In the age of ignorance, a woman is attractive but no one admires her, they think about her but she does not inspire. They love her like the weaker sex, fearing her strength.

"Afterwards, he (Jesus) visited the cities and villages in turn, preaching and announcing the Gospel about the kingdom of God. With him were the Twelve and some women who had been healed of evil spirits and diseases: Mary called Magdalene, from whom seven evil spirits had come out, and Joanna, the wife of Huza, Herod's steward, and Susanna and many others who ministered to them to their estates.”

There are no missed lives, only missed people, I thought staring out the window. A small rain was pouring down, the heaviest, patient, persistent, revealing the accumulation in the people themselves, raising clouds of gray fog and in the souls. I rummaged through the old things in the paper box, which was left over from the war, ash gray and with a few grease stains, a crooked lid, it reminded me of a tired sailor who is satisfied with any bow provided he is left alone. As long as it is not touched, it has its own peace and meaning. A world of its own.

A few letters in a plastic bag, a wooden lamp carved by hand, who knows whose aluminum spoon, Van Gogh's self-portrait, reproduction. Feeling the bottom with my hand, I found a dark brown notebook with a thick cover. A large stain of spilled coffee was printed like a desert island on the front. On the back, a glued flower and a trace of yellow oil paint that made a bright stripe along the entire length, curving like a rainbow. I opened it.

It was a diary, I knew about it and searched for it for a long time, and then forgot about it. I carefully stared at the open notebook, without hope, without curiosity, but with an interest that hurts. It's a part of me. It said. 02.01.1995. Kob. The worst word for any confession, the worst word to begin with, because that word is alive and does not end easily or quickly, perhaps ever. Kob. Cold word, hard as a fallen stone. And a bad scholar is like a stone fallen on a green meadow, it does not absorb water, and prevents the grass from reaching the beneficial drops. These are the words of Jesus. That is why for every ignorance the overwhelming power of an evil cobra, slimy and stretched out like a snake, is drawn imperceptibly and ominously into the dark gap that has arisen between two people, a crack between two souls that eludes understanding, a barrier of vague obstruction.

Evil doom. It always creeps in imperceptibly and is recognizable at first, clear of petty injuries and persistent lies, open to everything, to the heavy hatred and bottomless meanness that come later. But the attitude towards the initial states is so cheerfully careless and clearly careless, the stream of life that flows as easily as any tenderness that lives in the hope that a few yellow leaves on a clean surface cannot stain it. The external and internal correspondence of things is still maintained, to some extent, and the need for a vague hope is still felt, everything is not yet deceived. Abducted. But when it becomes too late for everything, the overtone of the fateful is invoked eagerly, randomly and torn, the defeat must have a meaning outside of us, a foothold in the ancient power of evil that is always alien. Evil always belongs to someone else.

Of course, fate exists, but not as a crutch and justification for one's own weakness, and the seeker may face the darkness of evil and the depth of Divine predestination, but fate itself is never evil. That is why Imam Ali, when asked about destiny, answered: "The path is dark, so do not walk on it." The sea is deep, so don't go down into it. God's secret, so don't worry about it."

The darkness of evil, which is the principle of resistance to good and never and nowhere has absoluteness as its fullness, the depth of predestination that mentions human free will and that same predestination in the distances of the pre-existent contract, all of this can find a real solution within the Divine mystery. Only then the question of fate does not burden, only then fate ceases to be an evil fate, a conspiracy against man. But meaning in the higher goal of life is a prerequisite, because all problems arise from the fact that this world is overestimated, that everything is placed here.

Divine mystery is unattainable, unfathomable. All we can know about God is through His Attributes and His Names. That is why the perfect Man of God has his face turned towards people and his face beyond by whom man knows his God. And love between people is from Him, far from being natural and instinctive, affection has consideration and meaning in the Higher. Something existed between two people, it happened, it gave birth, it just happened and it no longer exists. But it remains a part of us no matter how much we fool ourselves. Forgetting exists only in consciousness, in a conscious relationship to things, which always accumulate impressions, and adopts a new one that displaces the old one. But in the soul the totality of everything remains preserved.

I don't know if I loved her. If I knew, maybe nothing would have been written down, because the experience had reached its peak, everything was rounded into a meaningful whole, it was lived and there is no nightmare of unrealization that so eagerly writes letters, selflessly, giving vent to imagining what could have happened, but didn't. What could have happened, what should have happened. There is no half-heartedness, no indecision, and yet I write, no fire of unextinguished flame, yet I pour ink from one end of the paper to the other. It's strange, it doesn't look like me, I only write when I have to and that's why I hesitate to call it inspiration, it would be ugly. I remembered.

Bijelo Polje. Cob war. I walked the gray path, just released from the camp. The March eve, still cool and fresh, spread immeasurably all in the widths that were dreamed behind the iron bars, all in the distances born by the proximity of everything we lacked in crowded cells. The orb of the sun was sinking into its stillness, bright yellow, almost bloody, and in the twilight without a golden glow. Grave silence in orange reflections, silence that hurts. The breath of war was felt at every step, the quiet hustle and bustle of pensive soldiers, old women silently and timidly staring at the blue sky as if they were looking for a sign of the end of all the troubles of a time, and messy children's heads popping up in the corners in disbelief. The pain of war, a feeling that exists only then. As when a ferocious hawk relentlessly pounces on a dove resting on a desolate red roof and all nature is silent at the moment of cruelty that is everyone's, everything is connected by dark threads, everything is bound by thick ropes, and everything that exists is both the culprit and the victim.

All tangled, suspicious in grave silence, the icy breath of war, the felling of death. All in a heap of survival and hope, all eyes directed to heaven, every joyful trifle on the pedestal of life, on the throne of victorious triumph. Because only in war does one become aware that he can lose everything in an instant. The memory is still fresh and not extinguished and I can cope with the onslaught of images and thoughts, I do not burden myself with wondering, because the thought of the meaning of the saber is above the head of every past. Ready to cut it off, to remove it senseless so that it destroys, that it breaks the cup of bitterness and that the poisons of the soul disintegrate, hand over to the earth and thus devalue, destroy, mutilate. Cob is the worst. It puts on and takes off many coats, that snake touches the gentle side, but its poison is always the same, incomprehensibly devastating, destroying.

- Hello Jasminka! - a ringing voice brought me back from my thoughts. A guy with a blue cap on his head, his smile is expressionless and openly colorless, the grimace of his face full of joy without inner depth, without meaning.

The daily shelling has stopped, at least to some extent, and the faces are happy or want to be. Maybe that's just how they show themselves and to others, because in their eyes you can read the suffering and the murky swirl of suspicion that is waiting secretly and like a thief. Many still do not believe that the end of the war is near.

05.01.1995.

When two people love each other, a man and a woman, the most terrible thing is that love sees the need for mutual destruction, without mercy. To see the desire to overcome without meaning, the desire for a fight whose goal is hidden from us. Of course, there are more terrible things in love, but death, that sister of love, is the most difficult to observe, the most daring to imagine, the most ripe to open the door of every ruin. A vengeful, conspiratorial mixture of love and hatred when there is no strength to leave, no desire to forgive, when the dream is interrupted by harsh reality before any end, and the mind deals blows from which there is no recovery.

Kob. A snake that with its noiseless gait comes quietly, stealthily, crawling into all the pores of the soul, and then bites the heart. Irreversible is always irreversible. The teeth may be extracted and the imprint weakened, but the scar will never be erased. The wound heals, but the injury remains and is always greater and more severe the more aware a person is of the intention of the one who injures. I called her Gracija. Walking past the burning church, I came across a dilapidated church in the evening of solitude and peace that deluded itself with answers, without waiting for questions to be asked, several black birds flew in the sky. Houses destroyed by shells, the distant smell of burning that is constantly there, it is renewed always fresh, merged with people, they would be surprised if it is not there. The sun's blush in the distance was faint, too faint for me to stare, she was getting closer.

Her hair was fair, long, and fell casually over her regular shoulders, her eyes were vague but sweet, her smile mysteriously bright. She looked like a ballerina who is ashamed of her own performance, a little pushed in her walk, pale and wistful, almost shy, but with a winning smile that never left her lips. She was wearing a blue, baggy shirt and pants, white slippers that were lovably large, too roomy for her small, lovely foot. I put my hands in my pants pockets as she walked by, not even knowing why.

- I'm not built for that - she turned mockingly, hitting only slightly harder with her right slipper on the concrete wall by the road, and then she put her hands in her trouser pockets, still laughing. I watched her disappear into the distance, innocently shaking her head as if wondering what she had done to deserve being disturbed by an insolent stranger. I didn't have the answer myself, several cats were walking around the garbage dump, constantly coming back, because until recently, hunger also tormented people, little was thrown away. In the distance, Graciia already looked like a small moving dot, that I hoped would not disappear completely.

07.01.1995.

I have already gotten used to the new environment. As a student, about ten years before the war, I remembered how I would often observe the Bijelo Polje basin from the train, because the train would necessarily stop at the traffic lights before entering Mostar. I would observe the green fields and the high church tower and what if someone had told me then that a decade later I would live there as a refugee, what if someone had told me about a new habitat, the future, while the clouds were descending on the slopes of Velež? What would it be? Isn't that exactly why it was said in a wise tradition: "Do not ask about what has not yet happened since you are already occupied with what is happening." Only a few people can reach the knowledge of the future and only a few can carry it. That’s because the average person's preoccupation with the known future would paralyze him to the extent that what is already happening would simply pass him by, the vision of the future would make it impossible to live in the present.

This is supported by the following tradition: "The noblest act of the noble is his indifference to what he knows." Indifference, because it knows that knowledge is God's and that any emotion would hurt that sense of the whole, opens the door to all arrogance up to the throne of arrogance. We only know as much as we are given. Indifference to what is known is the foundation of all knowledge, a ladder for further advancement, and it is noble in that a noble man shares and does not ascribe anything to himself. Honor, on the other hand, is awareness of one's own worth, but in the right way. That is why the greatest awareness of human value is connected with not attributing that value to oneself, since the value of man is in his awareness of God. Logically, this will result in indifference to what is known, that's why in tradition this indifference is marked as an "act", that is, a deed, because it affects others. By not showing off, not praising yourself.

That's why it was said: "A man who does not know his worth is doomed." All three traditions come from Ali. It is man's downfall if he neglects his own primordial nature, its heavenly origin, its spirit made of the most refined light. It is complete destruction and all other sufferings are minor compared to the ignorance of one's own value, the value of man as God's vicegerent on earth. All the failures in this world are short-lived and transitory, but the failure of not knowing oneself is the greatest, because a person carries this ignorance with him even after the world of transience, the whole soul of a person survives at the hour of death and leaves with him.

I got up slowly (I was sitting on the stairs) and headed to the nearby pub. It was pink-walled, with two large windows posh for the average taste of the environment. Wooden beams were lined up across the full-length windows, shell protection, making the interior of each building darker and more eerie. A few soldiers were sitting at one table, behind the bar was a girl with blue eyes painted like a doll, the remains of candles everywhere, several of them were only half burnt. The smoke was thick, the eyes tired and heavy, but without any despair, a pleasant familiarity that is always born in times of great calamities that bring people together. Paradoxically, relations between people are then warmer and closer than ever, because I am above all heads and anyone can be hit, stolen from life, everyone is exposed, pain is general and she makes everyone joyful as well. Several people were sitting at another table in the corner, a couple of girls were standing at the bar, one of them had a huge one white flower in her hair, they were obviously flattered that all the men were looking at them.

I sat down at an empty table, the only one left, and ordered a coffee. We already had "real" coffee, (barley was also drunk until recently, even those who didn't have the opportunity should try something like that, to remember the feeling in the mouth, unique and unrepeatable) I leaned against the edge of the window. The snowy slopes of Velež, the winding road in the distance and the frozen birds, I didn't look at my desk, the ashtray is full of cigarettes. The blue-eyed girl behind the bar was smiling wisely as she wafted cigarette smoke, hard and fast as if to say:

- The war will pass, this is all a part of life, have patience at least.

Suddenly, a middle-aged man from society at the first table interrupts the silence. He had a serious look as if he was about to unravel eternal truths.

- I would really like to know if life is a tragedy or a comedy - he said softly.

He was wearing a dark shirt, with a thin, drunken face, wearing a thick mustache that stuck out above his lip. He gave even more seriousness to his question. He began to shake his head slightly as if holding a pendulum between tragedy and comedy and hesitated as to where the swinging sign would stop.

- Tragedy! - threw the soldier behind the other table, he was elbowed and looked absently into the distance with an expressionless gaze, the brows above the eyes drawn ominously, the spasm on his face was piercing. Frowning with a large scar on his chin, unshaven and absent from himself, he didn't even change as he delivered his verdict.

- Well, comedy! - laughed the girl with a white flower in her hair. She was chubby, in worn jeans, with a small smile that said that all troubles are insignificant and small, they don't concern her. She gave a cheerful wink to the entire pub, turning as if she was dancing and holding up two fingers.

- Tragedy and comedy. - loudly breaks in a bald peasant cloaked in a thick leather jacket, the fur of which stood like a lost animal on his shoulders. He was toothless, in a torn workman's shirt with a cap on his head. He spreads his arms at the entrance as if he wants to embrace both tragedy and comedy and put them on his broad shoulders and thus make them bearable for us too. Two soldiers burst out laughing, one threw a beer bottle in the air and caught it again, someone spilled a full ashtray and the smell of cigarettes was felt throughout the tavern.

Everything that happens in war always seems pale, unreal, meaningless by the terrible suffering that destroys. It is pressed by the inexorable end of everything, which is always there, but in the souls the flame of unquenchable brilliance burns more than ever and everyone knows that there will remain something that survives, something that will give meaning to everything in the end. And never as in war does pleasantness disarm, never as in war does kindness surprise, never as then is the suffering of observation so sharpened and brilliant. Never does the suffering of movement hurt like in war, any, anyone's, quivering life of any creature is never so significant as in war, it is ticking, it is alive, it is there. Every life gives proof of survival, it assures that everything is not in vain.

In the meantime, the second soldier raises solemnly the cup of coffee and say:

- Tragedy is when you "burn out" on the front and wonder about the meaning of life. - the whole bar burst into uncontrollable laughter, the girl with the white flower held out her hand and bowed to the soldier as if she wanted to prove his loyalty and send an apology on behalf of the better half of the female gender and thus ward off a possible temptation even in thought.

- Heh, heh,... she won't go away if you pay her well. - the peasant is then scolded.

I hum on my shoulders and hit the table with my fist as if to prove the strength that is necessary to have so that the chosen one of the heart does not fall into the temptation of adultery. His face was flushed, red as a pepper.

- What do you think, professor, huh? - girl behind the bar asked me. She wore a nice brown sweater, and silver rings on each finger. Perhaps an art gallery would have suited her better, given more meaning to her refined loveliness, designed her cheerfulness. The title "Professor" echoed in the silence like a bell, I have never taught at school, nor has anyone called me that. It didn't flatter me, not at all, and I didn't have anything special to say and I felt almost uncomfortable. But the questioning looks were too strong, several eyes looked at me openly, without blinking, as if a difficult resolution of life's conditions and forms was expected from my corner by the window.

- Life is a drama, it's not a tragedy, nor a comedy - I somehow overdid it. I said drama with meaning and purpose, meaning that nothing is resolved in this world until its end. Nothing on this world acquires the ultimate meaning, nothing here can be seen in full light. Because it has been said: "Man is in this world the target towards which the arrows of death fly and the prey towards which calamities race." Sip every sip of suffocation, bite every suffocation. A man does not receive a single blessing without parting with another, and not a single day of his term arrives until a single day of his life expires."

- Well, you see what the man taught you. - he interrupted me at the top of his lungs, as he growls and slams his fist on the table again. Although I was expecting laughs, especially after the recognition of "scholarship", the faces remained serious, no one even moved. Only the disheveled peasant nodded his head as if approving my words, because he himself knows them well, he recognized himself in them, he found answers that he had known for a long time and now they are just appearing to him, what has been inside him since of birth. It's not impossible.

- Don't wait for me, my little one, the wedding guests are decorated with snow in winter! - she roared to one of the soldiers, breaking the painful silence. Everyone laughed loudly again, the barmaid looked at me briefly and meaningfully, even with a certain respect.

- You are a flower, and tomorrow a withered rose! - continued the peasant humming cheerfully, as his cap had long since fallen on the bar, greasy and stained, and he was holding onto the brim with his hands, apparently afraid of losing his balance completely. The girls giggled at the top of their lungs, apparently only accepting the first part of the saying, while withering was somewhere far away, who knows if it will come, because age is nothingness and worthless nonsense to beauty.

I got up to leave, and one of the girls invited me to stop by again. I promised to do so, although I don't know why. The air was cool, clean and crisp, the sky blue without a single cloud. The road was full of human feet in the dried mud, footprints, deep military boots as well as children's shoes, and car tire tracks left furrowed shapes, perhaps "hieroglyphs" to read tragedy and comedy, for the world is like a spinning wheel, sometimes brings tragedy, sometimes surprises with comedy. Or vice versa.

"Cast not your pearls before swine," said Jesus. But he certainly didn't mean social status or social standards when he talked about it. For pearls are often given by the pig in man, just as they are often received by the bright shell within the pig appearance. The pig form of life (or dog form) primarily refers to the spiritual and moral relationship to the world, which in terms of content (and not in form, because each form is perfect in its own degree and so is the pig form) is associated with a pig (or another animal). Thus lust and greed correspond to the pig, aggressiveness and tyranny correspond to the dog, malice and envy to the wolf, laziness to the bear, etc. In this context, the "pig" before which the pearl of wisdom is not thrown, and in accordance with Jesus' words, it can also be someone who has a high education or status, wealth, power, if he is not spiritualized, ready to receive the pearl of knowledge. And that distinction is very difficult and complex in this age of eclipse.

Speaking about the seed, Jesus said: "The kingdom of God is like when a man casts seed into the ground." Whether he was sleeping or standing, night and day, the seed sprouts and it grows, and he does not know how the earth itself produces fruit; first the sheaf, then the ear, then full grain in the ear. And when the crop is ripe, he immediately brings in the sickle, because the harvest has come." This is a lesson about how the end result belongs to God, man should strive and teach others, but nothing depends on him. This is exactly the "kingdom of God", the one that is deepest in every human being, the Divine spark that only God can set in motion, and the cause-and-effect chain is an illusion, it has no essential meaning.

Human effort, which has full meaning at the level of the cause (not itself by itself), is mentioned in another tradition of Jesus. He said, “The sower sows the Word. Those by the side of the road where the Word is sown are those to whom, as soon as they hear, Satan comes immediately and takes away the Word sown in them. And those sown on stony ground, when they hear the word, they immediately receive it with joy, but they have no roots in themselves, but are unstable. As soon as trouble or persecution comes because of the Word, they are immediately offended. Others are again sown among thorns. These are those who hear the Word, but the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches and the lust for everything else drag in and choke the Word, and it remains fruitless. And those sown on the good ground are those who listened to the Word and receive it, and bring forth a crop thirtyfold, sixtyfold, a hundredfold."

Knowledge is like rain falling on a thirsty land. It's like a fertile area that swells up due to that rain and everything sprouts from it. Some keep this rain, so people use it, drink it and irrigate crops with it. On the other hand, there is desert soil that does not retain water (humans have no use). The issue of people is similar to this: one group has knowledge and teaches others (and learns themselves), and others are like barren lands - they neither accept instruction, nor benefit from knowledge." Both sources emphasize the different effects of teaching, i.e. the absence of effect ("desert ground", i.e. the human heart incapable and unprepared for the light of instruction). "Stony ground", "thorns" and the sown Word "beside the road" in Jesus' saying are symbolic representations, images of obstacles that prevent a person from acquiring knowledge. Satan, passions, ambitions, carelessness, these are all obstacles that prevent a person from "returning to himself", the meaning of his life, spiritual progress.

I suddenly looked in front of me, coming back from my thoughts, the dog Lassie was waving its tail in the yard. He was sallow, endearingly harsh towards strangers, always angry. The other housemates gave him the name without my consent, it seemed too classic for his race and nature, almost childish. In the room was a package from Germany, from my sister Jasmina. She managed to get by over there and constantly sent us money and clothes, she sacrificed a lot. Those parcels were real treasures in that day and age, the goods nicely wrapped and new, as if they were coming to a hotel and not a refugee room that had nylons on the windows instead of glass and a torn, faded rug instead of rugs, a candle instead of a chandelier. I unpacked the package with great pleasure.

16.01.1995

I met Gracija again. She was riding a bicycle while wearing a blue cap, a little too big for her lovely head, her feet completely bare in deep boots. Approaching the deserted street, she waved at me like an old acquaintance. The wind swayed the pines as if in a lullaby, and the harshness of the air hit the face in waves. I spread my hands as if to stop her, she suddenly braked laughing loudly.

- I spread my arms this way so that you can fall into my arms if you have to come down already. -

I said almost seriously.

- I don't fall that easily! - she burst into a giggling but measured laugh.

Her hair was tied up, and her light brown eyes were full of loving warmth, and one got the impression that they were constantly smiling, alive and moving, but warm, almost dreamy. Hands tender, but worn out by work, so it seemed to me, and her fair complexion looked like that of a child. The lips are chastely half-open, plump and strong, the cheekbones on the cheeks are expressive and regular.

- If you don't like the nickname, I can call you Brigitte. - I was looking at her lovingly.

- Thank you, I will keep the name Gracija, it is not famous, so it is not binding. I handed her my hand to get off the bike. We were sitting on a stone wall behind which stretched a huge field, desolate and lonely, a crow landed on a brown clump in the middle of the meadow and looked at us curiously. We talked for a long time and that day the relationship with Gracija definitely started, neither she nor I expected it, although when I saw her for the first time I immediately thought that I would get close to her or that she was someone who could be close to me. The January sun was upon us and an unsightly desolation of unploughed fields in view, bordered by fences that were carefully tended, although they did not concern anyone. A smile hovered over her lips. She was beautiful. I bent down and picked a white flower, placed it in her palm in parting. I watched her go, like a little train on two wheels, disappearing into the gray hills beside the road.

When I entered my room, I sat down in a worn yellow chair and opened iTHE PATH OF SPEECH, a work that includes sayings, letters and speeches. My eyes were locked in on an interesting saying: "The time will come when nothing will remain of the Qur'an except its letters, and nothing of Islam except its name. Their mosques in those days will be great in terms of construction, but desolate in terms of direction. Those who will reside in them and those who will visit them will be the worst among the inhabitants of the earth. Disturbance will spread from them and everything will go wrong. If one separates himself from it, they will throw him back into it. And if someone steps back from it, they will push him to it.” Allah the Exalted says: 'I swear by Myself, I will send upon them a trial in which even the prudent will be swept away.' He will do so. We ask God to keep us from falling into negligence."

I thought about this saying. That time that Imam Ali is talking about must have begun, because mostly only a letter remains of the Qur'an (at least for most of those who follow it), and of Islam only a name, although the peak of that state can only be expected in the future. Today, the melodious recitation of the Qur'an is considered very important, regardless of how much one lives what is spoken on the lips, regardless of how much what is mentioned is enlivened in the heart, even regardless of the knowledge of the literal meaning. The Qur'an is alive. He has a sign for every time, for every time there is the undiscovered that resides in him, for every man every verse of the Qur'an has its meaning, the conception of the life of that particular man. No historicity of the literal text has any significance if the real content of each verse is not played out in every person in people who have the strength to reach beyond the literal text, and then that includes those who do not have that strength.

People have made traps of historicism in the Qur'an, the historicity of the literal text has been turned into "telling stories" and even at that level gross mistakes are made. One of the Great Ones said: "If a Qur'anic verse was revealed for the sake of a man and that man died, the verse would also die with him, so the whole Qur'an would be dead...", and further tradition says that the Qur'an an alive until the end of the world and bears a sign for all time. If the Qur'an is reduced to "his word" that Imam Ali speaks of at the beginning of the lecture, it is a sign of the predominance of the external text as a mere form of ink and paper that does not penetrate into the depths of the human soul, and thus does not really change the inside of man. way (although the very form of reading the literal text can have a positive effect that is not to be underestimated and should be praised).

Reducing the Qur'an to "his letter" further results that "nothing will remain of Islam except his name". Deviation from the interior of the Qur'an, its reduction to the "letter" logically results in the loss of the very pillars of Islam, not in form but in essence. Testimony of faith, prayer, zakat, fasting, hajj, without an inner meaning, become mere borders that distinguish Islam from other religions, something by which people recognize that they are different from, for example, Christians, Buddhists, etc. In addition, the above are spiritual techniques, while in today's age they have become ends in themselves. Rite is equated with faith. This reduction of everything to a mere form logically results in mosques that are "large in terms of construction, but desolate in terms of direction." Architectural size and giving importance to form indicates a lack of content, ("desolate in terms of reference"), because when something is externally overemphasized, it always indicates the absence of content, since there is never an emphasis on form where content really exists.

The saying continues with a catastrophic sentence that resonates with its power: "Those who will stay in them (mosques) and those who will visit them will be the worst among the inhabitants of the earth." All previous divergences of form and content now lead to a gap where the mosque appears as a place of "the worst people on earth". Staying indicates a certain permanence, not only temporal but also essential, leadership, business management, consulting, etc. That's why that category is listed as the FIRST of the worst, because if the worst is what should show permanence, how will what is appropriate as occasional be correct? Therefore, right after them, "those who will visit mosques" are mentioned (and not stay in them as the first category). According to Imam Ali, both of them are "the worst inhabitants of the earth". This startling truth is a logical consequence of the previously mentioned split between form and essence, and in which split they find themselves, as the text goes on to say, "those from whom confusion will spread and to whom everything will turn wrong".

