*Sabahudin Hadžialić*

***Bosnia and Herzegovina and XXI centura: Maestro and Margarita***[1]

*Voland was naive because the cat was Judas*[2]

Indeed, professor, can I, within any moment create any presumption that sometimes and somewhere within this region, noble men walked ... Family tree of every family in this area can easily create the issue what you are talking about a young friend of mine – timidly has answered me, dear professor. To continue. Since the beginning of times only with fire and with the sword we are getting the titles you're talking about. Specifically, the knowledge and the validity of the mission of the individual never and no where came to the forefront in order to formulate the peerage. Only those steeped in blood and ominous intentions have passed well in these areas. Weren't the "noble" people just with bloodiest hands. Were not the traitors of their own ethnic groups mostly good for themselves. Were not...?

Excuse me for interrupting, but saying this we are denying our own past and the announcement of a solid future, crowned with the ultimate definition of what is lacking within us through the centuries – the roots of our ethnicity. No, my dear student! On the contrary, as long as we are faced with nobility as a miserable representatives of the apparent shape of the archetypal notions of better and more perfect human, until then we just cannot go towards betterment. Here and now on the scene is the creation of feudal forms of the conception of man as a fighter for the selected "own self being" - with the help of corruption, crime and all sorts of evil, so close to either being. In the two thousand and fourteen year, Bosnia and Herzegovina is a place for all forms of perversions and place of weeping people of the assumed faith – the place for the people condemned to endless laboratory demands of the "worldly-mighty." Hundred of families have been already selected with sinecures east and west from us, in the areas of our former homeland. Here, the process is ongoing and should be only focused towards that direction...

It's me again, my professor! What direction? Whose direction? Well, I understand your desire and intention to expose the intentions of the local rulers of the souls, but ... Do not interrupt me! - kick me professor and continue.. ...towards creating of a new visions of everyday reality. Because, like once upon a time, when serfs became nobles as in today, yesterday's greengrocers, bus drivers on suburban lines and sergeants want to become a new veziers of our destiny. To just continue what always nobility sought to be - common parasite on the backs of domestic human.

I understand, dear professor, but one question arises: How to prevent them from doing this?

Absolutely not! There is no way! Because human sordid does not deserve anything elses than to suffer and go out for pasture, believing that they will survive. It just reminded me on a single sentence from the art-work of the great Bulgakov: "You do not believe - You're going to non-existence!" It's all being said within this one. You do not have to believe that this is possible, but it is exactly like that. Just keep racking your brain about new ideas of democracy and you will realize one thing:

Fate has already been determined and it is not at all positive. On the way to Judgment day a human is doomed to suffer. Without stopping. Consciousness is lost under the impact of irrational, omnipotent spirit directed towards manipulation. The nobles, the robbers of the spirit are born again and again. We just call them differently. And create ones. Towards the same goal. THE END OF OUR OWN.

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Notes:

[1] ***The Master and Margarita*** (Russian: «Ма́стер и Маргари́та») is a novel by [Mikhail Bulgakov](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mikhail_Bulgakov), written between 1928 and 1940 but unpublished in book form until 1967. Info: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Master_and_Margarita>

[2] *"Gasping for it its fictional and never conceited nobility as the only left thing they keep their head upright, allegedly insulted were leaving the society, but only when there was not any other place for a single drop of alcohol in their body, and through lumbering, they were leaving while yelling, "I am, you should remember that, die to paternal and maternal roots, a bey ...!"*  Amir Brka "Monography of the city"

2001

Remark S.H.: „Bey“ is the title for Turkish nobleman/aristocrat

Signature under the photo: Photo taken from [Here](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1XBhZ-KknEQ) - and part from [Here](http://hercegbosna.org/forum/povijest/kako-je-uistinu-bilo-pod-turcima-t10137-125.html)