

A European Trip Diary

May 22-31, 1994

**Bosnia & Serbia:**

***When the Going  
Gets Tough, the  
Tough Get Going***

***By Bob Djurdjevi}***

## London, England

**May 23, 1994**

### ***Rajko Bogojevi} (RG)***

*(a meeting at the Yugoslav Embassy - 12:30-13:00)*

My YU Visa etc.

RG was very nice to me again. He called in the Consul as soon as I arrived at the Embassy and asked him to handle my visa problem. Then we talked for about 20 minutes or so. RG showed me a copy of my recent AZR article which was republished by the Yugoslav Foreign Ministry, and disseminated to the various YU embassies around the world. RG said that he, in turn, usually sends a copy of such texts to some 70 prominent British politicians.

### ***Sir Alfred Sherman (AS)***

*(a meeting at my hotel - 18:30-19:30)*

A "Primadona?"

I called AS around 15:00, just to make sure he did not show up at the "*Hyde Park Hotel*" - which is what ST's original instructions read about the place at which I was staying. I was not. AS seemed to be quite familiar with my hotel (the "*Sheraton Park Tower*"). "It was built in stages," he recalled. "Really?" I said. "How do you know?" "I used to be in the building business," AS said. But when I told him that we were then supposed to go to ST's place in North London, he balked, acting as if this was the first time he'd heard of it. "Oh, that's too far. Maybe another time..."

I felt rather embarrassed. I thought that all this had already been arranged between ST and AS. Now I find out that AS supposedly had just heard about it for the first time from me. "So, you knew nothing about it?" I asked, sounding incredulous. "Just that I was supposed to keep my Monday evening open," he replied. I felt like apologizing, but did not know for what. As if anticipating my quandary, AS said, "Don't worry. That's the Serbs for you. I am used to it by now."

Rather than make me feel better, AS's comment actually made me feel worse. In any event, we agreed to meet at my hotel at 6 p.m., after which I would proceed alone to the planned dinner. When ST called later on, he said confirmed that indeed he had not talked to AS before I had called him (why did he leave it till the last minute?), but

that AS' attitude was obviously a case of a "primadona" who expected others to come to him. "He came to my place for my Slava ("Djurdjev-dan") in early May," ST said. "So I don't see what the big fuss was this time."

As if to underline ST's comment about his "primadona" behavior, AS was very late for our 6 p.m. meeting. I waited for him in the lobby until 6:20 p.m., having left a message with the operators that, if he called, they should direct him to the lobby where I was waiting for him. At 6:20, I went back to my room. "Screw him," I thought to myself as I entered the elevator. I started to do some computer work, figuring I'd do it until about 7:15, at which point I would leave for the ST dinner. At 6:35 p.m., I got a call from the bell captain saying that a Mr. Sherman was waiting for me in the lobby. I went down again.

"Mr. Sherman?" I asked an old man seated at the Asst. Manager's desk. "Sir Alfred Sherman," he replied, with the emphasis on the "Sir"-part. "Pardon me," I felt like saying, but did not. "Do you feel like a coffee or a tea?" I asked ignoring his snobbishness. He said he did. We walked across the lobby to a nearby bar. After we sat down, I asked him how long he had been waiting for me. "For about 20 minutes," he said. "Really?" I said, sounding a bit incredulous. I looked at my watch. It was 6:40. "I waited for you till 6:20, and then went upstairs," I said. He made some lame excuse about the traffic and cabs at this time of day in London.

#### Thatcher, Advice to Karadzic

AS told me that he had been an adviser to Margaret Thatcher, as well as her speech writer, for nine years. "I could just see her head swell up over time as the power was starting to get to her," he said. I told him about Maggie's visit to Phoenix earlier this month, and her speech at the "*Ritz Carlton*" hotel, and the Irish protesters at the "*Camelback Inn*." The latter called her a "baby killer."

AS also said that last May-June, he had traveled to Bosnia and counseled Radovan Karadzic not to bother with the Geneva talks (Owen-Stoltenberg). "It's all a waste of time," AS said to RK. "You must keep hitting the Muslims hard, but always with a specific purpose in mind." AS complained that RK never took his advice - at the Serbs' peril, as it turned out. I told him that he wasn't alone in feeling that way.

#### Serb Waiter

As we were ordering our coffees, the waiter clued on to the fact that my name was Djurdjevic. "Are you a Serb?" he asked. "Of course," I said. "So am I," the waiter said, beaming ear-to-ear. "It's a small world," I said to AS, after the waiter had left.

## **Srdja Trifkovi} (ST)/Michael Stenton (MS)** *(a dinner at Srdja's place - 20:15-23:00)*

### An International Dinner Party

ST picked me up at the Southgate tube station and drove me home. Their apartment is a garden flat of a detached house in a North London suburb. Mirjana, ST's unwed wife, who is expecting a child on June 1, works as a private secretary for a wealthy British aristocrat. She has an 11-year old son, who very politely said good night to all of us before going to bed.

MS, a Cambridge U. professor probably still in his 30's, is married to a Chinese woman. She did not say a word for the longest time. After I finally forced her into the conversation, if only to see if she could speak English, she was reticent to offer any opinions. Even when the subject was the Chinese-Japanese relations, for example, let alone Bosnia, she would not want to say anything critical about the Japanese. What was she afraid of? That I was a spy?

### Karadzic's Daughter

About the only memorable part of the dinner conversation from the Serbian point of view came early on, when ST spoke with as much passion as venom as I have ever heard him talk. He said that Karadzic's daughter, Sanja, was starting to usurp him in the media relations job. "Isn't she a medical student?" I egged him on a bit. I got an explosion in return. "Not only is she just a medical student out of her depth in media relations. She is totally incompetent," ST said, not even trying to control his anger. "So are you accusing RK of nepotism?" I asked. "You're damn right. But, you're going over there yourself," ST replied. "You can judge for yourself." □

## Budapest, Hungary

### May 24, 1994

#### *Budapest-Belgrade Bus Ride*

*(a Zepter minibus trip from Budapest to Belgrade- 14:05-20:00)*

#### Neda Ukraden (NU)

There were only five passengers plus the driver on our bus from Budapest to Belgrade. Two men in the back seat spoke Serbian to each other, even though they had Swiss and Belgian passports. An older woman who sat behind me was evidently a foreigner, judging by her accent. And then there was a very beautiful woman whom everybody seem to know, who sat next to me in the front row. I noticed that the initials on her case read "N" and "U," but otherwise had no idea who she was. "Remember, I have to be in Belgrade by tonight at 8 p.m. for my TV show," she told the driver, evidently alluding to a prior arrangement to do with her work.

Throughout the trip, she was very cool toward me, only answering questions in a monosyllabic way. It was not until I saw her on POLITIKA TV later on that this evening that I figured out why. She must have been suspicious about who I was coming from America - an "enemy" territory to the Serbs. During a viewer call-in program entitled "Minimaxvision," a caller asked her if it were true, as some media had alleged, that she had performed for the "ustashe" (the Croats). She denied it. Then she broke down and cried.

Later on, BJ told me that she was really one of the tragic figures of the Bosnian war. Unhappily married once, she was forced to flee for BG, where some people are now being mean to her because of her Croatian-sounding name.

Meanwhile, NU spent the time it took to drive from Novi Sad to Belgrade to put on her make-up. I've never seen anyone take so long, and fuss so much. On the other hand, I have not held a stop watch while other women were doing it, either. In any event, by the time she was finished, NU looked like a whole different person.

#### German Lady

Karolina Maria Derovic, or just "Teta Lija" (Aunt Lia), is how an 86-year old woman with a foreign accent introduced herself to NU and myself. She told us that she was German born, had been married to a Serb, and had lived in Belgrade ever since 1947. After her husband died, a little while ago, she moved back to Germany. Now she is returning to Belgrade - "permanently," as she says. The reason? "Germans are such cold people," she said. "I didn't like it there at all. So I am going

back to Serbia where people are so nice to me. I have good friends in Belgrade. I missed them."

*I wished some of the U.S. media commentators who said the Serbs were racist or had called them fascists (e.g., Anthony Lewis, Peter Jennings, Ted Koppel, Ralph Begleiter, Albert Wohlstetter, William Safire etc.) were there to hear this German lady speak. As we approached the Hungarian-Yugoslav border, Aunt Lia started to curse the Hungarians for humiliating the Serbs at the border. She also used harsh words criticizing the German government's treatment of the Serbs.*

NU asked the old lady if she could mention her on the air during this evening's TV program. Aunt Lia said she'd be honored. Indeed, speaking on POLITIKA TV later on this evening, NU talked about what this German lady said, without mentioning her name. □

## **Belgrade, Yugoslavia**

### ***Bora Jovanovi} (BJ)***

*(a dinner meeting at a boat restaurant on the river Sava - 21:15-02:00)*

#### Seselj's Parliamentary Ruckus, Schedule

BJ gave me a "heads up" about the ruckus which Seselj and one of his deputies caused in the Parliament the other day, as well as about many other people with whom I was about to meet.

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## **May 25, 1994**

### ***Dragoljub Mi}unovi} (DM)***

*(a meeting at the Intercontinental - 9:15-10:00)*

#### Seselj's Parliamentary Ruckus

DM said he had to go back to the YU Parliament to try to smooth out a ruckus which occurred there last week. One of the Radical Party MPs, said he had a new law to propose. Radoman Bozovic, the former Prime Minister of Serbia and a Milosevic associate, now the Speaker of the House, asked the MP to table his proposed legislation in writing. But the MP insisted on having a right to discuss the bill. When Bozovic refused to let him do so, the MP said he had another bill to propose. "This time, it's the bill to remove that thief, Radoman Bozovic, as the Speaker of the House." Whereupon, Bozovic turned off the MP's microphone. The MP grabbed a glass of water and splashed Bozovic with it. But Bozovic maintained his calm, and asked for

the security to come in and remove the rebel MP from the chamber. The MP started to leave the room when Vojislav Seselj, the leader of the Radical Party, rose up to defend his MP. A ruckus ensued, during which Seselj wrestled with the security people whom Bozovic had called in for help. Then Seselj asked for a knife with which he cut the telephone/microphone cables.

A vote was taken to censure Seselj and his deputy, during which most opposition parties joined the government in condemning the Radical Party leader. The following day, Vuk Draskovic and Seselj held a press conference, during which Draskovic threw his support behind Seselj (the two had been "mortal enemies" until then), and publicly chastised his (SPO) deputies for voting against Seselj.

DM said that all opposition party leaders, including himself, would like to see Bozovic removed. But he (DM) knew that they did not have enough votes which is why he did not think this was the right time to challenge Bozovic. On the other hand, notwithstanding the "kiss and make up" between Draskovic and Seselj, DM did not think that the kind of behavior which Seselj demonstrated in the Parliament, with cameras rolling and recording it all, is acceptable or should be tolerated.

#### Ozren Losses

We talked for a while about the Bosnian situation. DM agreed with me that there was no peaceful option in sight at the present time. He said the situation on the front was getting worse for the Serbs. "They lost a lot of people on Ozren just recently," DM said. "They did not lose much territory, but lost about 150 people."

### **Zoran Koji} (ZK)**

*(a meeting at his office at the Intercontinental - 10:15-10:45)*

#### Smederevo "Oilmen"

ZK said that he has a power boat with a 100 horsepower engine which he uses for recreational purposes on the Danube or Sava rivers. "The big 100 horsepower engines are now in greatest demand," he said. "Do you know why?" I shook my head. "Because they are used for smuggling of oil." He relayed to me a story about a friend of his from Smederevo who's been offering to buy his engine. "They attach the engine to a barge, load up the barge with oil barrels (actually, the Danube is more like a lake at that point)."

ZK said that there is an island in the Danube between Smederevo and the Romanian border. The island is Romanian territory. So the ships carrying the oil dock there without any problems. Then the private Romanian citizens sell the oil to their Serbian partners. The Serbs load up their barges and off they go up the river. "They play cat and mouse games with the police," ZK explained. "They have their own people on the banks of the Danube who signal them if the police are waiting."

Sometimes the police wise up, too, and show up in plainclothes. But generally, the police only confiscate as much oil as they need themselves." ZK said that his friend was making DM2,000 (\$1,200) a day trading like that.

After many months of profitable trading like that, the grateful Serbs decided one day to throw a party for their Romanian partners. So they brought with them to the island the Serb musicians, as well as the piglets, lamb and other meat for roasting. The party went on into the night. The singing and music became so loud that it alarmed the Romanian authorities who sent the army to the island to check out what was going on. The business partners embraced the soldiers who stayed and partied with them until dawn.