There is no worse fate for a human being than the complete separation of the two worlds within him, heaven and earth, form and essence, outer and inner. That's why Ali says "the worst" and not, say, "the most evil" and the like. Thus disaffected people "spread confusion". Confusion is the consequence of ignorance and the capricious power of inarticulate drives and is essentially violence. The Qur'an says that confusion is "worse than killing". It is logical then that the "worst people" spread. The text goes on to say that everything will be wrong with them. The loss of vertical dimension leads to "curvature" which then extends to all aspects of life. "Turning away" from them (the worst people) is thus an inevitable consequence of the loss of spiritual value, where then the shelter and turning away are found in the mere leadership of the form, behind its transparency, horizontal falsity and artificiality.

If one separates himself from it they will throw him back into it. And if one deviates back from it, they will push him to it, the text continues. Separation is impossible, except with a great sacrifice, the spirit felt of every mystic and even in all times and all religions. Once lost, it cannot be returned and the entire psychological-social complex of relations becomes a tyranny that "throws back". The association of free individuals for the purpose of good (the congregation) turns into its opposite, as inertia inevitably takes its toll. Then any free thinking becomes heresy or innovation, because there is no way out of the vicious circle of petrified tradition. This is where socialized religion, its socialization, is precisely the opposite of the very essence of faith, something that prevents every upward step, every realization, every vertical flash of light by which man emerges from the darkness of the earthly imprisonment.

That's why there is no deviation, because when the essence of faith is ignored and the socialized conformist consciousness takes the lead, it inevitably leads to "pushing back" every investigative spirit of faith, every searching attempt to reach the "yet undiscovered" that resides in the depths of the Book. In the text, that range of conformist consciousness, the abyss of psychological-social "grounding" of faith is denoted as "it" and "tome" (to throw back into it, to push it). It is not said, therefore, to throw back to Islam, the mosque, etc., because it is precisely the vagueness of the pronoun that shows how socialized religion takes under a false guise the totality of all relationships without allowing any deviation from the imposed norms. The consequence of that imposition and general obscurity and confusion (because the worst are where they should be the best) are the temptations of the same socialization in which "the prudent will be swept away" (end of text). God swears by himself that he will send such a temptation. He watches Himself through His favorites and chosen ones, "the eyes through which He still looks upon this earth."

This is the only way to know Him, through God's man on earth, and the oath suggests the existence of such a man who is a protection from "the confusion in which even the prudent are". Because reason alone is not enough to find a way out of the general chaos and shifting of values. At the end, Ali asks God to protect him from falling into negligence. Here, "negligence" is not suitable as the passion of a soul that is fornicating in a dream and is unreachable in its unreceptiveness. I closed the book and looked around. Dusk was falling and it was cold. The mists could be seen behind the thick nylon on the window, I don't have glass and maybe it's better because I can't see clearly things that don't concern me. I remembered Jesus' answer to James' question, who said: "Lord, if perhaps a false prophet and a false teacher come wanting to teach us, what should we do?" Jesus answered him in a parable: "A man goes fishing with a net and catches many fish in it, but he discards the bad ones. A man goes to sow, however, only the grain that falls on good soil gives rise. Likewise you should do, listening to everything and receiving only the truth, since only the truth bears fruit for eternal life." But it is difficult to recognize the "bad fish" in this time, because many who are to be rejected become leaders and teachers just as many with a bad heart offer their "good soil" for sowing, keeping in mind the earthly harvest above all.

I crawled under the quilt under which were two more blankets. I crossed them together and created a pleasant warmth by rubbing my legs against the edge of the bed. From there until the candle there were still two centimeters left, so I decided not to turn it on. The sky was strewn with stars, they could not be clearly seen, and through the nylon partition they seemed like dim grains of an unusual flash, spilled by a careless hand into a great darkness, a gap, a dark bottomless wasteland. The shrill barking of dogs was heard in the distance, I listened carefully waiting for the last one to fall silent, hoping that I wouldn't hear mice gnawing under the bed, there were many mice, at every step and they just popped up. They were in a hurry to escape during the day, they made annoying noises at night and the traps we set were usually useless, old rusty and worn-out aids from who knows what warehouse, even the person who recommended them to me did not believe in their effectiveness. One such trap was also in my room, I agreed to bring more than I asked or requested, secretly hoping that no mouse would ever be caught, a horrible death in exchange for a little sound sleep, I get too little for such a torture.

22.01.1995.

The icy breath of war. So many buried at every step and in people too. It’s something that is still unburied and dead, although it would like to be alive, at least for a moment, to resist death with an invincible strength that lasts and overcomes what changes in transience. So much unformed in torn thoughts, summarized in short sighs by the light of candles, so much blunt hitting against the granite stone of misunderstanding, amazement at the power of evil and its resilience. It's as if all life has emerged from a world where there is no mercy, floating icebergs that melt around tender human hearts torn apart in moments of weakness, only then, the icy breath of war, the breath of death. Ice floes without aim or meaning collected in a floating world without any movement or sign, without any sound, the breath of war, so special and characteristic that even the blindness of unattainable desires can feel it, even the boat of overturned hope in enchanted thought.

In the hypnosis that always hurts because it is torn between a harsh reality without an end and a dream whose end is so close and desired. I met up with Gracija every day. It took me a long time to determine the color of her warm eyes. Bright, more brown than gray, so delicately airy that I called them "wooden". She laughed at that remark, swaying her whole body as if she were dancing.

- And it's not exactly a compliment. - she hit me cheerfully with her palm on the shoulder, as if it wants to wake me up and thus make me think about the vagueness of the "woody" color, which can mean anything, but you don't know what it means, it devalues ​​and devalues ​​beauty.

- Well, it's unnecessary to talk about your beauty, it's so obvious. - I laughed loudly and pinched her cheek with the fingers of her right hand, not paying attention at all, although the presence of people could be felt.

- You have found a good one, she is so fine! - shouted a toothless old woman from a nearby field. She wore a wide, checkered peasant scarf and drove the chickens to one corner of the field, wanting to feed them more easily with corn, which she spilled from her hand very sparingly, so that we wondered about the fate of the poor chickens in the wartime food chain that preyed on scarcity.

She winks brightly at me and raises her stick as if to make it known that she is aware of every secret between Gracija and me, but she will keep it to herself, we have nothing to worry about.

- It's an honor! - I put my hand on my chest and solemnly bowed, whereupon the old woman burst into uncontrollable laughter, and Gracija grabbed her stomach while jumping the green hedge in front and almost fell, standing there with his right foot in a muddy puddle.

- A real woman, her drumsticks shine with light! - the villager sent a comment our way, while putting his hands on his hips and leaning back. She measured Gracia without the slightest hesitation, as a buyer looks at the teeth of a young horse, examining how fit he is for plowing and whether he will be able to do his best, so that the purchase will not be in vain. She looked at us for a long time, shaking her head sternly as if wondering how her assessments could be harmless to someone and who dares to ignore her advice, which is free of charge. But how can we make her happy when Gracija was really far from a "rolling hill" in terms of her build, and too complicated for a "chicken".

From a distance, I spread my hands and bowed to the old peasant woman, to which she bowed twice, as she waved her hand in quick movements from top to bottom as if she were hitting someone

- That’s right, ... that’s right! - she shouted at the top of her voice, looking forward to at least some recognition and apparently making a suggestion to a couple in love. But "it" could refer to everything, everything, so we didn't think deeply about the advice. We got lost in the distance and her joyful familiarity could no longer be heard and who knows if the gestures of the old woman's hand referred to the "matching" of the sexes or the matching in her mind, she is happy because she gives advice, influences, lives, is not forgotten.

We were walking. A tied cow by the side of the road looked at us with her large, indifferent eyes. Toreador. Cold, callous and terrible in that cold game of measurement, while the black bull charges foaming at the red scarf, the executioner's coldness is always one and the same, the snow that floats in a senseless circle that is a part of us everywhere where there is senseless killing. A collision in an icy sea without life, because where life as a whole is not respected, there is no human meaning either. Toreador. Any emotion can ruin him in the fine balance of tense nerves, in a tense ball of attacks and injuries and bloody wounds without meaning, always the same icy fate and bloody ball that is being unwound. It unfolds following the inevitable end, which is the meaning of those who follow and watch and seek the experience of death affectionately and grotesquely, and it is no coincidence that the myth of the she-wolf that raised two children, Romulus and Remus, arose in Ancient Rome. Everyone wants the end, someone's, human or animal, the arena, there every hidden killer in us can wait for his moment to his heart's content, every destructive creature can forge a ghostly, conspiratorial plan, even without being aware of it, every long-repressed blood can surface and freely to float in the river of life's intoxication as oil floats on water. Yellow and unsightly, a stain unsightly on the whole but victorious first, persistent, on the surface. I waved goodbye to Gracija.

24.01.1995.

Someone has said that enjoying music or art is sexual in nature, I thought lying in bed in the room, I have no heating, and I have nowhere to go, it is better to lie undisturbed and not disturb others. On the page of an old book, it was a long time ago, but I remembered, it was written: "Although my love is crazy, reason soothes the pain in my heart, tells me to be patient and to hope". These are the words of an erotomaniac who has spent more than fifty years in the institution. I remembered the saying and the book, it remained forgotten in the whirlwind of war, gray, all yellowed, just all, thick covers of a grayish color with two black stripes, winding and elongated menacing, even though they are motionless. I have often thought of this obsession of the unknown loner imprisoned in his own world of unrealization and another's world of incomprehension, difficult and vicious, because the misunderstanding between people at its peak when love is declared insane. Reason cannot soothe the pain in the heart, never. Yes, that unfortunate man they are in an institution, because what else would madness consist of if reason can neutralize the power of pain. The pain of separation permeates all worlds, all creation sobs, grieves for separation. Hafiz wrote:

The beauty of Your face is the only thing I reflect

all these pictures fell on the mirror

on the illusion tile she suddenly gave.

All bewitchment images and inverted image

when displayed,

one is the flame profile of the innkeeper

that appeared in the cup.

Jealousy of great love conflicts

languages ​​of all specialists,

because where does the secret of sadness come from?

ordinary regiment.

The world as a whole is metaphorical, "every hour He is interested in something". There are no separations in the worlds, and they are interwoven, everything is part of the whole and everything is in connection, everything is permeated by the breath of the One, in His creation everything is the same. The secret of sadness is that man is a stranger in this world, that is why it is said: "Be in this world as a stranger or a traveler." but it is difficult to realize that feeling, because the soul, even though it is a stranger, is in the death dream of carelessness, there are many enemies around it and the armor is raised triple, fortresses must be conquered to get to the center. We are all strangers in this world, but few become travelers. A stranger is necessarily sad, he suffers from separation from dear people and places, his fate is dejection. Wherever he goes, the unknown is his burden and he longs for his homeland. If he remembers poorly, the sadness is less and he can forget, at least for a moment, "the people need bread and games". The world is entertainment, but no matter how many idols are offered to the eye, the sorrow for the lost homeland remains and continues no matter how it disguises itself, no matter what form it takes, it is in us.

Rumi says: The parts are facing…

nightingales are in rose-faced love.

Whatever comes from the sea returns to the sea,

and everything goes back to its source.

Like torrents rushing from the mountain heights,

my soul in the fire of love, yearns to be freed from the body.

And he also adds:

Listen to us, for he tells his story,

because of the separation he cries out in pain.

Ever since I was ripped from the real thing,

through my body both male and female cry,

I want one breast, cracked by parting,

that my longings to return may hear the story.

Whoever is far from the Source,

seeks life in merging anew.

Each individual existence is real in being, but in the battle there is nothing but God, and everything that is brought into existence tends to return to the Source that gives it that existence. The rose and the nightingale, the mother and the child, the NAJ instrument that sings the sadness of separation, these are all parables and symbols that speak of the longing for return, of "uniting again". Earthly beauty does not have to be an obstacle in this return. Contemplation, which is the spiritual immersion in a beautiful female face, is not any "idolatry" as ordinary consciousness usually interprets, because beauty is in the mirror of infinite creative power in the manner of its metaphysical transparency, precisely the way and power to realize Divine beauty itself. This is evidenced by the famous saying of the Prophet of Islam: "I saw his Master under the Most Beautiful Occasion."

But in order to understand that, it is necessary to unravel the difficult question of the relationship of love between man and his God. If beauty is deified as an earthly transience (and something factually non-existent in the Battle), of course the result is the opposite, and instead of being a stepping stone on the path to knowledge, human love becomes entrapment and "another god". On the other hand, knowing God without a Divine man who is a mirror of His Names and Attributes is impossible, the whole history shows that for the human race. Then, the Divine Attributes are considered on the "human level" (the trap of anthropomorphism that can lead to such mystical intoxication that man equates himself with God). Or the opposite tendency appears, renouncing the possibility of any knowledge of one's God (agnosticism, which in the end leads to a "dry" rationalistic vaporization of the living soul whose greatest and, in a certain sense, only love is the return to God). This "merging again" that Jelaluddin Rumi talks about (for one who is far from the source) is present as a possibility in every merger if the unity of the Battle is understood, because then such a merger is not suitable as deification but spiritual pedagogy on the way, which has a goal the establishment of wholeness, which as such establishes harmony among the disordered and rebellious elements of the soul.

For the mentioned erotomaniac, love is "madness", exactly because it lacks a vertical point of light, an opening of spiritual virility that saves love from deification and brings it into the light that transcends individual existence. And not only can intoxication with human love without it produce "madness", but also mystical drunkenness shows, without the Divine Man, all the perniciousness of the anthropomorphic vision of the Divine Attributes In both cases, "madness" is the result of considering love on a human level. In the first case, human love wants to be explained without any intervention of the Divine (which is impossible, and the consequence of which is precisely the hope of the aforementioned erotomaniac that "reason will soothe his pain" on the way to the unattainable). In the second case, man's love for God recognizes the Divine intervention in the relationship between man and God, but without the Divine Man (so "madness" is used in identification with God himself, the famous saying of Sufi Haladz: "I am the Truth"). And the saying of the Champion of the World is known: "Whoever loves without betraying the secret of his love dies a martyr's death." The mysteriousness mentioned here is placed in the context of martyrdom (with which the word in the Arabic language also connotes witness). The divine mystery would remain forever unattainable without the Divine man, so that the mystery of human love, that love which does not have the murderous self-centeredness of non-reciprocation, nor the futile attempt to appease with reason (as in erotomania), the mystery of that love is, through the methods of metaphysical transparency, equal to martyrdom which is the testimony of the mystery of love , which is itself the cause of creation, about which God himself says: "I was a hidden Treasure, I wanted to be known, so I created the world."

Love and knowledge of the mystery are here placed on the same level. The fact that art has a "sexual" effect on a person and that it is now considered as the discovery of something "new" has been known to mystics of all orientations since time immemorial. The "reunion" that Rumi talks about also implies the sexual union of the opposite sexes, and there is nothing there that cannot necessarily be compatible with the spiritual efforts of faith. If, on the other hand, there is no possibility of realizing love due to objective life circumstances, the path of mystery is recommended, which by its very nature does not betray the fullness of aspiration, which is a reflection of the Divine Mystery, that is, love for Him. At its base, art has the Sacred, the unraveling of the sacred and the secret of the sacred that protects art from everything that transience, and that is why art is inseparable from ethics as well as aesthetics. This is precisely what speaks of the common root of art and religion. The separation of the former from religion was first reflected in the field of ethics, and later also in aesthetics, so that "work of art" today is virtually anything that can come to someone's mind, and every oddity of arbitrariness is declared "originality".

Someone knocks on the door. It ends. Black-haired, distinctly "Spanish-faced", Nermin and I called her that, at first debating which name to choose, Consuela or Conchita. The latter prevailed. Over time, we became good friends, and Končita, with her cheerful smile and lively eyes, brought the spirit of good mood to the whole company. This time she brought me fried chicken and cake, all neatly covered with a clean white napkin on a light pink plate. Just "as in peace", as they often call any normality and everything that resembles a normal sequence of things and circumstances.

- What are you watching! - said someone from the corridor, passing carelessly, as there was laughter and the banging of spoons coming from the kitchen. The cat walks past us, looking up lazily and proudly.

- This earth does not give birth! – she interrupted suddenly and seriously, decisively in a voice from a distance, that both Končita and I almost believed in unrepeatability of her little things, at least when it comes to attention. We laughed, both of us.

What the eyes see, the hands create! - she continued, almost excitedly and roared with laughter.

- Look after me and... mind your own business! - I closed the door with a quick move of hands, but without a bang, not at all angry, willing to put an end to the laughter.

We talked. In the end, she picked up the "Gospel of Barnabas" under my desk, and shook off a thin layer of dust and traces of burnt wax candle. She read aloud: "One of them came to him saying: "Good master, you are learning well and truly, tell me therefore, what kind of reward will God give us?". Jesus answered: "You call me good, but you don't know that only God is good, as Job, God's friend, said: "A child who is a day old is not clean; yes, just as the angels are not sinless before God". Moreover, he said: "The flesh attracts sin and absorbs sinfulness, as a sponge absorbs water." At that, the priests were silent, confused. And Jesus said: "Truly, I say to you, nothing is more dangerous than speaking." Because Solomon said so: "Life and death are in the power of the tongue."

Conchita stopped, it was enough. I loved listening to her read excerpts from books, while she talked, because the sincerity in her voice was so obvious, and the hangman's tone that occasionally radiated a kind of purity, light and measured, her eyes curious, without malice, without envy. I watched her as she left the country lane, just slightly moved, pensive. Our good parts are essentially metaphorical and God imputes them to us as a result of His grace, but the good is only from Him. Evil, on the other hand, is from ourselves, although God allows it to enter into existence. The reality of good is unimaginable on a purely human level.

26.01.1995.

Faithfulness and trustworthiness are mixed with unfaithfulness and untrustworthiness, in the majority of cases it is so, and no virtue is as sharp as a sword as faithfulness, none is so sinisterly beautiful, like the mixture, the yeast that grows in the heart and bakes in the fire of temptation. And we never know what kind of bread will emerge from the spirit's retort, because nothing enchants like faithfulness and nothing betrays like it, tender and invisible, and heavy and ominous. After the betrayal, there is nothing that would leave the possibility of any consideration, justification, nothing that would mask the depth of the fall. Infidelity is always reckless. While avarice is often masked by the investment of effort and various dissatisfactions and while cowardice is justified by every little den into which everything retreats and everything goes, until then infidelity is always stripped to the point of meaninglessness, darkness without any light, an island of darkness. And silence. Pain.

Even the fantastical imaginations of fugitive dreamers cannot justify betrayal, they don't even think about it, everything is infinitely beautiful even when it is rendered meaningless by other flaws, if there is no betrayal, everything else can be endured. Because in joining again, there is something that does not contradict anything in us, something that makes even the blurred things clear, a runaway part of us that flew like a distant bird to the window of the mind, our other half of the soul in the dungeon of the world, in the prison of colors and smells and magic that we all know the end of it. "A child that is a day old is not clean," as Job said in Jesus' saying. Only love can reach the lost purity, only love can make us remember the great in us, when the worlds were in us as we are now in the world. Thrown, exiled, opposed to themselves and everything else, because every great possibility is one, every good chance is without repetition, every good lesson is irreversible.

27.01.1995.

Space in view, everything around me is scattered, accessible, within reach of my hand. The thought may seem strange, but as the saying goes, we usually only realize the value of something when we lose it. That's how I, after nine months of darkening, began to appreciate the smell of fresh earth, the blueness of the sky's infinity captured by the gaze, the chirping of birds, everything is there, around me, mine and within reach, available. As in adversity small, ordinary things acquire enormous significance and grow to unfathomable heights, they become great because inaccessibility makes them great. Sitting on the bank of the river or reading a book, drinking coffee in the evening while the birds gather on the branches, all this in the camp, behind the bars, acquired fantastic proportions, a magnificent halo that surrounded our reason, forced it, tortured it with images, representations that hurt . And then, in the whirlwind of war, in the sea of ​​troubles whose tides are so numerous and ebbs are rare and mysterious, then unrealization comes like a ship in that same sea and the wind of hope brings it, extends it within reach and when we have almost touched it with our fingers - it disappears, dissipates like an apparition, disappears like a shadow.

The magical attraction of the unattainable, intoxicating like old wine from the great cellars of sadness and longing, strengthened by the illusion that there is something of ours in this world, and that just when that illusion is being so cruelly disfigured. Hindus speak of what is called the “monkey mind”. When the villagers hunt a monkey, they put food in the basket and let the monkey approach it freely. There is no trap, nothing to stalk the animal from the edge, no tool to catch it. When the monkey takes food from the basket, he cannot eat it, take it out with his hand. But it would be enough for him to drop her from his hand and he would be free. However, he does not have the strength to renounce, and thus he is caught, no coercion, no force, only his own desire which he cannot renounce leads him into captivity. This is an example of man being captured by his own desires. It is enough to renounce and there is no trap, it is enough to drop a morsel and there is no suffering of entrapment, it is enough to see through one's own greed and there is no dungeon. The Qur'an also talks about the nature of the "monkey mind".

Verse 163, Surah 7 (The Walls) says: "And ask them about the city that was next to the sea when they violated the regulations about the Sabbath: when the fish came to them before their eyes, while they celebrated the Sabbath, and when they did not celebrate, they did not come to them. That's how we tempted them because they kept on sinning." So that in verse 166 it was said: "And because they arrogantly refused to obey what was forbidden to them, We said to them: "Become despised monkeys." The Prophet of Islam said: "I am the city of knowledge, and Ali is the gate of that city." This above-mentioned city is called the "city of ignorance". Namely, the "sea" is Divine Grace. The "fish" is a symbol of the renewal of that Grace, while the "celebration of the Sabbath" or what we would call today "idleness" is the contemplative space of a human being, in which the spiritual child of the ever-renewing Divine Grace grows.

When the contemplative-meditative content (celebration of the Sabbath) is removed, i.e., when the constant renewal (fish) of that receptivity ceases, the "monkey mind" occurs (you become despised monkeys). Work was prohibited on Saturdays, therefore, in the language of inner content, the spiritual aspect of man was affirmed. "Monkey Mind" haughtily rejects it. Arrogant, because a person in a state of being driven by desires that are not under the control of a higher being becomes exactly like that. Of course, there is no reference here to the "historicity of the event", which as such is only an obstacle to the realization and realization of the real spiritual content "here and now" in every person. And the realization of the spiritual means entering the "city of knowledge" at its gate, the gate of Imam Ali. That's why Ali said: "We Imams are the Guides, we teach our followers, the rest are just foam carried by the sea." The "fish" of renewing Grace comes to the gate of "city of knowledge" by opening the heart's eyes, and without that opening every spiritual attempt remains only "foam carried away by the sea". Knowledge that dissipates as a bubble of water, a bubble transparent, round, and apparently self-sufficient, but mixing with the sea makes it non-existent, because a house cannot be built without a foundation, nor can it stand without a central pillar. But if one enters the "city of knowledge" everyone finds themselves in the appropriate way - "In my Father's house are many dwellings." (Jesus: The Gospel of John). The logic of the monkey mind experienced its peak with the emergence of evolutionism and the so-called dialectical materialism. Although the followers of those ideas declared the theories themselves to be the pinnacle of "progress" and "advancement", it is exactly the opposite.

Centuries of spiritual decadence were needed for such monstrous theories about man to even see the light of day. Such widespread and so readily accepted teaching that "man came from apes" had never before been seen in the history of the human race, but not because men were not intellectually "advanced," but because the predominance of the "monkey mind" created fertile ground for the very emergence of the theory, with Darwin and Marx the bottom was reached. The ultimate forms of decadence, where the first author literally places man's origin on the animal plane, and the second wants to enrich the "working animal" with a multitude of desires (the so-called enrichment of needs), while the entire spiritual experience of the human race says exactly the opposite, the only narrowing of those same desires and placing them under control of the spirit can lead to true happiness and nobility.

The so-called man of the "modern age" constantly keeps its hand in the trap of countless desires and cannot free itself. A theory was needed that would give the logic of the "monkey" mind an acceptable rationalization, meaning, and solid ground under its feet. This is how evolutionism was born, the idea of ​​a "horizontal slit" (precisely because the vertical light dimension was completely destroyed), which idea was followed by Marx placing heaven on the earthly plane of life (communism as a "classless society" of justice and abundance). Both decadent theories were short-lived (because what is 50 or 100 years for the history of human thought) precisely because of the neglect and neglect of spirituality, spiritual (as well as moral, which are inseparable from them) human needs. And both theories were a compensation for lost spiritual virility and spiritual grounding, which later served to justify all moral licentiousness as "natural", which is completely logical if man is viewed as an "intelligent animal", which is on earth completely by chance, and thus ultimately meaningless.

29.01.1995.

Sitting with Gracija on the concrete wall by the road, I thought about jars, jars full of money and valuables that remained in the municipality of Stolac after the expulsion. People put money and gold, German marks saved up over years of work and effort into glass jars and then buried the jars in the ground, hoping to find them again when they returned one day. A naive swindle of a greedy mind that doesn't understand the nature of this world and the revenge of fate, which eventually overtakes all greed and takes away from a man what he would have, if he had shared with others from what he has, certainly remained untouched.

