



Lukic per se¹

Speaking of novels, I have to mention Vitomir Lukic cinematic reality that inspires us while he is trying to depict not only the color of everyday small Bosnian tiny town (Donji Vakuf, but also Bugojno, where they went to pick up textiles for sewing, as the author says) in the novel ALBUM from 1968. g, but also a sense of community, belonging to the family as the basic starting point of this form of Lukic's prose, while the unusual role he gave things, windows, for example, writing "*Looked at us wide opened on-personal windows ...*" ... can windows look at? Literature is art of words which was brought to a climax of the supernatural at Vitomir Lukic's way, isn't it? Encircles the sincerity while building the nobility of communication. Listen to this "*.. we felt under our foot, slippery as innards, the bottom covered with fine untouched mud ...*" Rather than feel outrage over these comparisons, we have before us a clear, raw harsh picture of growing up encircled with reality, but no hard feelings even for the mud which lives in us as something dirty, horrible ... it's fine, *untouched*. But in the moment until it has been reached by the human hand, then becomes what is true in us ... dirty, ugly. In other words, the sense that another hand and not human wrote out these lines, exists every moment ... because ... it's like the writer's spirit came out of another spirit, of man, separated and living his own life, creating, and creates a new reality. Lukic's. Above all. Its painful reality of the seventies of XX century reminded, in fact, was the forerunner, not his fault, but the fault of the then rulers who, not to deceive, not much different from today ones, and I usually say that *Socialism was a rotten system. With capitalism, the process is completed* I say, he was the forerunner

¹ Vitomir Lukic, writer (1929-1991, Bosnia and Herzegovina)

of one Jessica Jung, and contemporary of Charles Bukowski ... listen ... "*I felt like the fresh pillar of the sun as the glass shaft descended through me shaking my entire interior of full tremors of joyful orgasm, as when I sat down on a horse or I was jumping naked into the water or They turned her on her side as a limp ball, ignoring the others through her nightgown over softened and molded boobs which were sticky with the thighs, went down sideways. Only her dull, short nipples still belonging to the girl ones*" Eh, ... think a little bit, you would have signed these words also... but he had the knowledge, but also the courage to wrote them. As I see it, that was some forty years ago and today some people would like, that genuine sincerity to suppress up to pain ... the same ones who cancels Santa Claus in Sarajevo, and build illogical coalitions of left-right or right-left intents. And in fact they can not look at each other eyes at all! They can, because in a country where everyone steals, nobody is stealing, isn't that right? ... But, back to Lukic, because he is the guideline of our hopes, so inspiring ... Ah, that Christin, and as it was just in the novel ALBUM that author described all Cristines, Alma's, and Mirjana's of our youth ... "*.. because in the nature of the primitive people is to watch at their own life with other people's eyes ...*" How a powerful truth in a single sentence from Vitomir Lukic. Detail within the message is extremely important because details make the direction towards the ultimate goal of understanding the notion of *being* itself. *O tempora, o mores* ... we still live in our own death ... *watching the life through other people's eyes.*

Oh, how nice they sound the greetings from the late thirties of the last century and that word "hello" while listening to Lukic saying "*That short and still unrecognized period of time invented its own greetings, artificial, and bounded on something, and old acquaintances continued to say "hello" in which there were a hints of memories.*" says the writer, while approaching towards us a bleak times before the start of the second, the great war. And today gives up of that "hello" the green ones and the blue ones and the red ones. *Within this short yet unrecognized time* ... I quote the author. Indeed, Lukic literary spirit of upgraded the human ones. Very much so. Surviving and teaching us. The war in the region in fact has never stopped. There were only intermezzos of virtual peace. As then, as so today, as much as we might would like be quiet about it. Vitomir Lukic knew, as enlightened vision of prophetic words, to identify and shape not only his vision of Hell, or dzehenem, which somebody called a war. He knew to know. Simple as

that. Unquestionably. Very. And breathed. Thus, describing his own family Golgotha in the novel ALBUM.

The words *"there might be some courage that is a virtue"* ... and the answer, *"There is, every courage is a virtue. Each one. It's admirable. Therefore, it is a virtue"* is a reflection of the ancient Greek powerful manifest shapes of powerful forces within the courage itself. So David defeated Goliath, but with the knowledge within the courage itself. Here, we talk about the life itself. Oriented towards the courage.

And death within his views becomes life. Christin disappears captured with children's novel, of genuine, sincere love. Directed with the word.n Of Vitomir's. As he says himself ... *"I've gone to look for Christin ... and the only way one could look for Christi, only through a premonition ..."* Christin was a shade within the mosaic of searching, watching and hoping. Heat of shades of expression is here, and so I said at the outset to the novel, if film kind and screenwriting was, artful designed. This is a film of life, or the life of the film. Christin's. But also of his, Lukić's. Who again and again taken birth ... *".. in depth ancient nebula, enlightened with big augury."* About the exotic's of his lighfull language of stratified I will not say, but I will only quote part of a text message sent to me by colleague, Antun Lucic, PhD: .. *"Have they handed over to you Lukić's exotic books?"*

In the second novel HALLS OF LIGHT POWDER from 1989, Vitomir Lukic, with his own powerful clarity of expression reminds on Danilo Kis from the book *"Early sorrows .."* Concrete of the own testimony, often in blasphemous way brought to perfection in front of us creates a critical opportunity of own creation - empathy with the drama of the characters who creates the action. Sorry, just only the happening. Within the novel, the presumed intentions. In the meeting of man and society in which it exists. Striving for survival. Often in the empty places of worship, filled with the spirit. Not just of his.

