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ČOPIĆ IN THE PICTURE OF WORDS

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Abstract: *It has long been known that art is no longer what but how. This can be seen in every good creator; including Čopić who, with his novel Ne mourn bronze guard, and by creating black and white paintings in it, stood out from the mass of contemporary writers, because, precisely by painting reality with selected words, he managed to build a work of lasting value. All his landscapes in the aforementioned novel stand out, which he painted with rich and diverse morphemes. With his style and language, he broke through the boundaries of man's emotions full of tears, both from sadness and crying, and from joy and laughter. Also, it is clear in the paper that Čopić had in mind the fact that it is not difficult to become, how difficult it is to remain a writer. He was able to stay after that fateful day when he was swept away by a torrent of time.*

Keywords: *Krajina, homeland, Jovandeka, Banat, Grmeč, Banjac*

Introduction

Landscape is a French word that denotes the image of an area. The term is taken from painting, and in literature it refers to the description of nature: forests, meadows, rivers, streams, sunrises and sunsets, moonlight... In a literary work, it is no coincidence, in order for a writer to fill a void with it, or to convince us of the power of his pen, or style, or to offer his literary characters (heroes) a background for some aestheticism. It is not there either for the reader to take a break until the next event, etc., but it is there, exclusively, to reflect the mental state of the actors in the work, i.e. for him (landscape), as he is, to participate in the actions of the hero. In other words, he is something that complements the character, the hero of the work; It is compatible with the protagonists of the work.

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The first landscapes, in our country, date back to ancient literature. “Camblak showed the highest artistic abilities in painting landscapes of Decani and its surroundings. This is the first landscape in the history of our literature.” (Trifunović, 1965) (Here we refer to Camblak’s *The Life of Stefan decanski*, written between 1402 and 1406 – op. a.).

In Ćopić’s novels, the characters fit into the images of landscapes that influence them and their actions.

The differences between Ćopić the creator, e.g. and the folk creator, is that the folk narrator would expose his story at once, without interruption and stopping, in its entirety; with the aim of making the content more complete, clearer; Get to the listener faster. Ćopić does the same, but with small changes, or rather additions or interruptions, by occasionally stopping the course of the plot, he interrupts it: with comments, dialogues, monologues, and, often – landscapes. He does this with measure leaving the impression of an experienced creator, who not only uses talent, but also skill in writing. That’s why he’s convincing and measured in the landscape. In these elements, it is difficult to add or take away anything.

Writers are a mirror of their homeland, and of their people. Whenever Ćopić is mentioned, one can clearly see the image of Bosnian Krajina Which he remained closely attached to for the rest of his life. Grmeč, Una, Kozara, Sana, Krupa... A cup.

AGEING LANDSCAPE

For folk artisans, Svetozar Koljević says that this “sank cultural property” (Koljević, 2005). And as soon as something is good, it has value wherever it is. So here we can tie the “good” to Ćopić’s landscape. Namely, if we look back a little, we will see that, even folk singers, and folk storytellers, whenever the opportunity arose to do so, introduced into their brainchild descriptions of nature. They, sometimes, do not say much, but, what is important, when they are already in a song or story – they do not stick out, they do not hang; They have their own agenda and say something. So the landscape is as old as the storytelling itself. This is proof that people, once, and even now, did not move away from nature; he simply felt the need for her, and realized that she was her unbreakable part.

So, it must be admitted that there is little landscape in folk literature, but, nevertheless, there is one. They are kept to a minimum. Here and there, some elements of the landscape are mentioned.

For example, in the fairy tale *Aždaya and the emperor's son*, the sun is mentioned, but for a short time, just enough to interrupt a situation, to finish it and hint at another. For example, "When in the morning a white day dawns, the day rises and the sun rises..." So, here too, the central motif is the sun after which some kind of event should be expected.

Also in the legend. *Mark's marriage to a fairy* We encounter a similar landscape: when Marko hunted "on a green mountain and a vast mountain", wandering "all morning on that beautiful summer day". And when the day was daylight, "the sun was shining high and noon had moved away", Marko sat down tired, "in the shade of a thin fir tree". Lying above him, "in the treetops of huge trees he saw a wheel like the snow of white fairies..."

Behind the landscape lies the richness of this forest world, both plant and animal, which completes the reader's image. It's misty and mysterious, and so much so and beautiful. And if in some places there is emptiness and peace, "we can hear it with the soul, as the deaf Beethoven listened to it, and which was celebrated and praised by all loners." (Matoš, 1968).