"So that's how the sanctions are getting busted!" I exclaimed. "How stupid of Clinton to think that he can control people like that!" ZK nodded.

## ***Du{an Markovi} (DM)***

*(a meeting and interview at his office at Radio Belgrade - 11:00-12:00)*

### German Visas

I told DM of the German lady with whom I traveled from Budapest. This reminded him of another story about the Germans - about their government, that is.

At one point during the battle of Gorazde, foreign embassies had withdrawn all their staff from Belgrade (hoping to intimidate the Serbs to believe that BG would be bombed next). It so happened that at that time the famous Serb Dragacevac brass band was asked to participate at a cultural event in Germany. Which meant that the nearest place at which they could get the German visa was Budapest. The woman who was organizing the tour talked to the German Embassy there and was told that all people who wished to travel had to come to Budapest in person and bring their passports. And so, 14 of them did (12 band members, the organizer and DM, as the reporter who was supposed to accompany them).

They traveled all night and were at the German Embassy as soon as it opened in the morning. The staff took their passports and told them to return at 2 p.m. to pick up the visas. In the meantime, the woman-organizer had assisted the German embassy staff with translation for four Muslims from Tuzla, who claimed to be refugees. They did not even have proper documents. One had some sort of an ID, but even that was without a photo. Nevertheless, they were issued visas for Germany on the spot.

When the Serbs returned at 2 p.m., they were told by the embassy staff that their visa applications had been denied. The woman-organizer asked for the reason. "According to German law, we are not required to state the reason," she was told coldly. "You see, that's the kind of humiliation the Serbs are subjected to everywhere in Europe," DM commented. "We've become a free game."

After our talk, DM and I recorded an interview which Radio BG broadcast this evening at 21:00 within the program "Veceras Zajedno."

## **@ika Djordjevi} (ZD)**

*(a meeting/interview at his office at Radio Yugoslavia - 12:00-12:40)*

### Interview

Similarly, I recorded an interview at Radio Yugoslavia (which is in the same building, just a floor above Radio BG) after a brief meeting with ZD.

## **General Mom~ilo Peri{i} (GMP)**

*(a meeting at his office; General Dimitrijevic also present - 13:00-14:30)*

I was met at the steps of the Yugoslav Army Headquarters building by Biljana Djurdjevic and a young captain who looked like a movie star. He could have played the role of Tom Cruise's blonde rival in the movie "Top Gun." The young officer saluted, then shook my hand. He introduced himself as a member of the General Perisic's staff. At exactly the same time, a group of blue-hatted UNPROFOR officers arrived. Judging by their mustaches and stiff backs I figured they must be British. They were greeted by some other YU Army people. "I see, you're also entertaining the enemy," I joked.

Biljana excused herself and left. As the young captain and I entered the building, the guards who were lined up along both sides of the corridor stiffened up in salute. The same thing happened when we entered the foyer leading up to General Perisic's office. Except that, this time, it was a bunch of generals who were standing erect and saluting me. *I never felt more important in all my life. It's amazing what the uniforms and military behavior can do to one's ego.* The generals must have just finished a meeting with General Perisic. I smiled and shook hands with each of them as the young captain introduced them to me one by one. One of them, General Dimitrijevic, a big guy with brown hair and dark eyes, accompanied me into General Perisic's office. General Perisic got up from behind his desk and greeted me warmly. "Please choose wherever you'd like to sit," he said pointing to a long conference table. Figuring he would want to sit at the head of the table, I chose the chair to his right.

As we engaged in some small talk, I noticed underneath the table a small, white box. It could have been a call button, or it could have been a bug. I preferred to think it was the former, but acted as if it were the latter.

GMP, a three-star general, said that he very much appreciated the work I was doing to help bring the truth out about the Yugoslav crisis. He also thanked me for the story about I wrote about him personally, published October. GMP said that reads

everything I send, and finds the information very valuable. "So you understand English?" I asked. "No, not really," he replied. "But we have a foreign translation service here who translate for me all your materials."

I turned to General Dimitrijevic, a one-star general, and asked him what he was in charge of. He replied that he reported to General Perisic, and was responsible for security in the YU Army.

### Personal Background

The Chief of General Staff of the YU Army is a slight man with sandy hair and blue, almost gray eyes. GMP was born in Sumadija (Central Serbia), yet speaks the "ijekavski" Serbian. That's probably because he spent most of his military career in the Yugoslav Army's Fifth Region, which stretches through Croatia and Bosnia.

### Relations with General Mladic

When the Croatian war started in 1991, GMP was the commander of the Zadar region. The area bordered the Knin district, where General Ratko Mladic was in charge. Asked what his relations with General Mladic were like, GMP said they were "excellent." "We were classmates," GMP explained. But even more importantly, it seemed, "we've saved each other many times during the war." It did not hurt that the two also have a family bond. GMP's wife is from Trnovo, a town southeast of Sarajevo which the Muslims devastated in 1992, but which the Serbs recaptured in the summer of 1993. Trnovo is also the birthplace of General Mladic. And GMP had an apartment in Sarajevo to which it evacuated his family in 1991 when things heated up in Zadar.

### Bosnia: Strategic Assessment

Asked if he agreed with my strategic assessment from last October that time was on the side of the enemy, GMP said "absolutely." After my visits to Serbia and Bosnia last September, I argued that the longer the war goes on, the better equipped and trained the Muslims will become. The U.N. sanctions, on the other hand, will keep weakening the Serbs, both in Bosnia and in Serbia. "That's why it's so important that Yugoslavia not be drawn into the war," GMP added. "For that would make it that much more difficult for us to support the Bosnian Serbs."

### American, German Interests

MP thought that the American and German interests will invariably clash in the Balkans. He saw the Croatians as the German protégés, and the Muslims in Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia and Kosovo as American stooges. That's why he felt that the Muslim-Croatian confederation did not have a chance of success.

But when I pointed out to him that the American policy toward YU was against the break up all the way through late 1991, he replied that "that's when they (the U.S.) thought they could put their paw on all of (the former) Yugoslavia."

### Gorazde Incidents

During the Gorazde battle in April, Yugoslavia was on the brink of war. Yet, for the above reasons, it showed considerable restraint. "There have been several incidents of NATO aircraft violating the Serbian airspace. We could have shot them down, but elected not to, in order not to escalate the war," GMP explained. He also said that some Bosnian Serb actions during the Gorazde offensive created a rift between the Yugoslav and the Bosnian Serbs. "It is very important for us to communicate clearly with each other, as well as with the outside world," GMP said. For example, should the Muslims or UNPROFOR/NATO succeed in cutting off the strategic Brcko corridor, the YU Army would have no choice but to get involved on the side of the Bosnian Serbs. "We've made that quite clear to the UNPROFOR," he said.

### Zadar Post Office Incident

During the siege of the YU Army barracks in Zadar by the Croatian forces (in 1991), the Croatians had cut off the civilian telephone lines to the army post. "That caused us no military problems. But it was important to me that my soldiers be able to talk to their families and not worry about their safety." So, using the military telephone network, the army technicians were able to patch GMP's calls to the Croatian commanders. "I talked to the 'ustashe' all the time," GMP said. "I gave them a deadline by which they were to enable the civilian telephone lines, or else we would take appropriate action." The deadline passed. The Croatians did nothing. So GMP ordered that the satellite dishes on the Zadar Post Office<sup>1</sup> be blown up. They were. "I called the 'ustashe' commander, and told him that the Post Office itself would be next. We got our telephone service back in a matter of minutes."

As he negotiated the withdrawal of the YU Army troops from Zadar, GMP said that he refused to have his soldiers leave their posts until all equipment was packed and ready to go. "So I had the 'ustashe' do the packing and loading for us." GMP pulled all his troops out of encirclement without a loss of a single life. "We did not get much support from the local Serbs, though," he lamented. There were about 20,000 Serbs in Zadar. "They basically stayed inside their homes the whole time," he said. "What else could they have done?" I thought to myself.

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<sup>1</sup>In most countries in Europe, the telephone service is provided by the PTT (Post, Telephone, Telegraph).

GMP's older son served with him in Zadar. He ordered his wife and the younger son to move out of Zadar. His wife protested, but eventually gave in and left for their apartment in Sarajevo.

### YU Army Chaos

GMP said that the field commanders, such as himself and Gen. Mladic, had to act on their own initiatives when the war in Croatia broke out. "We received no orders from the Army HQ," he said. The YU Army was in disarray - partly because of treachery by the Croatian and Slovenian officers; partly because of the top commanders' ineptness. In addition, the Croatian and the Slovenian governments had done nothing about their citizens who refused to serve in the YU Army well before the conflict started. So, the discipline and morale, so vital in military affairs, were weakened.

### Mostar, Chapljina Incidents

After his withdrawal from Zadar, GMP was sent to Mostar. He met there a Croat who had served under him years ago in Pula (Croatia). The man was grateful to GMP for the way he treated him, and offered to help him with information about the Croatian military plans. In other words, to become his mole. At first, GMP was suspicious. "We had to verify the information by surveillance flights," he said. The Croat was spot on. For example, the mole gave GMP the exact time and place for an assembly of several hundred Croat soldiers in a given courtyard. GMP's gunners lobbed the artillery shells to the assembly spot with devastating results.

In another instance, about 150 Serb soldiers were encircled in Chapljina by the much more numerous "ustashe." GMP decided to try to free his troops. "We planned that rescue mission for 14 days," he recalled. "It was all over in half an hour." GMP threw at the Croats 21 aircraft, numerous helicopters, as well as artillery and ground forces. Nearly the entire Croatian contingent of 1,500 people was wiped out. Yet, all encircled Serbs were saved without casualties. "It was a brilliant maneuver," Gen. Dimitrijevic said, gazing at his boss admiringly.

### Saving His Family

GMP's Croatian informer also warned him that his 'ustashe' enemies from Zadar were plotting to kill his family in Sarajevo. GMP acted quickly and got his family to move to Belgrade on April 14. By that stage, the war in Bosnia had begun<sup>2</sup>. GMP was lucky. The next day, the would-be "ustashe" assassins burst into an empty apartment. "It is ironic, isn't it, that the 'ustashe' wanted to kill my family, and that an 'ustashe' saved my family," he philosophized.

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<sup>2</sup>The Bosnian war started on April 5, on the eve of the recognition of Bosnia by the Western powers.

He also said that having his family's support was of tremendous value to him in carrying out his job. "Don't do anything you or your sons would be ashamed of later on," his wife told him while still in Zadar with him. Such an attitude by a woman was in stark contrast to that of the many YU Army officers who fled their posts in order to save own lives. But then, GMP's wife was no "ordinary woman." She is a Bosnian Serb from Trnovo...

## ***Biljana Djurdjevi} (BD)***

*(a meeting at her "VOJSKA" magazine office - 14:45-15:45)*

### New YU Army Insignia

I was accompanied by a soldier to BD's office, across the street from the Army HQ building in which I met with Gen. Perisic. The soldier had a blue-white-red (YU flag colors) badge on his hat (it used to be a "red star" in Communist days). When I reminded him of that, he said that even this flag-badge is about to change. He said that the army will have an entire new image. It's just that they have not yet been issued the new insignia.

As usual, BD loaded me up with various army publications. When I asked her about the new insignia, she added the glossy which depicted the new YU army image (see the next page). Seeing a double-headed eagle (a part of the Serbian royal crest), I joked that "the only thing you're now missing is the crown." She laughed.

### Bosnia Trip

As we were saying good-byes, she asked me if I were planning to go to Bosnia on this trip as I did the last time. I smiled and said, "you should ask me that question again in a few days." I said that in principle, I did indeed want to meet with General Mladic, as we had just missed each other the last time I was in Bosnia. She latched on to this and offered to make arrangements for me. I politely declined. "I don't want Karadzic to think that I am doing anything behind his back," I said. "I want him to make arrangements for me to meet Mladic." BD laughed with a devilish look on her face. "You're very clever," she said.

## ***Slobodan Seleni} (SS)***

*(a meeting at his apartment - 17:00-18:00)*

### Sand Box, New Book

We met at his apartment on Studentski Trg. I told him that, as a kid, I used to play in the sand box in the park just outside his apartment window. My uncle lived at No. 8, while Selenic is at No. 19.

SS then told me that he has written a new book, "A Premeditated Murder." He got up and went into a back room. He returned with a book in his hands. "Here," he said, handing it to me. "Here's a copy for your airplane reading."

Perisic's Proposed Expulsion from the "PEN Club"

As a former (and current?) president of the PEN club, SS said that he had received requests to have Mile Perisic removed from membership because of his supportive stance to the Bosnian Serbs. "A writer must never be for war and violence," argued those who proposed MP's expulsion. "That's ridiculous," I said. "The writers are also people. They are entitled to their own opinions, just like the people who are not writers."

