

MELIKA SALIHBEĞ BOSNAWI

## OWNER OF THE TIME

### POST SCRIPT BEFORE READING

*To the matter, it is said, is particular disorder  
And the soul is one tending to harmony!*

Creating, we are already two. We have already established a distance to what rising from the inside, we have already established dialogue. In an instant, we are lovers and betrayers, truth and delusion in the same body. And in the same soul. Why then to not believe in our fair judgment? That singular in **we** and our personal **our** in this article about **him** who would be but an artist himself. One should then, is not it? call him to write an essay, text..., testimony about himself. But is contagious, yet is not it? customariness that illusion of the soliloquy.

(And it's not me who is a child of Hermes Trismegistus, his children are the words wishing to, the gold of my thoughts, convert into hardness of an ordinary metal.)

It remains then to me to judge them. To the man - an artist and the very artist. Remains but to break the dialogue, coming from the side, slightly behind the back of them. And I'm not ashamed of that stealing, just a little fear. Because, speaking of the work, we so easily stumble on psychoanalysis. And so we are too cunning in deception which multiplies through us. We feel that we are being dissolved in our own psychoanalytic thought, while in our consciousness is being composed in music a word of the descending proximity to the art work that interests us. The dialogue that we just had with the creator, the dialogue between he and I is being transformed into a dialogue between me and me, and him and him. Already we have become part of each other and what better represents the chorus of our voices and our common destinies but the work of his and the work of mine. His in the picture (music or words) and my in (painting, music or) word, that secrecy that none of of psychoanalysis can exhaust.

(And it's not me who is a child of Hermes Trismegistus, his children are the words wishing to, the gold of my thoughts, convert into hardness of an ordinary metal.)

Would I set off to look for the essence of painting, for example, then I would take any image and any painter. In neither case I would not be not closer nor further away from what is the goal of my looking for. Benefit here is from some kind of Kafkaian twist. The less it gives me as a painting delusion, the more a picture (or a painter) goes me as an artistic true. And what is the farthest from what is the Painting confirms me its truth, although in a different syntax, and the one closest to it.

All of a sudden, it seems to me that I too darkened the image . I open the aperture, more, even more, and it seems to me now that I see now with some stronger and more precise contact lenses. And, here I am on the verge of the possession of pentimento. Here stops every boldness. Stops my stealing from the back, a little from the side, there stops the dialogue , disappears the distance towards what rising from the inside. Disappears the work, and disappear we as the creator of that art-work. It remains only a monologue of the silent view of The Secret that we wanted to grasp. And It is, today I know that yesterday I did not know, is beyond the thoughts of It. Because as far as there reaches our thoughts, there stretch the boundaries of the human. That what is the other side of them, for their part, I will try to find in the possession of the heart.

M.S.

Sarajevo, 16. May 1979.