In the legend of *Marko and the Villa Ravijojla*, we come across a similar motif that shows us that world, but not so beautiful because it was revealed to us: "... Everything in the asleep forest and the mountain listened to the beautiful Song of Miloš... And all the animals, old and young trees, fragrant and medicinal herbs, mushrooms and mistletoes, some of which resemble little men and ghosts..."

There are indeed many examples, and from each we see that man from creation was attached to nature. He also transferred this connection to his creativity, first to the oral, folk, and later, today, (here we see with Ćopić) and inscribed literature, i.e. fiction. In both cases, this is not only not a mistake, but it is also necessary in order to give the work as much truthfulness, persuasiveness, quality as possible... In order to bring it closer to the reader.

RUSTIKALNOST AT THE FOUNDATION

Ćopić seemed to have a whole arsenal of "standing" sentences that he pulled out and used in the right places in exceptional situations. He made parades, and when needed, he made parades out of work. And at the same time, of course, there are no stereotypes, superfluous epithets, "frayed" adjectives, sentimental clichés, etc.

“All my life, from my first creative attempts, I was inspired by the life and spirit of the people to which I belonged, the environment in which I was born and grew, the nature that surrounded me.” says Ćopić. (Čengić, 1968).

If all his landscapes were taken out and read, one could easily see the characters based on them, because they are attached to each other; They're not opposites. The beauty of “his” nature has found its place in novels, but also spontaneous expression. Each one of them tells us how necessary they are.

In the novel *Don't tuguj bronze watch* Ćopić stayed mostly on the soil of his ancestors, i.e. on the ground of his storytelling – in the Bosnian region, because he is the freest, the strongest there. And the rest of his novels are, if not entirely, at least in good part, tied to his native lump.

The cheerfulness of the language, its originality and drinkability made it easier for Ćopić to become original in landscapes. The novel is “ov'da-on'da”, by consumption, and assessment of the author, filled with finely nuanced descriptions of nature. Such descriptions illuminate and warm Ćopić's work. Sometimes the reader simply regrets that descriptions are not more frequent, even longer. It is no longer real nature, the writer's words have magical, fantastic, fairytale power... We're just sorry to “sober up” from them and return to reality.

Rusticity is the basis, the foundation, of Ćopić's landscape. Without such a solid and verified pedestal, it would hardly be possible that the success of the landscape would be guaranteed.

HE TOOK NATURE AND GAVE IT TO US.

From time to time Ćopić calms down “like a sail of a mountain child when his mother breastfeeds and lulls him”, stops to “start”, and then moves on again. The great (writers), they say, should skip the little things (landscapes), and here he is – he did not do it; And he lost nothing. He took natural wealth, (nature), “washed” it a little, “beautified” it, and gave it to us, to refresh us a little. He also gave us a chance to take a break, so that we could more easily take the same path, along with him.

The writer and the reader, hand in hand, as well as his, written, literature and literature of his people – oral, go together.

Don't rush into important things. There's no need for that because he's set off on time, and besides, he knows he's not bored with occasional digressions and staying on the landscape, because he does it with measure. Its landscape is not just a décor, decoration. Whenever he appears, then

he is in a certain, most often psychological, function. From time to time, he appears as a spirit of feeling, that is, spiritual support for life itself.

Laza Lazarević painted Šabac, Milovan Glišić Valjevo, Bora Stanković Vranje with his prose. Bosanska Krajina remained with Kočić, who had done well, but death was faster. But where he left off, someone “had to” continue. Who else but the cupcakes? And how, if not like this? And you can see – he’s a good “painter”. There is no shortage of words, although the landscapes are demanding. He does it artistically, masterfully, because he loves it, feels it and lives with it.

“As soon as the village is mentioned, Ćopić cannot help but be moved, whether it is a rural mountain landscape, whether it is memories, poetry of fields and mountain ambience, or the purity of a painstaking but idyllically poetic rural life.” (Glušćević, 1966, 193).

It’s all in the dark; it’s all thin and thin. Neither the plum is plum (*stunted, thin, under the wind*), nor a flower flower (*poor is that poor jewelry*) and it is in vain to smile because it is *erav, clumsy and shy...* Landscapes like this won’t significantly change the novel for the better, but they want to give the reader a clearer picture of the ending where the action takes place. And as soon as it is clearer, the light from it will be reflected in all other structure of the work (theme, characters, plots, dialogues, monologues, soliloquisms, idea...).

