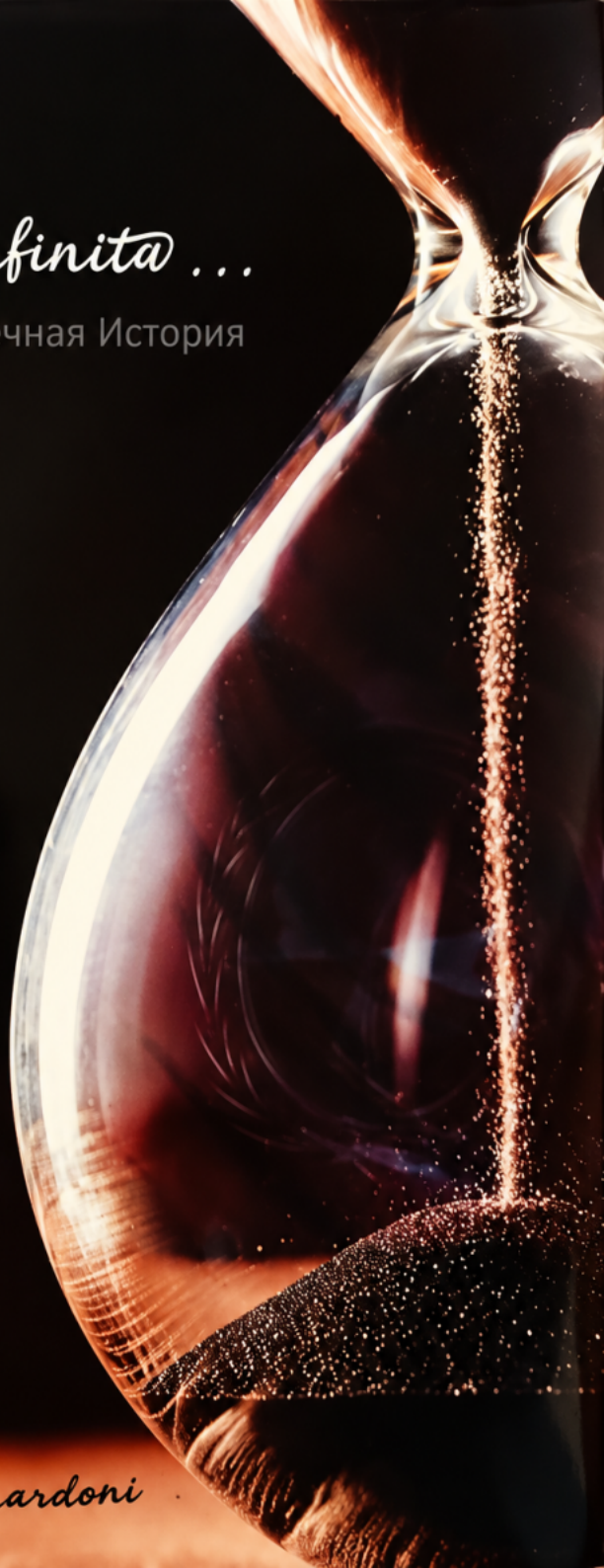


Una Storia infinita ...

Бесконечная История

Luciano Angelo Lonardoni



THE COMMANDER'S TESTAMENT

Let no announcement be made of my death, nor let anyone suffer because of me. Let me not be buried in consecrated ground, nor let the sacristan toll the bells for my death. Let no one ask to see my body, nor follow me to the funeral; let no flowers be planted on my grave. Let no one remember me: I entrust my name to the wind, and to all the others in nameless graves. At least we tried. We lived as heroes and died unknown. Our spirits wander in the infinite eastern sky, and one day we shall meet again and tell our stories: daring men devoted to death or life, nameless men without love or faces. Those who fight cannot have love, condemned to solitude to accomplish impossible missions.

Luciko

UNKNOWN ICON

An icon without name or face. A candle burns in memory of their deeds. They live in the shadows, always ready for impossible missions, unknown faces. In the heart of beloved Serbia a candle will always burn for them; it will never go out. If it does, there will be no more Christianity or freedom.

Luciko

THE END

From my burning heart a flower of flames will bloom; falling to the ground, I shall feel a kiss upon my lips—the kiss of freedom. No one returns once they have found their freedom.

Luciko

OUR RULERS

Our parliamentarians think that God made a mistake in giving our homeland such beautiful land, and they seek to remedy it.

Luciko

TO MY MOTHER

Hello, Mum! I thought of sending this flower to another woman, but after a while I realized that the woman who gave me everything is you. I love you so much!

Luciko

MY FATHER

In that dream the cells opened, and slowly I made my way home. I seemed a veteran returning from a great war, where I had been a prisoner in body and mind. Evening was falling as I entered the avenue. I saw a shadow, a figure in the distance: oh God, my father! He stood motionless, as though paralyzed, not knowing what to do or say, and he wept. Seeing this, I was so moved that I could not help crying with him. Great happiness shone through those tears, and from his trembling lips came the words: "May God always help you, my son." And then he said: "Welcome home, welcome home, my son!"

Luciko

THE OLD LOCOMOTIVE

An old locomotive struggles through the mountains. Old and tired, it puffs continually, as if praying, or perhaps too proud to stop. It passes mountains, ruins, valleys, plains and rivers, then reaches a little station. An impossible load awaits, even for a more modern machine. "Make it depart again!" But it is tired. Pride tells it to set off at once. Strong and unyielding, the old locomotive puffs and starts again. It seems almost to cry and suffer, yet it continues, thinking the next stop will be the right one: "There I shall unload this weight." People who see it rejoice without knowing why; they embrace and ask whether it will make it. It is close now. It has arrived! But what can be so important and heavy? One voice in the crowd says: "I know what fills this train. I want to tell you: it is filled to the brim with freedom—freedom for all of you!"