*The idea reeked of something which Communists would have done. Yet, it was now coming from the BG "city elite" who supposedly opposed the Communists.*

Visit to Zagreb

SS told me that their get-together with the Croatian intellectuals in Zagreb last winter was a carefully orchestrated meeting with the heaviest security arrangements he had ever seen. "There were uniformed police and plainclothes officers everywhere," he said. "They had set an entire floor aside for us at the hotel."

Milorad Vucelic (MV)

SS said that MV (the director of the all-powerful TV Serbia and Milosevic's confidant since four years ago) has changed a lot over time. "His most prominent characteristic is now an almost sick ambition to get ahead," SS thought. "He is on a big power trip."

SS recalled that many years ago, during the meetings of a literary society to which they all belonged, he and another writer were getting most of the annual awards. MV never got any. So the two prize winners felt sorry for him. They proposed that the society come up with a new award for "The Best Womanizer." "MV would have been certain to get it," SS joked.

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**May 26, 1994**

***Du{an Zupan (DZ)***

*(a meeting at his TANJUG office - 8:00-9:00)*

Klas Cartoons

DZ gave me a collection of Aleksander Klas cartoons for my use in the "TIM" publications, or to offer them to my other media contacts. I said that that was exactly

the kind of a thing which we were missing in the "TIM" issues. DZ also gave me the booklet *"The Media War Against the Serbs"* in which one of my articles was also published.

#### News Agencies

DZ said that new news agencies are springing up in BG all the time. There are now at least four who are competing with TANJUG.

### ***Milomir Marij (MM)***

*(a meeting at Hotel "Slavija" - 9:15-10:15)*

#### His Book

MM said that he is writing a big book about Milosevic and all the criminal activities which have been going on in the last several years. He said that he was about 70% to 80% done. He is now editing *"DUGA"* more or less as a part-time job.

MM said that he was struck once in the face by a stranger last year at the "Hotel Majestic" who supposedly roughed him up on Arkan's orders. Indeed, there still a scar visible above his right eye brow. MM said that Arkan had been threatening him before because of the stories which *"DUGA"* had published about Arkan's criminal past. "But I never took it seriously," MM said.

#### Special Forces in Vukovar

MM said that Arkan also exaggerated his and his troops role during the war. "He is just a small time thug whose paramilitary troops Milosevic had used as cover for the Serbian special forces which did take part in the war," MM said. He commented that during the battle for Vukovar, for example, the Serbian special forces cleared the mine fields, and did most of the fighting. "After it was all over, Arkan would parade for the media with his paramilitary troops making it seem as if they did it," MM explained. That way, Milosevic was able to say that the Serbian regulars weren't involved.

### ***Ivor Roberts (IR)/Dave(?) Austin (DA)***

*(a meeting at the British Embassy - 10:30-11:30)*

#### Belgrade - Most Important Post

IR said he'd been posted to BG less than two months ago. He is probably in his upper 50s. DA is about 30, and is a political analyst and handles media relations at the Embassy, too. IR said that this is "probably the most important foreign post at the present time." He said that the British Foreign Minister, Douglas Hurd, reads their dispatches about the Bosnian/Yugoslav situation ahead of any others he receives every

day. The British nominally have an embassy in Sarajevo, but most of the real diplomatic work still goes through the Belgrade Embassy.

#### British Media

I said to both of them that I have noticed lately a more objective reporting by the British media about the situation in Bosnia. "I am glad to hear that," IR said, explaining that they get to see the British press after considerable delay. Then turning to DA, he added speaking self-contentedly, "it looks like someone at the Foreign Office is finally starting to act upon our cables."

*I thought to myself that if the British government can influence the media that easily, then the situation in the U.K. isn't all that different from that in the U.S.*

#### Mike Robinson (MR)

IR said that MR is still involved with Yugoslav affairs, but now as an analyst at the Foreign Office in London.

#### American Policy

Both diplomats were *very critical* of the American policy in the region. They did not mince any words to describe their disgust. They used the terms such as "idiotic," "ridiculous," or "stupid" with respect to the American government's unwavering support of the Muslims in Bosnia.

*Overall, I have never before witnessed as big a gap between the British and American foreign policies in the Balkans as during this conversation. Similarly, I have never before seen the British as sympathetic to the Serbs as at present.*

## ***Neboj{a Jur~i} (NC)***

*(a meeting at his POLITIKA office - 11:45-12:45)*

#### POLITIKA's Future

NC said that POLITIKA's future is once again being debated by the Serbian politicians. Since there is no clear owner of the paper (POLITIKA was considered a "social property" during the Communist years), both the Socialists and the opposition are trying to muscle in on its Board. Meanwhile, POLITIKA's management are trying to steer as independent a course as possible. "It will be a hot summer," NC predicted.

#### Bosnian War

NC sounded quite pessimistic about the military situation of the Bosnian Serbs. He thought that they have been suffering losses on many fronts.

## ***Patriarch Pavle (PP)***

*(a meeting at the Patriarchate office - 13:50-14:30)*

### Meeting of "Arhijereskog Sabora"

Our meeting had been affixed for 13:30. PP had warned BJ in advance that on this day there will be a meeting of "Arhijerejskog Sabora," and that our meeting would, therefore, have to be limited only to half an hour.

When I got there at 13:30, the "Arhijerejski Sabor" meeting was still in progress. During about a 20 minute-wait on the third floor of the Patriarchate Building, several bishops walked by. Some had recognized me and started to chat (e.g., the Bishop of Budim; Bishop Amfilohije of Montenegro, and one other whose name I don't remember). Even Metropolitan Irinej (of Chicago) was there. So we had a nice chat.

### Visit by Russian Patriarch Aleksei

When the meeting broke up, PP and I met at the "usual" reception room. He greeted me as an old friend. He said he was very glad to see me again. We picked up the conversation where we left off last fall - about the visit by the Russian Patriarch. Only this time, what I was then urging PP to do, has already happened. So I was interested to get a first-hand report about the success of the visit.

PP said that the visit was very successful overall. "If only we had more time," he lamented. He described in great detail the visit to Bosnia to consecrate the site of a future Russian church outside Sarajevo. This is where they had planned to meet with the head of the Croatian Catholic Church, Cardinal Kuharic, and with the "Mufti" - the head of the Muslim religion in Bosnia. Kuharic agreed to the meeting in advance by a FAX. But the "Mufti" kept setting various conditions. Eventually, the two Orthodox Patriarchs stopped at the Serbian Church in Sokolac, then went to Pale, met with Karadzic, consecrated the church site, and met only with Cardinal Kuharic. The "Mufti" never showed up.

From Bosnia, the two patriarchs went north into Vojvodina (Novi Sad). Before that, they visited Kosovo. "The crowds of people everywhere were incredible," PP said. "It was really heart-warming to see so many people."

PP also said that Patriarch Aleksei promised full support of the Russian church for the cause of the Serbian people. "We must stick together," Pat. Aleksei apparently told PP. "For, we (the Russians) could be next to be treated as badly as the West has treated the Serbs."

*"Thank God," I thought. "There is hope then." Because the Russian church has never lost much power over its people even during Communism. Which is why they returned to its fold so fast after the Communists disappeared. "Yeltsins" of this world will come and go. But the Russian church will endure.*

### Easter Service in Phoenix

The crowds during the patriarchs' trip reminded me of the overflowing St. Sava Easter Service in Phoenix this year, so I told PP about it. He was so overjoyed that he was practically bouncing on his little bench. "So you see what happens even in America when the Serbs get scared," I joked. He laughed.

I asked him if he had a personal message for Father Janko Trbovich. He said that he did, and gave it to me verbally. I will pass it on the same way.

### Visit to Gorazde

I told PP in confidence that I was planning to go to Bosnia the following day. "I think that it is very important for these peoples' morale to see that others care, especially the church, and also those of us who are so far away from them," I said. At least that was the reaction I got from ordinary soldiers during my last visit to Pale, I said. PP agreed. He said that he felt the same way after the NATO bombing in mid-April in Gorazde. He went to visit to Serb leaders at Pale. And when someone suggested that they continue the journey and visit the troops on the front around Gorazde, PP jumped at the opportunity. "Why not?" this fearless tiny old man said as he was driven into the war zone.

But their car got stuck in the mud along the way. And so, they had to get out, while some people tried to push it back onto the road. That's when some Western reporters recognized PP. PP complained that later on they filed reports about the head of the Serbian church allegedly going to the front to lead the Serb troops into a "holy war" against the Muslims. PP, who is about as peace-loving a person as there is on this Earth, shook his head. "I just don't understand the Western media," he said. "Why do they have to lie and twist everything?"

## **Zoran Djindji} (ZD)**

*(a meeting at the Democratic Party office at Terazije - 14:45-15:30)*

### Learning to be a Politician

During the briefing the first night, BJ had told me that ZD was learning to be a politician. "He works hard. He travels all the time. The other day he even held up and kissed a baby," ZD said. He added that he could never see Micunovic doing the same. I concurred.

So when I was led into ZD's office, the first thing I noticed that it was the same room in which I had been meeting with DM, only smaller. And differently laid out. There was no question anymore, therefore, who was the leader of the Democratic Party. It was ZD, not DM.

ZD confirmed BJ's assessment. He said that he indeed traveled somewhere almost every other day to be with people. "What is the profile of your typical voter," I asked.

ZD was waffling with his answer. "We seem to attract an awful lot of kids," he finally said. "Kids?" I repeated, sounding baffled. "What do you mean by that?" "You know - children 10, 11 or 12 years of age," he explained. "But what good does that do you since they are not the voting age?" I wondered out loud. "They bring their parents along to our rallies," ZD replied.

"That's interesting," I mused. "Can you explain why you're attracting the kids?" "No, I can't," he said honestly. "We just don't know."

*I thought of his youthful looks, but decided to let that one lie.*

### Marketing Ideas

My marketing wheels started turning, though.

"Do you get MTV here?" I asked.

"Well, the Channel 3 runs it when they don't run their own programming," ZD said. "I like it. I watch it myself. But why do you ask?"

I explained that if he indeed appealed to the younger generation, then he should exploit that deliberately through ads and youth-related programs, not just leave things to chance.

He perked up immediately. "Please go on," he said straightening up in his chair.

I outlined some marketing ideas to use on Channel 3.

"But the government will never let us run something like that," ZD said.

"The government? What does the government have to do with that?" I asked evidently naively.

"The government (i.e., Milosevic) control all TV," he said.

"Including the Channel 3?" I asked.

"Including the Channel 3."

"And I supposed the Channel B is also off limits because the Americans have bought them off?" I speculated, based on some things BJ had told me earlier.

"You've got it."

"And who controls the POLITIKA TV channel?"

"No one," ZD replied, sounding a bit unsure.

"So, why not...." I never had to finish the sentence. I could see the lights going off in ZD's head. So I just smiled as he hurriedly jotted down some notes.

"Do you have any more ideas?" ZD asked after he finished. "Well, not really," I replied. "Actually, I came here primarily to hear what some of your ideas are."

We finished our conversation by talking about the unfortunate incident in the Parliament involving Seselj. He asked me to come back and see him any time I were in Belgrade. I said I would.

## ***Kapitalina Eri} (KE)***

*(a meeting at her apartment - 15:40-15:55)*

### Uncle Ljubo Bogdanovic

Since I had a few minutes to kill before my next meeting, I decided to drop in unannounced on my Uncle and Aunt Bogdanovic, who live near Terazije. For the longest time, no one answered the door. Finally, I heard my aunt's voice ask, "who is there?" "It's me, Bob Djurdjevic," I said. The rattle of the chains followed. Finally, Aunt Kapitalina's face showed up behind the door. "Oh my God," she said dramatically (being an actress, I am sure this came naturally). "What a surprise!"

After we sat down, she explained that my uncle was at the Belgrade University Clinic, being prepped for a hip transplant operation. She described to me the gory details of what the doctors were going to do to help him, and how much money she had to spend buying the medication which he would need for the operation. "But at least the hip was free," she said. "The hip was free?" I repeated. "Yes. The Belgrade hospital got a bunch of hips as a part of the humanitarian aid."

I had some morbid thoughts about a "hip parade" in the sanctions-starved Belgrade. But I chose (probably wisely) not to share with my aunt. "I am so worried," she said. "I am more worried than he."

She went on talking about the fact that my uncle, otherwise a heart patient with at least one heart attack to his credit, had to get a special permission from his cardiologist to undergo the hip operation. She praised this doctor whom she called "the No. 1 violin" among the BG cardiologists.