It’s the end of the world. And everything here is miserable, forgotten; It started to get wild. But, nevertheless, again, as it is, it speaks and reminds of something familiar, dear and close to heart...

Do the gibber housewives of the Kraut house in Banat reproach, does Ćopić’s green plateau with black streets full of rants and bustle make fun of Ćopić?

I do. They’ve gone and left all that beauty and, as far as tomorrow, they’re going to groan for it.

How powerful Ćopić is in merging his heroes with nature and in painting the unbreakable bond between these two goods (heroes and nature/landscapes) is best illustrated by some examples from his story *The Cruel Heart*, where the writer gives a picture of a son (Nikoleta’s) saying goodbye to his mother (Mary). The son, after a short absence, goes back to battle, to war. It is a painful parting, uncertain, because there is a danger of not coming out of the war alive. My mother knows that. The writer also knows this (he is a participant in war), so he skillfully “precedes” nature into parting, which more than well “stands in solidarity” with the unfortunate mother and her forebodings.

Dry and cold wind tirelessly wipes over bare hills and deserted fields scorched with first salt. He whines malignantly in a bare fruit grower, chases down the road a few lost and tiny apple leaves and a dragged forest in the groves across the river, warning that the inevitable parting is already here. The old woman sinks even more into a faded too wide coat and begins to cry with stingy tears (Ćopić, 1980, p. 53)

Never enough of a home

Jovandek escapes from these thoughts of Banat as if from the plague, but, look, it is coming to him even under God's heaven, Banat hithim in the forehead, knocks him down and now here he is again in the well-known pasture. In front of him the toothless edge of a nearby hill, a pale blue of the desolate sky, and under him the buttocks and back numb from lying down (Ćopić, 1960, 53).

The heroes of Ćopić are, on all grounds, tied to nature. Even if a writer wanted something outside of that nature (of course he would know how to do it skillfully), there would be a lot left sketchy. Here Jovandeka lies on the bare turf of some pasture, and "in front of him the toothless edge of a nearby hill, a pale blue of the desolate sky, and under him the buttocks and back numb with lying down".

So we see clearly that without the landscape, the thought would not have enough bearing capacity, weight, strength; it would be lean. But there is a *pasture, a toothless hill, the blue of the sky*, and in all this he – Jovandeka Babic. Jovandek was related to all this, so it is almost impossible to imagine him without it, and even when b <unk> – he would be truncated, completed...

He moved away from the cemetery, with each step he became calmer – he read to these old men from bujadara! – when suddenly a new danger flashed in sight. Behind the bajir before him appeared in the distance a clear plateau a spacious hayhoek and obliquely over it a thin strip of beaten path. There is the native village of that blonde Cvijeta, that ancient peaceful Kokrlja's stepdaughter, who was almost grabbed from his fists and taken forever to the distant hills behind Ovanjska. (Ćopić, 1960, 17).

One nation consists of the dead, the living and those who will be born. Here is proof of this: Jovandek bids farewell to the dead as one would say goodbye to the living, albeit in one's own way, but one should still keep in mind – he does not care that he turns his back on graves. And then... then, when he "read" (bukvica op. a), his eyes led the hero across the "beaten path" to his former childhood love – Kokrlja's stepdaughter,

which, almost from his fists, was “seized and taken forever “to the distant hills of Ovanjska”. These are painful memories; The older you get – the clearer and more painful the memories become. How painful, says the next paragraph.

He turns Jovandek's head so that he does not look at her, nor the paths, nor the hay-haired, hides from the path and hits a narrow walkway towards the dense thicket. Hazel, fern, ash, wild vine accept, caress, hug and pamper the unfortunate boy Jovan. He sits in a green hidden log and inconsolably sniffles so that even a harsh hard cockroach, a black bushy hornbeam, pushes him compassionately to the knee: could it be that the old hardened bag and the flagship of all the rebel robbers, the famous Jovandeka Babić, are crying for something. (Ćopić, 1960, 18).

It is not difficult to turn your head away from everything, to look away, but it is difficult to take one's mind away from something that clings to the soul, to the heart, back in youth, in childhood. How strong the memory of ancient childhood love is, can also be seen by the fact that he begins and sniffles, cries. It has already been said before that the landscape is not accidentally in the story, but that it has its function, so it is here: everything that surrounds John is now at hand: “hazel, fern, lamb, wild vine, accept, caress, embrace and pamper the unfortunate boy Jovan”. And even “a tart hard crochet, a black bushy hornbeam, compassionately (him) pushes (her) to the knee”. Everything distracts him from sad thoughts, from the memory of a former love, lost forever.