Because *"... there is not one day in our life without a past ... and time can not do anything more to become a matter of life."* And the soul is, during the sleep, in permanent contact with death, because it simply forgets where it is and always for the vision search on and on the other side, across the border ... Severity of Bulgakov's readings transufes into own megalithic visions of today, creates the

fullness of creation. For me, this work is the *naracia studiorum*, a form of strange movements that requires layered didactics or synthesized bias. Of readers, and of the critics, observers of HALLS LIGHT POWDER. Power of the words here is of a mythic orientations. In fact, listen to "... *Those few complacent years before the war have been undermined with the invasion of beggars who are ritually kissed a piece of bread before they landed it into the bag ... usually arriving in the evening when on the window frames were fanned just baked bread. But a mile ahead of them walked the belt of horror of tomorrow where they pronounced the verdict immediately as soon as they entered the courtyard gate, with the mixture of cursing and piety, and than they would fall in the rhetoric under which is disappearing all that exists and a great eschatological spectacle ended normally through the ejection of the cap of foam where in the mouth until then insisted glowing lava of the Last Judgment, and on the muddy ground, under the air filled with bigger dandelions, bodies of the prophets lasted in the epileptic seizures dropping screams, chirping, grunting, barking, whine, croaking, accompanied by bloating of the stifle, howling with white turn inside, whistling, swing, snorting, so that no species of Noah's Ark was not left without a voice* " The depth of his explanations and descriptions is undetectable. But also simple in its complexity. When he says "... *a real instrument is the man, because he heard the music before it reach the the sound. And that happens the moment when fate brought him into harmony with the truth.* "... The author just seems that incomprehensible constellation of fate uncovers with simplicity of narration explaining the unexplainable. Drinkable. And clearly. By all means!

Reflective aristocratic arrogance of the wedding described in this novel is nothing but power of prevalence that these areas contain monolithic nobilities, but insufficiently explored. I guess because of the "surplus of the history" as we have benn complained to from all sides. Of course, this "surplus" of generated history is nothing more than creating new, but false, nobility. For example, do you know what is popular in Sarajevo withn last couple of years? To carry photo for retouching and that today's heads to be mounted on the bodies of that time, saying that we are " from our bey family ... Here, you see the photographs of our forefathers in Sarajevo ..." they say. And they came from areas where electricity is today ... a miracle. Ethereal. But not only beys are in the question. There are also here princes and counts. Worldly.

Just like the responsibility that says, when asked where you got so much ownership of property ... and Mihovil Jerga says, *"I inherited ... I have inherited the land from my ancestors ... Since your ancestors no longer exists- interrogator continues- you will be responsible for them also. "Yes, because history starts with us. Prior to us nothing existed. They, simple as the yare, do not understand that the history of criminal behavior drives in fact are creacia sublimaris of human vanity. Those same which creates of pre-war cleaning lady the after-war President of the Constitutional Court or from the pre-war truck driver creates generals today. But of that time also. Once upon a time. In that non-people system. I would like to know how we call this "people" today? Democratic one. And I do not like democracy, because instead of one, I serve many idiots!*

This political tragi-comic thriller from Vitomir Lukic is just a description of reality in which lived one generation in one way, while still continuing, but in other way, in the next generation. Unfortunately. Organized anarchy is the fate of this region. Of Balkan. His baroque style introduction into the novel suddenly becomes a tendency of crime stories shaped by political woof. Clear. Until the pain. Overall. Human kind.

"And beauty does not consist in passengers, even in the way, but the journey."² It is exactly about which this prose art work from Vitomir Lukic talk about. Travel-related targeting to final awareness of the human in us. At least attempting. Through the written word, excuse me, transferred of meaningful fantasy about the opportunities for survival. Huxly-Orwel-art explanations just seemingly inexplicable and revealing the essence of stupidity that one life once created as a postulate of doing everyday, just seemingly the one recently in the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, but in the reality the pain, which in this way, survives every generation that lives in areas of Mountain of blood, and the Balkans it is called I quote ... *"... From Mihovil Jerga were confiscated all acres facing south onwith the explanation that it is absorbing the surplus of the sun that, by unwritten rule, belongs to everyone. Then the decision of Marital Court conducted confiscation of western forests because they exported across the border reactionary shadows in the summer twilight. "... End quote. Familiar, isn't it?*