Luciko

THE FLAG

High upon the flag, so the whole world may see it—forward!
The earth is red beneath my feet. My comrade falls: forward!
And if we must die, let us die, not our homeland. Forward for
our God, for freedom and for our country. And you, God of
Serbia, stand beside your faithful, indomitable people; be with
them!

Luciko

YOU ARE MY GOD

If you, my God, do not wish to grant me death in my garden, I
beg you to let me die in the cool of April, when battle rages,
when roses of blood bloom on the chests of the wounded and
the trumpets of war sound the assembly.

Luciko

OUR RULERS — II

Our parliamentarians think God made a mistake in giving our homeland such beautiful land, and they seek to remedy it. Unknown faces from distant countries, nameless faces, known in the hearts of Serbian people where the fire of future freedom burns. I shall renew myself; like the phoenix I have risen from the ashes for new undertakings. I am recovering well; renewal moves forward swiftly. I see the dawn of battle; it has arrived. I shall unleash the hounds of war. A new dawn approaches.

Luciko

I HAVE ENDURED

Humiliations, psychological torture, absurd medications. Sister Death called to me; like a beautiful woman she tempted me: “Come, it is liberation.” I resisted. I won my battle. Now I am ready for any impossible mission, because God is with me.

Luciko

RETURN TO LIFE

From the darkness of the underworld I slowly climbed. Hard work, torture, humiliation, deprivation. I saw the light, a blinding flash; a black rainbow faded from my sight and became the wonderful colors of the spectrum. The wind swept evil away, and the sun shone upon me once more.

Luciko

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

Life is a long journey. Travel it with your life partner. Wait once, twice, three times; help her. Let her go; you must not stop. Continue your journey to the sky of the infinite East.

Luciko

THE NIGHT

Darkness falls; the crickets begin to sing. Soon it will be night.

I must resume my journey before the cold and darkness of
night return within me.

Luciko

TO MY FATHER — AMEDEO LONARDONI

Legionnaire Amedeo Lonardoni is not dead; risen again, not dead. He cannot die, just as the people do not die. Bullets and rifles will strike at his chest in vain; bombs and cannons will try in vain to destroy him. The people live and triumph, without stain or fear, rising like the sun at a bloody dawn. Into the infinite East has flown the soul of Legionnaire Amedeo Lonardoni. There you will be reunited with your undefeated legionnaires of Spain. One day I shall reach you, and together we shall tell our stories. Farewell, my father!

Luciko

COMMANDER ARKAN

Commander Arkan is not dead; risen again, not dead. He cannot die, just as the people do not die. Bullets and rifles will strike his chest in vain; bombs and cannons will try in vain to destroy him. The commander of the fearless lives and triumphs, rising like the sun at a bloody dawn.

Luciko

TO COMMANDER ARKAN

Into the infinite East has flown the soul of Commander Arkan.
There you will be reunited with your undefeated heroes of the
Tiger Division. You will tell your stories. One day we shall
meet again in the endless eastern sky, and continue our
stories from where we left off.

Luciko

SERBIA

Beloved land, my land, land of Christianity, bulwark of the eastern cross. Cruel destiny, tormented by a sorrowful fate: false idols and unbelievers have turned against you. One day we shall rise again, beloved Serbia.

Luciko

TO NICOLA

Run faster than the wind across the open green prairie toward
the setting sun. Run, horse, run—but you will never catch it.

Run into the infinite East of the sky.

Luciko

TIGER DIVISION

Silent in the night, they overwhelm every defense; one by one the cities fall. A thousand battles, a thousand victories. Serbia will glorify your deeds through the centuries. Honor to the
Tigers of Serbia!

Luciko

KRAJINA

For five hundred years, an outpost of Christianity, you
heroically defended freedom. Then one day, powers
supposedly entrusted with peace bombarded you to death.
Your children, bent and driven out, began an endless exodus,
like Jesus on the road to Calvary: beaten, stoned, humiliated.
Yet no tears on your faces—proud faces of a people of heroes.
Krajina, rise again!

Luciko

SERBIAN HOMELAND, SERBIAN SOUL

We shall never surrender. Every clod of earth is fertilized with our blood. We shall fight to the last cartridge, with daggers, with our teeth, with stones wet with the blood of our chests.

May God help great Serbia!

Luciko

BELGRADE, THE WAITER

At a dinner among friends, an old waiter approaches us with pride: “Commander Arkan, I am old. I ask you one honor: one son fell at your side; take the other too, for great Serbia.”

Deep emotion.

Luciko

CRUSADERS 1994

Like ancient crusaders faithful to the cross, they challenged the world to defend Christianity. Pursued by armies, they passed unharmed through a thousand dangers; nothing stopped them. They carried to Serbia the seed of freedom, the dream of a great Christian homeland. Thank you, my God!

Luciko

EAST WIND

Passing among ruins and immense tragedies, they asked us:

“Who are you? Stay with us.” Your name is written in the wind. It is late; we return to the wind, ready to come back stronger than before. Thank you, my God!

Luciko

DAWN

I shall sing like the bird, and my notes will be notes of love,
which the girl dear to me may gently gather. Dawn has come;
the earth has awakened. The great night flees before the
sunrise.

Luciko

TO MY UNCLE GAETANO

The most trusted of advisers. You waited anxiously, praying for me. You awaited my return from impossible missions. On every return I knocked at your door; each time your tired heart found new strength. Your face smiled with joy. We shared our thoughts. You were the best. Farewell, Uncle. After my last mission I shall rest beside you in the family tomb. We shall tell each other everything since we last parted.

Luciko