The heart, soul and tears often appear inseparable in the depiction of inner experiences and interact as the three elements of one mechanism.

She didn't run away. She wept only over her and his miserable war luck that had put them together like this, in these times and at the first sunset, tearing him off step by step, she led him home. Around her, birch trees showered piajna popca with a gloomy downpour and calmed the sobbing of the wounded Vrbas. (Ćopić, 1960, 17).

Another in a series of proofs, where nature merges with the emotions of the hero. “Around her, birch trees showered drunken popca with a gloomy downpour and calmed the sobbing of the wounded Vrbasa.” Everything here “stood in solidarity” with the heroine who found a wounded fighter in a fern, on the very edge of the gully. (And she took him home.) Coincidence wanted it that way, and Ćopić gave a deeply emotional woman a little support: a gloomy slap of birch, a drunken popca and Vrbas that forests (sobs) like a stabbed, wounded.

Banat spilled, golden, autumn, despised, with erased borders: it gasses for a moment and deepens to the rusty ramparts of the horizon, and in a moment it is reduced and flickered above the first acacia hedge along the railway. Banatu, why are you so erratic, unfaithful and elusive? And who is going to keep and tie up this missing Banjac in you, when even the Bosnian hills could not stop him and border where his rightful place is? (Ćopić, 1960, 56).

Some would say that there may be too many adjectives in such a small space, but Ćopić has “hired” them all well, i.e. each of them has its own role, each saying something. If you throw out even one, you’ll feel emptiness. The first adjectives clearly state that, almost impossible, in such a beauty of Banat, to stay in place. A striking image of the Banat fertile plain, which the writer says has “spilled” and is all in “gold, autumn, overripe, and erased borders...” Well, now, hardly anyone could hold on to a place next to this kind of beauty that lures, calls, chews. What if it’s a nice bathroom? Nature stylized by the landscape affects the mood of man. He changes it and, you might say, “subjugates” itself; It’s a parallel relationship with a human being, they’re compatible.

See: somewhere far away, without him, forever without him, the wind swims down an ashy wave of rye, steono swings a loaded train of scattered sheaves, the hairs dine in the overheated grass, among the grasshoppers. (Ćopić, 1960, 91).

Although Krajina (Glibajac) is remote, nature is cold, poor, and the landscape itself is stingy, but the lyrically indented Ćopić warms it all up, unfolds to an emotional poetic prose spun from the folk spirit, eternally fresh and lasting, and gives the reader pleasure. So his rustic landscape comes to him something like a pride, with a novel, *free* of charge, as one would say in contemporary jargon.

Dark shore, ominous black mulberries seemed to hang on every one of them, a heavy string of sleepy houses. All this has to be passed, on foot, step, through all this has Banjac to push through on the way home. (Ćopić, 1960, 112).

There’s something ominous here. Copic did not completely free Banjc from his passions, from his vice. He didn’t want to give him any more

pleasure, so he could enjoy it all. “There is no more beautiful pillow from a clear conscience,” the people would say, but in the specific case, Banjc’s conscience is not completely free of remorse; He knew that what he was doing wasn’t exactly pride. That’s why there’s “dark shore, ominous black mulberries”, like pillars for hanging.

The sky over the Banat village has descended, wipes the plain with dead heavy fog, wets the mulberries with wet dust. Tone Banat in the rainy grayness and into silence, deaf Bosnians under a misty infestation look in confusion at the combed wool of God when an invisible temptation will break out of it (Ćopić, 1960, 134).

Ćopić knows the power of nostalgia well and that is why he always, when there is a possibility, looks back at his heroes, points their gaze to the past in their native Krajina and Grmeč Gora. They’re here and their heart’s there. They’re looking for it, or rather – they’re looking for it. As much as they miss the country, it is certain that the country also misses them. These are the two halves that are required in order to be one whole again...

What was received entered into a habit, “into the blood, and it later appears only by itself, naturally (Sergejevič Stanislavski, 1945, 135).

There is a kind of wet plum brandy through the fog and a dark envelope in it, in which a sooty rakika casserole simmers. Bosnia hangs around him, scattered and talked about, drinks, honors and roasts the rooster on a thin hazel skewer. (Sergejevič Stanislavski, 1945, 135).

Here in just two sentences stopped all bosnia, krajina, villages, peasants... and autumn. No one like him– Ćopić. Matter is understood both externally and internally. And illuminated for those who see less, or who are far away. It’s hard to find a more faithful picture than this, and a more beautiful one. It has both smell, and taste, and life juices, and the flesh of life and its skeleton and everything... and the soul; a faithful portrait of the land of Krajina and Krajišnik. Only the people, and Ćopić, would be able to give such a picture.