"His name wouldn't be Dejan Boskovic, by any chance, would it? I asked.

She was stunned. "How did you know?"

I explained that Dr. Boskovic was a friend who took me via a back door to the oncology ward of the BG hospital last fall, which his wife ran, so as to show me the appalling conditions which the U.N. sanctions had caused among the leukemia patients. I did not tell her that my next meeting was with Dr. Boskovic, in about five minutes, about 200 yards away from her apartment. Since my uncle was a Communist, I figured that she'd never appreciate, either, the role which God played in our encounter this afternoon.

## ***Dr. Dejan Bo{kovi} (DB)***

*(a meeting at Hotel "Moscow" - 16:15-17:30)*

### BG Criminals

I could not prove it, but I had a feeling that "*Hotel Moscow*" has become one of the "Belgrade mafia" headquarters. While I was waiting for Dr. Boskovic to show up,

I had plenty of opportunities to observe the goings on at the open air cafe in front of the hotel. By their unsavory faces, I could have sworn that half the clientele were criminals. The other half looked like the retired pensioners. I did not see many "normal" working people. Which is why I was curious why Dr. Boskovic suggested that we meet there? Or was it BJ that did it?

In any event, when DB finally showed up, I made sure we sat beyond the ear shot of the people who I suspected were the local thugs.

#### No Consequences, Son in WI

DB said that he had no negative consequences from our illicit visit to his hospital last fall, and my subsequent report. Nor did his wife. I was relieved to hear that.

He said that his son has been in Wisconsin, attending high school. He has not experienced any anti-Serbian bias, DB said, speculating that that was because he has become the local high school basketball star. "He's about 6' 8" and still growing," DB said. Despite his stardom, DB said that his son did not like it in the States, and wanted to come back to Belgrade. "He thinks that people here have more fun," DB explained. "I think he is probably right," I replied.

#### New Book

DB said that he is waiting for a friend of his from Pennsylvania to work out a deal which would allow him to come to the U.S. for a few months to work on a book. "A few months?" I said. "You must be a fast writer!" "I am," he conceded. "I am the kind of a person who walks into a library at 9:00 a.m. and leaves at 9:00 p.m. When I wrote my other books, the American university librarians were amazed. But I love that kind of work. That's why I don't take many breaks."

## ***Voja Koštunica (VK)***

*(a meeting at his Serb Democratic Party office - 17:45-19:00)*

#### New Facilities, Same Attitude

We met at VK's new offices, near Studentski Trg. As was the case the last time we met, however, VK left me cold. To be sure, he was very nice and friendly. And we spent over an hour together. But often times during our conversation, his mind would wonder off leaving the visitor in an uncomfortable silence.

From what I could gather, VK sounded like the Serbian opposition leader who is the closest in his stance to the cause of the Bosnian Serbs. Yet, he did not go to Pale to grandstand last February, following the first NATO ultimatum, as did Zoran Djindjic and Mile Perisic, for example, both former members of the same original Democratic Party as VK was once. It would appear, therefore, that VK is perhaps too earnest for his own good as a politician.

## ***Mile Perić (MP)***

*(a dinner meeting at the restaurant "VERDI" at Terazije - 21:00-23:30)*

### New Democratic Party Role, Apartment

It would appear that MP has become the No. 2 at the Democratic Party. While Djindjic runs around the country trying to round up the vote, MP seems to be running the party operations. That's new. MP never had such responsibilities while Micunovic was the leader. So it would seem that as Djindjic advanced, so did MP. He also told me that he and Zaneta had moved to a new, bigger apartment (near Tasmajdan Park) a few weeks ago.

### Owner - Democratic Party Supporter

The restaurant owner, Zoran Lukovic, is evidently one of the more generous Democratic Party supporters. MP certainly acted in deference to him.

### Friendship with Karadzic

MP said that his friendship with Radovan Karadzic's family goes back a long way. He said that Radovan and his wife used to come and visit him at his tiny apartment in BG even after he (Radovan) had become a "big shot."

### Michael Djordjevich/Karadzic "Faux Pas"

It was because of the above remark, that I made a "faux pas" with MP as he and I were walking in front of the Yugoslav Parliament building, after the dinner. I thought that, since MP was a friend of both Radovan Karadzic (RK) and Michael Djordjevich (MDj), he would appreciate having his eyes opened about MDj's attitude toward RK last year. So I told him about my dinner with MDj in SF last October, when MDj said to me that he had refused to meet with RK earlier in 1993 during his visit to the U.N., "because he (RK) was declared a war criminal by our government." I told MP that I became incensed with MDj. I told MDj that it was exactly such cowardly attitude that supported the case of the real criminals - such as Lawrence Eagleburger - who made the accusation against RK and others.

I was wrong about MP. He did not want to have his eyes opened. Later on, ST helped me understand why. SUC and/or MDj reportedly pay MP about \$1,000 per month to represent them in Belgrade.

"I can't believe that," MP said in reference to MDj. "He's done so much to help RK. He even went to Pale earlier this year."

"I am very glad," I replied, abandoning my original "enlightenment" plan. "What counts in the end is what MDj did, not necessarily how he got to that position."

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**May 27, 1994**

## ***Ranko Cicovi} ("Cicko")***

*(a drive from Belgrade to Pale [Serb Sarajevo] - 8:00-11:00)*

### Fighting Around Vlasenica

Dr. Karadzic's driver and bodyguard, Cicko seemed glad to see me again. He said he went yesterday to visit his family in Zrenjanin. And this morning he had breakfast with Momcilo Krajisnik, who had just returned from the "contact group" negotiations in France. "He'd be following us (to Pale) in a separate car in a couple of hours," Cicko explained.

After we crossed into Bosnia at Zvornik, on the section of the road between Vlasenica and Han Pijesak, Cicko said that only a few weeks ago there was fighting here. The Muslims had tried to cut the road to Pale and take Vlasenica, he said. After their initial assaults, the Serbs managed to push the Muslims back. "But the front is still only a couple of miles from the road in some places," Cicko said. He pointed out a few of such spots to me. One was a sharp curve near the mountain spring at which we stopped last Fall to have a drink. I noticed that we did not stop this time.

### Churkin's Last Ride

Since I knew that Cicko had driven (Vitaly) Churkin (the Russian envoy) during his first ride to Pale (see "Churkin's Church" story from the September 1993 diary), I asked him if he had also done the same during Churkin's last visit in February. He said he had. After that visit, Churkin had sharply criticized the Serbs over Gorazde, both in Belgrade and in Moscow. "He is not going to be coming back," Cicko said. "He is not welcome here anymore."

Cicko, who is a fast driver anyway, said that he drove Churkin like a maniac on his last ride to Belgrade. "Twice he had to get out and throw up," Cicko said sounding smug about it.

### Neda Ukraden

I told Cicko that I had traveled with Neda Ukraden from Budapest to Belgrade and asked him if he knew who she was. "Of course, I do," he said. "I have her phone number. She now lives on Banovo Brdo." But before the war, she lived in Ilidza. Because of her unusual name, which most people assumed was Croatian, the Serbs destroyed her apartment there, he said. "But I know that she is a fine lady, and a good Serb," he said.

### Karadzic's Daughter

I said that I'd heard that RK's daughter was now doing some sort of "PR" work. Considering that Jovan Zametica was responsible for the same, I said I was wondering what the difference was. Cicko said he wasn't quite sure himself, but thought that RK's daughter was handling the domestic press, while Zametica was doing the same for the foreign correspondents.

### British Support

When I told Cicko that the British were currently the Serbs' best friends, in my opinion, he livened up. He said that he had a conversation about it last Fall "with the doctor," in which he opined that the British would end up being the Serbs' supporters. He said he did not know exactly why. "It was just a gut feel," he said. "So I am glad to hear that it's turning out that way."

## **Pale (Serb Sarajevo), Bosnia**

### ***Mitar Radovi} (MR)***

*(a meeting at the Press Center office - 11:15-11:35)*

### Sarajevo Before the War

MR is RK's "chief of protocol." He I met during my last visit. He remembered it well, he said, and was very friendly with me. We sat down at the press conference room on the main floor of the Presidency building (see the photos). After a secretary brought in two coffees and orange juice, MR opened up about his life before the war. He said that he was the director of catering at the Sarajevo "*Holiday Inn*." As it turned out, the hotel later became the site where most of the anti-Serb media were holed up during the war. But MR said that that's where Dr. Karadzic and his family also lived for about a month before the war started. "It was no longer safe for them to stay at their apartment," MR explained. "So we set a floor aside for them and posted our own security. I also ensure that only my Serb chefs and waiters prepared and served their food." "So you knew the war was coming?" He nodded affirmatively. "Ever since the Americans let Alija (Izetbegovic) know that they would recognize Bosnia, the war was inevitable. Every day, we saw evidence of the Muslims getting ready for it."

### Flight from Sarajevo

Sensing trouble, MR said that he his wife had sent their children to stay with her sister in Pale. The two of them remained in the city until April 20 (1992). That's when they decided to make a run for it. They started on foot then hailed a cab. "We were very lucky," MR said. "We were approaching a Muslim barricade when the car

ahead of us was stopped and searched. That's what gave our taxi driver to get through without being interrogated." MR said that later on, they climbed on a street car which took them toward the Serbian-held suburb of Ilidza. MR pretended to read a newspaper hoping that no one on the street car would recognize him. No one did. "I was petrified," he now admits. He and his wife went to the end of the line and then walked another mile or so until they got to the Serbian barricades. They saw the Serb guards turn back a couple of Muslims ahead of them before letting them through.

### Sarajevo Doctors

I tried to find out what happened to the five doctors and several nurses who were imprisoned in Sarajevo in late January. MR said that they had just been sentenced to prison terms ranging from 18 months to two years. *So, that's how the Sarajevo Muslim government pays its debt of gratitude to these selfless individuals who treated all sick and injured alike - the Muslims, the Croats, or the Serbs, I thought.*

### My Chinese Doctor

When MR mentioned Ilidza, that reminded me of my Chinese doctor who used to live and work there in 1991. I asked him in whose hands Ilidza was. He said that it was the Serb territory. "What hotel was your doctor-friend staying at?" he asked. I said I didn't know. "Probably the 'Terme'," he surmised. "Tell your friend that he'd be welcome to come back any time. He could stay at the same hotel with no problems."

## ***Mile Dmi~i} (MD)***

*(a meeting at the Press Center office - 11:35-11:40)*

### RK's Chief of Cabinet

MD introduced himself as Dr. Karadzic's chief of cabinet. We chatted for a few minutes about the origin of his unusual surname (he thought that someone among his ancestors had added the letter "D" to the more common Serbian name "Micic").

## ***Dr. Radovan Karad`i} (RK)***

*(a meeting at his office - 11:40-18:15; his wife, Ljilja, attended the luncheon part)*

### Overall Impressions

I spent nearly the entire business day with RK in his office. Throughout the day, he displayed an amazing degree of trust. We would talk for a while, then take a break during which he would receive other people, and/or return phone calls. Some of these conversations were quite confidential. Others were personal - such as with his wife, for example, who waited outside his office door until the first break in our meeting.

RK was similarly very open when explaining his future tactics and strategies, using some of at least a dozen different maps on his office walls (see the photo).

I offered to leave, for instance, when RK's minister without portfolio, Velibor Ostojic, who is also president of RK's SDP party, came in to discuss some personnel issues. RK asked me to stay. Earlier on, he had told me that he intended to nominate Ostojic as the new Prime Minister, as well as shuffle a number of other cabinet positions. He introduced me to Ostojic by saying, "Bob Djurdjevic is one of 'us' in 'their' lines."

### Opening Remarks

We sat down facing each other across a long, black conference table in RK's office. "You are the only one who has been able to awaken the conscience of the media as well as the Serbs in Diaspora," he said in his opening remarks. "You've been able to achieve what others have not thanks to your tremendous determination and perseverance." I replied that "determination and perseverance" were not necessarily indigenous Serbian characteristics. He agreed. I explained that "never say die"-attitude was really an American trait which helped me achieve certain business successes, and that I had simply applied that to Serbian affairs as well.

### Gen. Michael Rose, Akashi

I said that I have noticed a considerable shift for the better in the British policy toward the Serbs since my last visit. RK agreed. He cited as an example Gen. Michael Rose's remarks the other day during a visit by a NATO/U.N. delegation to the effect that the Muslims had no hope of winning the war. "This was a partial payment of his debts (vis-à-vis the Gorazde bombing decision)," said RK snickering. "You see, I am still refusing to receive him. I haven't yet decided what the right price will be before I do."

