da su u pravu. Također, i da bude spomen-obilježje bez ikakvih kostiju. Samo kad bi se svi građani Mostara složili na referendumu da se to preimenuje u nešto drugo. Uostalom, groblja i ideologije trebaju biti odvojeni.

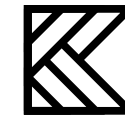


Treba se baviti čišćenjima, ponovnim lakiranjem ili bojenjem kamenja, čisto da dobije tu neku čar i ljepotu koju je imalo, jer važnost nije nikad izgubilo. Kada nestane te ljepote, ljudi počnu da zaboravljaju na važnost. Mislim da bi ljudi koji su voljni da to rade uspjeli u toj akciji.

Upravo iz razloga koji se danas dešavaju mislim da je to veoma posebno mjesto. Postoji ta neka ruka koja pokušava da ubaci mržnju među nas. Mi smo ti koji treba da se udružimo i odbranimo od te ruke.



Tko ne bi volio Partizu? Zašto? To je grijeh. Jednostavno se omladina treba organizovano skupiti. Organizovano, omladina sve to može popraviti. Bosna i Hercegovina drugačije ne može živjeti niti će ikad živjeti.



Bezbroj je načina na koje se može koristiti spomenik. Npr, u edukativne svrhe, jer je u blizini Građevinski fakultet pa bi profesorima mogao biti izvrstan primjer kojeg bi mogli uklopiti u svoja predavanja. Osim toga i impozantna djela arhitekta koji je konstruirano spomenik su vrijedna proučavanja za sve osobe koje zanima urbanologija. Grad bi također mogao iskoristiti spomenik kao turističku atrakciju, a njegovi građani iznova koristiti njegov prostor kao park. Osim toga, prostor ima jako zanimljivu akustiku, pa se može upotrijebiti u stvaranju muzike.

Spomenik se treba prije svega fizički zaštititi i obnoviti, no što je po meni puno važnije je da se kroz različite akcije i radionice utječe na svijest građana. Vjerujem, dosta toga proizilazi iz neznanja i neinformiranosti. Dok god se to ne promijeni, fizička obnova spomenika neće imati neki veći smisao.

Kako je Bogdanović imao svoju zelenu kutiju gdje je pohranjivao svoje zamisli i snove, koju su njegovi studenti jedva spasili kad su patrioti upali u njegovu *Seosku školu za filozofiju*

arhitecture, ja mogu reći da je Partizansko groblje naša zelena kutija u kojoj ostavljamo svoje zamisli i ideje a trenutno je jedino vrijedno u ovom umirućem gradu.



Mislim da bi mu prije svega trebalo vratiti stari sjaj i da bi bilo super kad bi se Mostarci i Mostarke ponovo počeli okupljati na jednom onako prekrasnom mjestu kakvo je Partiza nekad bila. Ali ni u ovakvom stanju spomenika nije nemoguće iskoristiti njegov prostor, recimo za održavanje nekih manifestacija koje bi privukle veliki broj mladih i koje bi i njih, na neki način, povezale sa ovim mjestom.



Vodila sam svoju kćerku nekoliko puta, a potrudila sam se da povedem i njenu prijateljicu Annie da vidi to mjesto jer sam uvijek smatrala da ovako prelijepi spomenici otvaraju um djeci. Njihovi su umovi otvoreni ionako, ali mislim da će ovo dobro upamtiti. Što više lijepih stvari vidiš to si bolji. To je vrlo inspirativno mjesto za vidjeti tako da sam ih obje odvela, napose zbog toga što Anniena mama nije iz Mostara pa možda ne bi bila zainteresirana za to. Stvarno su uživale.



On: Ako budemo održavali Partizansko k'o park Zrinjevac, vratit će se tamo djeca i sve živo.

Ona: To će se vjerojatno i ovom knjigom potaknuti...