A dark night in the countryside. Tapa in the dark some kind of gray slow beard, sprinkles high late autumn flowers to the ground, rolls hairy

grass and crushes bristle ridges of the border on the atar. Even the hungover soldier's dawn bears traces of its passage: trees stained with haze, clouds smeared on the low corn horizon, shattered jackdaws are called out in confusion. (Sergejevič Stanislavski, 138).

A night that doesn't even look forward to itself. A bearded stranger breaks through it and leaves behind traces... Somewhere far away, jackdaws are called. Do they know anything about this deaf eclipse? Or the night drank their color and only their voices remained bleached by the blackness of the darkness.

The twilight cobweb sits down the haunted columns of mulberry trees, nests in quiet attics and drags with it the night, cloudy, piled-up, blind, swampy Banat night. In the sad dense girl's hearts, Bosnian corn commies rustle, wooden hemp poles are tapping, and some distant weevil calls hopelessly to the swab in the hamlet under the hill: let's go, girl! (Sergejevič Stanislavski, 1945, 144).

It's a night for everyone, it's just not for sleeping. And most of all, it's for his memory. The denser – the stronger the memory, and the clearer the images.

There are far-fetched corns and girlish hearts tickling. You can also hear the pillars for the connolje. There's a kerosene squint somewhere. Everything lures, calls, pulls. He'll die, like a marvince, and not die a man, if he doesn't leave. This is not just a girl's torment, but everyone's, folk's. The people left, the hearts remained; It's good to go after them.

Only Ćopić can experience nature so strongly, even when it is evil, as well as when it is good. And it's equally beautiful, in both cases. Its beauty lies precisely in this mystery whose root is far away, where the first and most beautiful story was conceived - a fairy tale.

Ćopić's landscape is open; it is offered to everything; the picture, the story, the song; war, peace, heroes, love... He's a good coil for everyone. And everything would easily and quickly "rejuvenate" on that substrate. And gave abundant fruit.

The old man lies and feels: he will never again climb that bair behind the cemetery in Glibajac, to that round elevation from which there is a view of the pure mountain shadow behind which hides a village of that

old blonde Cvijeta, Kokrlja's stepdaughter. (Sergejevič Stanislavski, 1945, 167).

Only masters like Ćopić, and great artists, such as Ćopić, and great lyricists, such as Ćopić, can bring out so much beauty with so few words. His landscape is always on the border between the real and the imaginary. That's what he it gives strength, charm, and time again the desire to come across it again, reading the work, and as soon as possible.

No matter where you are, the man is with him. And the more he moves away from him, the closer and dearer he becomes. Over time, he begins to revive some images, and to immerse himself in them, to merge with them. It depends on its potential (soul, imagination, love for the native breast...) how clear and effective this image will be. Ćopić wholeheartedly helps us to be as close as possible to us and our soul. He who knows how to look will see the fields, stacked side by side, like leaves in a written notebook, will also see someone's worn-out cavalry, similar to ours, and somewhere behind his back calls a stream those who were once on it.

The first frost glazed the streets, silvered the gardens and decorated the trees. Sinuo Banat, new, forged, young. The uncut, black-footed Bosnian children warmed up, illuminated by the unimagined holiday of the morning, recalled sunday, fair, colorful cake and tin rooster. (Sergejevič Stanislavski, 178).

It is difficult to say where Ćopić is "stronger" and more convincing in his painting of nature; Whether in spring, winter, summer or autumn?

Sometimes even one sentence is enough for him to paint the big end, his Krajina.

The most beautiful part of a man's life is childhood. Everything is carried out of it all his life, and he remembers. Experiences, events, fears, loves... and even Memories of the holidays *Sundays, fairs, colorful cakes and tin roosters* (In the toys).

The sky approached, it was poured on one hand, doves, washed, and slanted into the village, sprayed with sparks, burning frost and burning in the windows behind which the Bosnian old woman for the first time puts on socks and blows in the opanke to flush out chaff and dust. (Sergejevič Stanislavski, 1945, 178-9).

He's a funny old man and unusual to himself. Others find it unusual. And god's heavens, which look out the window, are amazed. Is it possible that the old man will bend over to a new life; on socks and panties without chaff, well, on karaju, and legs without opanaks?

It's hard to get used to any change, even if it's for the better. The people want the old, the bent, the traditional and their own; The people want what belongs to them – the people.

