



Crescendo act play

A Blue Bird

Start irritates, provocative, aspires towards gentleness. To the announcement of imprinted intentions. Inside the place of worship. The search for identity. Of silence. Within the music. Such like that we have a story about a Man-God, or God-Man, in front of us. Person who explores music inside inwards of his own interests, flirting with tonalities of destiny.

Not just his own.

And, suddenly, through the pace of announcements, the light of camera shines on inwards of the Universe in which personality is required for. Movement of the camera, through the touch of fingers which flutter down the creation to mimicry of hope, is showing pieces of the being. Within the music, which interweaves ethno reflections with bacchanalia of everyday life. Joyfully flickering, within the assumptions of committing a colossal lighthouse, on the red carpet, sorry, the path, violinists talk with himself. with his inwards. Within the searching space. Of himself, his interests, identity of his own. Yes, of the plural!

As a representative of us, local ones.

Depth of the image - encrusted with the film is here to assume an entity of the black uniform of author himself, through flashes of potential friction acts. Ungrateful is to compare music and space, while flushes of broken intentions of inspirations are trying to jugulate the hope. As if he cries, plucks, and trying to get out on surface as the spirit of light itself. On the surface of the hands. Of the Good one.

Even casually coiffed hair with unshaven, four days old, beard of the artist in focus, sends the message while the light in the background of the act awakening. Of the music of warmth, tenderness of expression. Contradictio in adiecto? No, just, exactly, the wisdom of survival of the interlaced ethnicity, aged loudly through the cries of the human figure. A performance of the human voice is here a cry of hope. The desire for survival. Stopping at the end. Of the wisdom.

Not just of his own.

Diversity of the tonalities of modern man encountering with the archetypal forms of consciousness awakens in me variations on the theme of "mechanical bird" in the encounter with the "tin soldier":

Bosnia (and Herzegovina) 2020 [1]
(from the digital diary of tin soldier)

They do not
have to lie
because
they do
not have
anybody to lie
to....

...

They do not
have to hide
because
they do

not have
to hide at
all any more...

....

They do
not
have to live
because
they do
not have to live
for anybody

....

They
are
Sodom
and
Gomorrah
of our visions,
presumptions and
hopes.

...
Now!"

In front of us is the cry of a man who wants to replace the depth of the dark with the light of hope. Nausea of not-doing nausea of blurred vision, clarity of aged.

Human one. Of himself.

As if there is, in front of us, the pictures of rotting Lumière brothers films, but also hackneyed wisdom. And, suddenly, at the site of the one who sends the message, through changing the mediator between God and Man, and vice versa, the

answering music is awakening. What kind?

The one which sends glows of the screaming creatures. Directed towards humanity. Syringing the sins as the found gold in the stream of sorrow. While, through the fingers, goes all the rot of the being, on the palms remains the gold dust of the hope. Poetics of film in music, or vice versa. It does not matter. Indeed!

At least it is, at this point, important.

Because candles are smoldering intoxicated with the music, on the places of outgoing roughness and incoming grace. Although sometimes, just seemingly, discursive, in front of us opens the tones of merging of the music and images ... the filmed reality. Not just his own.

Imagining the mountains, he imposes, as particular, elements of pursuit. Again! For the meaning. Within the rhythm of the possible alternatives. With exactly that rhythm. And what is an alternative to the rhythm? Oh, theater of the absurd strives towards Beckett while Jonesque is smiling, Mozart is coming while Weismann is surviving.

In the battle for the goal of wisdom - Comprehensive goodness.

Creating a mosaic of existence, view sinks and rises again, fighting with the discursive darkness of human sin, just. The camera ia capturing the space while the music, as a butterfly who tends towards the light, disappearing into the darkness of the present. Waking up in a different time and place.

Loudly sighing with the tones of fate.

And again in front of us is violinist. He who seeks, wants, prays. Through rhythm, above all, of love... fierce, insightful, honest love. Crescendo act play here, and now, in front of is transferring into a monolith of testimony, the likelihood of

survival and hope of aspirations.

Voices of inwards becomes the exterior of interpretation while sour tones of a violin are alluring for the truth. The camera stands quietly, hypnotized with the abundance of one person. And disappears into the darkness, waking through the weightless movements of the sense.

Changing the positions, the author survives through the music. In prayer.

Victim becomes the music itself. Sending the message that the music is nothing more than willingness of the local being to sacrifice his own immolation to help us. In finding answers. For the forgiveness of sins. Oh absurdity, oh mores!

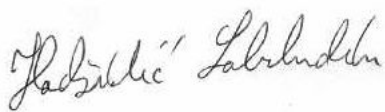
Is not it just finding the answer the question itself? If we are fatefully linked within the sin, why would not be linked within forgiveness as well? No matter which religion, race and / or provenance we are? God is one.

We call Him just in a different way. Striving for sameness.

Blue bird inside Aspiring towards the Blue Bird within black-and-white crescendo act play.

Or perhaps it just seems like that?

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[1] Sarajevo, Bosnia, 24.7.2009.g. (Author S.H.)

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