On: A knjiga ne bi ništa proizvela. Ona će imati ideološki prizvuk i ljudi će misliti da se njome prizivaju neke aveti prošlosti. Znači knjiga – ništa. Treba fino Komunalno i smećari to da riješe. Ta knjiga neće ništa postići, jer ko će čitati knjigu o Partizanskom groblju? Ljude će odmah to asociirati na nešto o Titu. To ne zanima ljude.

Ona: Komunalno plus pisanje knjige...

On: Znači, da gradonačelnik kaže da se očisti, ali bez bavljenja politikom. Dakle, tretirati ga isto kao park, normalno, k'o i svaki park za odmor i razonodu, za igru djece i odrasle koji se mogu igrati – još uvijek. Bude li neko neku politiku provodio tu, nema od tog ništa. Nama ne treba politika, treba nam park. Treba nam zezanje i uživanje.



Meni je 90 godina. Ja sam svjestan svoje starosti, i meni su, što kažu, izbrojani i dani i mjeseci. Ja mogu sutra otputovati i želim nekome ostaviti dokumente tko će se možda nastaviti boriti da taj spomenik bude ponovo vraćen, zasja svom ljepotom, postane značajan te dobije opet svoje mjesto u ovome gradu. Ja mislim da poslije Starog mosta Mostar nema većeg spomenika kulture.³

3 Urednička napomena: Pripovjedač je preminuo u augustu 2017. godine ne doživjevši izdavanje ove knjige.



The City of the Living, and its twin, the City of the Dead, have from very early on been captured by the anti-civilizational frenzy of stifling each and every idea, reverie, or thought of a good future, so the stone inscription of an astral vision remained crossed, spat upon, despised, and, finally, forgotten, left to die. But the City of the Dead continues its mystical correspondence, as per the prophecy of its builder – it continues to watch, dishevelled and dishonored, ceaselessly reflecting itself in what is now the former City of the Living, the former city of poetry and light. Vice versa, the ruinous, scattered Mostar reflected in its perfect diagram. Long after our latest, but basically the very same cataclysm as before, from which surprisingly there were no defenses anymore, these two cities look at one another to this day, but they gaze with empty, black, burnt eyes.

It's difficult to find it because one can barely spot it, hear it, smell it. It lays hidden behind overgrown bushes, here and there for some reason burnt woods. Lesser and lesser do people seek it, look for it, hear it, feel it. The former City of the Dead, as the City of the Living, is a silent witness.



The neglect of the monument can be traced to the overall disarray of the city itself. Who has the courage to polish some monument alone? I think

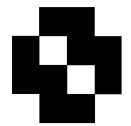
that the decay is embarrassing – to be clear, but to invest the money there? Hundreds of thousands of marks? How much money should be invested on a daily basis just to keep it clean and water it? How much water should be spent for it to bloom!? I have no grudges, that'd be nice. Bogdan Bogdanović is an artist and I don't dispute his qualities, but there are reasons why it hasn't been rebuilt: because nothing was rebuilt! What would they want now?



Leaving aside the technical things that could be done, I think it's mainly in people's heads, they should see it as something beautiful that they want to cherish. I think it will look different immediately, without big funds and big plans. I think outside aid wouldn't do a lot if people here don't look at this monument the same way they look at the Mostar bridge—as a symbol of the city—that's the only way to revive it. What was also important for me in the performance I did was to make it possible to work there and that people from Mostar are able to go there and do things that they see as important, because right now it's mostly untouched or vandalized. Yes – to get a personal attachment to the space, I think that is really important.



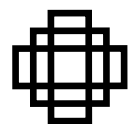
The cemetery could've been from the First World War, the Second, the last, or any other war... I think that a monument, no matter whose it is or from which period, should remain there.



I think the monument would attract more tourists if it were in better shape. Mostar hasn't got a lot of well-arranged public and green spaces, so I think it would be a great benefit for the city.



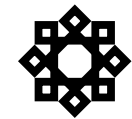
One of the solutions for the monument is to define it ideologically. As was the case with *Münchner Freiheit*, the Partisan Cemetery should become a monument to the freedom of Mostar or Herzegovina. For everyone who died here for the freedom of the people or the city in the last three or four wars, who all thought they were doing the right thing. If only the citizens of Mostar, all of them, could agree on a referendum to change the name of the monument to something else. In any case, cemeteries and ideologies need to be separated.