At the cause-and-effect level, it is completely irrelevant how Fate will take away what it wants to take away: war, flood, fire... it doesn't matter, and only the blind man attaches himself to the causes, gathering a supply for this world (not even for himself) while the viewer's gaze it penetrates through this world and it is supplied from it. Provision implies an awareness of transience and the giving and taking power of the Divine Will over us.

The Prophet of Islam said: "Zakat (obligatory giving) was never joined to property without destroying it." Therefore, when what should be given to the poor is not given, it merges with the rest of the wealth in such a way as to destroy it, the cause does not matter. Man naively thinks that collecting and keeping what he has acquired gives him security, while the situation is exactly that conversely, giving alms is a better guardian than anything else. A great man said that every joyous mood we give to someone's heart comes at the time of our trouble and drives away that trouble, a clear example of the universal connection, the "law of the boomerang" of all our actions still in this world.

It is written in the Bible that charity invested in treasuries fights for man rather than a shield or spear. Sai Baba beautifully says about this: "You think that in the material world a rich man is very respected, but in the spiritual world that wealth has no value." Charity is a much more valuable quality than all material possessions and riches. If there is no charity, wealth has no real value at all. For example, if you have four sons, each of them will claim a share of their wealth. One is the son of mercy, another is power, the third is a thief, and the fourth is fire. They all expect to inherit your wealth. But if you give everything you have to the first son, mercy, the other sons will have nothing left.

But if you give freely out of charity, you will find that the other heirs will also respect your decision and will not ask you for anything. So when you give in charity, that is to your eldest son and natural heir, then others who would otherwise claim their share will appreciate your decision and will not demand anything from you. But if you own wealth and at the same time do not help others, then the thief will follow you closely, and the government will also watch you and try to appropriate your wealth. If the thief and the government bypass you for some reason, one day a fire will come and destroy all your possessions. That is why the Bhagavad Gita concludes that charity is more important than wealth.”

This is a wonderful description of the connection of all actions and an example of causality in human behavior and the so-called of natural causes "where each reaps as it is sowed", according to the words of Jesus. However, a man, in his blind attachment to this world, constantly relies on causes in a way that gives him a fictitious sense of power. Thus, those who had time for it chose jars with thicker glass or buried them deeper in the ground, those who were more fortunate placed them between walls, in the cracks of canals or wells, because the humidity is lower, and thus a greater chance of the money being preserved and undamaged. I'm almost sure that no one asked themselves whether it was necessary to share with those who need it, to give before such a drastic blow of fate, which would certainly be weaker and smaller with such dedication and concern for others.

The human folly of collecting is great, stemming from the deathly dream of carelessness in which twenty times a day one has to hit one's head against the wall, but every time one gets up and again rushes to the cold hardness without drawing any lesson. This is because a numb heart can never be awakened by reason by itself, no matter how many abstract-logical instruments the mind provides, just as a man from clinical death is not awakened by any consideration of him, unless the necessary medical help is provided. There is also a spiritual physician for the spiritual heart, who restores it to life and gives sight to the blind heart. To the one who is asleep, he sends a movement that will wake him up, he pushes the one who knows, but does not know that he knows.

- What do you think about the jars of money in the country? - I lightly and jokingly hit Gracija with my elbow - there certainly isn't one in this wall.

- There will be some left. - she replied thoughtfully, the day was cold and she was rubbing her fingers on the pockets of her blue jacket, her fingers were frozen. She lived with her father, her mother died a long time ago and she learned early to take care of everything, she knew all the household chores and was an excellent cook. Unlike Conchita, she never brought me food, nor did I ask for anything. Gracia's only sister was married and she rarely saw her, she was deeply and touchingly attached to her father. I met him once and it seems that I was a pleasant interlocutor, although not an "ideal option", which was also my opinion, as Gracija needed a different kind of man. She had barely visible dimples above her lips which gave her an unusual cuteness and complemented the sadness of her pale face, especially when she laughed mockingly. We got used to each other, I don't know if I loved her and it even seems to me that she didn't care, we used to be silent, almost for hours and I liked that silence, the silence in the cold glades, without any sound, the icy breath of war , always recognizable and always unique.

I remembered the land of Stolac, but in a different way, I remembered the Podgrad Harem, the grave of Mustafa Žuja. Nadžak was engraved on a gray tombstone, a semicircular ax, the symbol of the Nakšibendi order, behind the inscription: "Khidr appeared, Mustafa disappeared". Khidr, the mysterious teacher of Moses, who was with him on the ship of salvation that saves from drowning in the waters of worldly aspirations, in the seas of arrogance, greed and envy. When these passions dominate a person, they become the ruler of the mind, which then sinks "every righteous ship", every rightness of faith, it becomes poisoned, the heart darkened. For Moses, that association was difficult, "a heavy, burdensome thing, which is difficult to carry", for which not all people are capable of a secret. He wanted to go on a long journey, to the place where two seas meet, even longer, more than that. He was accompanied by a young man, a spiritual knight in his service, every ruler has a confidant of secrets, every king has a vizier, in the spiritual world the laws of service and giving are even stricter, sharper, earthly authority compared to the spiritual one is just "fun and games", transitory and short-lived.

Worthless. Moses was tired of the journey, every road is long without a guide, the sky of knowledge is far without a guiding star. Spiritual hunger must be quenched, thirst quenched, according to Jesus' saying to the Samaritan woman, near the well, when he asked her to drink. He said: "Whoever drinks from this water will be thirsty again, and whoever drinks from the water that I will give him will never thirst, but the water that I will give him will become in him a spring of water that springs up into eternal life.” Moses was looking for this water, the "water of concentration", and that's why he had to go back, because on every journey one goes forward, only the path of knowledge directs the steps "backwards", every true knowledge is a return to oneself. The knight in Moses' service had forgotten his snack, fish was their food. The "fish", the human heart, had slipped into the sea, at the place where the earthly sea and the spiritual sea meet, revived by the breath of the perfect teacher, what he touches always changes, the rock becomes gold, the stone a ruby. Hydra was lying on a rock covered with clothes, before human rudeness and ignorance every great man is covered, thus protecting the blessing of their knowledge, one does not throw a pearl before swine, a lion runs far into the desert even though he is the king of all animals. Moses asked Hydra to follow him, so that he would be taught correct knowledge.

Khidr conditioned his consent: "So don't ask me, while I'm the first one not to say."

There is a lot of impatience in every traveler, it is in the heart of a lover’s anxiety until he is united with his beloved, strong longing does not know the ticking of the clock. When they set out, Khidr killed the child innocently and Moises was patient, he asked with too much desire. "God wants to give them something better", was his answer. Enmity lurks in every relationship when there is no MYSTICAL ENGAGEMENT, excessive thirst leads to the source only if the fallacy of external genealogy is annulled, on the way one must shake off everyone's relatives, every mystic is a loner, lonely, especially in this time. You need to be freed, the mind does not reign on the ship of faith, it is possessed by greed, arrogance and envy, those incentives for sin and pierces the ship every right. Moses can't stand it, reproach is always a sign of love, we never pass it on to a person we don't care about. In the end, they came to an overhanging wall and Khidr overcame it, the treasure of the two boys was buried there and the orphans should find their share, that's what the Lord wants, he later explained to Moses. Only after he has experienced and mastered the power of the mind that always makes a "hole" and an opening in the whole of faith, only then can Moses direct his heart's gaze to the original depth of mystical solitude.

An "orphan", an exile in the world, an exiled child who must find his buried treasure discovered by the hand of a spiritual father. Reason is then every "nugget", crooked and about to fall, a perfect hand is needed, not everyone can straighten the wall. A spiritual child must grow and mature, and only when the "conscious man" reaches his fullness, he fully faces the unearthed treasure of his own heart. The "two seas", material and spiritual, are now under the occasion of two boys whose uniform growth within the subtle body ensures horizontal balance, which keeps the vertical axis of light from scattering.

When a crowd was sitting around Jesus once, his mother and his brothers came. He was told: "Behold, your mother and your brothers and your sisters are outside, looking for you!" He answered them: "Who is my mother and who are my brothers?" AND LOOKING AROUND AT THOSE WHO WERE SITTING AROUND HIM, HE SAID: “BEHOLD, MY MOTHER AND MY BROTHERS! BECAUSE HE WHO DOES THE WILL OF GOD, HE IS MY BROTHER AND SISTER AND MOTHER." This is a wonderful example of SPIRITUAL RELATIONSHIP, the kinship from the saying of MOSES and his mysterious friend, spiritual orphans, exiled from mystical consciousness that is homeless, separated from its "good" father, finds its spiritual treasure through the help of another father, a spiritual father who supports the power of reason and the power of faith and who straightens that pillar of awareness, protecting it from any distortion. Laja faith was also the property of the "poor", those parts of the soul who are not rebellious in relation to the spirit and for whom the ship of salvation is “natural habitat”. These are the parts of the soul that are included in the famous Epistle tradition: "Spiritual poverty is my glory." therefore, those parts of the soul "inclined" to faith in advance, that deepest primordial nature, fitret, devotion to the One, to which human hearts naturally aspire.

The murdered boy would turn on his parents for violence and disbelief. We see how everywhere (especially in this day and age) our physical relatives incite each other to violence of all kinds. The physical connection as an essence (not formally) must be severed when he embarks on the ship of knowledge, all connections with creatures which, as such, are transitory and short-lived, must be abandoned, the mystic is a stranger in this world, he knows his relatives only VERTICAL, ascending the steep rock under which the Khidr lay. The "innocence" of such physical and formal bonds ("what killed a sinless child," asks Moses) is a great trap because mystics of all faiths have always wanted to be "completely God's" (this has nothing to do with the so-called renunciation of the world, which is only a form method and not recommended, although allowed) and as such they can go on their way abandon even the most innocent attachments and attachments to creatures (essentially and not formally, because there were great mystics who were great lovers, had rich possessions, etc.). In the city they asked to feed them, but the inhabitants refused to host Moses, Khidr and Moses' knight. The "City" has always persecuted the Gnostics, they were never welcome to the average world that knows only the external. The hustle and bustle, mass and colorfulness of the world, that's what mystics of all times fled from. Because a purified person feels pain where others do not see it (not that they feel it) and is too exposed, threatened by every form of collectivism. The social conformisms of today also do not "give food" or "host" mystical consciousness, less than ever. And more than that, the narrowed and shaken consciousness of the so-called "modern man" sees the spirit of the mystic as something demeaning and extremely disturbing, something bordering on "madness", despised and cursed.

A return to primordial religion, the concentration of spiritual poverty as the glory of the spiritual traveler, and the breaking of "intimate" physical ties (son - parent) results in a repulsion that leads to a break with all kinds of collectivization and amorphous consciousness of the crowd (a "city" that refuses to provide food and host holy people) and such overwhelming refusal results in finding spiritual treasure in the land of one's own heart, precisely in the "ruin" of all obstacles on the way to enlightenment. For a spiritual teacher there is no material compensation ("you could have taken a reward for that", Moses) because the nature of the relationship is not material either, the spiritual kinship reaches from the ancient times of preexistence and it is a terrible echo on the borders of the mind, a terrible judgment in the awakened soul, a trumpet that alarms the whole being. In order to give any support to reason at all, it is inevitable that he gets rid of all forms of social adaptability that are an inevitable obstacle.

Only by driving away the intrusiveness of mediocrity is it possible to approach the "wall" at all, which is the last obstacle, the meeting point of all the previous ruins and finally, the treasure in that ruin, the fall of the entire world of appearances. Every credible tradition knows this semblance of appearance. Hindus say MAYA, illusory energy, Muslims say HIJAB, a veil that separates from God, Christians say VALLEY OF TEARS, a place of repentance that is a return to God. Man must first be knocked down in order to rise, brought down in order to flourish, cut down in order to grow, knocked down in order to rise. Such is the nature of the spiritual path, in order for gold to become pure, it must experience many fires and the flames fiercely refine it, there is no other option. And when Mustafa disappeared, Khidr appeared. To take over another soul and inhabit it, to ennoble a new heart, to set it in motion a new spirit.

I heard about Mustafa's death, before the war, fate wanted her to be a part of stories passed down through my ancestors. The great sheikh, Žujo Mustafa, treated, especially mental illnesses, helped people. He was clairvoyant, so the people sometimes said what they wanted to hide from him. A child was sick just as the sheikh himself was suffering from a terminal illness. My great-grandfather Ahmet Šarac went to him to register for the child and gave advice and help. He told him: "You don't need anything, they will take us both on Monday." That's how he announced the child's and his own death on the same day, which came true, the child's sights are still visible next to his. Immediately before his death, he bequeathed that his body should not be taken to the harem, but that it should be buried in the forest, in an inaccessible place, and that the traces should be removed, so that no one would come. They didn't listen to him. For three nights, one of the prominent people had the same dream, that a mistake had been made and that they should have obeyed him.

On the fourth night, several people went to the harem, quietly, with a lighted lantern, and dug up a fresh grave. There was nothing inside, there was a disappeared body, where and how will remain a secret. Even today, you can see a slight subsidence when you look at the ground near his head. Human hands did not take the body away, that's for sure, and since then people have been saying that the grave should not be touched.

It is reported that he said: "From all sides of Stolac, the martyrs guard the city, and he will keep it as long as there is a memory of it.” People remembered his sayings in the past as well as in the Second World War, both times slaughter was avoided, the population was saved and both times it was a matter of hours and minutes. Before this war, just before its beginning, a pious dervish told me his dream. He dreamed of a throne full of troops, and they are raising it on the mast flag, but a dervish garment is tied to the flag, which none of the soldiers can see. The dream was clear. The city will be occupied, the army will raise its flag in the outside world. But in the real world, together with it, a dervish prayer rises, which protects the city from that same flag, from the evil that it brings. It came true. We will never know whether it is the prayer of Mustafin or some other great man.

Something similar about Stolac was dreamed by a virtuous woman, also before war, she told us. She saw in her dream several boys with lighted torches on the old fort above the city. She was sitting in a small house with some other people. An unknown figure was all in the light, face, body, everything was shining, he levitated with crossed legs, separated from the ground. He said to her: "Don't be afraid, nothing will happen here." It came true. Dova Mustafina or someone else's, we will not know. In the continuation of her dream, a lot of dervishes in old traditional clothes came to the mast (which the dervishe had already dreamed of and the flag on it) and glorified God there. There used to be a harem there, on the site of the destroyed partisan monument, and who knows whose bones other bones came to, there are many great people who remained unknown. Unknown on Earth, but well known in Heaven.

- Are you perhaps thinking of a buried jar, that you don't have treasure down there... ha, ha! -

Gracija interrupted me with an undertone of joyful carelessness, lightly touching me on the shoulder, she was beautiful, thoughtful, absent but close.

- I mean the treasure, but not the one in the jars. - I laughed brightly myself, - I didn't bury anything, but if I had, it would have gone to your dowry.

She giggled loudly, clutching her stomach, the ruddy-cheeked shepherd from the neighboring meadow spread both arms as if he wanted to unite us both in his embrace and thus protect our relationship from sudden changes in mood, provide us with security, comfort, even peace. She had a blue knitted cap on her head and deep peasant boots, she looked at us with such joy as if we were her firstborn.

- Translate it, you should warm up at this meal! - she screamed with all her might, bringing the insides of her palms close to her face as if giving a signal with a trumpet for an alarm or even a morning wake-up call.

Gracija turned the index finger of her right hand towards her heart as if to wish and to make sure if she was serious about her, to which she started nodding her head strongly like a doll, raising her eyebrows questioningly and herself unsure of the effectiveness, of the effect of the advice. We walked away with a light step.

05.02.1995.

Looking through the window of the room, I noticed a raven on the branch of an old rose. Black, unusually calm, he moodily observed my room, maybe I'm the culprit without even knowing it, and the birds are suffering, they've been killed by grenades.

- Eh, after this war they will eat with a golden spoon! – said a neighbor across the street. He rummaged through the old iron, quite fat for this time, bald and with small, lively eyes whose shine in everything gave faith in a better future and the age of "golden spoons".

- What do you say? - he continued cheerfully, as if my confirmation was inevitable, or at least welcome.

- This tin is also good! - I shouted loudly closing the window, it's a raven still standing in his place, unperturbed, completely absent, the birds visibly disturbed, the explosions and the noise of incessant detonations took their toll. I nodded to my neighbor with a hearty smile. THE GOLDEN SPOON.

A saving formula for every misfortune, a promise that everyone is ready to believe when even an ordinary spoon is difficult to fill with food, anything, faith in better things that is so precious, because it is impossible to verify it. I remembered what Jesus said about the coming of the Kingdom of God when the Pharisees asked him about it. "The kingdom of God does not come visibly, nor will it be said, 'Here it is!', or, 'There it is!' For behold, the kingdom of God is among you." This description of Jesus, the Kingdom of God, therefore the golden age of humanity, does not bind to any external circumstances or space that would define that kingdom (and thus limit it). The "imperceptibility" of the arrival of that kingdom is reflected precisely in the fact that it is related to the "sacred geography" of the space of the human soul, and not to world-historical, geographical facts. Kingdom of God's is therefore "AMONG YOU", as Jesus said, the growth of the spirit up to its fullness, the ultimate reach of the human race in the cognitive sense, the point on the earthly journey of the human community. That kingdom is not "here or there" and it has nothing to do with the so-called "social reality", it is simply the ultimate point of light of the vertical "evolution of consciousness", a transformation that closes the history of this world, preparation for a new cycle, for a different reality.

Speaking of Imam Mehdi, the Savior of mankind with an Islamic sign, some traditions say that "the earth will obediently pour out its treasures" to him, and that he will "fill the earth with justice as it is now filled with violence and oppression." But that justice is cosmic, not earthly, and the "treasures of the earth" are primarily spiritual treasures in the interior of the earthly part of man (body). However, today's concepts reduce the cosmic justice of the Savior to the level of social justice, which is just "rewritten communism", another utopia among many. Once upon a time, Marx spoke of a "society of abundance", without classes or injustice, completely ignoring the dark side of human nature and all the irrationality of man, the disastrous consequences of which we feel at every step in this time. Now it happens that this same theory is actualized by all kinds of disillusioned, frustrated people, but with a religious overtone. They talk about the Savior of mankind (all major world religions teach about him) as the one who will feed people and put an end to wars, establish an ecological balance, and improve living conditions. Nothing is more wrong than this vision, because the Savior of mankind introduces the human race to a higher level of consciousness and the power of the metaphysical dimension of such a SALVATION is reflected precisely in the fact that the Savior does not even for a moment enter history, but like a seal puts the final imprint on the spiritual childhood of the human race. At no point does he touch geographical facts in a real way, and social justice (which inevitably accompanies his

known as necessity) does not even close to exhausting all the possibilities of self-discovery, nor does it have the significance that ordinary consciousness gives it, projecting its own dissatisfactions into a much deeper and wider role of Savior than the one that such and such consciousness attributes to it.

Even more devastating is that the golden spoon in times of great suffering represents both reminiscence and mourning for the "GOLDEN CALF" from Moses’ time. We see the logic and philosophy of the golden calf at every step, and a multitude of magicians like Samiria and golden obscenities are woven into every pore of life. The "Egypt" of Moses' time is all the disordered aspirations in us created by excessive intoxication with materiality and its countless obsessions. The deification of these things within man is so strong that with the rod of authority over himself, the Moses of our heart must make a dry path of knowledge whose sands of gnosis must not be moistened by the contradictory aspirations of the soul in the sea of ​​this world. This includes people, because that is the easiest way to drown on the road, wasting away in fruitlessness that leaves a bad trail that obscures the true road sign. Since the GOLDEN CALF is mostly the deity of this time, in its unavailability, one can at least be satisfied with a "golden spoon", as a promise when people, at least in imagination, have to make up for what was lost.

But according to Jesus' words, "The Kingdom of God does not come visibly", because the growth of that same kingdom "among us" is exactly the opposite of every "social" form of faith, everything "socio-political" in the known understanding of that word, everything that relies on "human effort", because if such an effort were sufficient in itself, the help of the Savior would be superfluous. The savior is what his very name says, because salvation encompasses the entire creation, that "salvation" is precisely existence itself, but now on a higher level, an evolutionary cognitive leap unseen before. When it is said that the Savior's rule will extend from East to West, it is clear that these are not geographical concepts of the planet Earth, but the Sun of the East in human souls, which reaches to the West of the Spirit, the totality of knowledge which includes everything, which of course means the so-called "materialistic sciences", but that is secondary, since "scientific knowledge", whatever it may be, cannot benefit generations and generations of the human race that have already left the earth, while the progress of spiritual sciences gives everyone a chance precisely because it introduces humanity to a higher level of existence.

Therefore, it encompasses the whole, and the parts can never "comprehend" the whole, and that is why the coming of the Kingdom of God, according to Jesus' words, is UNRECOGNIZED, because it is about the reality of the "world of the soul", which by nature cannot be overcome by anything in the external world, and are thus "preparation" for the arrival of the invisible Kingdom of God. That peak of awakened consciousness, the awakening that lifts the veils of "everyone being sleepers", asleep in the sleep of ignorance, this is exactly the Kingdom of God, reaching the ultimate limit in the universes of the soul ("Kingdom of God in you"). Many wonder why the awaited Savior does not already appear as if he were a known matter of chronological time, so you simply need to set the watch on your wrist and wait. Humanity at its current level of development could not bear it made known to him, people would simply neither understand nor accept what he is saying, just as a caveman 50,000 years ago would not have understood anything about atomic energy, say, and would have experienced only fear and confusion.

Speaking of the Twelfth Imam and His Concealment, the First Imam said: "The land will certainly never be deprived of the Guarantor of God." But men will be blind, unable to see him, because of their obscurity, their exaggeration and their violence done against themselves (against their own souls).” As a comparison, he gave the example of Josip, who was with his brothers, but no one recognized him.

This tradition beautifully explains "blindness", the inability to recognize the Savior (blindness is of course not of a physical nature, but of a spiritual nature). That spiritual blindness is equated with the inability to see.

There are three causes:

1. Eclipse of the people

2. Their exaggeration

3. Violence committed against themselves (their souls).

Total absence of those "theophanic senses", i.e. of the light man within the human being, results in exaggeration in all that relates to the physical aspect, intemperance becomes constant for a being whose life does not (essentially) differ from that of the higher forms in the animal kingdom. All of this has as a final consequence "violence against one's own soul", because the Savior is the "SOUL OF ALL SOULS" and the impossibility of seeing (knowing) him is the greatest violence towards oneself.

I went outside. Rare cars were passing very fast, the road was shelled and from the surrounding hills, everything that moves can be easily targeted. The day was cold and cloudy, bleakly anxious, thick, gray smoke could be seen from the houses, several dogs were wandering the street, emaciated and malnourished, they were a credible witness of this time. With sadness I glanced at the burning Catholic church. I then remembered the event of TRUE ECUMENISM, a wonderful and tolerant dialogue between different religions.

While Muhammad was staying in Medina, a delegation of Christians came to him from a province, they wanted to negotiate about the real nature of Jesus. They were dressed in expensive, lavish clothes and were asked to wear simpler ones. The motif of CHANGING CLOTHES can be found in many religions and initiation rites, because new clothes symbolically mean introduction into a new state of the soul, a sign of transformation, the mystery of introduction into the unknown. It seems that the Prophet of Islam wanted to initiate them with this gesture, that is, "return" to the original Christianity of asceticism and charity, which was largely abandoned (600 years have already passed since the time of Jesus). When that was done, the dialogue began. At one point, the Christians said that it was time for prayer, and that they needed a place to pray. Muhammad allowed them to perform their prayers where they are, in the mosque, and that they should not go anywhere, which they did. The dialogue was unsuccessfully concluded, but this fact that they were baptized in the mosque and performed all their prayers is incomprehensible today to a huge number of both Muslims and Christians.

This example of tolerant and REAL dialogue between different faiths is almost impossible to see nowadays, when even a mere "joint picture" (in front of the cameras) is considered a supreme success and a sign of tolerance. But someone wonderfully said that TRUE ECUMENISM CAN ONLY BE LIVED ON AN ESOTERIC LEVEL. People who only know the exterior of religion without the inner content can hardly understand the transcendental unity of religions, no matter how well-intentioned they are and no matter how much good will they invest, no matter how much a person looks at the shell of a nut, he cannot get to the core unless the outer shell is opened. That is why those who are unable to reach into the depths of the inner heavens of each religion in essence cannot conduct dialogues of this kind, since focusing exclusively on the outside limits and the very possibility of searching for "the same in diversity".

I was walking along a deserted road, ruins and desolation everywhere, in the distance I heard muffled detonations. My friend Ale fought like a knight, I knew that for sure and it's important because it's futile to justify every evil with a laconic phrase: "...what have they done to us". Evil can never be justified by another evil, in battle there are rules as in everything and that is why every virtue is first of all spiritual chivalry, and it is the most difficult in war, because then what people are later ashamed of, even when they rejoice, is justified and allowed in the hour of spilled blood. Chivalry is both an honor and a duty, and he who does not fight against the enemy within himself cannot treat the external enemy chivalrously. Chivalry is giving priority to others over oneself. Once, in a battle, a man spat on Imam Ali at a moment when he was already on the verge of defeat. The Imam lowered the swinging saber. The latter was surprised at that procedure, and to the question he received the answer: "If I had killed you at that moment, I would have done it for myself, and I am fighting in the name of God." Later this enemy became his friend. Everything that a person does or is done in "the name of himself", his vanities, whims, revenge, is wrong every time, because he does not respect the other person and abuses the turn of fate, which is a test for both parties.