RK also said that the Serbs are very popular in Japan. "How do you explain that?" I asked. "I don't know," RK replied. "Maybe it's because we are so far away."

*I smiled. I thought of what an Englishman once said about the most prominent "national characteristic" of the Serbs. It was envy. "More than anything else, a typical Serb would wish his neighbor's cow to croak," he said. But it was okay if the people farther away did well. "Maybe the Japanese and the Serbs have something in common, after all?" I thought.*

RK added that Yasushi Akashi, the top U.N. civilian authority in the Balkans, was now totally on the Serb side. "Yet, he came here negatively predisposed toward the Serbs." "How do you know that?" I asked. "I don't," RK admitted. "But I am assuming that based on the fact that he is a U.N. official. And we all know the attitude of the U.N. toward us."

### New Power Struggles within EU

RK said that the British and the Italians are getting closer together in their Balkan policies so as to counter the Franco-German alliance. "The French want the Americans (NATO) out of Europe," RK said. "They want to have a European military force instead which would get its weapons from the local suppliers, not from America." The British, of course, don't want to be dominated by the French and the Germans. So they are forging their own alliances within the European Union partners.

The recent Italian claim to Istria, a part of today's Croatia and Slovenia, but a former Italian territory which was ceded to Tito by the Allies after WW II, is an example of a challenge to a German protégé-states. RK felt that this was done in coordination with Britain.

### Zimmermann, American Policy, Jim Baker in BG

We talked for a while about Warren Zimmermann's turning his coat after leaving the State Department and becoming one of the vocal hawks who were urging the bombing of the Serbs. RK pointed out that Zimmermann sabotaged the talks in Lisbon in March 1992 by encouraging Alija Izetbegovic, thus igniting the war in Bosnia. I said that while that may be true, the U.S. policy was against the break up of YU all the way through late 1991. RK said that even that's questionable. He said that the YU intelligence people had installed some eavesdropping devices at a Belgrade reception in June 1991, during which they taped Jim Baker telling Izetbegovic that the U.S. would support him. "That's interesting," I said. "Because at the same time, Baker had publicly chastised Tudjman and Kucan (the Croatian and Slovenian leaders), and warned them not to dare secede from YU." "I know," RK nodded in agreement. I then explained to RK that I had in my possession a copy of a July 1991 letter to Baker from Tudjman in which Tudjman was alluding to the earlier support which he had received from Baker (i.e., the U.S. government), and was hoping that they could reestablish such a relationship.

*In other words, it is entirely possible that, while taking a public stance against the Yugoslav breakup, the American diplomacy was secretly encouraging it. Our unwavering support to the Albanian separatists in Kosovo, for example, also points in the same direction. It may be, therefore, that Zimmermann did not lie to me about his belief that YU would hold together, and that he was a Serbs' friend just because he was stupid or malicious. He may have done it while merely carrying out a duplicitous American policy.*

### UNPROFOR - the Occupying Force

I repeated to RK my earlier view that the UNPROFOR troops were basically an occupying force. And that allowing them into Bosnia was a strategic error. "Maybe," RK replied. "But we can grab them just like that if the war escalates." "You mean

take them as hostages?" I asked. "Yes," RK said. He described several minor incidents where this has already happened.

After the Gorazde bombing by NATO, the Bosnian Serbs kept the UNPROFOR troops in check for a while. In Sarajevo, for example, where the UNPROFOR troops were guarding the Serbian heavy weapons depots left there after the February U.N./NATO ultimatum, RK ordered that the UNPROFOR soldiers be surrounded by the Serbs. "So about 50 U.N. soldiers were guarding the weapons, and about 500 Serbian soldiers were guarding the U.N.," RK said. "We can take those weapons any time we want."

In another incident in Central Bosnia, Gen. Rose ordered the UNPROFOR to widen a corridor which the Muslims had used to transport their troops. That meant pushing the Serbs out of their present positions by force. RK promptly ordered that, as a counter-measure, the UNPROFOR troops be surrounded in their armored vehicles, and the Serb heavy weapons trained on them for 24 hours. "I told our commanders not to shoot, but just to keep them in gun sights," RK said. "It was an exercise in humiliation. The UNPROFOR officers even had to get our commander's permission for when and where to relieve themselves. After 24 hours, we let them go. We had made the point. Now they know who is boss on Serb land."

#### New "Contact Group" First Meeting

RK said that the members of the new "contact group" came to see him at Pale and to introduce themselves. "They sat at this very table and tried to give me advice about this and that," RK said. I listened for a while, and then told them that we only take advice from our friends. "And I know that you are all our enemies," he said bluntly, staring each diplomat in the eye. They shuffled uncomfortably in their chairs. "But after that, they cut the B.S.," RK said.

#### Battle of Gorazde and the Relations with Serbia

RK said that during the Battle of Gorazde the Serb troops achieved some incredible military feats. "It was a brilliant operation," RK said. After the battle was over, some UNPROFOR officers looked at the rugged mountain peaks which the Serbs had taken from the Muslims and shook their heads in amazement. "Some of these peaks had vertical rock drops on three sides," RK explained. "We would first launch a frontal attack along the only milder slope, and would push the Muslims back as far as we could. Then, our special forces would trek on foot around the peak, and would scale the vertical cliffs to hit the Muslims from the flank or the back. That's how we took one peak after another. In some cases, we just went around them. After such Muslim troops realized that they were becoming exposed, and could be encircled any time, they retreated themselves."

RK said that the military successes at Gorazde lifted the morale of the entire Bosnian Serb Army. But they also led to a cooling off of the relationship with the Serbian leadership in Belgrade. "They were afraid that they'd be drawn into the war - something that Milosevic has been trying to avoid at all costs," RK said. "They thought we were escalating the conflict deliberately. We were not. The truth was that my commanders had promised me that they would take a certain strategic point by 5 p.m. on a given day. And then it was the next day... And the next... It took five days during which time the entire international community was up in arms about the 'Serb aggression.'"

Milosevic was furious (as was his top general - per my earlier conversation with Gen. Perisic). RK said that he called Milosevic the other day and asked if he had calmed down. (I don't remember what the answer was.)

#### Milosevic - "A Good Serb"

I told RK that I had the impression that these days, Milosevic was walking around all day long holding a pen in his right hand, just in case someone from the U.N. asked him to sign some sort of a peace agreement. RK laughed. I added that I was afraid Milosevic would sell out the Krajina Serbs. "No, he won't," RK opined. "Underneath it all, Milosevic is a good Serb. He only makes mistakes when he allows the communists to influence him." "You mean his wife?" I asked. "Yes," RK confirmed.

#### Post-war Economy, Munitions Manufacturing

RK and I talked at length about the economic development which would follow the end of the war. He talked about the Drina power plants, and I explained to him the "new world order" in the information technology field, i.e., that the "soft assets" are replacing the hard ones. I did not get the impression that he quite grasped the importance of the latter, nor how Bosnian Serbs could take advantage of it (by cashing in on their intellectual capital).

As for the current situation, I told him of my positive impressions in Serbia, where entrepreneurship seems to be bustling. RK agreed and added that the same is true in Bosnia, maybe even to a higher degree. He showed me on the map the various locations of the factories which have resumed production, including the weapons plants. He said that the Bosnian Serbs are now self-sufficient as far as the heavy artillery shells are concerned. But they still depend on Serbia for the smaller ammunition. RK said that he would like to change that, just in case there is another tightening of relations with Belgrade.

He also cited an example of a large quantity of oil for which the Bosnian Serb government has paid, which made it into Serbia across the Bulgarian border, but is now being held there in a dispute with the Serbian authorities. "It is Dragan Tomic

that's making all this trouble," RK said. "The former director of Jugopetrol?" I asked. RK nodded.

*I recalled that Tomic was one of the two politicians who sat next to me during the opening night of "THE PROFESSIONAL" on January 10, 1990 at the "Zvezdara" theater in Belgrade. The other was Slobodan Vucetic, the writer of the then new Serbian Constitution. It seemed as if a million years had passed since that night.*

### Sarajevo Ultimatum

I asked RK if he were aware of the fact that I was critical of him when he acceded to the Sarajevo ultimatum. He said he was not. I went on to explain why I was critical, i.e., that one concession would lead to additional ones. "But we won in Sarajevo!" RK exclaimed. "You did?" I said. "Well, in that case, I am all ears. Please explain to me how the Serbs 'won' by withdrawing from Sarajevo and leaving some of their weapons behind."

RK said that there were three major benefits to the Serbs. First, they were able to pull out half the heavy weaponry which is now being deployed elsewhere. "And we can take the rest back any time we want," he said. Second, there are now clear demarcation lines between the Serb and the Muslims positions. They are being guarded by the UNPROFOR troops, which moved in between the Serbs and the Muslims. "This may be the basis of future divisions of the city," he said. Which is something the Muslims never wanted. "Third, we have taken Sarajevo out of the hostile media headlines," RK said.

"I can certainly agree with the third benefit," I replied. "But then, that's something you could have done a year ago. Why didn't you?" "We couldn't," RK said. "Have you ever heard that joke about a "hajduk" (a Serb rebel) and a Turk?" he asked. "I don't recall," I said. A "hajduk" caught a Turk one day. "Hey, I've caught myself a Turk here," he yelled to his partner. "That's great," the partner replied. "Bring him over." "I can't," the "hajduk" said. "He is too heavy." "Then let him go," his partner said. "I would let him go, but he won't let go of me," the "hajduk" finally fessed up.

RK said that the Sarajevo situation was similar. If the Serbs were to give in to the Muslims, they would lose valuable territory. It wasn't until the NATO ultimatum that they had a chance to separate themselves from the enemy with the UNPROFOR troops filling the void between the two.

*RK's explanation of a "Serb victor" is plausible at a first glance. But I could not help but figure that it was a rationale concocted after-the-fact. In other words, the Serbs were naively talked by the Russians into retreating. When Vitaly Churkin's treachery became evident, RK needed a rationale for why he fell for his pitch last February. You see, there is one thing that doesn't add up in RK's explanation. If he indeed saw the opportunity in the NATO ultimatum to freeze the Sarajevo*

*demarcation lines, he could have pulled out without surrendering any weapons at all to the U.N. Why didn't he?*

### Tuzla Airport Opening

However RK ended up rationalizing the withdrawal from Sarajevo, he could not easily argue against the fact that the opening of the Tuzla airport was of any benefit to the Serbs. So he tried to minimize the error by engaging in semantics. "The Tuzla airport isn't open," he said. "Only the UNPROFOR can land there." "Isn't that more than enough?" I asked. "I hear, for example, that the other day a contingent of some American soldiers from Macedonia arrived in Tuzla in an UNPROFOR plane." RD nodded affirmatively. "I know. We think that there were only about 80 of them," he said. "That's more than enough if they are weapons instructors," I thought to myself, but did not say it out loud. "Aren't the Muslims now getting arms shipments of a more sophisticated kind, not just in increasing quantities?" I asked, referring to the comments I had heard from others. "Yes, they are," RK admitted. "But most of it is being air dropped to them" (as opposed to shipped via the Tuzla airport).

### Brcko Assembly; "Protected Zone"

I asked RK if he thought that the Muslim shelling of Brcko, for example, during the last session of the Bosnian Serb Parliament, was a deliberate effort to disrupt it. "No question about it," RK replied. "One of the shells fell only 50 meters away from the building we were in. Nor was it much of a structure. Its roof structure was so weak that a shell would have probably gone right through it. But we never interrupted the session. Nor did we even consider moving it to another place. It was important for us, the leaders, to demonstrate to our people that we were also prepared to share in the risks of war."

When the Serbs complained to the U.N. of the Muslim shelling, the U.N. offered to make Brcko a "protected zone." But RK refused. "We did not want their 'protection'," he said. "We know what that could have meant." He walked over to one of the maps and showed me how the two exclusion zone circles around Tuzla and Brcko would have overlapped, cutting off the Serb corridors to the Krajina and to Pale. "We just wanted the U.N. to record who is always starting the fights, and to assert our right to defend ourselves."

"It's about time," I thought to myself. Finally, he seems to have grasped the importance of playing the role of a victim. "I agree entirely with such a strategy," I said out loud. "It's cruel for your people, but this war has been cruel. For way too long, the Muslims have been crying foul even while attacking you. And the Western media only recorded your retaliation, not the initial provocation. As you know, the Muslims sometimes even sacrificed own people in the process. Now, I am not

suggesting you do that, but I am suggesting that you hold back before hitting them, to make sure that their aggression becomes a matter of public record."