² Chinese proverb

However, the conflict of the borders of worlds, new and old one, that he calls, in fact, a conflict of crude, cruel, petty bourgeois and insanity world with the new, subtle, honest and open form of altruistic living and acting, at Lukic is on the pedestal of wisdom. No talking-saying with no menings but, indeed, the wisdom. He destroyed the first with power of the argument while the argument of the power of provincial life and our action melts with the conflict with the background sensible, meaningfull sentences, paragraphs of the skill. While Mihovil Jerga separating their name from his conscience signing the confessions of vague amazements, dead people in trempling of the reality, as at the ball in "The Master and Margarita" of Mikhail Bulgakov, creates the reality of invisible hopes. In Eugene Ionesque festival of absurds this one act play drama that novel is, is really happening in one space and are easy to set up on the scene of stage, and we are looking to crash of the worlds ... and the new borns ... who are being demolished. To become even newer. And in fact, the same in which they have been mentioned as „the good old days", not even realizing that this our days will be "good old days" because the history of human civilization only goes to worse and worse ... finally ...to the end...of good old times. With the description of one of one space and event, in front of us passes decades, centuries of possible assumptions of civilization destiny. And disaperes, like an deleted with an eraser. To be born again. Shy but cynical-satiriccal enough - through words of the author who says *"the Church will be allowed from now on to operates only within the chemical industry as a manufacturing plant of making the opium for the people, and in the liturgy the subject of the God will be replaced the subject of state."* It's like listening to the echoes of Dusko Radovic from his extremely inspirational book GOOD MORNING, BELGRADE and Sava Martinovic from SAGA ABOUT SAGA.

Philosophical dialogues leave no place to the doubt that in front of us connoisseur knowledge owner of mosaic painting of intertwined everyday wise intentions. Lukic, does not allow for one moment saturation neither with space nor time, but with no dialogue of any of us. He does us, without respite, in compelling to stop, reread, analyze the content, and move on, upgrading the our modest knowledge with his skillful content. Of sense.

And indeed "*homo percepticus*" the man observer - in Lukić's prose gets embodiment in a character who recognizes it, but gives himself, with the conclusion, that it might be otherwise, to this with a sigh. Although he says he is not. Still is. Intractably painful. This connection of people, animals and objects in the work of Vitomir Lukic, for me, is nothing more than a unified form of spiritual entanglement of announced possibilities that all everything is, here and now, because it was there once upon a time and before. In one form or another. Relationship with mares or facilities within ownership is nothing more than a reincarnation of the spirit pervaded with the power of mind. In this or that way. But in the highest level of metonymy, with which successfully mature and relaxes narrative possibilities of the author. Through devastating weft of creating of the World with send ethereal messages of transmitted pursuit of worldly trappings of what people were called, Lukic says about human despondency within the wealth of expectations. His main character is the author himself, and the reader also who unwittingly gets caught up in a higher degree of consciousness to be able, to properly creates a new himself. Spiritualized, inspired ... HIMSELF. I would also add a single compound which I modestly call HIMSELF-US. Successful flirting with possible sightings of God Mother assumptions, the author of the novel HALLS LIGHT POWDER heals his own unspoken trauma of his youth, and hoped for. Possible but unrealized. Or does it just seems to me?

Light of church enlightmened of the wedding spirit here, within the desired generation of happiness, showing how a particular commitment to an certain aim might be inspiration if done with kindness and doing work-oriented. On the other hand, you can do a lot, but if you're doing in the wrong direction, the light at the end of the tunnel does not exist. In addition to the numinous itself. Regardless if you are a Believer and / or Gnostic. Writer and / or reader. His, writers, years were the "fixed" as he substantially says. And even one word with Vitomir Lukic requires long observation and understanding of shrewdness. While early healing of the wounds scrambled with time. Of Life itself. While time stands still. As I said at the beginning, through my modest messages here ... it does not even passing by because it does not exist. In the form that we can perceive. Its passage through the area that is closest, perhaps, COLLECTION CENTRE of Dusan Kovacevic, while through the the underground corridors of darkness walks Mihovil Jerg. Is it dark?

Or craving for light. And even of the author. While the coach of journey he walks towards the light.

About novels Vitomir Lukic has not all been told and it is a strange announcement. We should divide them aspiring towards a spirit. Of own. Because of us. Because the writer has done it already. Through the own imprint. Of the works itself.

PRIPOVIJETKE I NOVELE

The second volume bin front of us are short stories and novellas from Vitomir Lukic. Comprehensiveness of literary work is very successfully navigation in the labyrinth of concepts, assumptions, announcements of certain space-time reflections. Specifically, in the collection of short stories, and in the first story of the same name – ROOM FOR PASSERSBY can all be reduced to a single word: PURGATORY. The room in which to meet, talk and pass the persons of completely different social and age groups is nothing more than a writer's vision of the transition state of spiritual journey into the beyond, human kind. Procreation, after ... And so to the very end when we realize that something is wrong in your own personality because you stray into the HELL was.. through aspiring purgatory.