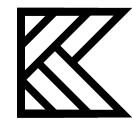
One should clean it, polish it, or paint the stones, purely to revive its former magic and beauty, because its importance is intact.

When that beauty is gone, people start forgetting the importance. I think people who would be willing to do it would certainly succeed in that action.

Due to reasons happening now I think that's a very special place. There is this unidentified hand that is trying to sow hatred between us. We are the ones who should stand and defend ourselves from that hand.



Who wouldn't like Partiza? Why? That is a sin. Youth from all around the country should organize and gather. In an organized way, the youth can fix it all. Bosnia and Herzegovina cannot and will not be able to live in any other way.



There are numerous ways to use the monument. For example in education. Since there is an Engineering faculty nearby, professors could use it as a great exemplary asset that they could incorporate in their lectures. Apart from that, the majestic works done by the architect who built the monument represent a valuable exploration for people interested in urbanology. The city could use the monument as a touristic attraction whilst the citizens could use it as a park. Besides, the space itself has an interesting acoustic so it can be used in creating music. The monument should be physically protected

and rebuilt first but one should, more importantly, in my honest opinion, change the awareness of the citizens through various activities and workshops. I believe that so many things come from ignorance and the lack of information. As long as we keep that part unchanged, the physical renewal of the monument will not have a some greater meaning.

As Bogdanović had his green box where he kept his ideas and dreams, the box his students barely saved when patriots burst into his *Village School of Architectural Philosophy*, I can say that the Partisan Cemetery is our green box into which we place our inventions and ideas, and at the moment it is the only valuable thing in this dying city.



I think it should get its old shine and glory back and that it'd be great if the people of Mostar, male and female, would start to gather in a place as beautiful as the Partiza once was. But, even in the present state, it's not impossible to find a suitable use of it's space, for example for some ceremonies which can gather a lot of young people and bond them, in a way, with this place.



I have taken my daughter several times and I have also made a conscious effort to take her friend Annie to see this place, because I always think

that these beautiful monuments will open children's minds. Their minds are open anyway but I think they will remember it. The more beautiful things you see, the better you are. It is really an inspiring place to see, so I took them both, especially because I thought that Annie's mom won't take her as she is not from Mostar and she might not be interested in it. So I took them and they really enjoyed it.



Him: If we preserve the Partizansko like we do Zrinjevac Park, the kids would go back there and all.

Her: That's something this book might inspire...

Him: The book wouldn't do a thing. A book in people's minds has an ideological echo, they'd think the ghosts of the past are summoned. So the book is nothing. The Department of Waste Management and the Communal Services should take care of it. That book won't do a thing, who's gonna read a book about the Partisan Cemetery? People would immediately be reminded of Tito. Nobody is interested in that.

Her: But the Communal services and writing of the book...

Him: So, the mayor should order the cleaning, but without politics involved. So, to treat it in a same way you'd treat a park, normally, as a park for recreation and leisure, for kids to

play in, and for adults who can still play. If you get some politics involved, everything will go to pieces. We don't need politics, we need a park. We need to enjoy and mess around.



I am 90 years old. I am aware of my age and my days and months are, so to speak, numbered. I can leave this world tomorrow but I want to leave these documents to someone who will continue to fight for the monument to be revived, to shine in its former glory, to become meaningful and to restore its place in this city. I think that, after the Old Bridge, there isn't a greater cultural monument in Mostar.³

³ Remark by the Editors: The storyteller did not live to see the book in print. He died in august 2017.