RK nodded in agreement. He looked pensive. "You know what?" he asked rhetorically as a person does who has just thought of something. "I am going to write an open letter to (Bill) Clinton and to (Boris) Yeltsin. I will tell them about the hell our people are going through in Brcko. And I'll give them a deadline by which to stop the Muslim attacks. Or else we will defend ourselves vigorously." "You mean, hit the Muslims hard?" I asked. "Very!" he said.

He paused to as if to let the full power of his comment sink in. It did. "The good doctor" knew how to get tough when he had to.

### Ozren Losses

"I hear you've also suffered some losses recently at Ozren?" I said, trying to see if that incident fitted the victim role. It did not. "That was different," he said angrily. "We did not lose much territory there. But we lost 110 people needlessly. That was either a case of treason or incompetence. We'll find out which." He said that the officers in charge of that (Teslic?) unit, which had been caught by surprise and decimated by the Muslims, were relieved of duty while under investigation. "If this were the reason, they'll be court-marshaled," he said. "If they are found negligent, they'll be demoted." He paused. "This unit has caused us problems elsewhere," he added, saying that he was not happy with the state of readiness in his army.

This was no consolation to RK, but he said that the YU Army was in even worse shape. "There is still a lot of sloppiness there which the Communists had left behind," he said.

### Russian Bosnia Policy, Awards

I asked him why, in his opinion, the Russian military were tolerating Yeltsin, who was clearly an American man. He said that the generals thought that Yeltsin was the only politician who could get them the badly needed financial help from the West with which to rebuild the Army. "The military structure isn't in any better shape than the rest of the Russian society," RK said.

"Have you met Yeltsin?" I asked. He said he had not. He added that, during his visit to Moscow in February, he only met with the foreign minister Kozyrev.

RK then told me that he may get the "Sholohov Award," the top Russian literature recognition, for his books of poems. Indeed, later in the afternoon, he received a call from Moscow confirming it. The award was supposed to be announced this weekend. RK said that he would travel to Moscow in June to actually receive it. "I hope to see Baturin (?) on that trip," he said. "Who is he?" I asked. "He is the Russian equivalent of Anthony Lake," RK replied. In other words, a national security advisor to Yeltsin.

RK then walked over to point out to me another award which hung on a wall next to his desk. It was a diploma he had received from a Greek monastery for his work in defending the Orthodox faith.

### Luncheon

RK announced that his wife, Ljilja (LK), whom I met in Belgrade in November 1992, would join us for lunch. "What would you like to drink?" he asked. "What are you having?" I ducked the question. "I usually don't drink during the day." "Neither do I," he replied. "I feel the best when I am sober and a little hungry."

RK's wife entered the room. She was followed by two waiters dressed in formal clothes with black ties who started to set the three place settings for us at the large conference table. RK left the room. LK and I chatted for a while. We discovered we had common friends. Mile Perisic and his first wife, for example, and the Karadzic family used to vacation together.

LK also told me that the infamous Muslim criminal, Yuka Prazina, actually helped her sister escape from Sarajevo during the general chaos in April 1992. They knew each other from before the war. Later on in 1993, when the Muslim government cracked down on the criminals in Sarajevo, Prazina fled to Belgium. That's where he was murdered. Most people suspect that the assassins were hired by the Sarajevo Muslim government, she said.

LK also told me that she and RK had lived at the Sarajevo "Holiday Inn" ever since the killing of a Serb during a wedding procession on March 2, 1992. "Our security people told us that they could not protect us in our apartment," she explained. Their flat faced a park, and could have been easily attacked by mortar or machine gun fire. As indeed it was, she said, fortunately after they had been evacuated from it.

RK returned and joined us at the table. The head waiter asked us if we wanted beer or wine. Given the choice, I asked for beer. RK and his wife said the same. I could not help but recall his earlier comment about not drinking.

The head waiter then poured some thick Serbian white bean soup for me. He was about to move on and do the same for RK. "Excuse me," I said. "I am from America. The white bean soup may be a common dish here, but it is a delicacy for me. Keep pouring, please." Everybody laughed. The waiter obliged. Needless to say, he hovered around me like a hawk from there on, waiting to see if I wanted some more soup. I praised the chef, but said I'd had enough.

During lunch, we talked about RK's trip to the States in the 1970s, when he visited mostly Northern California. I told him that, one of these days, God willing, this war will be over, and that I would like the two of them to be my guests in Arizona. They seemed genuinely enthusiastic about it.

### Serb "PR"

I also told them both that I thought Srdja Trifkovic was doing a terrific job for the Bosnian Serbs. They took the information in without comment. RK said that he'd watched Misha Gavrilovic on Sky News (?), and that he (Misha) did a very good job of representing the Serb point of view even without any briefings from the Bosnian Serb government. I mentioned that I might be seeing Misha in London during my trip back home. "Please give him my best regards, and compliment him on this work," RK said. *(I did, on June 3, by phone, from Phoenix.)*

### Sarajevo Doctors

I asked RK if he knew what happened to the five Sarajevo doctors and nurses who were jailed by the Muslims. He said that he didn't, but that usually it's better not to really tip off the Muslims about who the most important prisoners are. "Once they figure out whom we really want, that's the last person they'd release," RK explained. "I am awfully sorry," I replied. "If that's true, our publicity may have actually harmed these people." "I don't think so," Dr. Karadzic tried to comfort us. "I don't think the Muslims would have had a chance to see it."

*Still... Who would have thought?*

### Bombing Protection

After the luncheon, I asked RK what provisions they had made for the functioning of his government in the event the U.N./NATO planes do strike Pale. "Surely, you wouldn't stay in this building," I said pointing to the "paper thin" walls around us. "A big rock, let alone a bomb, could put you out of business here." "You're right," RK agreed. "We do have underground facilities at ..... But I hope that we are now beyond that" (with respect to the peace process). "I wouldn't be so sure," I thought to myself, but said nothing out loud. I was glad to hear that at least they had planned for such an eventuality.

### Russian and Serb Patriarchs' Visit to Bosnia

I told RK about my conversation this week with Patriarch Pavle in Belgrade, and about a joyous way in which he described his visit to Bosnia earlier this month with the Russian Patriarch Aleksei. "What did he say? What did he say?" RK asked showing a sudden surge of enthusiasm. I repeated Pavle's comments.

RK then said that their visit was a real "PR" coup for the Bosnian Serbs. Originally, the two patriarchs were supposed to fly into Sarajevo from Belgrade in an UNPROFOR plane. Which means they would have ended up on Muslim-controlled territory. The Serbs managed to maneuver the situation so that the patriarchs were driven to Pale, of course, entirely through the Serb territory. After the two had consecrated the site of the new Russian church (for use by the Russian U.N.

contingent in Sarajevo), the two patriarchs were supposed to meet with the Croatian Cardinal Kuharic and the chief "Mufti" of Sarajevo. The meeting with the Mufti never materialized (for reasons Pavle had pointed out earlier). But Cardinal Kuharic was waiting for them across a Miljacka river bridge on the Muslim side of the city. Eventually, he got tired of waiting and met with the patriarchs on the Serb territory. "It was a real 'PR' victory for us!" RK declared triumphantly.

#### Washington Times Column

RK also told me that he had written a column for the WASHINGTON TIMES in response to a recent piece by Haris Silajdzic, the Bosnian Muslim prime minister. He handed me the text of the column. "They haven't published it yet," he bemoaned.

To reciprocate, I gave him a copy of the WORLD PRESS REVIEW story which showed that almost two-thirds of the world's media editors disapproved of the NATO bombings in Bosnia. Many editors changed their minds as new information about the Gorazde fighting came in, after originally taking a pro-bombing position.

#### Confidence

I don't know to whom RK was talking to on the phone at one point during the afternoon, but I did hear him say, "don't worry about it; the winners always write the history of war. We will be the winners. That's for sure. There's absolutely no doubt about it. So just carry on... etc."

*There was one thing that bothered me a little bit as I listened to RK speak all day as if he were an expert military commander. "We'll take this hill here; this road there; we'll give up this town...", he would say. But RK was a self-admitted poet. That's not exactly a perfect qualification for a top military strategist, is it? On the other hand, considering how well our top military strategists did in Vietnam, for example, maybe it was time for a few poets to lead the army into battle. Still, I could not help but wonder how much of such behavior was an act which was intended to impress?*

#### Greg Vuksich

I asked RK if he had ever met a Serb-American by the name of Greg Vuksich before. He seemed to strain to recall, but finally said that he had (met him). I then pointed out what I thought Greg was really doing while appearing as a "Serb friend."

#### End of War

I asked RK how and when he visualized the end to this war. His answer was basically that the Americans would get tired of it, and would eventually abandon the Muslims. The Muslims, in turn, would then have to negotiate for peace in earnest. As to "when," RK figured that this would happen "by the end of the year."

*I could help but recall our conversation in Belgrade in November 1992 when RK similarly predicted that the Bosnia peace agreement would be reached "by the end of the year." That was a year and a half ago...*

### My Impressions

RK asked me what my impressions were on this trip as compared to the last one. I said that they were much more positive overall. "When I return, I intend to write a column in which I will thank Bush and Clinton for imposing the sanctions on the Serbian people," I said. I paused to let the line sink in. His eyebrows rose in anticipation of my next sentence. "The Serbs would have taken ten times as long to transition from communism to capitalism by 'natural' means. Thanks to the sanctions, they are now they are years ahead of their neighbors - Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria - in terms of entrepreneurship." By now, RK was laughing heartily. He laughed again when I told him the story about the Smederevo oil import entrepreneurs.

### Belgrade Transit

In support of my observation that the Serbs seem to be becoming more self-reliant, RK said that the Belgrade Transit Authority used to spend DM 75 million on just the spare parts. They were being purchased abroad, and smuggled into the country. Now that spending is down to DM 25 million. "The difference are the spare parts which Serb factories are now making themselves," RK explained. So not only does that save on hard currency purchases, but it also puts people to work.

RK said that the same was true in Bosnia. He cited several examples of factories dormant in the early phases of the war, which are now operating once again.

### Meeting with General Mladic

RK asked me how long I was planning to stay at Pale. I said that I wasn't sure, as I wanted also to meet with General Mladic. Therefore, my stay depended on when such a meeting could be arranged. "Mladic and Koljevic are in Banjaluka today," RK replied. There was some sort of a ceremony going on there, at which Koljevic represented the political, while Mladic stood for the military leadership of the Republic of Srpska. RK said that he did not know when they were scheduled to return.

He went out to check about that with his secretary, Mira. She did not know, either. "In that case," I said, "maybe I'd better go back this evening." I told RK that my mother was already angry with me because supposedly I "had time for meetings with everyone else except for her." RK laughed. He asked me where she lived. I said she was now in Sremska Mitrovica. He said he and his wife were about to go to Vojvodina as well after our meeting (to Novi Sad and Subotica). "So, maybe we can travel together?" I suggested. He agreed.

As it turned out later on, his chief of cabinet, Dmicic, was also supposed to go with the two of them on this trip. So rather than crowd five people into one automobile, they laid on a separate car and a driver for me.

## ***Mom~ilo Kraji{nik (MK)***

*(a meeting at his office - 18:15-19:00)*

### Introductions

MK's office is on the second floor of the Presidency Building, directly above the press room on the main floor. Consequently, it has the same bay windows as the lower conference room. One could say, therefore, that that's the "oval office" of the Bosnian Serb Presidency building. I had heard from Cicko that MK had just come in from a negotiating session with the "contact group" at a small Alpine village in France. Yet, he seemed genuinely and (he said) pleasantly surprised to see me at Pale. "I've heard so much about you," he said as we shook hands. "It's so great to meet you, especially here at Pale." His enthusiasm and friendliness were evident and sincere, even though this was the first time we have actually formally met (I saw him briefly in a group setting during my last visit to Pale). As was the case with RK, we sat down facing each other across another long black conference table.

### Support from Serbs in Diaspora

MK said that it was tremendously important for them to receive the moral and intellectual support from the Serbs in the Diaspora. "We draw upon your strength to renew ours," he said sounding very emotional. "That's why what you're doing is so invaluable to us."

Then MK started to reminisce a little. He recalled, for example, what happened when they visited New York to take part in the U.N.-sponsored negotiations there in early 1993. "Those were very tough days for us," he said. "Often we felt discouraged and despondent (RK, for example, was sued for rape in a case orchestrated by the Muslim lobby). We were also extremely lonely and very tired. But when we saw those enthusiastic, smiling, delighted faces of the Serbian-Americans who came to the U.N. Plaza to give us their support, we could feel a renewal of our strength to go on." His eyes seemed to moisten at this moment.