Because his, conditionally called, penmanship flirting with death is in fact a primordial desire for knowledge, is that really all that .. and we expect to hear...listen: *"But I knew: it is death. It is comprehensive, it splits into blood and memories as cancer, every moment we discovers it how it works in a thought or experienced detail. What I am still, do not have courage, to have decide is only the starting point, therefore, that yellow face from which pierces convincing shade of grass, mouth glued and dried up the teeth, this smile off the scale of living smiles, that bitter and horrifying humor of the act itself: the wise and helpless laughter of cold, deaf meat."* And this story entitled DEATH OF LADA reveals a sumptuous literary talent of human Lukic. For a moment, as if we encounter Borhes and Lorca while Turgenev persuades Dostoevsky to the common morning coffee ... because in the same story says this. *"We need to guard, I said to myself, that remarkable flash of a man who went through the time, decipher him it in a sealed chamber of his mind and release the essence of the message that he left. May she be buried among the warm hands that will assemble on her, so be it, instead in the land, lost*

in the circulation of my blood and my memories. Each spring will revive in the move of some random woman. I may need to live that I welcomed me into someone foist of her lips, that she tells me that unspeakable tenderness with the eyes of some passers-by. I believe it will come again with crickets of this summer. Her muse of ethereal light of this valley during the full moon. What should I win, it remains only in me, anyway. So let me, your consolation I know, they will put off what I need right now. I should not destroy anything. Tonight I'll stay in this room. And tomorrow I will begin to really live with her. "And who forgot to specify besides these four. Lukic, of course.

And not just stated. In front of us, reading story after story opens modalities of different creations within a single message. With the feeling that writer upgraded human and *vice versa*. And to the legend, where time appears when the living envied the dead while slowly decants own life into nothingness of death. At least for them in that time so it seemed to be. While disappearing under the onslaught of avalanches, in the legends of ghosts. Variables within the variation of length of submitted prose at Lukic are inspiringly live. No matter whether it is a few pages of text and dozens of pages of paper in front of us, his message is within the simplicity of the subject, focused towards the prophetic visions of the human in the writer, and often *vice versa*. But always and very inspiring. How Turgenev once rote "*There is nothing stronger and frailty than word ..*". With Vitomir Lukic is power in powerlessness of everyday that powerlessness becomes a powerful. And he always succeeds. Powerful master of space and time that represents the literary genres, whether it is about the sundry prose and / or poetry. His sentences have a dual approach to the reader. On the one hand we have a meeting with the brevity of inspired thoughts ... listen: "*on the threshold of random thoughts slumber a great evil.*" ... While on the other hand we are facing a bewildering variety of sentence that confuses expectations, an not just alone personalities of the reader: "*I was breathing with vains and blisters of eyeballs like a frog croaker in the hot ashes. I clearly hear that my great tormented heart crushed like a brand plucked crossed into thousands of small ones and they are all knocked so quickly how many times they were multiplied.*" Details are at the pedestal at Lukic freshness of literature as an art of words. Like, I will dare to say, Leonardo da Vinchi put Gioconda on pedestal of nonnegotiable owner of our sences, Lukic his writing merely assumes to the sentences of everyday life which we are trying to present. He succeeds not

only because of the fact that the power of the mind of one man makes weak hundreds of others, but also because the unification of knowledge about himself, by himself and for himself in the case of this author makes the multiple layers of his prose but also the poetry and poetic prose. And when he says that his ancestors live in him, in his movements, in his will as a death that dwelt in the body until the final uniting with just her, the author, in fact, during the entire trip to the inevitable end (*and it happened in teh age of 62 while in he was walking with a friend Mile Babic on the river bank of Miljacka in Sarajevo when he was stopped in front of death on May, 30th 1991*) ... as I said the author, in fact, during the entire trip to the inevitable end is trying only to postpone, for the moment, inevitably, what will surely come. Filled with life itself. And when he writes about animals and humans, it is not grotesque peak within text messages, as to some amateur plea could start, but it is a warning in awe of something that we, as conscious beings (although I wonder in what context of awareness ... or Aristotelian and /or Hazjajin³?) trying to establish as a chain of fate. And we are at the top of the chain and lead the play. But is that really so? Title ABOUT ANIMANLS AND HUMANS is by itself enough anachronistic we have to wonder why, in this case the advantage is given to less worthy phenomena in this world. The answer is right excatly in reading of Lukic. If I told you everything, would not be reasonably readable with clear guidelines. Simply because whatever I say, it would cancel the real possibility of creating your own... your own picture on it. And I do not want to do so, because I am convinced that all we can, and we have to have a different read of his art work. Because of the truth about ourselves, mostly.

And he, as a man, while dreaming of their own house, is dreaming of Bugojno ... where, at least in his dreams felt very safe ... he says: *"In this house in Bugojno as resident high above the petty and crafty grounds, my dreams no longer had a need for security walls. At least in the world of law cities and comforts that spread horizontally, to be resident on high level meant to dream a life in security."* ... His dreams are seeking for reality. The printed ones, however, on paper, are more alive than someone reality. Although still far from being remain. Lukic here and now penetrates deep into the depths of the subconscious thought in order to explain the unexplainable, which in this case is exactly how and why exactly these dreams

³ Staljin kind

he dreamed about. An entire small part of his oeuvre prose are stories derived from dreams. For him, these are the dreams that makes a bridge which could be partly explained as a link between this and the other world. Some sort of purgatory of the soul. When we're at a moment connected with the almighty ... expectations. Here's how he explained that in the story MY MOTHER IS HAVING BATH: *"The question asked to the soul of my mother: If in the dream we are having a bath just prior to death and after death, is a dream an ocean that knows all through the thoughts of its current and remembers everything with the formula of its salt. Can I believe that the dream is the womb from which will be born hope of our reunion as I was given a birth from you. And in the small dreams vouchsafe me, the shut down stars of my happiness, at least with look that will shine the track of tomorrow. "*

Vitimir Lukic also, in part of the complete works titled SHORT STORIES AND NOVELS reconfirm its drinkability of literary trophies which in his work is filled with wine produced from the grape of vineyards from inspiration miracles. Even when the village remains without God, as he says .. and with the whisper of mind adds, *"working during the day for you, and at during the night for HIM to glorified in YOUR kingdom in secula seculorum. Amen. "* Indeed, where the writer stops and starts a human?