I remembered Jasminka from Stolac. At an early age, we bathed together in the city bathhouse, watching the wet drops dry on our bodies and ran into the showers, rejoicing, a happy age of growing up and carefree that never hurt. I didn't forgot, I longed for her all these years. I didn't meet anyone for two whole kilometers on the desolate, winding road in the middle of the road, nobody but dogs and cats. I came back tired.

15.02.1995.

Gracija's lips were extremely beautiful, slightly pouty and with some fugitive curiosity as she nodded her head or hesitated, her hair was always curled on the back of her head, more bright and hard, unusual. We saw each other everyday. Toreador. There is no choice for the strong bull after he is released from the wooden cage, from the golden cage of calmness, from the corral from the fence of calm silence that is reality, silence, life. When he steps out into the ominous circle of the arena and the red cloth swings down from the mast of pride and ignorance, there is no more choice and the black muscular Neman is all in blind pursuit without purpose and meaning while the crowd roars in terrible rapture and the image of living death enchants and excites the blood, on both sides, in a rapture that always hurts in the end. But the "bull within", the vital animal spirit that we all carry, is far more difficult to defeat because of our desires, day and night there is no food and no rest, no stopping, until the last breath. For the spiritual traveler, the lustful soul is the greatest enemy. When asked about this saying, a great mystic said: "Every enemy, if you repay him with charity, becomes a friend, except for your own soul." The more you indulge her, the worse she gets.” Because that is the very nature of every passion, when it is fully indulged then it itself takes the lead, commands.

That is why it is so sad to listen to the people of this time when they say that"they do what they want". A choice of that kind implies some kind of control over one's own lustful being, and not simply surrendering to the river of countless desires that hold a person in a fist and do not allow even the freedom of choice, and thus they create an illusion for the human being that this complete abandonment is actually a choice taken to its extreme limits. There, the red flags of desire are constantly waved at the black bull inside, and the blindness of running is then transferred to the plan of freedom, because when we have the illusion that we have chosen it, it is less humiliating. Every slavery must have a justification, otherwise it would be unbearable, and when slavery is complete, then the completeness of the explanation is also desired, otherwise it would be insulting to the point of meaninglessness ("I do whatever I want"). Here, subjugation and complete slavery will be presented as complete freedom. Little did the human race overestimate this fleeting and impermanent world. But the opposition to such logic was often blinded, because not all the sun that I can imagine I can't change a bat's life by an inch. And what would an attempt at change initiated from the outside mean, if there is no receptivity and resonance from within.

In the Book, it is said about the inhabitants of hell that hell is for them "just fits". If we let the pig into the golden castle, it would not find its way, it would feel strange and anxious, constricted by the gold and silk and the vastness that stretches out and would want to return to its den. Freedom is not an external category at all, it is internal as a whole, it develops and grows in the human soul or it is narrowed and taken away, we are our own judges and executioners and the main judges in every freedom. If hell were "inappropriate", Divine grace would remain unreachable and punishment would then be a meaning in itself. God's favor towards man is far from such a goal. External freedom can of course be taken away or limited, but so it is valid when the thought remains free, what is valid if the legs are in chains, and the feelings are burning and the whole "inner man" is completely free and nothing outside touches him except in the way of torture. And everything that has to cause pain in order to be recognized is miserable, everything that the fear of suffering forces us to do is miserable. Toreador.

Spinning in a circle around the red bait until the last breath and puffed up the nature of rudeness, all in rage, all in hopelessness and simple measuring and swirling of dust, the cry and the taking of the breath and the last exhalation, the royal crown of silence as the last act of the drama, because no wish fulfills as much as we expected and that is why silence is necessary. For the feelings to sink into the deep sea of ​​the soul, the turbulent waves have stopped and there is nothing left, only a dead mutilated animal, a corpse that is being dragged quickly and skillfully as far as possible from those gazes that cheered so ecstatically and wildly on that lifeless body just a few minutes ago. They encouraged him, encouraged him and gave him up, all in an instant, one and the same people, one and the same beings. The path of disciplining the animal within is reversed. No killing, no blood, no loud cheering of spiritualized elements of the soul, no rejoicing over the end if there is one and if there is one. Because the fight is completely uncertain.

The "war against self", so often mentioned and so often invoked, even abused by interpreters, where everyone sees what they want to see, no arena has seen that war yet and will never see it, the more terrible it is, the less visible it is. Many "warriors of light" wage a great holy war against their souls, and those who live with them in the same house, those with whom they share the same room, have no idea about it. And it's good that it is so, because if that struggle were visible to the uninitiated, the fear of their own soul would destroy every will in them, every chance, every possibility, even this worldly one, plans would collapse like a house of cards, ambitions would be stifled even in beginning. For it has been said: "If I told you what an enemy the lustful soul is, all business would cease in disappointment." This was relayed from World Champions.

If a small child, who plays with sand on the beach and builds sandcastles while looking at the sea foam saw a flaming dragon, all the towers would be destroyed in an instant , and would never be built again. The average person would not be able to stand facing the power of his own evil, he would be depressed and sad in front of so many nemani, not even finding a way to try to resist. Meaninglessness would surround all human activities, before such an enemy all habits would scatter like ashes carried by the wind and the established course of things would be ruined, life itself would be unimaginably wounded. That's why it can oppose the enemy only gradually, in stages. And with sincerity above all, if there is any will for such a difficult undertaking. Those who ignorantly and lightly preach "holy" wars should be reminded that during the entire time of Muhammad's mission (about 23 years), about 130 fighters died in battles. Any external expansion speaks of a lack of internal expansion. That is why callers are so common today, and teachers are rare.

16.02.1995.

I was sitting in a pub. A table by the window, already completely "mine" and knew that it was always empty, waiting for me. Many did not even have to pay, at least as much as they would like to drink, and it happened that some dared to pay in "kind", hell cigarettes for coffee, two boiled eggs for half a bottle of beer, sugar for tea. But such attempts were rare, partly because of shame, partly because of the fact that in times like these, the tavern is a refuge more than ever, and for it one finds, separates, and gives the last dinar. The blonde waitress smiled, more politely, but kindly:

- Ah, the professor has arrived too.

- Maybe a donkey, not a professor! - I retorted sternly and seriously, thinking nothing of it, but the tone struck the mood of those present.

- Ha, ha... there are a lot of donkeys today, it's a general phenomenon! - exclaimed the girl that was standing at the bar. In faded jeans and a woodsman's jacket, which she proudly claimed she found in a junkyard, her hair disheveled, deliberately neglected. Fahreta. I knew her well and loved her seemingly cynical jokes, never getting angry. She was original.

- He's kidding... - said the waitress calmly and looked at me cordially.

Several soldiers were sitting at one table, two girls and a young man I wasn't kidding. A verse in the Koran says: “Those to whom it is given The Torah and those who do not act on it are like a donkey carrying books." The Torah. Torah. The Holy Book, which, like any other of its kind, is only a burden, if it is not acted upon, because what does a donkey have from the books it carries but burdens and difficulties. If knowledge is not woven into the heart and if it does not change a person, the mountain of facts that we adopt is only a burden to the "donkey in us", a soul that in its essence has meekness and meekness but, being only burdened with a weight that does not change it, only knows how to carry that burden in blind stubbornness and arrogance without meaning. Titles, doctorates,... it doesn't change anything in a person even by a millimeter and such knowledge is often just a burden. We are loaded with concepts, legends, a past that is a future without meaning and purpose.

In the meantime, two young men entered and stood next to Fahreta, who held a broom with her right hand and was ready to remove any dirt immediately and quickly, both the one on people and the one on the floor of the tavern. No one cared, she was like an icon and everything was forgiven. Although some claimed that she was "retarded". Incorrect. Suddenly, a terrible whistle breaks through the air.

Two shells fell on the settlement, one only twenty meters away from us, on a nearby house. There was a bang and the sound of breaking bricks, pieces of which fell in all directions. Nobody moves. Life with grenades was everyday, the senses were sharpened and most people could determine the approximate distance of the fall, the place of firing, the caliber by the sound.

- Either marry me, or let someone else have me! - shouted Fahreta with all his strength and hit the back of the young man next to him with a broom. Laughter broke out, and the young man himself chuckled, not angry at all, while several more shells fell on the wider area of ​​the village. Fahreta spread her hands and let the broom fall, the laughter became thunderous. Soon the artillery of the government forces opened fire.

- Ours are returning! - the old man with the blue worker's head nodded proudly with a cap on his head and almost barefoot, he entered unnoticed. Finding temporary shelter in the nonchalant peace of the tavern, he seemed delighted by the return fire, as if the war itself had been won, or at least was nearing its end. Placing his hands in the deep pockets of his work overalls, he quietly muttered something to himself, perhaps a prayer or a suddenly awakened memory, a memory whose strength and freshness is always scattered where the breath of death is felt. Because the most beautiful memories always appear with the feeling of the end being near.

- Romeo,... why are you Romeo! – a soldier abruptly hugged Fahreta leaning elegantly as if dancing ballet and kissed him on the cheek loud and juicy. The echo of the kiss is mixed with the terrible rumble of detonations. - Eh, youth.. - the old man said out of deep thought, the girls started tapping their shoes on the floor, and the kissed soldier raised his right hand with a smile and began to twirl his fingers as if wondering about Fahreta's normality, but at the same time forgiving her, because the situation demands it, urgently and boldly.

- Well... what are you going to do! - exclaimed the other soldier at the table somewhat timidly to point out that he did not receive attention. The cannonade lasted about twenty minutes, everything suddenly became silent and the silence was interrupted by the barking of dogs, a shrill and ominous barking full of a dignified end, an end or a beginning, whatever. Everyone sat listlessly and sluggishly, looking at each other blankly and dully, almost morosely.

Such were the reliefs after shelling, without joy or pain, with a question that hung in the air like a twisted rope. Until when? That question was a noose for every neck and thought, because everyone knew that everything would be repeated, there would be no end to it. War.

- I also remember that one... - the old man said grumpily, obviously remembering the Second World War. Nothing has changed. The utopia of communism is preached for a while, only to be brought down by reality like a house of cards. The tragicomedy of evolutionism, which equated the external, technological progress of man with the assumed internal transformation that accompanies it, while the exact opposite is true. Every technological progress is accompanied by a spiritual and moral decline, and in this sense, man becomes increasingly "worse". Practical intelligence has strengthened, the one that directs a person to get the benefit out of everything, people have certainly never been so cunning and shameless in that cunning, desperately greedy to the point that they rush to ruin because of it. But this is precisely what led to the decline of all wisdom (which means also morality), which today is understood as a "luxury", something for which "there is no time", nor are there any reasons to have it.

Women's beauty is also profaned to the extent that every naturalness and respect for women is shown as "imagination", every human has the gesture towards the woman is "romanticism" (which is again "overcome", etc.). Treating a woman as "meat" or at best as a servant is a general and recognizable model beyond which everything else has become abnormal. Even the one who sends flowers to a girl today is "strange", almost sick. This is because technicalism in human relations has led to people perceiving each other as things, as objects that can only be (or cannot) use. Alienation has become so great that anyone who offers candy to an unknown child is considered a "maniac" or at least very suspicious, because what is the point of approaching another person if no one benefits from it, if you are not directed to each other by a common interest.

This is how the institution of gifts, giving gifts between people, which has always been a sign that a person is capable of selfless love (and he is), has experienced a breakdown to such an extent that the recipient always asks himself: "What does this person want?", (as if completely impossible to give a gift without asking for and expecting something in return). By reducing the human being to "use value", everything that resembles selflessness has become completely suspicious, damnably vague, despised as the act of a madman or maladjusted person. Imam Ali said this wonderfully, talking about people of firm convictions: "They look sick but they are not sick, they have been overcome by what is great".

Preoccupation with what is great is the tragedy of this time, whether it is religion, art, or science. Tragedy because "the little" is the meaning of life and the preoccupation that destroys it, so everything bigger than that looks like a disease. All the more because the awareness of God leads to spiritual expansion, which is considered a "disease" for everything mediocre, since such expansion and enrichment simply "absorbs" all that is less, and that less, which must be submitted to in one way or another, looks like a form of madness. The immobility of the gnostic, his complete encroachment on human souls, the "fertilization" of those same souls, all this intensifies this "craziness", and such craziness itself "rises" to even greater heights, certainly on purpose. Because madness is the best protection and the best disguise for anyone who is overwhelmed by the "big".

- I would love to get married, what is a good opportunity on a gloomy day? – interruptions of Fahreta's loud and daring voice kept me in my thoughts. Most of the guests started to smile, and the tractor driver who had just arrived at the door gently took off his hat, stroking his thick mustache with his hand.

- Here's your luck, no one will escape! - he bowed to Fahreta briefly with thunderous laughter that the others seemed to be waiting for. Laughter and noise simply chased the little old man out, I took the opportunity to get lost myself and on the way out I bumped into Gracija, who was looking for me.

She was beautiful in a white warm jacket with a gray beret on her head. She had refined taste and dressed refined (although she didn't look like it), very delicate and what is important, she knew how to keep quiet and this should be repeated perhaps countless times, because it is a rare trait, and so desirable. We walked, feeling the preciousness of togetherness, "wartime love", the most vulnerable and convulsive of all, the most dependent on external circumstances that cannot be influenced in any way. The loves of war were deep, strong, because they are surrounded by the breath of death, constant, because they are proof of life itself, its maintenance that defies everything and fullness that resists, does not want to be destroyed, subdued, not even shaken. Just as the memories in the war are so crystal clear and in which everyone finds at least a few pictures from the album that they didn't manage to take with them and talks about them, conjures up details, embellishes them with the intoxicating power of irreversibility.

17.02.2005.

Muslims were once part of the elite of the human race: philosophers, doctors, astronomers, mathematicians. That was when they lived in THEIR TIME, finding the Qur'anic verses in their own reality of life in a way of revelation that matches exactly THAT MOMENT and finding them in the reality of their own soul in a way of revelation of each item as if it refers to THAT MAN. That DOUBLE-SIDEDNESS OR DOUBLENESS OF THE MOMENT of revelation was far from the "story-telling" that characterizes the Muslims of this time (it applies to everyone, all over the planet). Today, Muslims are mostly incapable of understanding "their time" in any form and live a twisted form of "historicity of Islam" (not Islam itself) in a way of keeping themselves outwardly in the age of 1000 years ago, while the inside is mostly filled fairy tales and allegorisms, mystifications that have nothing to do with metaphysics and cognitive paths, but simply fill the "empty space" created by the spiritual hunger of the so-called modern man.

Legends about the miracles of the saints on the one hand (although rarely anyone dares to follow the path of those same people, due to weakness and "lack of time", will, etc.) and atavistic and incredible hatred for anyone who thinks differently, on the other hand, these are spiritual horizons huge number of believers today. It seems that people cannot (or do not know how) to be believers if they are not opposed to someone or something. Constant tensions and unrest, both within man himself and outside him, complete lack of education, rawness and neglect which is fertile ground for every monstrous interpretation in which the instincts of revenge are woven (which are attributed to God because the authors of such interpretations must find support in the Higher for his disdain), that is the picture of Muslims in the last few hundred years, and that picture is getting worse and uglier. "

"Read the Holy Book as if it were being revealed to you," said a great scholar. It is precisely the impossibility of understanding the fact that each paragraph of the Qur'an is "alive" and that it becomes serious in the spiritual heaven of every soul, which led to the fact that the interior of the Book is under pressure from two dangers (allegorism and agnosticism), where the first case (allegorism) leads to the verse becoming a "connected story" and not a real word within the spiritual sky, and the second case (agnosticism) leads to the verse becoming a "disconnected story", a historical event related to a person who left this world a long time ago, and as such, that event has nothing to do with the present (agnosticism and historicism are "Siamese twins" because of this, because if any knowledge of God is impossible, then there is no other choice but to place all knowledge about Him in the already completed and sealed a past in which the future itself is part of such a past, because "from generation to generation" it transmits the mere events of external history). Literaryism, an image without power.

The mentioned four lines symbolically form the "four inner corners of Ka'ba" for today's Muslim, a large part of his whole. Since all four considerations are based on the trap of historicity of each Holy Book, the Ka'ba itself is accordingly "turned" into a pile of stones, where time (both external and internal) has no significance. Thus, the Hajj becomes a "story", even literal, as if it were a "tourist trip". Imam Ali said about the pilgrimage to His Holy House, that the House is "A POINT OF DIRECTION for people who walk towards it as animals walk or pigeons rush towards a water source". A point of orientation for an INNER PILGRIMAGE that reflects the life of the soul, because water is a symbol of life that "gathers", first the animal spirit ("four-legged animals") and then the thinking, rational spirit ("the dove" as a symbol of the thinking soul, the bird that is the "carrier message", just as the thinking spirit is the conductor of the animal). Water as a symbol of life is suitable here, of course in a cognitive sense, that is why the House is a point of orientation for a PERFECT man (or one who is serious about that perfection) and who has subjugated his own animal and rational spirit in the way of their cognition, and as such returned them to their source.

He also said that God "tempts people with stones, which he neither harms nor benefits and which he neither sees nor hears? He installed those stones in His Holy Temple, which He made to be a revival for people". The first part of this paragraph clearly emphasizes the externality of the Holy Temple as something that has no influence on people, nor does it have life force in it. Only the "incorporation of stones" into the Holy Temple, that is, the inner pilgrimage of the spirit, leads to the Ka'ba being "revival for people". And every man is alive as long as his heart is alive. As for the MISSION OF JESUS ​​itself in terms of his activity into the outside world, there is no contradiction between Islam and Christianity (even in other religions the image of Merciful Jesus does not change). According to Islamic teachings, Jesus is a mazahar, the embodiment of compassion, mentioned in the Qur'an more than 20 times, and the 19th section of the Holy Book bears the name of his blessed mother Mary (Mary). According to the same sources, he walked barefoot, drank spring water and ate uncultivated fruits and vegetables (what we so nostalgically and dreamily call "natural food" today).

He wore the woven shirt from his childhood all his life, slept with a hard stone under his head, preached while traveling. This Islamic image of Jesus perfectly matches the Christian image that also describes the modesty and detachment from the world, and the mercy of the son of Mary. Differences appear in the matter of the incarnation (where Christianity claims that he was the son of God, and Islam that he was the great Prophet), and the crucifixion itself (where Christianity speaks of death on the cross while Islam says that God raised him to himself). But if we leave these facts aside, the very CORE OF HIS TEACHING among people remains the same, his sermons on morality, faith in One God, relationship to the world and people. That is where the root and seed of the TRANSCENDENT UNITY of all should be sought in religion (which certainly exists), but that unity can only be understood and experienced in an INTERNAL way, because if such unity were possible on an external level, no differences between religions would even exist. That is why it should be repeated that TRUE ECUMENISM IS POSSIBLE ONLY ON THE LEVEL OF ESOTERIA. Surely, on an external level, it is not even necessary as a whole because distinctions are also part of God's grace and a chance for people to understand and accept themselves through the other and the different.

On the inner levels everyone will find (at their own level, as much as they are powerful enough to reach) one and only, the RELIGION OF LOVE. The question of the love of man and his God is a point of contact for all religions, because there is no religious belief on earth that does not consider this issue, nor is religion possible without the interference of love in the relationship between man and GoAnd that's exactly where the dangers of MYSTICAL DRUNKENNESS are hoped for is the personality of JESUS ​​of key importance for the mystic. The divine remains forever unattainable. Jesus is the way, the spiritual path (for both Islam and Christianity). The embodiment of the Divine in a body (Christianity) and intoxication with metaphysical idolatry (Islam without an Imam) can only be resolved in the person of the 12th Imam, whose personality overcomes the gap between man and the unattainable God (because the Imam is the Face of God turned to people) and their "closeness" through union on the material level (because the Imam is like the Face of God, a mirror by which the assumed embodiment of the divine in a human way becomes impossible). That is why the Byzantine princess Nerkes, the mother of the twelfth Imam, before her marriage to her future husband (Imam Askeri), had a dream in which a throne was raised above the water, and after that a pulpit made of light.

Muhammad appears with his 12 Imams, and Christ with his 12 apostles. The MYSTICAL ENGAGEMENT occurs, where Muhammad asks Christ for a princess, a virgin (Nerkes) for Imam Askeri. After consenting, ALL TOGETHER went to the top of the lighted pulpit, where Muhammad delivered a magnificent sermon in honor of the marriage alliance of these two holy people. From that marriage was born the twelfth Imam, Muhammad-el-Mahdi. This ascent through the pulpit of light to its summit can be achieved by every mystic in the stages of the spiritual journey, in the manner of the time of his own soul. Someone will stop at the first step, someone at the second or third and will not experience full INITIATION. But he who ascends to the top of the pulpit of light will be protected from both the right (mystical drunkenness without an Imam) and the left (incarnation of the divine in the material path) abyss. That is why, not by chance, both great prophets, Christ and Muhammad, each have 12 disciples (successors) and they are all together at the very top of the pulpit of light. That's why the twelfth Imam is called "The Second Christ", that's why the two of them (Imam-el-Mahdi and Christ) come to earth TOGETHER and that's why there was no Prophet between Jesus and Muhammad (in time), the two are the most similar to each other.

The mystical betrothal of Imam Askeri and Princess Nerkes (which is the subject of the conversation between Muhammad and Christ) is the betrothal between the spirit and soul of every mystic who, through spiritual pregnancy into the world of his own light without shadow, gives birth to the IMAM OF HIS BEING. Not by chance, the total number of disciples (both Christ's and Muhammad's) gives the number 24 (12+12), which is day and night together, that is, the whole time of one day (which has 24 hours). Just as in that period the earth turns around its axis, so the mystic in the period of his soul "turns" around the Imam of his being (who is the Pole of the earth).

The surah (section) of the Koran that bears Mary's name (Merjem) is of ordinal number 19. The sun moves 19 km. per second, and both 1 and 9 are the beginning and end of everything (all mathematics is contained in and between those two numbers). The words "SON OF MERRY" (Mary) are mentioned in the Qur'an exactly 19 times, in a total of 9 chapters (suras). The sum of those two numbers is 28 (19+9). Therefore, we find MARY AND HER SON twice in the sign of number 19. The sequence of the SUN'S FLASH at the moment of his return, because the number 28 is the number of years of life of Imam Askeri, Mehdi's father, therefore the time of INHERITANCE of the one who should come with Jesus, which is the totality of the LOVE faith that he proclaims.

The word ISA (Jesus) is mentioned in the Koran 23 times in 11 surahs (sections) overall. Number 23 contains the totality of MUHAMMAD'S IMAMS (without the last one which is now in HIDDEN) and the APOSTLES OF CHRIST (11+12 = 23). This is because JESUS ​​is coming again with Imam Mehdi when the mission of his 12 apostles and 11 of Muhammad was already fulfilled Imams. That word ("ISA") is mentioned in a total of 11 sections (surahs) which is again a sign of the 11 Holy Imams whose time has already been fulfilled in this world. The word "MARY" (MARY) is mentioned in the Koran 9 times in 3 chapters (surahs) in total. In total, this again gives 12 (9+3). SON OF MERJEMIN (19) and MERJEMA (9), i.e. MARY adds up again to 28, the time of the assumption of US LEADERSHIP (spiritual) by the twelfth Imam with whom Jesus comes again. The total of all sections (suras) in which these three words are mentioned: SON OF MERRY, ISA and MERRY is again 23 (9+11+3 = 23) and that is 11 IMAMS OF MUHAMMAD + 12 APOSTLES OF CHRIST.

When the numbers of the words ISA, SON OF MERJEMA and MERJEMA are added up (2+3+1+9+9), the number 24 is obtained, so the TOP of the light pulpit on which there are 12 APOSTLES OF CHRIST and 12 IMAMS OF MUHAMMAD (12 + 12 = 24). The sum of the digits is 51 (23 + 19 + 9). If we subtract 23 from that number (51), we get the number 28 again, which is the TOTALITY OF LIGHT ASCENT from the assumption of the Imamate (28) to the fellowship at the top of the light pulpit. This is precisely why JESUS ​​and MEHDI come together because the hidden Imam, introducing humanity into the RELIGION OF LOVE in the manner of "universal" initiation, resolves with that very love a double consideration that necessarily remains unresolved until him; the problem of incarnation in the path and the problem of metaphysical idolatry. Two arms of the "cognitive cross" when the "head" rises to the sky of light.

If this could be resolved within chronological time, the hiddenness of the Imam would not even exist, and people would be unable to receive what he has to say and would not even recognize him. It was not said in vain traditions as it will appear to mankind that the GREAT SAVIOR is bringing NEW FAITH, this is because a considerable number of people do not know (and will not know everything until the day it is announced) nothing but the external principles of the religious law, which again (in this time it is getting worse and worse) are interpreted in a way that has no connection with the very essence of (everyone's) religion, and the interpretations are even often contrary to the truth about them themselves. That is why the Imam brings the internal considerations of all published books (and not only the Qur'an as some naively think), that which is still hidden and as such resides in them. And everyone who is close to Him can bring a part of what is still unrevealed in the hiddenness of the Book, and that is precisely "waiting for the Imam", no geographical externality, the search is within us. I have the light of my heart.