I explained to him how close we came to meeting in New York on that occasion. "But your plane was so late, that I could not wait any longer," I said. "So I returned to Phoenix before you arrived." MK nodded understandingly. "I know," he said. "We had so many hassles just getting there (some countries at first did not want to give their plane over flight rights, or delayed issuing them). We took 28 hours getting to New York."

### An Old "Baka" and MK on TV

While he was President of the Bosnian Parliament before the war (in 1990-1991), MK said that he had had to struggle with the Muslims and the Croats all the time. The daily proceedings were televised. During one his visits to Mostar, an old Serb woman approached him and said, "As soon as you take your seat behind that bench (in the Bosnian Parliament), I take my seat in front of the TV. Somehow, I get a feeling that as long as I am in front of the TV, it makes it easier for you to fight those bastards."

### Messianic Zeal

Citing another possible example of the Serb-Americans' concern about what's going on here, I also told MK about the Easter service this year in Phoenix, when the St. Sava church was so full that the crowd overflowed into the yard. "You see what happens when the Serbs get scared," I joked, trying to lighten up the conversation. "They remember their church." MK's eyes lit up. He proceeded to talk with almost a Messianic zeal about the Bosnian Serbs' cause. "All Serbs should know that we are building a new Serbian state here," he said. "That's why we must get it done right. Which means that both democracy and our religious traditions must be respected."

### Cosic, Milosevic and Religion

MK paused and smiled. It was evident that he had just recalled something. "During the session of our National Assembly in May 1993 (held to decide about the Vance-Owen plan), we had all sorts of dignitaries here," MK said. (The Greek Prime Minister) "Mitsotakis was here; Milosevic was here; Cosic was here... And so was the Bosnian Serb Bishop." Of course, Cosic and Milosevic are both former Communists and the self-declared atheists.

"We insisted on carrying out all our traditions," MK said. "Which meant we kept getting them up on their feet quite often. First, when the national anthem was played. Then, when Bishop ..... said God's prayer before dinner. Being of Orthodox faith, Mitsotakis, of course, took part in everything with enthusiasm. But we noticed that although Cosic and Milosevic got up, they did not cross themselves."

Then the dinner was then served. After the desert, Bishop ..... was getting ready to say another prayer, thanking God for the food they had just received. That's when Milosevic got antsy. He leaned toward MK and said, "Look at the priest ("pop") fidgeting! He seems to be getting ready to make us get up on our feet again."

I told MK that I'd had a similar experience during my last meeting with Milosevic in February 1992. As we were trying to coordinate our schedules, his Communist-raised secretary Mira, told my assistant, "Oh yes. I remember. Mr. Djurdjevic has a meeting with the priest ("pop") at 6 p.m." "As they say in English - 'like father, like

son," I noted. "Except that, in this case, it's more 'like boss, like secretary.'" MK nodded in agreement.

### Photos

At one point, MK's secretary Milena, entered the room with a camera in hand. "I hope you don't mind if she takes a picture of us as a souvenir?," MK asked. "No, not at all," I said. "As long as it doesn't end up with the CIA," I joked. "They probably have plenty of pictures of both of us," MK said, laughing.

After Milena took the picture, I asked her to do the same using my camera. She obliged.

### Personal, His Wife's Death

I asked MK about his profession and his family. He said that he was an economist by training, who specialized in financial analysis. I smiled. I told him that this sounded like my own job.

MK said that he had three children. His wife had died during the war. She suffered a broken leg in a mine explosion. The wound got infected which led to a blocked artery.

As I was leaving his office, MK introduced me to his three teenage children who were waiting outside. Their names were Njegos, Milos and Jagoda.

### Storm, Security

Outside, dark clouds which had been gathering all afternoon had turned to rain. Suddenly, it got quite dark and misty. "When do you go back?" MK asked me. "This evening," I replied. MK suddenly became agitated. "In that case, please leave right away. The front lines are quite close to the road in some places. It really isn't wise to travel at night. The last thing we need is that something, God forbid, would happen to you while you're our guest here." He paused as if reflecting upon what he had just said. Then he shook his head. "No, you should leave without delay."

He spoke like a typical Serb who is always concerned more about the welfare of his guest than about his own. You see, MK himself had just come through those allegedly dangerous stretches of the road. I thought that it was cute to see his worrying so much.

## ***Dr. Radovan Karad`i} (RK)***

*(photos - at about 19:00)*

### Who Works for Whom?

Before I had left RK's office to meet with MK, he had started to write a letter in English for his wife, to state that the Republic of Srpska's (RS) "*Red Cross*" (RC) was different and distinct from the of Yugoslavia (Serbia). His wife is apparently RS'

minister of health, and is responsible for relationship with the RC. During lunch, she had asked him to do it for her, and he obliged.

When I returned from my meeting with MK, I found RK seated at his secretary's (Mira) desk and typing his own letter. "I have to take a picture of this so that the world would see who works for whom," I joked as I whipped out my camera. While I was getting ready, Mira and Dmicic, RK's chief of cabinet, frantically cleared the cigarettes, coffee cups and some other junk from the table in front of RK. In fact, Dmicic's hand is visible in the photo still trying to clear things out of the way.

After that, Mira took a photo of RK and I in his office, standing in front of the many maps (that was his idea). We said our good-byes.

My driver, Bogdan Vukovic and I followed them, leaving just after 7 p.m.

## ***Bogdan Vukovi} (BV)***

*(a drive from Pale to Sremska Mitrovica - 19:15-22:30)*

### Road Signs, Storm

When BV and I left Pale, it was still daylight. But just. The rain was getting heavier. Dark clouds were gathering in the distance above Mount Romanija. All this made it seem as if the night were nigh.

BV topped up his tank at a gas station near the intersection at which the right branch of the road would take you into downtown Sarajevo, less than 10 miles away. The left one pointed toward Gorazde. It was strange seeing the road signs for the places made famous around the world by the war, which in my youth would have been as ordinary as the road signs to Phoenix or Tucson. Sarajevo and Gorazde, now held by the Muslims, were so close, yet seemed so far. For us, they might as well have been a million miles away. Neither of us would have made it there alive had we been crazy enough to try.

"How long have you been driving the President?" I asked BV, whom I saw for the first time on this trip. "Since February," BV replied.

"And what had your been doing before that?"

"I was serving on the front."

"Where were you stationed?"

"On Mount Trebevic?" (above Sarajevo).

Suddenly, some of my early childhood memories reappeared. When I was 11 or so (in 1956), my family and I spent a few days in Sarajevo visiting some friends with whom we used to vacation in Makarska, near Split in Croatia. In fact, both of our families had just returned by bus from such a vacation. I remember vividly riding a cable car to the top of Mount Trebevic from where one can enjoy a beautiful view of the city of Sarajevo. We also ate some "cevapcici" at a restaurant up there.

"Is the cable car still operating?" I asked naively.

BV looked at me in amazement. "No it's not."

"When did it stop?"

"When the war started."

As BV drove across the rolling hills of Romanija, which looked so pretty earlier in the day in the sunshine, the heavy rain was becoming a real downpour. The visibility was no more than a couple of hundred yards. At one point, BV swerved to avoid a cow which was crossing the road unperturbed by the elements. When the rain occasionally let up, lightening could be seen in the direction of Han Pijesak, which is where we were actually heading.

"What type of a unit did you serve in?" I asked. He used a military expression with which I was not familiar. It sounded like a rapid deployment infantry force.

"What's that?" I asked. "What did you do?"

"We were positioned slightly behind our front line. Our job was to plug in any breaches in our lines which a Muslim attack might have caused."

"How many of you were there?"

"About 15 of us were infantry. Another 15-16 men were specialists."

"Specialists for what?"

"Deployment of 'tehnika.'"

"'Tehnika?' What's that?"

It turned out that "tehnika" stood for "technology" - loosely translated. It is a Yugoslav military expression for light tanks and armored personnel carriers.

Outside, the rain had turned to hail. As we started to descend down Mount Romanija, its tall cliffs and trees combined with the dark clouds to give the impression that night had already fallen. I looked at my wrist watch. It was just after 8 p.m. Had it not been for the storm, the sun would have been still out.

"How long did you spend on the front?" I asked BV.

"21 months straight. And another month after I was wounded."

"You were wounded?"

"In 20 places."

"In 20 places? Was it a shrapnel?"

BV nodded affirmatively. "I still have one piece here," he said pointing to the area just below his left shoulder. "They took out the rest."

"When did it happen?"

"When did what happen?"

"When were you wounded?"

"Last May. It was almost exactly a year ago."

He lit another cigarette. Earlier on, he had offered me one. I said I did not smoke. "Then this will be my last one," he promised. I guess recalling the trauma of war was too much for him to remember the earlier promise. I opened my window a little bit - just enough to let some air in, yet not too much to get drenched by the rain.

"How was the medical care?" I asked, thinking of the U.N. sanctions.

"It was good. They took good care of me."

At first, I thought this may have been a "PR"-type comment. After all, BV knew very well who I was. But he soon proved me wrong. "Our dental care stinks, though," he bitched. He complained that several of his teeth had fallen out during his 21 months on the front. "I guess I wasn't getting enough vitamins, or something..."

"Have you had your teeth fixed since?" I asked.

"No," he replied. Speaking calmly and rationally, he figured that was not a priority in war time.

By now, we had passed Han Pijesak, and were approaching Vlasenica. From Cicko and MK, I knew that this was the most critical part of the road. In some sections, the front lines are less than two miles away. But the visibility was improving. As we were descending to lower elevations, the clouds (which to us looked like fog earlier on) had cleared.

"What were you doing before the war?" I asked.

"I was a restaurateur in Pale," he replied. He said he still ran the same restaurant when he wasn't driving the President or his guests.

It was BV who then started to reminisce. "Pale was a weekend resort town before the war. We used to have all sorts of people from Sarajevo come to our restaurant. Many Sarajevans also owned cottages in Pale. It all changed after the war started."

"How did the war start - for you?" I asked.

"It was quite simple. The Yugoslav Army withdrew. We had to fill in the gap."

"Who is 'we'?"

"We, the local Serbs."

"How old were you then?"

"Forty-three."

"Not exactly a spring chicken to be serving in the army," I thought, but didn't say anything. "What about your wife?" I asked.

"She and the kids stayed home. She tried to keep the restaurant going." BV paused and reflected. "The first year of the war was the worst."

"Why?"

"Because it was all new to us. We were disorganized."

"Are you talking about the army or family life?" I asked.

"Both," BV replied. "After a while, we learned to cope much better."

"When you were on the front lines, how often did you actually see action?" I asked. "Once a day, once a week, once a month?"

BV thought about his answer for a moment. "I don't know. It's hard to tell. Maybe once or twice a month." He paused. "But sometimes it could be going for several days, maybe even a week."

"What did you hate the most about the army?"

BV surprised me with his quick answer: "Carelessness."

"I beg your pardon? Would you elaborate, please?"

"Well, we had a lot of young people in our unit. They were careless the way they handled their weapons. They'd horse around and would point weapons at each other. I hated that. I did not want to get shot accidentally."

"What about the enemy?" I asked. "What did you think of the Muslim soldiers? Were they any more disciplined?"

BV just waved his hand in disgust. "They knew nothing about military tactics. They'd scream and charge our positions like cattle."

"What about their weapons? How well were they armed? As you know, in America, the Senate has voted to lift the arms embargo to help arm them better."

"Most of their weapons were American, anyway. Last year, they used to be to air-dropped to them. Now they also get them through Croatia."

"Did the Muslims use artillery to prep their infantry attacks?"

"Not except when I was wounded. That was the first time."

By now, we had passed Vlasenica and were descending toward Zvornik. The visibility was improving. We could even see the reflections of a setting sun on some high cliffs through an occasional break in the clouds.

"My father was also wounded," BV suddenly volunteered a comment. "About a month after me."

"Your father? Was he also in the army?"

"Yap."

"How old is he?"

"He is 71."

"What was his job?"

"He was driving a truck when it hit a mine," BV explained. "He is okay now. But my brother's leg is still giving him problems."

"You have a brother, too?"

"And a sister."

"What happened to your brother?"

"He stepped on a land mine. It almost blew his left leg off. The doctors patched it up, though. He now has a steel rod below the knee. But the leg is still hurting him. My brother is impatient. He can't wait for the natural healing to take place."

"What's his name?"

"Djordje."

"And your father's?"

"Mikail."

BV said that his father and mother were now back in the Sarajevo suburb where they lived before the war. Their original house was within 50 meters from the Muslim lines. Now they've been evacuated to another one which is about 500 meters away.

"My Dad refuses to leave," BV explained. "He says he doesn't want to let the Muslims drive him from his home. My brother is now living with them, too."