POEMS AND OTHER PROSE ...

"... Because there's nothing down,

Poems soaked her roots in it.

Picturesque is in a front of whim of fertilization.

We are the boxes are full of moans ...

*After God, it is not nobody played like that with
creation out of nothing ... "*

I have often been surprised, while I was reading Lukic poetry, his ease of expression, which is reflected in the strange descriptions focused towards explanations of the GAME *sui generis*. Primordial creation, *creacia ultimative* is

the game at Lukic's, because he is watching all as the game of life and/or the life game. Easy? .. Just seems ... because ... "*... from some window walks down a flute, and walked around the square and hand over the word to melancholy for the day from which than I took it ...*" These connections of intertwined of material and the spiritual within human aspirations of Lukić presents, within the unified presentation forms - makes possible of understanding of his literary spirit in human, and *vice versa*. In his poetry religiosity is not *causa prima* but is a logical sequence of lifestyles. Spiritualized form of seeing himself in something that people still have not seen, but certainly felt, as *condicio prima*, is the cause of all things. It has been titled a God. Me, as Gnostic, general questioning about this is not a problem because the answer is always in the people. But in the holy books to be found .. just to be read and in a proper way and not only present but also to live in harmony with it. Therefore, I ask *and REPENTANCE of AL-Tawbah IX ... Suri (translation of the Holy Qur'an by Besim Korkut by order of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia ...)* stated ... at pg.197. quote .. "*Hypocrites are similar to one another, asking to do naughty deeds, and turn away from the good ones, and their hands are clenched; they forget Allah, so he forgot about them. Hypocrites are indeed true nonbelievers.* " And the answer is, as I said, in the people, first and foremost. And Lukic says .. "*From the upcoming games I will faced with / finished is only with the game of trials ... and all the little things / have something in the middle / around which the world is still turning, / and you're just emptying ... if we pull down the bridges / under which the river will flow.* " But to explain why I used Sure part IX of the Holy Qur'an in the explanatory target poetics Vitomir Lukic: - **Open game of spiritualized man as a reflection of the writer manifests with the sincerity of presented tendencies of changes of the world. Vitomir Lukic has a very rear thin line which very few writers possess, and that is to live in accordance with their own aspirations and outlook of writings and create and write in accordance with their own aspirations and outlook of philanthropy.** Harmonized with the message of energy which we all, at the end of day we return, and we call it God, Allah or Buddha. The difference between this time loaded with clerical to the pain of our own, and the one when Vitomir Lukic created is in a sentence, or thought, I often say: "*Before the war we had a religion of ideology, and today we have ideology of religion*⁴." Freely you can crucify me

⁴ Sabahudin Hadžialić

on the step of your own expectations if competently I say that Vitomir Lukic even today would still practical guide his stings against today's hypocrites, as it did once in the time that was considered atheist time or infidel time.

However, his poetry, within its own multilayered has a story of itself in REBELLION OF THINGS ... because "... the new kids on the crime will learn fractions on my body ..." .. "And so, while waiting for the fulfilling of prophecy / trees twice changes clothes. / creaking from the dark pages of beds / with women who are giving themselves to the phantoms / and they groaned and clawed, / with nails in the daylight One night the door run away / from sentry posts / and shaken like sheep, / and the areas began to the be brotherhood / in front of our ex-eyes From this place will leave only the rivers / and the sun will be back again ... "

He was a permanent fighter against the demolition of bridges. As an architect of words he constantly build them. Being also a haughty, and cruel towards himself, himself of this world. Creating a presumption that the ethereal Lukic cries fro purity. This world. Sincere. Human. Within literary fervor.

Personal prose⁵

But in the book, POEMS, AND OTHER PROSE, there are still more novels ... or their sketches ... CHILDHOOD IN DONJI VAKUF is one of those works of fiction that might be called personal, research, autobiographical fiction. So, not



⁵ Sabahudin Hadžialić, seeting first on the right, talks about Vitomir Lukić in Bugojno (Bosnia and Herzegovina) 26.05.2011.

something that stays at the behest of reading but it is also a testament to his own acting and doing. Towards himself. In fact, I can not shake the impression that this is fiction more oriented to the research, but also questioning his own feelings, rather than just presenting memories. However, there is a description of the space existed, people and customs of the time and environment in the small Bosnian town, Donji Vakuf. Perception of the beggars for Lukic is a special experience. From Zlatni Jozo, break through Stanko and to Jure, we see the whirl of strange characters who are putting on the intention of kindness, and of yearning. Within their professional actions. Beggary. Here, I caught myself, under the influence of exotic languages of Vitomir Lukic, I create also my sentence ... I will repeat ... "...putting on the intentions of kindness." But, really inspiring. His language. Children play with him through storytelling under quilt and singing songs about Ban Jelacic always sends a message - about belongings, clasping and unity. Of children and the people whom they make. Minority within the majority of space and time, oppressed in their own distinct area, looking for the opportunity in Donji Vakuf possibility of expression of the heat that directs towards intercourse. Not imposing itself. Not even to himself.