23.02.1995.

How is it down in Stolac now and what is happening, I am in contact with the people, Red Cross messages come and go. I had collected about fifty messages, received either in the camps, or later, and I kept them. Sometimes circumstances force a person to reveal ruthlessly and thoroughly to himself, and sometimes to hide, knowingly and with a sense that is known only to him, not to others. On Fridays, Mustafa Žujo used to go to the Emperor's Mosque, in the center of Stolac. It would happen that he would enter with the other people and simply disappear inside the mosque only to reappear on the way out while taking off his shoes. That disappearance confused many, scared some, opened countless questions, and there were even those who naively thought that he was hiding somewhere inside, only to appear again on the way out. They assigned one child to follow him inside the mosque and not to leave him for a moment. The great sheikh knew about their plan, he hugged the boy and said: "You, my son, have been assigned to follow me, aren't you, so come with me."

They stood together in the same row. This time, both the child and Mustafa disappeared. On the way out, they appeared again, but the boy had a wreath of ripe dates around his neck. Since dates do not grow here and cannot be cultivated, those present saw this as a sign and did not dare to ask about it anymore. They thought that he was hiding from them in this world of colors and smells, while his interior was so close to their knowledge, in silent supremacy, so much so that he had to hide it from them, disguise it.

People swore that he was with them on the Hajj to Mecca, while they are in Stolac, he swears that he was drinking coffee and talking with them just then. He was seen parting the water of the river, just as Moses parted the sea, and crossing Bregava on dry land, he would tell people what they would hide from him when they came, and many came, from all parts, from everywhere. They knew how to bring him mentally ill people bound in chains who would then calm down when they saw him, there are numerous stories about the healings that happened, he helped many.

Mehmed Hodžić told me, and he heard it from his mother, that after Mustafa's death (and it roughly coincides with Mehmed's birth, in 1900) some people began to gather and spend time idly at the place of his former school, in Begovina. Relaxation would cross the limits, and forgetfulness would take root in careless heads, some would raise their voices, exaggerate. Three years after his death, Mustafa appeared and shook one of the pillars above the room. Similar gatherings were never repeated and no one ever taught children in that place again, the room remained abandoned, sunk into a great breath of solitude like Mustafa’s life. Vasvija Resulović knew how to tell me about his life, she died before this war, and she lived in Počitelje and was about six years old when Mustafa died. The sister of my grandfather Meha, she would speak slowly and fluently and with an eye for detail, already visually impaired, but with a clear mind and preserved memory. Sheikh Zhujo never married, she would say. But he wanted, and the one who wants something seems to have done it, because sometimes fate doesn't open the door even for what is allowed, because we don't know what is best for us ("You love something and it turns out bad for you, you hate something and it turns out good for you" - Quran). Mustafa proposed to a girl. She turned him down.

He said: "Her happiness will be like water in a sieve." She later married another who became a drunkard and a violent man, and lived with him for only a few months. She would say that Mustafa sometimes came to our house, to the old house, and had long conversations with my great-grandfather Ahmet, her father, but she never saw him. Children at that time would not enter rooms uninvited, especially a woman, but she knows he was coming and remembers it, very vividly. I also remembered everything that I used to listen to, drinking coffee with Razia and looking at the cold slopes of Velež. The north was beating with all its ferocity and the cold was chilling, the fire was smoldering in the furnace. I was sitting on a small chair right next to the door, my place, I am wintry and sensitive to the cold and the others appreciate and accept it or at least put up with it.

26.02.1995.

The pain of separation and the sadness of abandonment, the anger and resentment of being unfulfilled desire, it follows us everywhere, all our lives. We often deceive ourselves that the curtain is down, that the comedy is over, or the tragedy, it doesn't matter, but the curtain is that many and when one poor person falls, another rises, there is no peace, we console ourselves in vain. Toreador. As many times as the red piece of cloth ends up on the ground, the man is wounded and lies down hoping that the wound is not fatal as the regiment waves and the uncontrolled movement becomes one with the muscular movements of the enraged animal. So often the bitterness of the heart completes the wound with a skilful suicidal game while the power of passion remains unharmed and rides the horse of futility to a new opportunity, if there is one, untouched, unhurt, untouched by sorrow. It doesn't even know joy, but only the pleasure of fulfillment, and sadness and joy are scales of the heart, only there we are touched. Sadness in particular, most people are not even capable of it, he never even gets to know her, because she is deeper than the pain of separation and wider than the power of unspent desire. Being sad is not earthly.

February 27, 1995.

I was invited to a wedding, a friend is getting married. The preparation started early in the morning, the house next door and the festive atmosphere is felt as much as possible, and it seems to be almost as in normal circumstances. The yard was being washed with a hose, someone attached two white plastic flowers to the door.

- Come by all means. - Senada remarked to me, blinking twice with shining eyes, as if she was sending me an additional invitation, since it was obviously suggested to her to invite the "schooled" ones to enhance the ceremony. Faculty members are part of the protocol, necessarily.

- Will there be meat? - I looked at her dead serious even though I wasn't interested, I even hid the sarcasm, in my own way, of course.

- It will. - she accepted readily as if she was just waiting for that question.

- Chicken, fried... everything is prepared, to lick your fingers. – she giggled cheerfully putting her hand over her mouth, one tooth was missing, and she was still young. She was an honest and kind woman, at everyone's service, self-sacrificing, she loved children. She pauses for a few moments as if she is studying me and wants to know if the bait set has any effect, if I take her promise seriously.

- Heh, heh,... let's hope... "Icarus" is boring both heaven and earth. – said a neighbor over the fence, obviously wondering if he himself was among the guests, since in these circumstances it was probably taken for granted for a country wedding, and no one expected an invitation in a clean white envelope with a small bow. He was smiling, rummaging around the yard, wearing a straw hat, so unusual for a February day.

- Lean against the tray, you don't care. - Senad raises the palms of his hands as if he wants to show the general poverty, which is then also a community, because the strongest bonds between people are when there is nothing to share.

The neighbor put his hands on his hips thinking for a moment, and then nodded his head, even three times, I guess in order not to completely convince himself of the correctness of Senada's advice.

Night had already fallen when the gathering began. Before, it couldn't even be done, the whole thing During the day, the whole of Bijelo Polje was shelled, and only when night came did it quieten down a bit, although occasional shots can still be heard. Most of them had already entered the small house, they were circling with questioning looks, measuring the pieces of meat, with difficulty, the curtain was drawn on the part of the corridor that could loosely be called the "kitchen", and behind the partition, women's murmurs and the banging of dishes could be heard.

Suddenly the car screeched, the bride was coming. An old "Ford", must have been used for more than 30 years, one tire was punctured and the wheel was about to fall off, fenders and thin wires were sticking out of the trunks, which acted like small but curious companions, traces of chicken feathers on the back seat. The car had no lights (and if it had, they would have been turned off due to the shelling) and when the driver pulled up to the door, there was applause and curses, some of which were juicy.

- Get out! - he shouted victoriously in the style of a marathon runner who still succeeded in bringing news of a great victory, and the groom's brother gives his right hand to his brother's future wife, theatrically and with a smile, revealing large peasant teeth, healthy and unevenly angular, gray. He slowly climbed the stairs, as if entering some kind of castle.

- Here's your bride, here she is! Bride! - several female voices spoke loudly to the excited mother-in-law, who had crossed her arms on her chest, looking movingly in front of her. With a dry face, drunk, she was tied with a festive green scarf. The bride was dressed in a white dress that even resembled a wedding dress, but in two parts, not at all confused, she walked firmly and strongly.

High-heeled shoes, large and worn, obviously borrowed for the occasion, fingernails painted with purple varnish, a reddish flower in her hair, huge. The smile never left her lips.

- Come on, bujrum! - the future mother-in-law accepted, confused, kissing the bride on both cheeks, and two girls behind the door, obviously ready, dry the bride candies, someone bangs on the door and a plastic flower falls, there is a commotion and a song is sung, while the children buy the candies, running around and laughing. Senada introduced the guests and was clearly the head of protocol, solemnly dressed in a dark dress.

- Let her come to us! - an old man who is already very drunk, looks on at the wall with a glassy glowing look, obviously not understanding who is getting married, soon an accordion is also found. The accordion player was thin and stocky, with a small pointed mustache and drawn eyebrows, a colorless yellowish look, obviously used to village weddings where he just counts coins and waits for everything to be over.

- He stole the white shirt from the neighbor's shirt! shame on him! - she whispered while putting a large piece of chicken in her mouth and measuring it with a menacing look, who knows why. Because he will still do well, earn something, as if her measured nod of the head said.

- She came, she came and she is not pregnant, all honor to honesty! - roared the old man again and bangs his palm on the table, several guests look at him unhappily as if they want to teach him that premarital pregnancy is not a mandatory condition for the wedding.

An elderly relative raised the index finger of his right hand significantly and the old man fell silent, apparently realizing that he might be eliminated.

- Why are you leaving me, when I loved you, when I kissed you,... and when I only lived for you...! - sang the accordion player with all his might, and the others accepted, although not all of them, as at every wedding, here too, several groups already opened their conversation and topic and did not allow themselves to be distracted.

The ominous whistle suddenly breaks and even for a moment overpowers the sound accordions, a tank shell from the hill hits the wall next to the road, a few more detonations in the distance, a muffled rumble, clear, vague. We wanted her to be like that. The accordion player never stopped playing, and the grenades only amplified the song, which so often happens in dangerous situations. Because a scared man in a dark forest sings a song to banish fear and thus walk more easily, he is alive, he listens to himself, anxiety is mixed with the certainty of existence. One soldier climbed onto the table, quickly tore off his shirt and exposed his stomach simulating a dance, applause erupted from all sides, someone broke a glass by throwing it.

- Shoot, you motherf’er! - said the drunkard again and finally drank a glass of cognac, which he would have done anyway, but an excuse is always welcome. Because a drunken man is broken inside, and external incentives justify and encourage him for an already made decision, make it easier. He is a victim and everything conspired against him, there is no way out. What to do, it is inevitable to make it easier for yourself and others, hard times and dangerous living, support is needed, because it has become trite to say "blood circulation", in order to drink a few good glasses.

- Shall we sing for you? - an elderly woman suddenly hugged me and without any hesitation she took her false teeth out of his mouth and placed them in a glass on the table. The harmonica player lifts his head proudly, throwing it back, visibly feeling neglected, even though several people around him are singing at the top of their lungs. They hugged each other and stamped their feet on the floor with all their might, squealing.

- Put those chickens in so I didn't come for nothing. - winked Nermin to Senada, holding out a plate, and he spoke quietly to me, - What a mess, where did we end up at?

- Why, it’s a great time - I snapped back without thinking about anything, since the ordeal was very fun and certainly original, unrepeatable. There were about thirty guests, although people were constantly coming and going and the heads of the newcomers were sticking out and pressing around the window. The bride was constantly sharing smiles left and right, drinking only one juice all evening, it would be awkward if her gluttony was transferred right at the beginning. Spoons were borrowed from the whole village, redundantly, most ate with their fingers.

- Why didn't you bring Anastasia? - the old man raises a new glass towards me and drained it in one gulp. He was obviously thinking of Gracija, but I didn't know what to answer him, if he needed an answer at all, because for a drunk man everything is a monologue, both dialogue and silence, all conversation with himself, blunt and sharp at the same time. The two soldiers stopped grinning and raised their glasses and bowed to him.

- Anastasia? You moron! – responded a young man in a red shirt loudly. He himself had drunk a little more than he should have, his brother is in America and sometimes he gets carried away to go there himself. Only sometimes. Because every such arc was followed by a great internal struggle, even though it didn't look like that, but it happened exactly like that, a division within a person, where one part would go from here and the other would stay, they are in a fight, so who wins. In most cases, the part that wanted to stay won, and the way out was still uncertain and uncertain, those who left the camp have been out for a long time, everything is different here. Harder. I went outside, struggling to make my way through the group around the accordionist. The groom kept offering meat to the guests who were full anyway and the incentive was redundant. But it is customary.

- My dear, just like a real wedding! - the man shouted loudly leaning against the door, which was open just like two windows, because the stuffiness was intolerable and despite the winter a draft was purposely made. He leans on the door drinking beer from the bottle, red in the face, flushed.

- Damn right, everything is how it should be. – I heard Senada's booming voice from inside the room. As the main "secondary character", she obviously felt the need to defend the credibility and honor of the entire ceremony. Detonations resounded in the distance again, I walked slowly to my room, I had no reason to return, although I heard voices calling me from behind. I lay down on the bed.

"Real" wedding, "real" coffee, "real" meat, these expressions became everyday and the comparison always referred to the so-called normal circumstances ("at peace", as they used to say) when everything was seemingly in perfect order. But perhaps the disorder in the heads was greater. Because every great suffering is a chance for rebirth and exploration of one's own depths, questioning and revival of the heart. A chance to restore order in a polluted mind, greedy soul and disordered thoughts.

02.03.1995.

In "THE PATH OF eloquence" I found a description of a double-edged sword, the speech of Imam Ali: "I command you, O servants of God, to be aware of God and I warn you about hypocrites, because they have truly gone astray and mislead others, commit sins and lead others to sin. They change into many colors and adopt different paths. They support you with all kinds of support and lie down, waiting for you in every point of observation. Their hearts are sick, while their faces are pure. Stealths walk and act as if receiving a disease. Their speech is medicine, their words are healing, while their work is like an incurable disease. They are envious of prosperity, increase distress and destroy hopes. Their sacrifices are stretched out on everyone's path, while they aim to get close to everyone's heart and have tears for everyone's grief.

They praise each other and expect a reward from each other. When they are looking for something they insist on it. When they rebuke - they embarrass. When they judge - they exaggerate. They have prepared every lie for the truth, for every upright thing that is bent, for every living thing a murderer, for the door every key and for the night every lamp. Gramza, but without the hope that they will thereby strengthen their markets and that people will like their commercial offers. They speak, so they arouse suspicion. They describe, then deceive. First they offer an easy path, then they narrow it. Therefore, they are the party of Satan and the stingers of the Fire.”

"They are members of the party of Satan. Ah, indeed, it is them, the members of the party of Satan, who will truly be losers". (Quran, 58:19)

The awareness of God in this speech is at the level of the will, completely logically, because behind that awareness follows everything important, just as after the will follows that important what (or whom) it refers to. Immediately follows the warning of duplicitous, because they are obviously the closest to destroying the will of the awareness of God, "they go astray and lead others astray, make mistakes and lead others to sin".

Delusion and seduction extend to other people, and therein lies the danger (because a person who sins does not necessarily have to harm other people or influence them), since the awareness of a wrong choice accepts every situation only if it is directed to one's own benefit and the means are not chosen, "they change into many colors and adopt different paths". Thus chameleonism results in supporting each species and observing, by waiting in every place of observation. "Every support" and "every place of observation" are precisely in line with that "horizontal scattering of consciousness" which takes nothing and no one seriously, and precisely by not addressing it (except adopting the current circumstances for itself, i.e. "painting in every color") seemingly encompasses the whole.

This results in "heart’s disease" while their "faces are clean". The disease is impaired balance. In the case of the heart as the primordial center of being, the disease is precisely formal, so-called "external" belief and internal unbelief, where the balance is dangerously disturbed in favor of the external and in the worst way, the way of untruth, since this external is only "colored by faith". This results in clean faces, since any embellishment of the exterior in the way of emphasis is a sign of inner dirt. In this age it has reached such proportions that the body which is perishable is washed every day, but the soul which is imperishable is not cleansed at all. When once the disciples of Jesus sat down at the table together with the Master to eat, someone noticed that they did not wash their hands before eating. Jesus then said to the scribes: "And, I ask you, for what reason have you annulled the rules of God in order to hold on to your heritage?" In a long speech, Jesus called the scribes hypocrites who want to fill their coffers, and that is why they impose a tithe on rhubarb and mint. "Oh, poor people," said Jesus, "because you show others the clearest way that you will not walk."

Speaking further about the "evil of the elders", and the idolatry of Jesus, he ended his presentation with the words: "Truly, I say to you, eating bread with unclean hands does not defile a man, because what goes into a man does not defile a man, but what comes out of a man defiles a man .” This event with Jesus' disciples reflects in the most beautiful way the drama that takes place between the outside and the inside, between God's rule and the traditional distortion of that same rule, which becomes a passive and fruitless creation without any impact on real life. This event shows the relationship of "sick hearts and clean faces" to one's own "cash and rutvica and mint", a relationship that shows that it does not pollute the external, material things (because this dirt is incidental, short-lived and easy to remove, and what is more important it does not fundamentally touch the soul and essence of humanity) but the bad that comes out of man, the evil that can only come out of man. Since the purity of the face associated with a sick heart can be felt and recognized (although never by the majority) and since the hypocrite is afraid of himself (since he knows that is completely fake from the inside) "they appear secretly", the method of covert appearance becomes imperative and that in the manner of a disease.

That is because the disease comes invisibly and acts invisibly, sinister, wicked and destructive, and we can never face it directly, we only know the disease by its consequences. Approach and action remain a secret. This split has the result that the words of the diphthong are echo and healing while the work is like an incurable disease. This happens because the whole ethical framework remains only in words, it gives the opposite results, so "they are envious of prosperity, increase distress and destroy hopes." Since it is the inside is empty the outside eye is focused on the welfare of others, the result is envy, because there is no necessary level of purity to curb such aspirations. Such a state further reverts to meanness, for which other people's suffering is no longer enough (as satisfaction for one's own impurities) but must be reinforced, creating trouble where there is none. The ultimate level of such a dark fall is the destruction of even the hopes themselves, because the thought of someone else's happiness is unbearable, and this results in the exact opposite manifestation of those same feelings, "sacrifices stretched out in the path of each, aiming to approach the heart of each and tears for the sorrow of each".

This happens because the interior can no longer be touched, so its virtues that are essentially manifested partially and sporadically (although necessarily continuously, if morality is true) are raised to a general level where the warmth of compassionate feelings is given to "everyone" (in psychology there are well-known cases of individuals who claim to love all people, but are unable for love or even hate themselves). Such projections then lead to strange relationships with people because the interactions are exaggerated, since the completely disturbed balance in favor of the external must be established, even if by "violent" means. "They praise each other, they expect a reward... when they ask for something - they persist, when they reprimand - they embarrass, when they judge - they exaggerate", as Imam Ali continues. Then these exaggerations are pushed back to the extreme where they are mentioned - the truth, the upright, the living being, the door and the night, the murderer, the key, the lamp.

A hypocrite has a lie ready for every truth, since truth is unsustainable for hypocrisy. In this way, nothing can be maintained upright, because truth is "vertical light", a focus that by the nature of truth itself (primordial nature) strives "up". In duplicity it is thoroughly necessarily "leaning". As such, horizontal expansion is limited, so vitality gets its killer (in the form of lies and arrogance). Then it seems that you can reach everywhere, you have the key to everything in the feeling of fictitious power (this is best evidenced by the popular saying about the one who has power, honor or reputation "all doors are open to him").

Since the darkness of one's own heart is no longer visible in any way, everything is darkness, one comes to the "realization" that there is a lamp for every night. As a logical consequence of complete darkness, Imam Ali's speech further mentions blind greed, which is now incapable of practical effects: "They are greedy, but without the hope that they will thereby strengthen their markets and that people will like their commercial offers." So he continues: "They talk, so they raise doubts. They describe, then deceive. First they offer an easy path, then they narrow it. Therefore, they are the party of Satan and the stingers of the Fire.” Here, in the end, the intervention and deformation of the imaginative consciousness in the form of doubt, deception and the narrowing of the path is surrendered.

Because of this, Imam Ali defines them as "the party of Satan and the stingers of fire". The word "party" is of course not used here in a political sense, but in a cosmic sense, where in the celestial movement only two possibilities are offered, the possibility of good and the possibility of evil. Thus, in the manner of cosmic choice, there are only two sides - the divine and the satanic. All conscious beings necessarily belong to one of these two considerations by their freedom of choice, but that choice is limited to two.

That is why at the end of the speech a verse was quoted which says that they are (will be) members of the satanic party of losers. That "satanic party" is also a "stinger of fire", because mere denial of the truth or diversity of human beliefs can never fan the flames and make a mess of relationships like hypocrisy can. The "easy way" that hypocrisy initially offers is narrowed by nature’s duplicity, because such a man, despite the fact that he can also be a caller to good, can never have the necessary zeal that would maintain the "width of the road" on which he steps. "Doubts and deceptions". Thought-logical structure and imaginative ideas on a perverted way necessarily leads to a narrowing of the road, because those two, if they are correct, guarantee the "width of the road". That's why that path is so difficult, and truth and security are so rare.

08.03.1995.

The fog was thick. A black raven has been coming to my window for several days now. Although some see it as a sign of misfortune, I am not at all worried because superstition is the exact opposite of belief in fate. That is why it is said: "A bad omen is not true." This is psychologically completely logical, because a lot of things, almost everything that surrounds us, could be interpreted as a bad sign, if we want to interpret it that way. Because things and external signs have an impact on us only as much as we accept them and the way we perceive them and act. I brought the raven food crumbs twice, neither time did he taste or look, which surprised me a little. You could often notice that animals (especially birds) are abnormal, war-struck perhaps even more than humans. It should be pointed out, even more than once.

Someone knocks on the door. Gracija. She was wearing a blue dress, light, reddish flowers are scattered and everything exudes an indescribable loveliness, a cold March day.

- It seems that the raven visits you more often than I do. - she laughed brightly and sat on a yellow armchair, the only one I had in the small room. The backrests were torn, and one part was broken off. There were books scattered on the floor in a heap, so that she barely had a place to put her feet. The nylon on the windows has turned yellow, but at least no one can see what is happening in the room. I didn't have the curtain, nor did I want to steal it. But even if I did, I had nowhere to find her anymore, I was convinced of that by those who were constantly wandering around abandoned houses and even got angry if anyone noticed. True, they were not talking about theft, but the term "pulling" was used, as if "pulling" is something completely different from stealing, especially for refugees who came without anything, a transparent way to forgive themselves, but it worked. And it was pulled in two hands and dragged in all directions, both who had and who didn't, and more those who had, because it's always like that, one dinar is enough, but two dinars make you want four, four in your pocket is already dreaming of wealth.

When a man comes from nothing, he can be forgiven if he sleeps on someone else's bed or uses someone else's chair, but I assumed that everything would happen more modestly and correctly. More normal. Gracija also noticed that, but in the opposite way.

- It looks like you're not up to God knows what. - she was looking at the almost empty room with an interest that I did not understand, especially since she had already been there many times.

- I didn't even put it on, it was there when I came. - I looked at her listlessly and indifferently crossing my arms under my head, I stretched my legs on the bed without any hesitation. An undefined rug was spread along the length of the room, burnt by cigarette butts in many places, pale and completely worn out, on a small stand Esma's picture and a few wine barrel lids on which I had painted. I didn't have canvases (but I did have paints), so rummaging through the basement I found round lids from old barrels and painted on them.

Many saw unusual "originality" in it, while it was a mere necessity, if I had canvases I would not have thought of working on rough wood.

- Well done Gracija! - shouted my cousin Amir from the corridor. The boy is restless and curious, so we didn't even think about what he was greeting and what he was honoring. The nickname "Gracija" seems to have become generally accepted, and none of my family members and close surroundings even knew her real name. Often a nickname is related to a person so strongly, they stick to it and become one, that the original identity is completely lost, disappears, remains unknown to many. Over time, it becomes unimportant, even completely forgotten. I thought that Gracija's dress was easy for this age, randomly picking up a book. I opened it. During one part, the commendable qualities that knowledge brings to a person were enumerated, there were ten of them: "Reputation, even if it was from the common people; greatness, even if it was from the humiliated; wealth, even if he was poor; closeness, even if it was from the forgotten; value, even if it is flawed; generosity, even if he was a miser; shame, even if he was a swagger; awe, however insignificant; power, however weak; nobility, even if it was from the forgotten."

Looking at these words I realized that the one who has KNOWLEDGE has everything. Knowledge provides respectability since there are always those who need it, at least insignificant, even in trouble, only a fraction, but even such knowledge gives respect to the one who gives it and replaces the lack of a usual position. Because knowledge is always unusual for the seeker, and the one who listens to what he loves has the impression of being born again. Knowledge also provides greatness, because for the one who does not know, what he knows inevitably seems great, because it is unknown, so even a humbled person rescues himself from that state with knowledge. Because deep down we all feel the equality of all souls, and the real advantage is always internal, never external. Knowledge also provides wealth and it is precisely because of this intrinsic value that it cannot be despised, although it can be hated in the sense of opposition, because it is said: "Man is the enemy of what he does not know."

In the Holy Book it is said: "And he who is given knowledge is endowed with treasures beyond measure." That treasure cannot be measured just like the soul, and both, both soul and knowledge, are unearthly, both are God's gift, Grace. That's why knowledge should never be seen as a possession, something to which we have an exclusive right, something that is only ours and over which we rule. Then it is most often taken away, disinherited, or it just increases arrogance. It provides a burden, the restlessness of a burden without meaning.