54. Volonterska akcija
čišćenja / Volunteer
clean up activities
2012. Haris Idriz



55. Radionica na
Partizanskom
spomeniku u sklopu
*Mostar Summer
Youth Program-a* /
Workshop on the
Partizan Monument
as a part of *Mostar
Summer Youth Program*
2015. Alisa Burzić





56. Pogled na najvišu terasu / View of the highest terrace
2015. Arna Mačkić

58. Radionica na Partizanskom spomeniku u sklopu *Mostar Summer Youth Program-a* / Workshop on the Partizan Monument as a part of *Mostar Summer Youth Program*
2016. Russell Wiltshire



57. Radionica na Partizanskom spomeniku u sklopu ljetnog programa *Humanity in Action* / Workshop on the Partizan Monument as a part of summer programme organized by *Humanity in Action*
2016. Jasmin Hasić

59. Partizanski spomenik i grad / The Partisan Monument and the city
2017. Luka Čuljak



ZAHVALE /
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Dugujemo veliku zahvalnost svim ljudima koji su dali doprinos realizaciji ove knjige nesebično dijeleći sa nama svoje priče, doživljaje i fotografije. Oni su nas naučili važnosti iskustava i uspomena u kreiranju našeg viđenja stvarnosti. Bez njih, ova cijela knjiga ne bi bila moguća.

Svojim savjetima, podrškom i vlastitim angažmanom naš rad su obogatili i prijatelji:

/ We owe immense gratitude to all the people who have given their contribution to the realisation of this book, generously sharing with us their stories, experiences and photographs. They have taught us the importance of experiences and memories in the creation of our vision of reality. Without them this book would not have been possible.

With their advice, support, and personal engagement, the following friends have enriched our work:

Toni Miličević, Ivica Marasović, Marina Đapić, Ivana Pažin, Aida Bećirović, Judith Brand, Jelena Soldo, Mika Pasanen, Vanja Čelebičić, Saša Buljević, Tibor Vrančić, Ana Adamović, Kata Barišić, Lejla Osmanić, Mustafa Stupac, Marijana Barišić, Damir Ugljen, Riad Ćišić, Ivan Huljev, Edita Vučić, Nina Alerić, Franziska Singer, Saša Šimpraga, Aleksandra Đorđević, Dejan Kosanić, Elma Mahmutović, Maja Babić, Antonija Vodanović, Azra Dizdar, Sonja Leboš, Denis Dupanović, Sabiha Šaćirbegović, Luka Čuljak.

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The stone allegory of two cities hasn't accidentally, without any external nuances, taken place on one of the bare, stony hills of western Mostar. Quite vaguely, somewhere between the sky and the earth—as the old books say—floats the city of Hurqualya, the soufistic peer of manihey's Terrae lucidae, which represented, in gnostic speculations, a kind of a starting point for a journey in the world of wonderful, naive but eternal philosophical and cosmo-poetical images. And I thought the fallen antifascists soldiers, still boys and girls so to speak, have at least symbolical right for the beauty of dreams.

Bogdan Bogdanović

*The city of my friends (The doomed Architect)**

* Prijevod citata sa poledine korica / Translation of the quote from the back of the covers



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Misle da iskrena umjetnička djela nikad ne prestaju nadahnjivati nove stvaralačke poduhvate.

Sanjaju pravednije društvo.

Uče sa ljudima i od ljudi.

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They think that true pieces of art never cease to inspire new creative endeavours
They strive to a more righteous society, and learn with and from people.

Kamena alegorija o dva grada nije se sasvim slučajno, i bez ikakvih podsticaja spolja, obrela na jednom od surih, kamenih bregova zapadnog Mostara... Naime, prilično neodređeno, negde između neba i zemlje—bar tako kažu knjige starostavne—lebdi grad Hurqualya, sufitski parnjak manihejskoj Terrae lucidae, koja je u gnostičarskim spekulacijama predstavljala neku vrstu polazne stanice za otiskivanje u svet divnih, naivnih, ali večitih filozofskih i kosmo-poetskih slika. A ja sam smatrao da mostarski pali antifašistički borci, tako reći još dečaci i devojčice, imaju makar simbolično, pravo na lepotu snova.

Bogdan Bogdanović

Grad mojih prijatelja (Ukleti neimar)