Although he had heard from someone, as he said, that the devil is in the house which is located in the Turkish cemetery, a tomb so called, the child's imagination with sincerity could not allow to itself to ask how it is that the devil resides right here, but through Tom Sojer's⁶ curiosity wanted, along with his younger brother, to go and check why in the little wooden house shows *"in the moment a light point leaked over and again hide."* And even then, when you get close with his younger brother to check the words about the devil he was not sure whether this is true because *"Sometimes we think that there is actually nothing and that we only imagine. However, it would have overtaken us stronger jitters when this was repeated with palpable conviction."* He's talking about the THE GOOD WHO LIVES THERE AND RED GOAT WHO JUMPS AROUND THE GARDEN. This virtual form of real world was part of his childhood, above all else. And not only that. Multiplicity is presented with extraordinary stained glass encounters, adventures, and mature reflection within the aspirations of youth. And *while the night was long-smoldering in the windows ...* Lukic announces mortal birth of his

⁶ Mark Twen „The Adventures of Tom Sawyer“

brother who lived only a month ... Furiously is painful to read, and not only for retelling. Going further, through exotic islands of Lukic's prose, we come to the part what the editor of COLLECTED WORKS, esteemed colleague, Antun Lucic, PhD., called SEPARATED PROSES. And now, faced with the first "separate" prose it came to my mind another of my own thought which says, *"Anyone who wants to be a bird, must first make a nest high on the ridge."* Let us review the full glare of death in its primal inspiration. The killing of one's life - an eagle. Brilliant miniatures of only three pages looks like somebody's novel of three hundred announcement, intentions and pale realizations. Except that in this case has everything that makes a thumbnail to become a story. Lifestyle. In its death. A whole in this case is expedient template of significant announcements, introductions and final crescenda of the story. And not only this. Because before us in this cycle, something that is extremely reminds of Raymond Carver in its cyclicity of brevity of terseness within the expression, and yet there is something peculiar only to Vitomir Lukic inside the recognition of his selections. Of the words. Of the sentences. Writer as a human, and *vice versa*. From musicians to bricklayers, over to the porter and railoraders, and untl the Indian years, in front of us is the person who wishes to learn. While meticulously presents his own relaxing sentences as a gentle breeze intentions, but with the gust who appears from the open sea. As the specter that comes from the world of zombies in that 1965 - where the cows are used to make all kinds of dishes, suddenly there with him, as he himself says, in India faced *"These cows ... that ... carry the curse of eternal condemnation to freedom, they trample through some plenum and immediately close behind them. These white, nobody needed animals, locked in a secret of their language, are the worst example of worshipping. They carry though this world the frightening reminder of glory as the punishment."* And his connections between people, animals and things even in this opportunity is confirmed in the examples of dogs, sparrows and cows in a distant land of India. So distant, as if it was just around the corner. When we talk about the behavior of people, themselves. In the asphalt jungle. Itinerarie of Vitomir Lukic are as the cyclists in New Delhi. The most dangerous are, pardon me, the most detailed, then when you least expect it. And a brave one, once upotn a time said that "God is in detail." Lukic was precisely seeking, at such and in such a way, in the detail, his goal. Seeking for, first and foremost. Because as previously stated, the goal of the path are not of

importance. It is important to travel. With pointed flirting with persiflage of journalistic writing, the author of his literary reflections precisely directes towards mimicry of everyday relationships between people on the streets of Delhi, in the presence of the author. Which is both a participant and narrator. And a participant and spectator. But the writer, with heavenly instinct that says: *"It is unfair and even from the cognitive point of view to think that there is nothing out of the book, that the book starts at the beginning of the self and the ends with the memory. There is one value of this book that is assumed to it, and that it is not overshadowes it."* The answer for Lukic is in order to take us to the search paths. As a leader who sees. Very much so. While the Indian cobra, just as a warning to the local sense of simultaneity, warn about the closeness of death on the streets of Delhi, we are introduced to the fundamental pillars of Vedic ethics, which says that there is sharing with not interest for the prize, work for the reason of work, and not because of its useful outcomes. And in order not to wonder on which planet was the author and what is the country which does not know for the interest, but in the very next sentence he disarms us showing that there is elected minority who follows that and the vast majority of which there is, as the author says, *depressing dirty pictures of absent interest for the life and creative effects of the work.* Such an essayistic-sociological approach was once characteristic to the reporters as they were and Jug Grizelj and Veselko Tenžera⁷. Here we have a writer interlaced with journalistic mores who writes a few sentences what is needed for some journalists in several "bedsheets" tabs, lets say it, professionally directed myself. Historically inspired spreads before us a lot of information but with potability bounded but with unpretentious mentioning While reading Lukic reflections stating the names of people and places where he stayed during his stay in India for two years in front of you opens the gates of another form of human existence, which is both spiritually calm but extremely overt self-indulgence. In his spirituality. I suggest you read the story of the DECEMBER PANORAMA. It would tell it to you by itself. And when we talk about the people, but also about the temples. What have been created by humans. To some other people directs towards spirituality itself. Inside the search for truth. Directed towards the God.