Knowledge also provides familiarity. When you teach someone, you suddenly become close to them, because it has been said: "Generosity arouses affection more than kinship", and what greater generosity is there than giving knowledge! That is why spiritual teachers are preferred over physical relatives, often over father and mother, because our primordial inclination towards knowledge is stronger than the inclination towards mother's milk. The flaws of the one who has knowledge are not visible, it covers them, it also gives him shame, even if he is a show-off, because it is said: "All shame is good" and "He who has no shame has no faith." And the main thing is the awe of knowledge, where you can always see how knowledge elevates its wearer and gives him an aura of inscrutability, an aura of untouchability. Related to this is the power of a person who has knowledge because it rules in situations when a person is weak. And the nobility that man gains through knowledge, even if it is from the forgotten.

- Let's take a walk. - Gracija interrupts me in my thinking, - Ignorance is sometimes better than knowledge. - she added fixing the folds on the dress. She was right and that is why it was said: "Save me, God of knowledge, from whom there is no use."

- Oh, newlyweds! - greeted neighbor Bajro, waving his hand. And indeed, by criteria of the environment, that is what we were in general, how to call this relationship. Gracija used to be gone for days and I never asked her where she was, if there was anyone else in the picture, or what was going on with her. It suited both me and her, me more because it seemed to me that a little jealousy on my part would not be out of place, it would tickle, give importance that we don't have and maybe we don't even want to have. We walked thoughtfully, soon she went home, it's getting colder and colder.

On the way back I met Nermin. He wore a blue cap and uniform top, worn out jeans, with one leg completely torn. On his feet are rubber sneakers from UNHCR.

- One question, neighbor... if I'm not too indiscreet. - he stopped me with a hand gesture that showed some determination, as if he wanted to know very important news, something of great value. Or uses.

- Say it! - I looked at him impatiently.

- We want to know, - he raises his hand towards the sky as if releasing pigeons from his palm, - what is beautiful Gracija to you? - he kept his fingers in the air, as if he was afraid that the answer might fly away, get lost. He asked in the plural, it's easier, the curiosity is not just his.

- I don't know. - I answered coldly.

- Do you love her?

- I don't know.

- What do you know about her?

- Nothing.

- Ha, ha! - Azra laughed almost loudly, she was hidden by the wall, but I knew she was there. - That you are questioning him is not very nice! - she called out loudly and entered the house, the window door that she was closing quickly and impatiently slammed shut.

- Well, kudos to you! Nermin murmured disappointedly to himself and stopped to look ahead, hesitantly silent, because he expected everything else. Acknowledgment, rejection, cheerful and petty frolicking, anything but an honest answer that says nothing, maybe I shouldn't have thought out loud. Gossip is important. And expensive.

- I'm sorry, but if I find out, I'll let you know right away, you can also print the info if you want. - I answered quite seriously while he twisted his face into a vague grimace, wondering if I really mean it or if I'm joking.

Ibro looked at us mockingly through the half-open window, as he grinned like a bullring owner watching two young bulls ready to fight and clash for supremacy. At the end, he casually waved his hand, as if to say that any talk about women is superfluous, what is important is what happens, and what you get from them. He winked with his left eye. I entered the room tired.

14.03.1995. year

Saxophones wailed in Fitzgerald's time and the posh lawns were full of hushed voices and quiet apprehension, while the stars swarmed in the sky and each of them dreamed the same dream. The age of romance, the age of tenderness. The light slowly broke through, smoldering on the clean docks, a greenish light that intoxicates and hurts and the officer's epaulettes, forgotten, the old black car, abandoned. Someone was waiting for the woman of his life, he didn't forget her, he didn't want to, but he couldn't even if he wanted to. The age of tenderness, when the light died in a burning gaze, disappeared, was lost, became small and tiny, and finally died out as if it had never existed. The man was waiting for the woman of his life. For years. And stood on the balcony of a luxurious villa, sheltered in the cold shadow of the moment, which is everyone's, following in the distant habitats of the soul the migrations of birds that we cannot understand, the flight of our own heart, the turn of great feelings that always return. And they hurt. Rich parties were an excuse, he did everything just to see her again, awakened in the flowers of unquenchable memories, taken out of a scrapbook whose images are alive and cutting like knives at the boundaries of thought, he just wanted to see her.

That was all, he wanted to see her again. How much is in that one sighting compared to the little they were getting. Rich snobs, ladies in white hats sense the secret of love while yellow leaves swim in the water, the pool is gray and half empty, an age of tenderness that always hurts because it goes ahead of itself and judges itself. And he managed to see her. She didn't recognize him, and he didn't want to believe it, because he lived his whole life for the flame and the fire of memory, which was a sign and a meaning. What was pointless in everything, who can know! But it was not in vain. An elegant garden and a trail of green light stretching into the distance, small but painful, pervasive, omnipresent and incomprehensible, a golden trick of the eye, it is never in vain. Even when the pupils dilate in wonder, when we are unknown and unrecognizable in the pure whites of the eyes, even then the orange flicker of the heights and the bell on the temple of the better in us, because every soul is recognized and loved in a different world, in the secret of unraveling, which gives everything and asks for nothing. Refinement of feelings related to chivalrous attitude towards a woman just as a swordsman wears a blue scarf around his neck, the last greeting from the enchanted castle, the last anxiety of the princess, her breath.

The Great Gatsby. Waiting, trust and loyalty. Belief in love itself, which is so rare today and which is necessarily called romance around a technical and alienated man, while loyalty, waiting and the fervor of hope are considered idealization, since modern people always have the feeling that life is slipping away from them and that there is nothing to wait for.

15.03.1995.

When we are emotionally out of tune or uncontrolled within ourselves, with continuous decisions and even less predictable circumstances, when reason does not help much and when the penetrating power of vision brings what is understood into disharmony, waves it with a sea of ​​intuition,... the way out is a picture. Any and all. That's what I thought when the camera clicked, I caught Ayla at the moment of returning from the store, a gray fiche and fruit in it, I don't know which one. The store was open.

One store only. Ajla had bright eyes that shone with a bit of pride, confused and slightly shy, but without a hint of despair. It's a warm afternoon, spring is in sight, and the hills are already different, sprinkled with colors, longingly vague, different. Perhaps Ajla should have taken her unfulfilled dream to the deserted sand pit, to the hot sand and ancient shore of solitude, to the deserted island of great happiness. If there is one. And to be alone with her dream knight, because she deserved him with an unfinished painting, the purity of waiting. Fairytale princes exist, princesses too, but the problem is that they rarely appear, so rarely that often even ten human lives are not enough for sweet waiting, and we don't pass our hopes from generation to generation, we usually only look at ourselves.

Ajla obediently stopped and smiled, folding her leg a little, the smile somewhat contrived, wistful, but I was satisfied, I'm not a professional photographer and I just want a memory. I entered the cafe with my head slightly bowed, the beams are still in their old place and protecting against shell shrapnel, persistently, unobtrusively. We got used to the logs. On the bodies of felled trees that were once alive, but so much was cut down in people, irretrievably broken off, killed, that no one thought of the leafy lives of upright silent branches, dark brown shelters, everywhere, the icy breath of war. Everywhere twisted, dark logs, distorted figures, ghosts, signs, the icy breath of war.

There were several guests in the cafe, all old acquaintances, the village was not that small, but you knew where who was coming and who could be expected, there are only a few streets and they intersect in a few places and every corner has familiar faces, confusion is almost impossible. Fahreta was standing at the bar in the legendary forester's jacket, with a white knitted cap on her head, which had a large ball on top and gave even more of a childish tone to her already childish, albeit slightly chubby face.

The nose was irregular, oddly pointed, almost questioning and resembled a traffic light or a searchlight with which its owner examined the terrain, forbade or allowed to enter the territory, gave permission. She never wanted to style her hair and once confided in me that she hates bathing and would like to have a picture of Che Guevara printed on a warm forester's jacket. A symbol of freedom, she whispered to me at the time and added that I should keep the bathing and Che Guevara to myself, I am a trusted person, hers, and it is not right to let her down, and if I find the picture anywhere, and I don't want to, to bring it to her immediately. I promised.

When I entered, Fahreta raised two fingers as a sign of greeting, looking at me in the mirror in front of her without turning around. A young couple sat in the corner, an almost withered rose on their table and a hell of cigarettes, a few candles, already ready, the evening is approaching. At the other end of several soldiers, the smoke around them was so thick that their faces were barely recognizable. One was in a white athletic shirt with a beret on his head, holding a beer bottle with two fingers as if he was hesitating whether to drop it or bring it to his lips, his left leg on the table, his boot big and muddy. The other two were playing cards. White pieces of cardboard, labeled and with drawn figures, amateurish, but a good substitute for the "real" ones, and I brought one of those from the camp. They were excited, engrossed in the game, they were measuring each other, looking for weak points and omissions in the opponent, eyebrows drawn together and tense as if the game was just a continuation.

I sat down at a table next to a young couple. It's less stuffy. The waitress visibly made up as usual, strong pink lipstick on her lips, eyelashes coated with a thick layer, but it suited her, very beautiful and even natural. She was polite, proverbial, but with an enticing smile. I ordered a coffee. The couple had a hot and heavy dialogue about love, loud and unflinching, although they were unaware that we could hear them fully and well.

- Once must be the first time! And I love you, so? - addressed the young man to the girl nervously, running his fingers through his hair and pausing, he was very excited but tried to hide it. For a moment, he wiped large beads of sweat from his forehead with his palm.

- Um, that's what everyone says. And what about after? - the girl teased, slightly shaking her head and raising her eyebrows questioningly, she took a match with her right hand and tapped it on the table, quickly and forcefully, obviously looking for help from the side, anyone and any kind.

- Yes, yes! - accepted the young man readily and they moved back as if he wants to make it clear that he, as the lucky recipient of virginity, would never abuse such a magnificent and unique gift. - I know that well. Absolutely. Everything is there. - he continued quickly, but still at a decent distance, perhaps even letting it be known that the distance could become greater, even to the point of looking for a more generous person.

- There is everything, but there is no us. - accepted Fahret, grinning at the young man completely openly, as if letting him know that he is the owner of even his most hidden thoughts. The soldiers giggled loudly, and the young man began to look uneasily, looking around as if searching for something. The girl even blushed and the two suddenly got up and went outside. She even kicked a chair over, unintentionally of course, they were visibly embarrassed.

- When was your first time? - the unbelted soldier in the white shirt addressed Fahreta. His two front teeth were missing and his mouth was in semi-darkness and resembled a small cave full of dangerous reptiles.

- Hey, it used to be mentioned now. - she answered loudly, not at all offended, and made a circle with her finger in the air. The bartender burst out laughing, barely restraining herself, but timidly, because Fahreta was considered to have a bad memory and no one liked to criticize her.

- Who takes off your pacifier, dear sister? - shouted another soldier from the table and threw the cards on the table, slapping his palm on his forehead as if he suddenly remembered an important event and was surprised that the memory had not surfaced sooner. Fahreta turned her whole body with a frown, she was a bit of a rascal and all such people seem dangerous and abnormal when they are too serious.

Perhaps because the asymmetry of the eyeballs reflects another, even worse asymmetry. Suddenly, two girls suddenly entered, one was holding a mao kitten in her hand, which slipped out of her hands and ran straight towards Fahreta. It was a lifesaver for an atmosphere that was bound to become contentious.

- He knows what he wants. - she took the kitten and kissed it on the nose. She hugged him, pulling him onto her shoulder, apparently forgetting the soldier's intrusion, or so she thought was making. It calms down. I sat down a little longer, I stood up suddenly, my back hurt. The air was fresh, a cold night awaits us. I looked at the kitten in Fahreta's arms, it looked content as the first stars twinkled.

17.03.1995.

A package arrived from Nedreta. I met the Koso family at the beginning of the war and immediately after the first meeting I felt the closeness and warmth of immediacy, they spread it around them spontaneously and unobtrusively and with an unusual charm of non-forcefulness that conquered them. The apartment was hit by a shell, and in 1992, they would drink coffee from large cups and talk about everything. I found out that Nedreta is clairvoyant. She experienced clinical death, before the war, in a hospital in Belgrade. In that "meantime" of her own soul on the edge of life and death, she had a vision of columns of dead people who come before a great personality who brings back those whose time has not yet come to cross over to the other side. That being said to her: "It is not time for you to die yet, come back and help people." When she woke up, she suddenly had the ability to see the future in mental images, in the form of imaginative representations, which spontaneously alternated. And she helped. She detected illness, referred, gave medicine and advice. She didn't make money from it, if someone left something she would take it, but even that shyly and with a heavy heart, she had a lot of breadth in her and easily forgave people, which I particularly liked and left a strong impression. Because forgiveness is often difficult and painful, since a thing never done can become undone, and a wound in the heart heals slowly, or it doesn't heal at all. That's why it's better not to offend. To be silent The package contained food and clothing and more importantly, oil paints in small tubes. A few brushes and a warm women's coat, intended for my mother. I immediately applied new paint to one wooden cover. I intended to paint a harem, in a vortex. For a long time I carried a sketch and idea of ​​a painting in my head, the opportunity suddenly presented itself.

18.03.1995.

It's a clear day, I follow the golden rays as they slowly fall on the window. I am sitting in my room with Zejna and her daughter Sunčica. When I saw Zane for the first time, she was in dark red pants that, only slightly wide, enveloped the harmonious movements of her legs, quiet eyes with a longing melancholy in her gaze, airy, even wistful curiosity. I immediately told myself that this woman is different. Her husband died and the daughter from that marriage was a sweet little girl with dark piercing eyes that looked spoiled and mistrustful, but bold, open. She was born on a sunny day and that decided to give her name, Sunčica. Suncica fidgeted a bit carelessly and kept holding her mother's hand, looking at me suspiciously and hostilely, dressed in a beautiful red coat with long sleeves that created a halo of loveliness around her, she resembled a scarlet page from fairy tales and stories. We drank coffee.

One of the cups was broken, almost in half, the rose juice had been squeezed out by who knows whose hand, Suncica spilled it on the floor with a casual movement, not feeling at all uneasy about it. Redness flowed from the fallen glass like blood, just at that moment the shelling of the entire basin began. At first a few shells fell, and just when we expected that there would be no more, a whole cannonade rang out, then another. Suncica gets a little confused, but since the two of us showed no signs of panic, she soon calms down completely. Because the child reacts the way the elders behave and that lesson was missed by many, if it had been, many children's traumas would have been avoided. We talked for a while, shells kept falling, suddenly everything calmed down. Sunčica slowly got up, and Zejna looked nostalgically into the distance, I escorted them to the door. A single grenade can kill or injure dozens of people.

I remembered the story of Sheikh Mustafa Zuja. There lived a man in Stolac whom the sheikh would always avoid when he saw him, avoid him, cross to the other side of the street or return along the road so as not to meet him if he approached from a distance. It was strange and unusual for people, before God we are all the same and only He knows what kind of person we are, and we will not escape His judgment, we cannot and even if we want to. That's why you shouldn't run away from anyone, or judge anyone, because it was said in the words of Jesus: "He who judges severely will be judged severely."

That's what Sheikh Mustafa said, in his own way, in the form of an old saying that discloses and confirms personal responsibility, only it and no other and different: "Every bravak is responsible for his own paw", that's what they told him and added, "What do you have with him, don't run away, let him go his way." The Grand Sheikh calmly listened to the remark. He didn't say anything, just looked at them and walked away. The next day, he took the slaughtered ram and put the raw meat in a locked store in the city center when no one was looking.

It was summer time and after a few days the meat started to smell unpleasant and the smell spread throughout the street. Someone found out what it was about, it became known who was the culprit of that act. When they asked Mustafa why he did it, he answered: "Every bravak is responsible for his own booty." They fell silent. The work is truly ours alone and we alone are responsible for it, both good and bad. But the effects of the act spread, they spread and their "smell" is felt, and it is better to run away in advance if you can feel it, to prevent it, to prevent it. That's why Imam Ali said: "Put out the evil of others by tearing out the evil from your chest." And it is evil if you see but do not remove yourself, just as evil is seeing in advance in everything only evil. But we are not all of the same power, nor the power of vision, and that is why there is also an external relationship with evil. It was narrated about this: "Return the stone to where it came from, because evil is fought only with evil." If the stone did not return to the attacker, he would become stronger and bolder and commit many other evils, throw a rain of stones. But resistance limits him, warns him of consequences, painful and severe, such as he has caused to others. Only such a relationship can restrain the legs of a slinky, because there are people whom love cannot change.

No matter how much evil is reciprocated with good, there are people on whom it cannot affect and leave visible effects. That is why it has been said: "Suffering harassment is the grave of shortcomings."

One verse in the Qur'an says: "Repay evil with good, and your enemy will do the same to you, suddenly becoming a close friend.” So he adds: "Only the patient can achieve that, only the very lucky can achieve that."

It is clear that returning good for evil completely conquers a person, changes him in an instant, it destroys him, shaking his whole being, because the reaction of the one who has been harmed is exactly the opposite of what was expected. Instead of repaying evil with evil, which would only confirm the perpetrator of evil that he is right (Jerall people are the same, that is, in that way it would be shown that they are the same) victim reciprocates with good, which suddenly creates closeness and friendship with the criminal, because such a procedure is impossible to resist. Not because of the good itself, but precisely because of the unexpectedness of that good, but only very patient and happy people can achieve that. This is because it takes unusual patience to endure evil, and even more to respond to that evil with good. A feeling of happiness is associated with it. But what kind? There are many definitions of happiness, many theories, experiences. Perhaps nothing is as incomprehensible as happiness, because when we feel it we don't define it, when we define it we lack it, and how can we define a lack when it oppresses and oppresses by its very nature, an impossible cold judgement. Impartiality.

Asked about the Qur'anic verse, "And we will give the believer a beautiful life."But he said, "It is a pleasure."

The only possible lasting happiness in this world is contentment, precisely according to the fact that it is an internal category as a whole, that is, a state, and as such is unchanging in external circumstances (it should be and therefore is satisfaction). And exactly in accordance with that is the double relationship towards evil. Internal, by suppressing one's own evil and external, by returning the stone to where it came from. All teachings that preach only love are completely correct in principle, but forgetting an important thing. There are people whom love cannot change and who are insensitive to kindness. Not completely, but enough that they persist in evil and only an external force can suppress their evil. If only love could change the world, it would already happen, although the ultimate outcome of the evolution of consciousness will be all kinds of love. But it will happen outside the historical plane of existence, when the weighing of good and evil will leave the earthly door and enter the vestibule of eschatology. That's why internal resistance to evil is by "kissing your enemies", how Jesus says, more far-reaching, deeper and more effective, because it will change the evil person sooner rather than "returning the stone" to where it came from. Not everyone can respond to evil with good in a way that would be fruitful.

Related to Jesus' FEET WASHING of the disciples in the "Gospel of John" it says: "On the eve of the Passover, knowing that his time had come to pass from this world to the Father, and having loved his own who are in the world, Jesus showed them his love to the end. And at dinner, the devil had already put into the heart of Judas, the son of Simon Iscariot, to betray him. Knowing that the Father had given everything into his hands, and that he had come from God to go to God, he got up from dinner, put away his cloak, took a napkin and girded himself with it. Then he poured water into the basin and began to wash the disciples' feet and wipe them with the towel he had used."

This example of extreme humility aims at equality among people and only such a teacher is fundamentally capable of teaching how to respond to evil with good, which is explained by Jesus himself. When, therefore, he had washed their feet, he took his cloak and sat down again and said to them: "Do you understand what I have done to you? You call me teacher and Lord, and you are right, because I am. If therefore I, the Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you also are obliged to wash one another's feet. I have indeed set an example for you to do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, NO SERVANT IS GREATER THAN HIS MASTER, NOR IS THE MESSENGER GREATER THAN HE WHO SENT HIM. When you know that, blessed are you if you do it.”

The last words are a return to the balance of that ultimate humility in order to achieve absolute moderation, the one that "returns to stone" on the one hand where did he come from", and on the other hand, "hits the one who throws a stone with bread". Absolute moderation, the WAY OF THE MIDDLE, is the only possible way to discern how to "deal with evil" in any situation.

21.03.1995.

In April 1993, Sheikh Halid was buried in Stolac. He came during the war to the hospital, suffering a leg fracture. Although he had all the necessary papers to go to Ljubljana for treatment, he still came to Stolac in the whirlwind of war to die there. With a white beard and ruddy cheeks, an almost childlike color that only unusually preserved and innocent people have, he looked at his surroundings with gray, half-opened eyes somewhat disparagingly. A black cap on his head, he was lying right next to the window, with two other patients in the room. His dervishes came, but so did the rest of us, who were interested in his speech, soldiers from the lines in their spare time, nurses on breaks. Everyone listened to Khalid and took something away leaving richer or at least feeling that way, and everyone loved and cared for him. Dervo, Gara, Marko, Aida, everyone helped and respected him in their own way. He was a sheikh of the Nakšibendi order and his spiritual genealogy went through Abdurahman Sirija and Husein Zukić to Mejlija and further ancestors. He would speak lightly and slowly, nuanced and in pauses, sometimes gesturing with his hand to clarify or confirm, pause, taking a break.

Once, while he was speaking, a drunkard entered the door of the room, all in kicks, almost barefoot. Feeling himself that he had gone astray, he wanted to return, he paused for a moment in some doubt, but Khalid invited him with a wave of his hand to join us, with an obligatory smile, because the rule of Nakshibendi in order for the spiritual traveler to always be smiling. The beggar refused, and Khalid said to us: "It is a blessing and happiness to have such people by your side." And, indeed, it is a grace that has been neglected in this age. I believe that the great sheikhs are always by their side, while performing the dhikr in the halka, sit the child on one side and the madman on the other. A symbol of innocence, a child, and a madman as a symbol of our imperfection.

The madman is God's warning, a sign of our imperfection, a human image from whom reason has been torn out, a being from whom it has been taken away. The uncontrollability and inarticulateness of crazy behavior from the outside is a sign of our disorder inside, of all our craziness that breaks and destroys the interior of the being much more violently than external madness destroys the world outside itself. Just as a child awakens and awakens the pristine virginity of the original, unsullied nature in us, encourages it and awakens it from the sleep of carelessness, unfurls it. There is a whole spiritual path between a madman and a child, from madness to innocence. From the madness of the sensuous and imaginative world, which when they calm down and calm down, they regain their childlike innocence in the reason that breaks them calm in the light of the spirit. That's why Jesus said, "Become like children." But there is a big difference if you remain a child all your life and that becoming a child which is the fruit of a new birth from the womb of the spirit. Most people remain children, few become children again.

Those who BECOME A CHILD always give birth to themselves from wombs of the spirit, at least the largest ones, because birth in the spirit realm is the birth of the whole world. About this, the poet Šabistari beautifully says: "And the saints on the way, before and after each of them gives news about their condition... Since the language of each of them is in accordance with their level, it is difficult for people to understand them." That is why many mystics claimed that the masses would kill them as impious if they revealed their secrets, because they would not be able to understand them. Thus, a mature man, who bestows the fruits of gnosis, can only find peace in himself, and his path is thorny and full of obstacles, the greater the suffering and the cleaning is greater. It was said: "Go on a journey from yourself to yourself, O teacher, because on that journey the earth becomes a gold mine. Out of sullenness and indignation prosper sweetness, even out of salt soil they flourish thousands of fruits.

From the Sun, the pride of Tabriz, observe these miracles, because each tree has its own beauty owes to the sun" Nicholson. The greater the realization and the greater the suffering on the way, because suffering is purification, even otherworldly sufferings are purification, although much stricter and more difficult, a deeper trial of that kind, but still purification itself. Any other explanation is the fruit of ignorance about God. Sheikh Khalid's funeral numbered ten people, he was buried in the yard Ali Pasha's Mosque. Since the day I left Stolac, I don't know what happened to the grave; the feature above the headboard is left.

22.03.1995.

Looking through old books I found a faded sheet of paper. From the camp. It was something like a sheep's note, written illegibly on the white side of silver cigarette paper. I brought these little things: the spoon I used to eat with, the rosary I found on the road, the tin can from which I drank coffee. Over time, I executed a lot of things, some were thrown away, against my will, it got in the way. I opened the note. It was a poem dedicated to Nietzsche's great love, Jews L. Salom.

It read: BIRD ABOVE THE GIANT'S HEAD

You didn't even dream, unknown woman, let fly

yours will not touch the martyr's shadow and

that the record will remain unreciprocated by one,

seal for quivering lips all they crave

officer's stars on broad shoulders

and a golden medal, prominent on the proud breast.

You didn't suspect it in the distant visions, yes

the whim of hot blood writes the crucifixion in ink

hearts, perpetuating your name, to set it apart

the bird of your spirit from the flock of ancient migrations.

Eagle's nest harsh on a quiet mountain

solitude while you long for a warm hearth

when the head is safely resting on

heroic captain's shoulder and picture

a brave knight emerges from your picture book

under the round family table.

I know, a vision of a complete man for you

meaning had not, did not touch

not even a brown lock of your hair

in front of the mirror, an elegant figure of a thinker

she looked tiny and unbecoming, like

made for the nonsense of girlish desire,

as if created for an ancient trick of the eye,

for the gray of long hopes and the gloom of curious mornings...

I dropped the piece of paper on the floor without even knowing why. I know when I wrote the poem, one cold January night at work in Raštani, a camp worker in a gray uniform, shaved head, hungry, but I remembered her. Nietzsche's great loves. He proposed to her and when he was rejected he wrote: "A bird flew over me, but it was not an eagle." Nietzsche was the tamer of the raging horses of the soul in the dusk and blue distances of solitude, the martyr of the twilight of the West, he put an end to philosophical discussions in dusty rooms and is respected in the East as well as in the West. I often remember the words of the Pakistani thinker Muhammed Igbal who said about Nietzsche: "Publications embraced him, but he did not know it. A stranger in his own town, he escaped the priests, but the doctors did destroy him." Igbal also saw the weaknesses of institutional religion, the "faith of the mullahs" as he called it and even said: "The heathen are the ones who preach Holy Wars." Today, this saying has full meaning, significance and the spirit of truth, because today the Holy Wars are preached by those who know the least about religion.