"And your sister?"

"She lives in Hamburg" (Germany), BV said. "She works as a nurse there."

"Is she married?"

"Yes. Her husband is a mechanic" (or something like that).

"How long have they lived in Germany?"

"Oh, I am not sure exactly how many years. Quite a long time..."

BV suddenly jammed on the break to avoid hitting a truck on one of the many hair-pin curves. We skidded a little on the wet pavement, but he maintained control of the wheel. "Stupid driver!" he grumbled.

BV lit another cigarette.

"They also took part in the war."

"Who are you talking about?"

"My sister and her husband. They came back from Germany."

"To join the army?"

"Yap. She was riding in an ambulance as a nurse. He was on the front lines for seven months."

"And then they went back?"

"Yap."

*We rode for a while without speaking. Suddenly, I was beginning to realize how all-encompassing this war has been for the Bosnian Serb people; how many it had touched. In this family alone, four men had fought - all in the 40+ age group; three were wounded; even a 40-year old woman left the comforts of Germany to serve with the troops. And then I thought of the 200,000+ young intellectuals from Serbia who had fled abroad in the last two years. And of the Belgrade "city elite," epitomized by Vuk Draskovic, who are prepared to cast off the Bosnian and the Krajina Serbs so that they could once again enjoy the creature comforts of life; so that they could travel to Paris, London or New York without the hindrances imposed by the sanctions.*

*I also thought of how stupid Bill Clinton, Tony Lake and Warren Zimmermann were. Their Balkan policy models assumed that they were dealing here with the likes of Belgrade "city elite" who would turn tails after the first threats "by the world's only remaining superpower." They should have come here and met Bogdan, Mikail and Djordje - ordinary people whom the war had turned to extraordinary heroes. They should have observed Bogdan's quiet determination and his unassuming manner. For had they done that, they would have never encouraged the Muslims to start a war they cannot win. Not without first exterminating all the Bogdans, Mikails and Djordje's. Which is a tall order indeed...*

After we crossed the border on the river Drina and entered Serbia, I told BV I had to use a bathroom. He took it literally. But I simply wanted him to stop by the road

side. And so, as he and I were pissing, I asked BV if he and/or any of his pals ever received any military awards for their long service on the front lines.

"Our commander did," he replied.

"Did he celebrate it with you?"

"He didn't even tell us about it. Someone else told us."

"That's odd," I thought. "What kind of a commander is that who doesn't share his medal with the troops who helped him earn it?" I asked out loud.

BV shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "It takes all kinds," he said philosophically. "I'd rather not talk about him." Instead, BV started to praise Dr. Karadzic. "Our people love the doctor," he said. "He is our true leader."

We arrived in Sremska Mitrovica shortly after 10:30 p.m.

My sister Ljilja and I went to my mother's apartment and woke her up, as she had requested - just in case I came (I had Mira call Ljilja at about 8:30 p.m. to say that I was on my way, but Ljilja did not know what time I'd come, or from where). Then we returned to Ljilja's house, where I had dinner. We went to sleep after midnight. □

## **May 28, 1994**

### **Sremska Mitrovica, Yugoslavia**

#### ***Mira Sekuli} (MS)***

*(at a private home, after the classroom meeting - 19:15-20:45)*

##### Dr. Igor Sabljak

The story of five Sarajevo doctors and several nurses who were imprisoned by the Muslim authorities last January (see "*Sarajevo: A Muslim-run Ghetto*" in YU NEWS 94-02, 2/07/94; and 94-03, 3/19/94) had a happy ending for at least one of them. The estranged wife of Dr. Igor Sabljak told me that her former husband was released on or about May 25. He had telephoned her from Split, via a relative in Germany (no direct telephone communications are possible between the Muslim or Croatian territories and Serbia). He said that he was the only one released. Dr. Sabljak's former wife attributed his release to my efforts, including the letters which I had written to the U.S. and Israeli Presidents (one of the doctors was a Jew) seeking the prisoners' release.

I am certainly happy that at least one doctor has been freed. But I think that his release had a lot more to do with the fact that he was reportedly Croatian, than with our efforts. I did not want to shatter her illusions, though. So I said nothing to her.

## ***High School Friends' Stories - Part 1***

*(at a private home, after the classroom meeting at 18:00 - 19:15-20:45)*

### Friend #1

This "friend #1" told me that his son was serving in the YU army last year when he was sent into action in Bosnia.

"When did you say this was?" I asked.

"In early 1993," he replied.

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. He called me from Banja Koviljaca."

The "friend #1" explained that his son was a part of a special forces unit of a couple of hundred men who were on their way to Bosnia. He did not know what their orders had been. But by happenstance, the truck in which his son was riding had mechanical problems in Banja Koviljaca (Serbia). So the soldiers in that truck were left behind as the rest of the unit proceeded into Bosnia. "Only God saved my son from going into battle," the "friend #1" told me. I could not help but chuckle, as this person had been a Communist in his time. Now, he, too, suddenly remembered God.

## ***High School Friends' Stories - Part 2***

*(at the Hotel "Sirmium" - 21:00-04:30 (5/29))*

### Friend #2

This friend said that his son was a computer programmer working in air traffic control at the Bihac airport (in Bosnia) at the time the YU army was disintegrating. My friend was very bitter about the way the YU army officers left the young recruits high and dry. His son and some 30 other young men were left to fend for themselves after the officers bailed out. The only reason his son survived, he figured, was that a famous Serbian aviator (I did not remember his name) took off from the Belgrade airport on his own recognizance to save the stranded airmen at Bihac. His was the last flight out. After that, the Muslims took over the airport.

### Aftermath (5/30/94)

I went to bed at about 5:00 a.m. Since I had arranged a basketball game with some of my old pals from the high school and college teams, I got up at 8:00, had breakfast and talked to my mother. Then we played two-on-two basketball from 10:15 to 11:45.

**May 29, 1994**

**Belgrade, Yugoslavia**

***Bora Jovanovi} (BJ)***

*(a conversation at his home, plus a dinner at the "Gardos" restaurant in Zemun - 20:30-02:00 [5/30])*

Trip Recap

After Mina drove me from SM to Zemun, BJ, Stasa his girlfriend and I went to the "Gardos" restaurant at the tower of Zemun, overlooking the river Sava and Belgrade. I had never been there before, so I was enjoying the view. Unfortunately, this did not last long. Another storm had blown in, which forced us to move indoors. Stasa and his girlfriend left after about half an hour. BJ and I closed the joint at about 1:00 a.m. We then walked to his home, where I finally crashed. I had been up more or less for 46 hours. BJ stayed up and watched some old Westerns. He woke me up at 4 a.m. As we said our good-byes, BJ said he was grateful that we were able to spend so much time together. "Honestly, I figured I'd have been lucky if we spent five minutes together, based on your schedule," BJ said. □

**May 30, 1994**

**Budapest, Hungary**

***"Friendly" Hungarian Airport Staff***

*(at the Terminal 1 - 9:30-14:00)*

Telephone Booth

Since we made it to Budapest so fast (in 4:15 hours - the fastest that our driver had ever done it, he said), I had plenty of time to kill at the airport. I watched the Russian and the Chinese rowing teams depart for Moscow after the world championship competition in Budapest.

I also wanted to let my family in BG know that I made it there without problems. There were a couple of phones at the airport which accepted credit cards. But alas, all instructions were in Hungarian. I tried and tried my various cards, turning them upside down, inside out... Nothing worked.

So, I went to the British Air check in counter (I had their "Club Europe" ticket, the equivalent of our First Class). I asked the young woman and the man behind the

counter if they would please walk with me about 30 or so yards to the telephone booth and translate the credit card instructions for me. The woman seemed willing, and almost went along, when the young man spoke up: "Sorry, Sir. We can't do that. We have to wait for the passengers to check in."

I looked around on purpose. There were no passengers in sight. Only the two BA staff members who had been gabbing to each other before I approached them. I did not say a word (those who know me may be amazed by how I kept my cool. I must admit I was proud of it myself). I just took one long look at the female BA staffer. She blinked. Then I looked at the young jerk who had given me this line about the passengers. He did not blink. He was already busy gabbing to another employee.

I watched these people for the next 15 minutes. They did not process a single passenger for whom they "were waiting."

### BA Check-in

As I finally checked in my solitary garment bag, I asked for where the BA Executive Lounge was. The lady at the check asked to see my BA Executive Club card. I showed it to her. "I am sorry, Sir," she said. "But only the Silver or Gold BA card holders can use the lounge." "What?" I said, starting to lose my cool. "I pay your exorbitant, ridiculously overpriced full first class fares; I get half the elbow room I am used to at home; you serve me your stupid meals in plastic wrappers as if I were in coach; and now you also tell me that the only reason I ever got a BA Executive Club card was no longer good?" "Sorry, Sir, but those are the rules," the attendant said totally unperturbed by her answer. "We only have room for the Silver and Gold card passengers in our lounge." *She must have been a good Communist, I thought.*

What this turkey evidently did not know, was that the BA "did have room for me" in the same lounge the last time I flew out of Budapest. And the time before that... Of course, this only made the matters worse, even if I never verbalized this.

I did ask her, though, if the Hungarians wanted people to come back to their country after their first visit? "The way you're behaving, only the idiots, the imbeciles or the people who have no choice would want to visit your country," I told her. She did not seem to mind.

### BA In-flight Service

The BA in-flight service was a real treat, especially considering the shabby treatment I got from the Hungarian BA staff at the airport. It's not that the seats were any wider. Or that the plastic meals were any less annoying than the earlier ones I'd had. But the staff were terrific. After having flown more than 100,000 miles per year for over 10 years, one gets to tell a turkey from a professional flight attendant. So, just before we landed at London Heathrow, I filled out one of my "Someone Special" American Airlines cards and gave it to the chief stewardess. At first, she did not know

what these cards were about. Then I explained that they were intended to recognize the AA employees who treated the customer with extra care. Then, she clicked. "You know, that's awfully sweet of you. We get so many problem passengers on these flights. But we never get to hear anything nice said about what we do. Thank you very much. I'll give this to my boss," she said.

She then asked me how the BA service on the ground in Budapest was. "It was awful," I said. That seemed to startle her. After I described my above experiences with the Hungarian ground crew, she said that she would also report that to her boss. "We are very concerned about our image at BA, and can't afford to have people like the ones you dealt with ruin it," she said. She paused. Then, as if the light went off in her head, she said: "Wait a minute! Now I get it... So *that's* why so many passengers are grumpy when they come on board in Budapest!"

I told her that I got the impression that perhaps the Hungarians have a genetic deformation which makes it difficult, if not impossible, for them to smile. She laughed and nodded in agreement. "I see what you mean," she said. "They do act like the morons. It's just that I never before quite put it together."

## London, England

### ***Srdja Trifkovi}* (ST)**

*(a conversation at my hotel and over dinner at a nearby restaurant - 19:00-23:00)*

#### Trip Update

We spent about 1.5 hours in my room going over my impressions from this trip. Then we walked over to a nearby restaurant and continued our conversation there. ST said that he also gets perked up every time after he visits Bosnia. But that he now saw no grand strategy which would lead to the end of war. I said that I did not see one, either, but that I was buoyed by RK's realization that the Serbs needed to play the role of a victim, and that the peace talks were a waste of time at this point. ST nodded in agreement.

#### Gavrilovic Cooperation

I told ST of RK's praise about Misha Gavrilovic's appearance on Sky News, and suggested that perhaps the two of them ought to cooperate more with each other. ST did not say "no," but he did not sound very enthusiastic about the idea, either.

#### Karadzic's Daughter

ST said that RK's daughter regards himself as a "CIA agent," and Zametica as a "Muslim spy." He said that Zametica was indeed born as a Muslim who has

subsequently converted back into Serbian Orthodox faith. "I wanted to correct the errors which my ancestors had made," he said in an interview with "DUGA."

Pecking Order in Bosnia

When ST heard that RK had sent his car and his driver (Cicovic) for me, he said that that meant a great deal. "He (RK) does not do that for just anybody," ST said. For example, he said that he has to drive himself in a beat-up old car which he keeps in BG just for that purpose. It is in this car that he will drive Dave Binder, of the *New York Times* Washington, DC, office, and two other journalists (one from BBC) on June 9 from BG to Pale, he said.

ST said that, according to Zametica, the most powerful person in Bosnia is Dr. Karadzic's wife, Ljilja. The second most powerful is his secretary, Mira. The third is his driver, Cicovic (who, by the way, Zametica and ST think is a Serb "Mafiosi"). The fourth is RK, the country's president.

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