⁷ Ey-Yugoslaviv journalists

When he says, *"Religions are, as ideologies as well, always paying tribute to the overall taste,"* saying exactly the temple in India who is worship outside and a nursery school inside, so that the truth shines and you must cover your eyes. Ears, however, remain uncovered. Unfortunately.

And when he went away, outside New Delhi, through its CIRCLE BY RAJASTHAN as Evliya Çeleb⁸ once open a time, and also as his contemporary Zuko Dzumhur⁹ practicality fascinates with concrete order as long as he puts the scenes like on the big screen as visiting Asian countries – of India. And when he goes after THE INDIAN THEMES, eh, then it is in front of us a try, and I must say very successful try in its methodological setting, to explain political system of this very populated country. From those marginal groups to the ruling structure. Like we have in front of us the professor of geo-political studies who knows not only the history, but also music and dance. And of course, when confronted by the travelogues from Bosnia, only then the work in front of us embodies. The Author himeslef. While going from¹⁰ BROD, GUČA GORA, PROZOR and and up to LIVNO, Lukic introduces to us with many truths that were hidden in his sentences ... and he says, *"They say - says the Guardian, quiet young man - Krleža¹¹ is the Canonical son, and Andric¹² belongs to Franciscan. That with his birth should be set straight, to lift the burden from us."* And then ... when he walks, from Guča Gora towards Prozor, says, *"I forgot Bosnia looks like under the knife and under the campaign boots, the imminent one, unique to itself and to the unkind sky and to unsafe roads addressed to Bosnia, where we were born and not thinking at all of how tiny towns were small, although its edges we never ranked and so it seemed to us it was bigger than any of our opportunities. "*

And until the encounter with Gabriel JURKIĆ¹³ in Livno, whom he was not so impressed with so much that within the mild controversy with JURKIĆ showed that from two pins both artists went towards the same goal - unification of God's purpose of inspiration. One with the brush and another with pencil or pen. While

⁸ Itinerary writer from Middle age Turskih time

⁹ Ex-Yu itinerary writer from the end of XX century

¹⁰ Cities and places in Bosnia and Herzegovina

¹¹ Miroslav Krleža, famous ex-Yugoslav writer

¹² Ivo Andrić, famous ex-Yugoslav writer, the winner of Nobel prize for literature in 1961

¹³ Famous Ex-Yu art painter

he calls him the Apostle of love, Lukic pays due attention to the sensibility of a painter, and a man of Gabriel Jurkić. In Livno.

Essays

The essays are at Jukic, again, storia specifica and really they are CHOSEN as the editor of the book cited in POEMS, OTHER PROSE... called SELECTED ESSAYS ... Surplus of history that he live in the Balkans, sorry, South East eruope, Vitomir Lukic dreamily explains: "*.. Plato's ideas as the bearers of an absolute being should create a world free, from the very beginning, of every absurdity. If those are the only true reality, and the world of tactile form of transient existence, we could all twenty-five centuries says within the comfort that human stupidity is a byproduct during the incarnations of pure idea in the material world. Plato was rangy to explain the imperfection of society through its ignorance of his sense of ideals and therefore he recommended in an ideal state the philosophers as the leader of social classes ...*" But that never happened. Today we have a NATION on the pedestal of expectations, given that the nation is made by human hand, should we just wait for the end of history as we know it. And then it will disapear, right? At the same time, and the SUPRA-NATION are of the same form ... aspires to the disappearance. We all remember the faked one with and the YUGOSLAV nation that is in fact a form of supremacy of one unifying individual aspirations within the bundle of many impulses. And failed. It disappeared into the dustbin of history. But, being controversy with Lukic, I have to underline that there is no difference between a "revolutionary socialist-realism of the socialist society" and "reactionary turbo-folk mechanism of capitalist society" except in one. In socialist society we had a single-mindedness and today in capitalist society we have here and now three-mindedness. In Bosnia and Herzegovina. I'll just quote a few lines from which we could discuss and controversy: "*Morality has become a communist morality, and he could justify plunder through the manifestation of class justice. Continuing violence against someone else's safety and property received in the new code of law called "class struggle" and all written legality was a legal form of lawlessness. Abjection in*