He recognized the closeness of Nietzsche's "superman" and the Islamic concept of "vital man". A man who wants both worlds and asserts himself in both is conquered by the deeper, better. Nietzsche was fascinated by the Moorish culture of Spain, according to him, "Islam presupposes men". Islamic vitalism shines through Nietzsche's work, a vision of a strong and healthy body that bravely confronts the adversities of the material world, a "liberated spirit", a spirit free from idols, from all shackles, even the shackles of thought. But he understands the progress of being and the evolution of form in the form of a "negative circle", as the eternal return of the same. Igbal roughly said that the bud of Nietzsche's thought never becomes a rose, he yearned for a teacher, for a guide and deep inside he knew that the stimulus of knowledge could come only from another soul, another spirit. Perfect.

Salom married some officer flatly refusing Nietzsche's proposal, perhaps even with a touch of cozy irony. How much considerate politeness and hypersensitive hope there was in Nietzsche's affection, whether specters of despair followed him in deep solitude which is both a protection and a curse and no one knows which of the two is greater. It was certainly a longing for unspent hopes and painful visions in the semi-darkness of luxurious rooms veiled by thick curtains, down which silent shadows of bitterness and misery flowed like drops of sweat, in separation from the world he despised. Perhaps the strength of a woman's blood would awaken the threatened powers in him, give him the impetus that only a woman's beauty can give, or restrain him with the nature of a woman's entrapment which never hurts, but always bothers, especially a genius. We don't know.

I glanced out the window, the nylon had already turned yellow, folded in two, dilapidated, a forgotten witness of suffering, as well as Nietzsche's love. But behind every man there is something left behind, even when he doesn't want it… even if he doesn't want it.

02.04.1995.

I remembered my stay at the Heliodrom. One of the strange things was a multitude of various pains felt by almost all camp inmates, but no deadly diseases did affect almost anyone. The prison doctor, a Bosniak, always seemed tired and listless, phlegmatic and absently lost, but helpful and attentive. And he would always listen to the inmates' complaints, often silently shrugging his shoulders, because he had nothing to help. Almost all medicines had expired, often there were not even basic antibiotics, but the form was regularly filled out and the examination was carried out twice a week. He would thrust a few pills into the hand of each sufferer, if he was not there, the medic would do it, often without even looking at the face in front of him, there is a guard in the corridor and everything happens quickly and without unnecessary words. A single entry, a two-sentence appeal, and an outstretched right palm into which a few pills fall, often the first the doctor's hand somberly reaches. But compared to Gabel (where I spent half a year), even such treatment was successful and resembled heaven. Itching and lice were almost eradicated (we all had them, although after the war a good number of inmates swore otherwise), and more serious cases, especially injuries, were transferred to the surgery of the Mostar Hospital.

I myself have such an experience, because from Raštan, where I worked, I was transferred to the hospital due to stomach pain and was admitted like any other patient. Both the doctor and the staff were kind and did everything to improve my condition, I was returned to the heliport. I was thinking about diseases, about diseases otherwise. All diseases have a cause on the spiritual and moral plane, and then they just "descend" to the physical level, what appears as a physical consequence it is often just the opposite. Medicine. That's why it's from Ali translated: "Sometimes the medicine is the disease and the disease is the medicine." A medicine can be a disease if it does not take into account the whole person, so any partial treatment becomes the cause of another disease. And disease is a cure precisely because it is a physical manifestation of the disease treatment of the emotional and spiritual aspect of being. Only today is it being discovered what spiritual doctors have known for thousands of years - that every difficult emotion gives birth to physical diseases and weakens the body's defense power.

That's why Imam Ali said - "The health of the body is in non-envy". And more: "The fire of sorrow melts the body." Certainly, other similar emotions (and not only envy and sadness) cause bodily diseases. But that descent to the physical plane is precisely the treatment, that is, the rescue from negative emotions, which, if not amortized, would cause instant "energy death" by descending to the physical level. No matter how painful, for example, liver cancer is and with a fatal outcome, the concentrated charge of negative emotions would still cause immediate death, so a physical illness by treating the whole being (and that is the meaning of descending to the physical plane) prolongs a person's life and has protective function. The seeming paradox of this thesis stems from the misunderstanding of the whole and the understanding of man as an exclusively material body. The materialization of the disease is necessary because it is the only possibility of liberation from spiritual or moral evil, treatment of that same evil, liberation from it.

That's why God's messenger told a man to "be patient until he gets rid of the sins he has committed". It is absolutely clear that the disease of the physical organism is the release of threatened energies, moral evil above all, which finds its ultimate goal in the material body after passing through the gate of the spirit. This does not mean that one should not be treated for a physical ailment, but pain is the meaning of a greater whole. In another case, the deputy told the patient "that it (the disease) will cleanse him." Therefore, the ultimate meaning of physical ailments is in their purifying and liberating role.

Materialism, which sees the body as a mere machine for work, ignores it (or does not know at all) this essential function of every physical disease - the resolution of moral evil. Materialistic science knows nothing about the nature of negative emotions and the negativity of the soul that forcefully knock down and literally attack the body in order to protect the whole of man from instant disintegration. The future of treatment lies in spiritual therapy that will take into account the whole person, above all what they call "superconsciousness" today, which is the strongest force in a person.

The power of emotions and thoughts is far stronger than most people can even dream of, and superconsciousness is the controlling force, the human gate to the beyond, the trail of great light, the opening through which we reach into the unseen. Tradition says that "there is an organ inside you, which if it is healthy, the whole body is healthy, and that is the heart". What is meant here is the center of the LOST CENTER, not the physical organ of the heart, although they are deeply connected and it is the "heart of light" that is the subtle envelope of the physical heart. This heart suffers from mental traits, from moral evil. Greed, arrogance, envy, miserliness..., every bad deed and bad trait darkens the light essence of man and then it affects the body in return, causing physical illness, which again in a "paradoxical" way prevents the disintegration of the whole human being, because the gross, material body accepts evil and it amortizes it, decomposes it and dulls its power. That's why the aforementioned tradition brings the health of the (spiritual) heart and the entire physical body into direct connection.

So-called modern medicine has just opened the door to this rich field, which will only gain real value and meaning in the future. Today's medicine deals only with the consequences, so the disease returns (so-called "chronic diseases"). The transformation of the heart into the spirit (at least partially) by following one of the authentic religious traditions (Islam, Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism, but also other religions) results in physical health and longevity. Examples include the Caucasus, Japan, Aboriginal people, North American Indians, etc.

Muhammad once said: "Surah Fatiha is a cure for every disease except for age.” Fatiha (Approach) is the first chapter of the Qur'an, consisting of 7 paragraphs. In the above tradition, age is equated with illness, i.e. mentioned as a disease, in the same sentence and context, without separation. It is appropriate here that with spiritual means (in this case it is a chapter of the Holy Book) it is possible to neutralize any negativity (emotional, spiritual, moral) that leads to physical illness. The only exception is “old age”.

It is known that chivalry (virtues as a spiritual path) is the "youth of the soul", its continuous upward growth with constant renewal, so that the one who has virtues does not grow old, immersing himself every moment in the ocean of Divine Grace. Aging is also transitory. There is no cure for transience, no escape from the passage of time and from the change of state and form, the images are endless and constantly emerge, "every hour He is interested in something". In paradise there is no transience and incompleteness and therefore transience (aging) equated with illness, because health is completeness (whole).

The Approach (Fatiha) chapter reads:

Bissmillahir – Rahmanir – Rahim

1. We praise you, Allah, the Lord of the worlds

2. Merciful, Compassionate

3. Ruler of Doomsday

4. We bow down to you and ask you for help

5. Guide us to the Right Path

6. On the path of those to whom you bestowed your grace

7. And not those who have provoked anger against themselves, nor those who have gone astray

This is a translation, and there are 7 verses in the ORIGINAL along with BissmillahirRahmanir-Rahim. Traditions emphasize that hell has 7 gates and heaven has 8 gates. The gates of hell are the eschatological solution of evil, while diseases (not only those) earthly release of human faults and sins. That's why there are 7 chapters of Fatiha "a cure for all diseases except old age", because of the cause of diseases, there are 7 (7 deadly sins), and the eighth, i.e. age corresponds to the 8 gates of heaven (because there is no age in heaven).

The seven deadly sins in the Bible are: PRIDE, ENVY, LUST, GREED, SLOTH, WRATH, AND GLUTTONY, . Each of these sins attacks a subtle center of an (light) organism, thus causing a certain disease of the body. Illnesses are treated with 7 paragraphs (verses), each paragraph cures one mortal sin. This applies to all authentic revelations, and in this example we see the connection between the Bible and the Qur'an, we see their permeation and unity in the divine spirit of unbroken Revelation. Healing consists in breaking down evil at the level of the subtle light body.

Paragraph 1. "In the name of God the Gracious Compassionate", cures all diseases caused by the first mortal sin, PRIDE. The LIGHT ASPECT OF THE HEAD (subtle organism) matches it, and it is the light Muhammad. That first paragraph of the first chapter of the Qur'an has 17 letters. Each letter, when properly applied, is directed to a certain deformation of the head (light), before the disease descends to the physical plane of the organism. Deformities are caused by pride, the first mortal sin. The characteristic of the number 1 is that it counts all other numbers, and the characteristic of the number 7 is that it is a perfect number (together they give the number 17). That is why arrogance is the place "In the name of God" divinity is renounced to everything else, and deification (of anyone or anything) is the main cause of arrogance. Then he says "Merciful". God's grace includes everything, every being, every thing, otherwise it would be impossible for that "something" (anything) to come into existence if (if) it were outside of God's Grace. "The Merciful" refers to those who believe correctly because this is where Grace gains intensity. Mercy and Grace are associated with the Prophet of Islam in a familiar context "if it weren't for you we wouldn't have created the worlds".

Paragraph 2. "We praise You, Allah, Lord of the Worlds", cures all diseases caused by the second mortal sin - MISTY. It matches the LIGHT ASPECT OF THE DOOR (of the subtle organism), and that is the light Jesus. The first word is "You", so You. He. Then it is specified by the name Allah, to continue the Lordship of the worlds. That's how Muhammad (Praised) is attached to Jesus. Man praises all this. According to some interpreters, "He" is the HUNDREDTH or SUPREME NAME (of the 100 names of God). Analogously, from the TOP of the HEAD of the subtle organism, PRIDE, as the first mortal sin, transforms in the region of the neck into GRACE. Lordship over the worlds indicates that everything is God's, and that we can only give, while only He gives. That second movement has 18 letters (harps). The number 8 is the first cubic number, the first number of the body. The body does not exist without a unified surface, and there are 8 parts that unify the surface. Similarly, the neck unites the head (thinking spirit and perfection) with the rest of the body. That's why the Qur'an says that "what he earns will be tied around his neck". And in one tradition, it is emphasized that whoever avoids paying the obligatory tax, that failure will appear in the form of a snake wrapped around his neck.

Paragraph 3. "Merciful, compassionate". Heals all diseases caused by third parties of mortal sin. It matches his LIGHT CONSIDERATION OF HEART (of the subtle organism), and it is the bright Abraham. Again, they hope for MERCY and COMPASSION (which is also the "opening paragraph" of each unit). This is how the heart opens and each letter is directed to a certain deformation of the heart. The third movement has 13 letters (harps). The characteristic of the number 3 is that it is the first odd number, and God "did not give any man 2 hearts in his chest". Here "fornication" is used as a betrayal of the Holy Communion with God (and not just a mere transgression in the domain of sex), and the number 13 indicates the Prophet and the 12 Holy Imams, who are the HEART of the CREATED WORLD. Now avarice, which is a danger to the connection of two wholes (the neck), is transformed into fornication. The animal spirit in man is located in the fleshy part of the heart, composed of ANGER AND LUST. In the subtle organism, every unresolved emotion creates a germ and forms the germ of a physical disease (at a simple level, the relationship between emotions and heart diseases has long been known).

Paragraph 4. "Doomsday Ruler". Heals all diseases caused by the fourth mortal sin - ENVY. It matches the LIGHT ASPECT OF THE LUNGS (subtle organism), which is the light Davud. Power is apostrophized over "Doomsday". According to tradition, “when a man dies he has appeared in his Judgment Day", and the lungs of the physical organism are the seat of the Ruh (Spirit), therefore of life, because when the Spirit leaves the body it is the end of physical life. At this level FORNICATION transforms from the area of ​​the SUBTLE HEART into ENVY. There are two kinds of envy (just as there are two lungs). One is "passive envy" where you want something that belongs to someone else, you try to secure for yourself what belongs to another. In the case of "active envy" in addition to this already mentioned, the destruction of the other person (his misfortune) is desired. The fourth movement has twelve letters (harps). There are two branches of the lungs (two sides, two lung wings).

Imam Ali said: "THE HEALTH OF THE BODY IS IN NON-ENVIOUSNESS". This is in addition to the health of the physical body and the health of the whole subtle bodies in the spiritual sense. Because paragraph 4 has twelve letters, and that number (12) indicates the TWELVE HOLY IMAMs, whose spiritual inheritance from the Prophet is "spiritual health as a whole", because they transmit the entirety of knowledge and heritage. "Judgment Day" is the awakening of every man, his "standing up", vigilance. Individually, it is the day of "standing up to the Truth", awakening, and that is the Imam of the soul (of every being), its ultimate determinant. Envy of knowledge is allowed, but envy of position is not. This is in accordance with 2 types of envy in terms of material relations - passive and active envy. This is what followed the HOLY IMAMs throughout their lives, envy that went so far as to kill them. As the spiritual poles of the world, they are the "Judgment Day" of every person, their "face" that they turn (or do not turn) towards God. As the lungs are the “breath of man”, the light essence of the HOLY IMAMS IS THE BREATH OF THE MERCIFUL.

Paragraph 5. "We bow down to You and ask You for help". It cures all the diseases caused by the fifth deadly sin - IMMEDIATE EATING AND DRINKING. It matches the mind of the LIGHT VIEW OF THE STOMACH (subtle organism), and it is the light Moses. Here we see that envy is transformed into INCREDIBILITY at the level of the stomach of the subtle organism. The paragraph has two parts, submission to God and seeking help from Him. "We bow to you" cures all diseases related to immoderation in eating, and "we seek help from you" those diseases related to immoderation in drinking. This paragraph has nineteen letters (harps). The sun moves 19 km per second, the Qur'an is in the sign of the number 19, 1 and 9 are the beginning and the end of everything "the whole mathematics". The number 9 is the last degree of units, 9 is the planetary spheres.

Submission to God is because he submitted all creation to men, and seeking help from him is pointing to the First Cause of everything (because "eating and drinking" the end product of that universal subordination of nature to man).

Paragraph 6. "Guide us to the Right Path", cures all diseases caused by the sixth mortal sin. It matches his LIGHT CONSIDERATION OF LIVER (subtle organism), which is light-colored Noah. Intemperance now transforms at the level of the liver the subtle body into fierceness. It is said: "Anger is a form of madness, and if he does not repent, his madness is confirmed", while regarding the liver, the Prophet said: "Our children are our livers". The "True Path" is the HOLY IMAMs in particular, guides and guides, guardians of the Book. The whole problem is the Way, not faith, because we have faith instilled in us, we just need to wake up. But the path is a big problem and a trap, because this is where the constructions and arguments of reason get involved, and that opens up a whole series of questions. The proof is the centuries-old disputes between different schools in all monotheistic religions. "Our children", according to tradition, are the HOLY IMAMs (the symbolic importance of the liver in Islam can also be seen in the case of cannibalism, the victim of which was the posthumous body of a close relative, friend and comrade of the Prophet). This paragraph also has 19 letters (harps), which here is the MOVEMENT OF THE IMAM BEING as the inner Pole of the spiritual dimension.

Paragraph 7. "On the way of those to whom you gave your grace, not on the way those who provoked anger against themselves, nor those who went astray". It heals all diseases caused by the seventh deadly sin – LAZINESS/SLOTH. The LIGHT ASPECT OF PLENCY (subtle organism) matches him, and that is the light Ivan the Baptist. Anger is now transformed at the subtle level of sexuality into laziness. First of all, Grace is given as a gift. Giving is between those who love each other. God loves all people and all creatures and has bestowed His Grace on everyone. This movement has forty-four letters (harp). The number 4 is the first root number. Encyclopaedists claimed that God created most creatures according to the number 4. There are four physical states: hot, cold, dry and wet, there are four seasons, four elements, water, fire, air and earth, etc. The root of all existence is Grace.

The number 4 is given twice, which is Mercy and Mercy. Anger and error are beyond Righteousness, which is embraced by Mercy. Divine wrath is the opposite of Grace, and error is the opposite of Right To the road. In order to avoid anger and going astray, it is necessary to make an effort. Effort is work, effort, and that is the opposite of laziness. Spiritual pedagogy therefore focuses on states and changes within the subtle body of light in man, and by the method of developing virtues and illuminating God's Names and Attributes. Thus, the forces of moral evil are prevented and neutralized, before they descend to the physical level and cause disease in the organism. When it already appears, it should be treated.

Materialism teaches that "everything is here", and that before birth and after death has nothing. Logically, such a conception of suffering (and thus disease) sees it as something "inhuman", foreign and conspiratorial against man, and they want to make heaven on earth. In vain, because suffering cannot be banished from existence, it opens the way to higher forms of consciousness and is often a blessing. The Earth is a place of knowledge, therefore of trials, and cannot be paradise. Most of it understand ir only at the hour of death. Of course, all holy texts (Quran, Vedas, Bible...) can act on the refined light essence of the subtle organism and change it. The very nature of the change remains a secret forever and only a few reach into light physiology.

04/04/1995

A friend told me how he dreamed of the house of Mustafa Žuja, Bregava was huge and swollen, and on the window in his house the Qur'an. The water reaches the window but does not get inside. The dream repeated itself twice, after the last war. Confusion and dissension among people will not again reach the limits of his prayer that he left over the city of Stoč, trials will change, but the one who becomes a living book will ward off the darkness and fury of disorder, regardless of when it happened because the consecrator of divine secrets is the guardian until Doomsday. His house and his brother's house were across the street from the Ćuprija mosque. Once, it is said, their mother saw Mustafa, then still a young man, crossing the river on dry land, separating the water on two sides.

That's how he was "revealed" because most of the Awliyas and Divine people hide their condition and capabilities, God Himself conceals them, and in accordance with the famous inspired tradition where God says: "My beloved ones are under My domes and only I know them." Concealed in this way, they help people more easily and perform the functions of preserving the world, because what is known to everyone and easily accessible is even more easily devalued, and the possibility of finding out the degree and reputation of these people would inevitably lead to devastating envy. That envy is mentioned in all the Holy Books, where they talk about the persecution of God's people, because envy of moral and spiritual superiority is the worst and most difficult and cannot be rationalized in any way. If, for example, a man is rich, the envious person will tell himself that he got it through robbery, if the woman is beautiful, the other who envies her can say that there are more beautiful people, consolations of any kind and illusions are always possible, except in cases of moral and spiritual growth .

It is hated to such an extent that one often wishes death to the one who possesses these perfections, he is persecuted more fiercely than any enemy, because he is like a mirror in which everyone sees himself as he is, and it is difficult to love facing his real image. We run from nothing like ourselves and fear nothing like our own secrets. That's why Mustafa would wet his underpants with water between his legs and walk around the city like that. They wondered and laughed and made jokes at his expense, pointing the finger, like a madman or a mental patient, while he inwardly pitied their ignorance. Because the ordinary world never reaches the degrees and states of the god-pleasing, and if they are concealed, it usually sees them as completely different than they are. It is the Divine care and the school of that care which they learn step by step, part by part.

Sometimes it is the Divine intention that the pleasing to God be revealed and publicly announced and preached. These are rarer cases; and only after many years of spiritual journey and Divine support does God bring them back among people, for the benefit of creation. The surest sign of Divine protection is that a learned man is considered for a fool or an "ordinary" person who is no different from other people. External distinction is a great stumbling block and a place of slippage, and disguise is the safeguarding of valuables, trust, returning the trust to the one to whom it belongs. And where it belongs. That is why Rumi wrote referring to disguised worshipers: "Be careful, not those with a bad reputation should be condemned, attention to their secrets should be revealed. How many times the gold in black colors didn’t get lost due to fear. Many God-pleasers throughout the history of the human race have been "evil," because they painted the gold of their knowledge and insight with the black color of disguise so that the precious gnosis would not be lost. This is how they passed down the secrets of knowledge, from generation to generation, to spiritual posterity. Neither in large monasteries nor in Sufi tekkies is there any mention of what we today proudly call an "archive", because living knowledge that flows from soul to soul has no need for that kind of authenticity and preservation from oblivion, the preservation of such knowledge is much deeper and more permanent, more credible. They are the DOMES under which the guardians of living knowledge are hidden, and since only God is alive in the real sense of the word, no one else can even know them. Those who are "revived in heart" trust only in the Living One, under the domes of mystery. of the ascending light. Because the two domes (the descending soul into this world and the ascending soul from this world) form a circle, a whole of existence.

In the battle there is only God, everything created in being is (essentially) non-existent, although the reality of the created is unquestionable. This world is a veil, a veil that separates from the essence, The bride is hidden by many veils. That's how Mustafa hid himself with jumps and ambiguous statements, testing his strength in the way of an unknown that conquers, a sign that settles, a thought that becomes pregnant. They say that in the tavern, under the poplar tree, he would make an agreement with the waiter to give him water in a small glass, and he would loudly ask for brandy. It was said that the Hodja was drinking, pointing his finger, while he would remain calm, staring at himself. Because the most difficult thing is to separate yourself from a hypocrite, to put up a fence against a hypocrite, to get to know him, that is always the greatest feat.

In one tradition, it was said that there are four enemies of believers: the believer who envies him, the hypocrite who hates him, Satan who leads him to evil and the denier who fights against him. In the first place is the "believer who envies", that is, the one who is closest, from whom the least evil is expected. It is the main enemy precisely because it is the least expected of it and because envy disrupts relationships in the worst way because it tends to appropriate someone else's (in this case it is a friend and that is why it is the worst). In second place is the "hypocrite who hates". A hypocrite is outwardly a believer, and on the inside a non-believer, and as such he is afraid of being recognized by outsiders believers, and fear always breeds hatred. In third place are satanic seductions, which are a much weaker enemy, because they belong to the invisible world, which is always easier to deal with when it comes to hostility. Only in fourth place is the "struggling denier", he is the least dangerous because he is completely clear.

The "struggle" in an external way is always something that is completely visible, and on its own the antagonism of the opposing forces is clear so that there are no doubts about the recognition of hostility. That's how Mustafa would use an effective remedy - disguise, to separate himself from those who are the most difficult to recognize because they have two, some even more faces, sometimes even as many masks as life situations. That's why in this age many people so pathetically ask themselves "who they are", because from the strong pretense and socialization of everything, in the end the real identity is lost.

06.04.1995.

I was sitting with Gracija in a famous tavern. The blonde barmaid, aggressively made up as usual, greeted us with a wide smile, her hand gesture was cordial and accommodating as if she were a page, it seemed that she was at least welcoming the happy princely couple. She bowed slightly and showed us an empty table. Fahreta, who was standing at the bar with her eyes rolled and showed the middle finger of her hand, fortunately did not see Gracija. At one table, as usual, a larger group of soldiers, at another a younger acquaintance and an old man with a dark, worn hat, a clean shirt and a bright silver moustache. Gracija and I sat down after ordering coffee. It was pleasant to watch the girl behind the bar as she danced with light, vague movements, constantly smiling and enjoying service as only a mature woman can. An acquaintance in front of us came from Denmark, he has been there for almost a year, he left Dretelje, he left the camp happy and is already returning for a tour, his hometown is longingly his, two loves and each summons the other. IIli refuses, and that's the same, because concealment and masks are ours anyway. They don't move away.

On his hand he wore an expensive watch, a black automatic, huge and clumsily big, like a diver who explores unknown depths and only occasionally brings news from distant unexplored regions and expects at least gratitude, he is a hero. Seeker. A thick gold bracelet encircled her right wrist, and a similar chain around her neck, both casually and proudly bristling as a threat to any challenge that could threaten the dignity with uncomfortable questions and doubts. He was a black-haired young man of about twenty-five years of age, with furrowed brows and lively eyes that turned incessantly like the globes of a clock, shining like a searchlight that should illuminate every dark corner, every nook, every secret in the wall He wore a white shirt with blue dots and looked like a guest worker from Germany, he is here, finally, and everyone should see the importance and power of his reputation. Both he and the old man drank cognac from deep glasses, constantly looking for new ones by snapping their fingers. On the plate were the remains of meat and cheese, it was obvious that the younger had "taken out" the older to treat him.

- My brother! - he addressed the old man, very seriously, stiffening his neck in a dignified pose, - There is no place for children to throw papers, but straight into the bin.

- But what are you telling me? - replied the old man curiously putting the finger of his left hand on his temple as if he was listening to such deep and subtle wisdom that can even leave his head, but it is valuable and should be kept as soon as possible, even if it is with pressure that saves and guarantees durability.