From the dilapidated holm oak persistently breaks through and increasingly closes the earth young chills, shimmering and cold. It trembles in the wind, disheveled, in buses, it is squeezing, stronger and dark, and over it, in the November air, there is a hint of snow. They roar and drink jackdaws, whirl in a cloudy flock and unseemly call out to someone who deceived them and ran away, leaving behind bare acacia, a cold morning and sad clouds. Where are you, unfaithful traveler, who has spent the whole summer wandering around in the seeds and on the grass along the canal, bring back to us the flushed warm morning. (Sergejevič Stanislavski, 1945, 183).

In the field of life and death, one always gladly returns and dwells on them. Although, at the moment, the war delivered the place of shepherd's childhood, memories soon found their way to it, he drank himself with memories and left, and so constantly as long as man lived.

... Somewhere there is Bosnia with the first glittering frost on the wide paws of ostudenjelijelijeh jelika, with fog in the valleys, with the fumes of shepherd's fires crawling low above the stubble, and painfully pinching Stojan's eyes. (Sergejevič Stanislavski, 1945, 184).

Bosnia is not Serbia, nor is It Krajina Šumadija. Everything is different in Bosnia, in Krajina more savage... Winter covers the earth with its white sheets, tucks it in, shuts it up. In some places, fragrant smoke develops from the curtain, a blackhut, a gunj on gray wool and sheep dung... But all this, long ago, was imbued with a human virtue called hospitality. It's the only place you can stop by, eat, law school. Only here can you hear the "beautiful word", the name of Marko and Miloš, the sharp sound of the gusal... Only here is hidden everything that is purely folk, including the landscape that Ćopić used.

CONCLUSION

Ćopić measured each of his words several times, giving each one enough strength to be wearable. He gave her both hearts and souls to have emotions, but also heads – to have reason in everything. Because the two can't do without each other.

That is why and with a lot of rights we claim that the tremendous power of Ćopić's landscapes brought by his heroes in their memory, to the new climate. And the more time goes on these images become clearer, and the deeper they cut into their souls. And without bread, he would somehow go over his head for a few days, but without native memories (pictures) – not at all.

The present and the past (Banat and Krajina) clashed. It was a conflict, not only of two cultures, but of everything else that makes life. What had previously clung to the heart – Krajina won.

Ćopić, when describing the landscape, used sentences measured by a special scale called "soul", which is why they are not short, because then they would be rough, sharp, rudely echoed, but are a little longer, which means – and a little sadder, more sensitive, deeper.

To his heroes, memories of his homeland are medals that they proudly wear, and they stand out at every opportunity. They not only fondly remember past times and homelands, but, one might say, they live in that past for a good part. They, therefore, have a real, real life, the present, and its shadow – the past. These are two rivers that run parallel to each other, sometimes they get so close to each other that it is not known which is which, they mix, and then, again, they move a little further away and flow next to each other, and still

They continue on their way.

What should be especially emphasized is the fact that Ćopić never allowed the painting to cover the word, the shop, the atmosphere... Just as he didn't let them cover the picture; they went parallel, and even if one of them retreated to the eye – not to the soul.

His landscapes never lie.

In the end, one can come to the following conclusion: Ćopić made a work of art from everything he touched, including landscapes, of course. With a little goodwill and a little more love, a solid novel could be made of its landscapes that would be a role model for aesthetics.

ĆOPIĆ U SLICI RIJEČI

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Sažetak: Odavno je poznato da umjetnost više nije šta nego kako. To se vidi kod svakog dobrog stvaraoca, pa i kod Ćopića, koji se svojim romanom *Ne tuguj bronzana strazo* izdvojio iz gomile savremenih pisaca, i stvaranjem crno-belih slika u njemu, jer upravo slikanjem stvarnim biranim rečima uspeo je da izgradi delo trajne vrednosti. Djelo ističe sve njegove pejzaže u pomenutom romanu, koje je oslikao bogatim i raznovrsnim morfemima. Svojim stilom i jezikom probijao je granice ljudskih emocija punih suza, kako od tuge i plača, tako i od radosti i smijeha. Također, djelo jasno pokazuje da je Ćopić imao na umu činjenicu da nije teško postati pisac, ali je teško ostati pisac. Uspio je da ostane pisac i nakon tog kobnog dana kada ga je odnela poplava (lošeg) vremena.

Ključne riječi: Krajina, zavičaj, Jovandeka, Banat, Grmeč, Banjac

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