literature enjoyed legitimacy as "amenity in the literature." At these words I will answer with specific examples twenty years later: Acceptation(privatization) policies, hiding under the skirts of the national issue because when you attack me, dear brother, you are attacking my people ... I was a thief due to the law .. because where everyone steals nobody steals strikes that does not stop ... 530,000 unemployed, or nearly 50% of the working population and we live in a democracy .. eternal incarnation of century-old dream of the freedom of speech ... I would add a freedom of thinking ... we are on strike, instead of enjoying within our own votes again choosing new maestros of theft, regardless of whether it is "right" or "left" variants of ideological intents ... The world of perpetual spring does not exist only in communism ... And there is it certainly in capitalism as well... for the selected ones... but ... Do not talk to me about equal rights and opportunities in the country where it is possible that the father and the son are both ambassadors, or in the state where the same surname can be ministers, however, in a different level of the government ... here this is a classic mistake of thesis ... and I am confident that with the same fervor would Vitomir Lukic, leaning on his Christian roots that seek for goodness, justice and understanding (do all religions want it ... but one thing is to want, and second one, quite another to be able to...) and even today would write about this gang as well he was writing about that gang upon a time. Immediately you are wondering, where is the solution? Of course, there is no absolute freedom, and Erich From not just once have spoken about it. However, there is just that ... a journey towards it. That's her charm focused on kindness, honesty, openness and against hypocrisy, envy and hatred. You see, to my mediocrity eight years ago was offered the post of Minister in the cantonal government, and I think I'm the only person who refused a ministerial position in this country, and what kind of country we are, each of us will be able to be the minister at least once in his life considering how many levels of power we have ... and how many of you who are reading this who would refuse appanage of four years enjoying attitude towards your own pocket? .. a little, really little .. you see, that's it .. until we understand that the minister is here to serve, and not to be served, until then we will be like this ... and why you did not accepted and fought from inside? - someone said, and immediately ... my answer is this: imagine a corral with 20 wolves and a sheep with them ... Who do you think will survive? ... But, lets get back to Lukic ...

Simplicity of Lukić's expressions as he stated Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, Marx, going logically that one regime had to disappear as worn shape which could not *"through imaginary enemies feed their political rituals ..."* But, as a believer, Lukic call for good. And immediately I agree with him. Because faith is not just a commitment to God in the final aspiration of uniting in God, but the hope for a better way of living. Even in own death. As Aristotle Nihomanovoj ethics said...*where we are not dealing with it just to find out what virtue is, but to become good, else it would not be of any use from virtue ...* It is ideal of Lukic. I am and underwrite. Through examples.

Still, in the essays that follow, Lukic synchronously, impeccably through the style hooks the thought in our observation of the environment in which we live. Over the Franciscans, these guards not only of the existence of one nation, but also the state of Bosnia and as a whole, through defining the beginning of culture in a certain area .. listen ... *Culture begins when a people take responsibility for the world. Add to this that it is in its choice is of an ongoing process, than the culture is also moral act ...* Yes, and I am confident that Lukic completely all over again as the resumptive Assembly of HKD NAPREDAK¹⁴ 1990with one remark ... that he would have been disappointed with society in general, which have been created by the side three-mindedness from the previous society of one-mindedness ... instead of the society of available choices of presumed goodness, we get the selective society, already chosen, the possibilities ... but of what?

Erudite Lukic was in constant conflict with human Lukic. However, it's very inspiring, though, for a writer Lukic. And he says ... *Great works are always win over the affections of the limitations, such as for the writer the literary truth is beyond the reach of religious beliefs, ideology, race and nation, while at the same time stays as the deepest truth of each of these categories taken individually ...* and how many it is current today this his sentence expressed at a meeting of writers, held in ODJEK¹⁵, 26.1.1991.g. .. *Now, they will, after a short break, while politicians regain their breath, begin negotiations where a high values will figure as: the nations, histories and bounds. Will begin a new phase of political museumology. That obsession with ethnic boundaries, but the already had*

¹⁴ Croatian cultural assembly in Bosnia and Herzegovina

¹⁵ Bosnia and Herzegovina cultural magazine ODJEK and his premises

destructive effect on the spiritual limitations of entire nations. Please! ... Twenty years later, we have not even moved for the meter, pardon or for a second period of time since that. Actuality of Lukić's statement is painful. And today we are unaware of our unconscious to continually live our own death. Serving once upon a time to one, and today exactly to the same caste. To the thieves, my brother. No matter what name and surname they are wearing. I am bowing down to one word, with deep respect ... and it is a COMPROMISE. This is the solution proposed by Lukic then. But who heard him?

And when we reach LITERARY DISCUSSION presentation within this cycle, we can not but to emphasize the multifaceted nature of Lukić's works that have never imposed anything but warned, emphasized, made latently manifest all of our assumptions about something, someone or for something or for someone ... because he says: "... *sometimes I think that we are fracturing faster this world than what it needed to be created ...*" *Inspiracio sublimaris* that inevitably arises when we read literature of Vitomir Lukic is nothing but the combined knowledge that was waiting to be read. Of corresponding forms of consciousness. Even if we could to live in harmony with it. Here, even that I come from, tentatively called, other culture and tradition, I found a *mementum causali* of the own survival. That's the advantage of our areas which false prophets called a faults. One-word-MESH is an advantage, not a disadvantage. And RECORDS are inspirational form of notions about author power. And when he is talking about the language, that causal form of national consciousness and appearance, with controversy prevails over his own pain. No, not at all insulting other one and different one, just asking for equality of survival. Of his own.

Sabahudin Hadžialić

writer

Sarajevo, 26.5.2011.g.

Bosnia and Herzegovina

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