- Me, me! - continued the newcomer proudly, raising his neck so that the gold chain bounced off and fell on his chest again. - "You have to cross kilometers of roads without stepping on a cigarette butt with a cobblestone.

- The real truth! - he added, placing his palm on the table as if to guarantee cleanliness and the flawlessness of European metropolises, but he withdraws it immediately, he has just arrived in the old area and has to examine the terrain, people are tortured and do not go for the "first ball".

- Well, is it possible? - accepted the old man again, raising his hands and chest towards the sky as if he begging for us to have a little such purity on the pavements, when it is already absent in people. He put two fingers of his right hand on his chin and even bowed his head, reminiscent of Rodin's "Thinker".

- That's why you have to stand on a man's head in the middle of the road and no one asks you. - threw Fahret, turning around and giggling at the top of his voice. One soldier slammed his fist on the table as if to confirm Fahreta's words, the others stopped to smile condescendingly but meaningfully, even showing their set teeth like jewels in a guarded chest. The cub put his hands on his hips, looking around on both sides as if wondering where he was and who dares to make such uncivilized outbursts, below their level and dignity.

The old man stroked his gray mustache in doubt as if it would create balance and sidestep the conflict. He put a large piece of cheese in his mouth and slurped loudly, even sighing. Then he relaxed his hands beside the table in helpless resignation, aware that nothing depended on him but an empty plate. Or full.

- Ha, ha! - Fahreta's voice was heard again, - You can't piss in the parks, but you can piss on everyone's soul. Garbage is chased regularly, and each one unloads on your brain! - she turned with his whole body, spreading her arms towards the newly minted European, winking at him in a sarcastic way. The soldiers burst into uncontrollable laughter, one hit the floor loudly with his boot as a sign of agreement, the full glass was knocked over.

The young man stood up, not knowing what he was going to do or where he was going, with his right hand he made a big turn towards his deep pocket so hard that the gold bracelet almost flew towards his fingers. He took out a wad of bills on the table and quickly left without saying a word, not even saying goodbye to the old man. This one said nothing and pretended to be waiting for such an outcome by throwing themselves on the remains of meat and cheese. He raises the glass abruptly and pours out everything that was in it, waving his hand as if to say: "That's life." The hat tilts slightly on the head, reaching that dangerous position of slipping on the scalp, which usually happens after five or six glasses.

I looked at Gracija. She was calm and tame, and silent as usual. She lightly took my arm, signaling that she wanted us to leave.

- What are you talking about?! - I caught Fahreta's words on the way out, she looked after the young man sharply and menacingly.

04/07/1995

Back when I was in the Gabela camp, before being transferred to the Heliodrom, I learned something that shook me deeply. My friend Christian went on a pilgrimage to Medjugorje and prayed at the foot of the cross for my release, health, and salvation. I remember the note I got from him in Gabela.

In the dim light of the candles, the shaved heads of the inmates seemed like desolate, abandoned ghosts, bare trees next to each other in agonizing silence, in endless wonder. And waiting for the night to turn into the day, when the eyes will look with hope at the big padlock and the thick chain that, scraping downwards, gives the sign of morning. With hope, because each day could bring death or freedom, for many it was the same. Crooked, compressed trees, gloomily clenched in endless silence and the awful rustling of food bags, those who had something would leave it and eat only at night when no one could see and no one could ask. Not all, solidarity existed, and both, both good and evil were clear as day, that is why situations of extreme pain exist. Let us all leave a clear mark. Undoubtedly.

I brought a piece of candle to Christian's letter. Two-leaf clover in diminutive form of notebooks, small boy's handwriting slightly turned to the right, written legibly, uncertain expression, very emotional. It said, “I'm sending you this, sorry I can't do more. I prayed for you in Medjugorje. I came barefoot to the cross, Christian."

There were a lot of clothes and food and even a few bills in the black bag. American dollars. The bare-headed silhouettes of the camp inmates curiously crowded around the letter because every letter is an opportunity, maybe there is something in it that relates to me, that was the thought of each of them. Man becomes numb between four walls and everything new is a chance, fresh refreshment, hope. Christian is a Croat and together with a few others he helped and brought food into the camp, sent, did what he could, apologizing for not being able to do more, but what he did was more than great. We who ate his food that evening prayed for him with raised hands, he for me the day before, under the cross and nothing was in disagreement, nothing contradictory or unusual. Because God is One and every revelation is a law and a way, a chance for salvation. I remembered a verse by Hafiz Shirazi:

"Love resides even where it doesn't."

see the glory of Your face - on the walls

monastery or on the floor of a tavern

spark the same unquenchable flame.

Love is where the hermit is

sings to Allah day and night,

and where the church bells

they call to prayer

and where the Cross of Christ is.”

This is the free mind of a thinker who saw the FAITH of LOVE in everything

that breathes, just as the sun spreads its rays through all the openings of houses, but it is

light one.

This is Jelaluddin's parable. A Christian was buried next to Rumi, who, as some say, was called "Eusebius", they were close friends, he never accepted Islam. One of Muhammad's wives was a Christian, Maria, a Coptic woman, and bore him a son.

Christian's vigil under the cross, Adam's prayer that he prayed next to the wall in the dungeon every morning and evening, the prayer of the Indians in the desert and the Aborigines in the sacred caves, all carry the same call, the same sign and the same meaning. And everything is good, every address to the Supreme Truth. Regarding my friend Adem, I have the most beautiful memories and a couple of unusual, almost unbelievable experiences. One time, it was the end of November 1993, a cold night and cramped quarters of camp inmates lined up "like sardines", the wind whistled and bent the pine trees above the hangar. Still awake, I felt a sharp pain in my back. A stone in the kidney, I knew I had it and forgot about it in the bursts of hard camp life, the pain reminded me, hard and suddenly. I writhed for several hours, silently, so as not to wake up the others, because they couldn't help me even if they wanted to, the camp infirmary is far away and you can rarely get to it, and only during the day and accompanied by a guard. I was in great pain constantly turning around, watching the twinkling stars through the small window, the dawn was breaking. . Adem woke up, took the symbolic cleaning (there was no water for ablution) and stopped to pray the morning prayer.

I watched him silently, everyone else was asleep, the silhouette moved slightly, bending. When he finished, he raised his hands and studied his palms for a long time, I didn't know what. Suddenly the back pain stopped just as it began - sharp and strong. Like a stab so it ended, suddenly and with relief. I did not connect it with Adam's address to God. It wasn't until two days later that I mentioned that the pain went away just as he was performing the prayer. - I studied the prayer for your illness, so that the pain will pass. - he said then and took a sip of water from the bottle, placing his left hand on his unshaven face as if he were talking about the most ordinary thing, something everyday that he is used to and knows well. He didn't even look at me, putting his hand under the back of his head.

Another time, the sky was very cloudy and it was about to rain. Above us was a shell hole with a diameter of half a meter and used it during hot summer days, because some air entered through the hole, we had more air. But in case of rain (then it was coming for the first time, the whole summer passed almost without a cloud) the whole part of the hangar would get wet, which would cause many problems, we slept on the cement floor. Looking at the accumulated clouds through the opening, Adem just visibly raised his hands and after a few minutes the clouds dispersed.

I am a witness to both events (an actor in one, I felt the cessation of pain) and if someone else had told me, I might not have believed it. Especially since Adem did not look like a god-pleaser in any way. A truck driver with strong arms and boyish hair falling to his forehead, he looked sincerely and heartily with large eyes, tanned in the face, shaded with bright shades of a healthy peasant life. He would lie for hours stroking his sparse moustache, seemingly uninterested, but inside he was awake, penetrating like lightning. We became good friends in the camp, and we still maintain our friendship.

09.04.1995.

I often remember the prison windows when I was in the camp. Fat bars, gray and in places sprinkled with the copper patina of time, the gray breath of transience, the powerful hand of change, because everything is created in movement and digestion. Birds often came and gathered at the windows, especially in winter the cold would cruelly force them inside. They have several prisoners permanently bringing the crumbs left after the meal when returning from the dining room. Little was given to humans, so the birds received only a small portion of the carefully collected crumbs that would always be waiting for them, quietly distributed by someone's hands behind the iron bars. The birds were hopping freely, undaunted by human presence, simply, used to it, or they felt good because they knew we couldn't harm them because we were "behind", I don't know and I never managed to figure it out, although I wanted to. Their life is so perfectly organized and "social" in the full sense of the word that the Holy Book completely equates them with humans at that level of living. Because it was said: "All the birds that fly with their wings and all the animals that walk on the earth are nations like you." We didn't leave anything out in the Book."

The degree of organization of physical living, the division of labor, the way to protect the community, all this makes animal species "peoples like us" on that level, the level of the physical. In this there are absolutely no differences between man and animal. No matter what external level of technology man has won and no matter what material achievements he has achieved on a physical level, he remains a "working animal". What distinguishes us from animals is not external but internal. Cult, art, desire for knowledge, FAITH - that is what separates the human world from the animal world, not whether a man "flies with his wings or walks on the ground". In the physical world, man's flight means nothing, in the depths of the soul the flight means everything. It has meaning and strength, love and power, journey and return. The so-called astronautic endeavors of the "modern period" are only a terrible echo and a response to the human feeling of endless loneliness, an echo of loneliness that returns from the depths of the universe, because man no longer listens to the signs and sounds of the cosmos within himself.

When man stopped flying and walked the spiritual expanses of feeling he tried to replace those losses with rockets and space capsules. This was in vain, because there is no answer from the physical universe and there never will be, there is an eerie silence among the planets and galaxies and the void in the soul will not be filled with footprints on the moon. "A small step for a man, but a big one for mankind" - said Neil Armstrong when he stepped on the moon's soil (allegedly, because it was never confirmed that they were on the moon, but that is a completely different, less important topic).

With that step, humanity only took a "backward" step, because it is getting stronger money-wise for those (and similar) projects could be given to people in Africa in order to eradicate hunger on earth. If members of the human species are unable to take care of each other how will they take care of other species (if they meet them in space). And if we are not able to solve the problems on earth, what can we say about the problems in heaven? But the SKY THAT NEEDS TO BE CONQUERED IS WITHIN US, it is not outside of us and every external attempt to "conquer the universe" is just an unanswered cry, a terrible spiritual hunger that no astronaut suit can make different. Thousands of worlds are inhabited, the universe teems with life.

However, that life is not in the physical galaxies and stars, it can only be sought there by an endlessly lonely and homeless man, a man who has forgotten his real home, his spiritual homeland from which he was brought down to this earth and seeks the warmth of the lost in the space dust of the outer world that offers (only) to the physical eye In the Gospel according to Thomas, Jesus says: "If those who lead you say to you: 'Behold, the Kingdom is in heaven!' - then the birds will threaten you. Rather, the Kingdom is within you and outside of you." Here we see the nature of all physical flight, the futility of all reaching and reaching for the material universe. "Those who lead you", in the saying of Jesus, are teachers in the broadest form, but if they remain in the external, that is a sufficient reason for abandoning their teaching and turning to the Kingdom within. A stranger is a man in this world.

That's why it is said: "Be and live in this world as a stranger or a traveler". A foreigner looks at the country around him, the people and the regions, but he wants to return to his homeland, there is his place, his home. And the traveler goes towards his goal and does not pay much attention to the surroundings and what he meets on the way, because his goal is somewhere else, far from the intoxicating colors and smells. And those are the flowers to pick and smell.

Those we meet on the journey, but their permanence is insignificant, and their beauty is fleeting, and what we bring back to our home withers in a ceramic, blue vase of sorrow, persistent and heavier and stronger the more we water, trying to nullify the terrible power of transience . In this age of the birth of a "new spirituality" many are calling for an awakening. But it's hard to wake up, because this world is a place of carelessness and carelessness, "THE DEATH SLEEP OF THE SOUL", it's hard to wake up from it, so hard that most of them never wake up until death. The dream of the soul in the conscious state is worse than the worst nightmare. If a person woke up suddenly and unprepared from that dream, perhaps the effect of waking up would be the opposite, it would be difficult to withstand the newly revealed phenomenon in oneself.

The Holy Book says about this: "And if for their sake the gates of heaven were opened and they ascended to heaven, they would again say - We don't believe in this, we are just bewitched people." This HEAVENLY GATE, the way to the MOON OF THE SOUL, does not open to everyone and does not always open. And even when it opens, the road goes slowly, in stages, otherwise facing the new reality could seem like BENCHING. The images we see in a physical dream are nothing compared to the images seen in a NEGLIGENCE dream, the latter are more permanent, rooted in the habits of the soul, its passions, the need to adhere and become the object of its love. Even on a physical level we see human faces that sometimes resemble animals, this is a truth that needs to be repeated because the power of the images that shaped such a face is enormous. Terrifying. That is why it was said that a man would be defeated in this world when he saw the strength of the dark part of the soul and that all work would stop and sadness would overwhelm them.

Dzelaludin Rumi writes: "People shame themselves with wine and opiates to escape awareness in a moment, because everyone knows that life is a trap, and memories and thoughts are real fire." All people know that life is a trap, but few feel it. That's why it was said: "This world is a prison for a believer, and a paradise for an unbeliever." What does a man in prison want? To get out of the dungeon. What does the man who is in paradise want? To stay in it forever. Because of such an understanding of the world that is deeply rooted in souls (that this world should be paradise) there was an attempt not only to so-called "conquest of nature" but also to terrible wars, bloodshed, as a consequence of such aspirations. There is a place for everyone in paradise and everyone can enjoy it. On earth, this is impossible precisely when you want to make it a paradise, because the impermanence and changeability of the world do not allow "a place for everyone", nor does the will to power of those who make that paradise allow it, since human and natural resources are limited, and paradise unlimited, so the one who perceives the world that way must exploit and subjugate others in order for his personal paradise to last.

It is in vain to refer to "equality" because no matter what guise the idea of ​​equality takes, it will face the harsh facts of reality in which "personal paradise" is what drives and directs. For "collective paradise" the idea of ​​equality before God is necessary. Where "there is no God", then everything is wanted here, and since with God it also destroys the equality of people, then this "here and now" can only be experienced personally because there is nothing greater than life itself, so it is necessary to make the most of it Of course, others who want heaven on earth want the same for themselves, and so fights and conflicts are inevitable. Anyone who preached heaven on earth ended up making it hell. This is inevitable because the idea of ​​paradise (which is essentially eschatological) places it on the earthly plane and only as a "place of enjoyment" without any responsibility for others and the earth itself, so the one who chooses it (if he has the means and power) must provide hell for others in order to ensure such a paradise for himself. It is impossible to do otherwise precisely because the idea of ​​paradise is inapplicable to the earthly plane, it implies the spiritual and spiritual "evolution" of man, his movement towards a higher world. And if the HIGHER WORLD is killed within itself (and that is precisely the making of "paradise" on earth), then to the same extent space is opened for ANOTHER HELL, because this is a world of duality and opposites. It is impossible to do otherwise, nothing comes without something leaving, no one can grab without another starving.

On the other hand, the one who understands this world as a prison certainly strives to come out of it as soon as possible, to free himself from the sensual, material world in himself, just as a snake is pulled out of its sheath. If he is successful, he can free other people from the common dungeon, unlock the door, take him by the hand, lead him to freedom. Since he correctly understands this world, he will not try to make a paradise in a transitory, perishable and decaying place, he knows that this is impossible. Even more, the "earthly paradise" does not even cross his mind, he harnessed all his strength to free himself, he knows the limits of his dungeon, its dangers and rules, its hardships. No matter how much the dungeon is decorated and decorated, it remains a dungeon and that's why the earthly paradise is not his preoccupation, he wants to get out. Parables, like life, are different. The dungeon is a COMPLETELY EARTHLY REPRESENTATION AND EXPERIENCE, heaven is NOT, its rules are different, the standards are completely unearthly, the whole life in heaven is different (although the FORESTAST of heaven can be felt in everything earthly that is beautiful, but it is given as a Divine gift and a reminder, not as a direction and effort for this world).

"Wine and opiates" mentioned by Rumi as a false deliverance from the trap of existence are precisely a substitute for MYSTICAL INTOXICATION, which recognizes the trap and knows the ways around it and KNOWS HOW TO DRAWN and free those who are already in the trap. And that's exactly why it's important to know the RIGHT way back, because it's the way it recognizes EVERY TRAP and therefore is "real", without twists and turns they allow the traveler to stumble into unknown areas that are a trap in themselves because they are unknown. That's why a guide is necessary, because no matter how recognizable the True Path is, every even the slightest detour is a danger and at every step off the road are unexplored forests and deserts, the JUNGLE OF THE HEART. The guide is perfect and it exists in every time. In a time like ours, he is necessarily a stranger, because the REAL WINE he offers would have an unfamiliar taste to the majority who are intoxicated by drugs, illusory material forces and lust for power.

10.04.1995.

It is said that once Mustafa Žujo sat down on the Qur'an, some say yes it happened twice. When he was objected to, he replied indignantly: "Follow him and sit on the Qur'an." It is not known for sure if this happened, but the story is instructive, all the more so since "acting according to the Qur'an" was already (and especially now) extremely rare, while the exterior of letters and paper, books as an object, were respected. Even today, the Holy Books are kept on the highest place in the rooms and thus they are "honored", while the honor of the Holy Book is precisely its "writing in the heart", acting according to it, because man is the most honorable creature in God's eyes. How many are there today who recite the Qur'an and learn it, and "sit" on it (without even knowing it), and how few there are who act according to it and know it without paying (apparent) homage to paper and leaves . Because it was said in tradition: "Knowledge calls for action and if it responds, it is good. Otherwise, knowledge goes away." Knowledge without action is just a bunch of facts, in this day and age it's endless academic distribution and vainglory and often have the opposite effect, because titles and accolades strengthen the EGO, so what is recognized becomes an obstacle for moving on.

Wisdom is simple, the truths of the world are also simple. What is difficult is the path, the following, the struggle against oneself. Action. That is why it is good that many spiritual teachers raise their voice in this age and say: WAKE UP. Good, but not enough. Not enough. Because the call in itself means nothing, and "awakening" is not a matter of rational reasoning but of pretension, it is not a thought but a state, it is not a conception but an action, it is not a "wondering about the meaning" but changing oneself. From the inside. And that implies difficulties of various kinds, renunciation, asceticism, submission to the teacher, sacrifice People looked JESUS ​​and MUHAMMAD in the face, but did not listen to them, and even persecuted and tried to kill them. It is proof that love alone cannot change the world (because both of these Prophets loved all people, but not all people loved them) and proof that a few are always gathered around the truth. If love and preaching could reach every heart, surely JESUS ​​and MUHAMMED would not have opponents in their lives, and we all know that it was not like that. And if all people accepted the truth, untruth would have long since ceased to exist. During Imam Ali's lifetime, he was opposed by a larger group of Muslims who did not agree with him. When they were about to be defeated, the soldiers of that opposing group held up leaves of the Qur'an on their spears to distract Ali's army, which wavered in an instant. To this Imam Ali said: "Attack them, I am the Qur'an."

Historical facts are secondary here (a compromise was reached and a half-hearted, dishonorable solution) but the event has multiple meanings. This says that the "pages of the Qur'an on spears", which means the prominence of the Book in public places (and for the purpose of distracting from the truth) means nothing, and that then the LIVING QUR'AN (a man who lives by it) has priority over mere letters written on sheets of paper (which did not take root in them, inside their souls). This applies to all Holy Books and authentic publications. Transferred to the esoteric plane, there have always been many who in the "battles of the spirit" (of different conceptions and theories) put the leaves of the Book before them (the exoteric, outer form of the Book) in order to prevent the NEW (esoteric, inner consideration of the Book) which is suitable as need and given a certain time. This NEW is not ANY NOVELTY, but precisely what is undiscovered that still resides in the depths of the Qur'an. Innovations are something else entirely, they represent a CHANGE of the Divine law (in one way or another), the introduction of a human element into the immutability of God's Word.

ORIGINALITY OF OPINION has nothing in common with the introduction of newspapers, that originality is precisely the absorption FROM THE CONSTANTLY RENEWING SOURCE OF GOD'S GRACE, the call of the moment, living in YOUR TIME, finding in each item of the Book what IS NOW and FOR THIS MAN who NOW lives on earth. That is why "own time" is important for every person. Individually, that time is the spiritual code of each person, "the time of their soul". THE TIME OF THE SOUL IS THE COGNITIVE QUANTUM, man's real power, his stepping to the next, higher level of cognition, because each person has "his own time" and in that time each paragraph of the Book becomes serious, writing in the heart the meaning that it carries only for that person.

About God, the Holy Book says that "He is not overcome by slumber, nor sleep", which means that sleep takes over everything else, the whole existence sleeps, all of its creatures, all that is created. And each subsequent stage of existence is an awakening, a step forward. It's just that every awakening is difficult, and just as a physical child is born in blood, so is the birth of a spiritual child full of torment and pain and bloody drama. And that in much more difficult forms, because the birth of a physical child is unconsciousness for the child and a joy for the mother, while the birth of a spiritual child is an obligation and burden for the teacher and awakening for the student, a "difficult, painful thing" full of pain, renunciation and horror of the lower forms of consciousness within man himself.

It is interesting that in this "new age" many who experience spirituality call their emotional relationship with the teacher "spiritual", considering that every feeling of attachment is an initiation, and that the very change of life circumstances is the progress of consciousness, and that the isolation of the physical nature (within the sect) in itself guarantees success. "All people have emotions and never follow your instinct to teach someone" - said a great spiritual teacher. This is because, as a rule, a person is overcome by the desire to show his knowledge and "spread" it, to pass it on to other people, regardless of whether they are interested in it. Spiritual hunger has led to a tragicomic state of consciousness where various missionaries and sects simply "rape" people with literature and offers, various brochures, teachings, and images of self-proclaimed teachers are spread throughout the West proudly from the followers of those same gurus, as if knowledge is a privilege and not God's Grace, and as if following the truth is the choice of the followers, not the pain of the journey and the temptation of the world. Such people forget that exactly SPIRITUALITY NEVER HAD A MISSIONARY SPIRIT, and that's because only a small number of people have always been capable of it, and this applies to all Published religions.

This is precisely the indicator that today's "spreading the truth" and "returning to oneself" is mostly a QUASI-RELIOUS form of consciousness in which a terrible spiritual hunger finds (apparent) satisfaction, because human nature simply took revenge for the neglect of spiritual needs and the reduction of all humanity to the physical (therefore, essentially to the level of the "thinking animal" or worse, the "working animal"). And when a man is blessed with his own nature, it usually happens when things go "from extreme to extreme". Sexuality was suppressed in Europe for a long time, so the Renaissance took revenge by "sweeping away" everything that was good (because it was the era of the dying and disappearance of important Christian orders that inherited incredible knowledge and morality). An even worse revenge of human nature took place with the so-called "sexual revolution" in the last century, when unbridled energies were tamed and suppressed, creating real chaos, so characteristic of the end of any civilization (it is enough to follow such "evolution" in Ancient Rome, so that everything is clear ). True spirituality (this applies to all religions), unlike the false one, which is often the revenge of nature lost in the darkness of the flesh, implies the SCIENCE OF THE STARS (of every man).

STAR OVER BETHLEHEM

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of King Herod, behold, wise men from the East came to Jerusalem asking: "Where is the newborn king of the Jews? Because we saw his rising star, so we came to worship him." When King Herod came, he was disturbed, and all Jerusalem with him, and having gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Anointed One was to be born. They said to him: "In Bethlehem of Judea, because it is written like this according to the prophet: And you, Bethlehem, land of Judah, are by no means the smallest among the principalities of Judah, because from you will come a prince who will shepherd my people, the people of Israel." Then Herod secretly called the wise men and asked them in detail the time when the star appeared. After sending them to Bethlehem, he said: "Go and inquire carefully about the child. And as soon as you find him, inform me so that I can go and worship him."

After listening to the king, they left. And behold, the star, which he saw rising, she moved in front of them until she reached and stopped above the place where the child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with great joy. And having entered the house, they saw the child with his mother Mary, and they fell on their faces and worshiped him. Then they opened their treasuries and brought him gifts: gold, frankincense and myrrh. And having received instructions in a dream not to return to Herod, they went another way to their own country. (Matthew: 2-3)

At the beginning of the story of the birth of Jesus, an important fact immediately appears - the wise men who came to see the child, CAME FROM THE EAST. The "East" here is not geographical but the SACRED GEOGRAPHY of the soul, the spirit of the GREAT created soul, from which individual souls emerge like drops from a river, it is the "East" of the vertical birth of light, returning to oneself. The sacred geography of the soul is at least "modern astrology", although it has a sister connection and a close relationship with mystical astrology. The number of wise men is not mentioned, their nationality, skin color, religion, nothing is revealed, which is exactly the SIGN of the sacred geography, because the "Earth-like East" would imply differences in skin color, race, etc., compared to the people who lived in Judea .

The "star" that the wise men saw is not an astronomical body, it is HIS STAR (Jesus'), as the text says. They saw the RISE of that star, ie. The birth of Jesus by the power of inner, HEART RIPENING, (the procedure irresistibly resembles the search for a new DALAI LAMA among Tibetans on the basis of astrological and other calculations). That their orientation was not of a geographical nature is shown by their words when they came to Jerusalem: "WHERE IS THAT NEWBORN KING OF THE JEWS, because we saw his star where it rises, so we came to worship him." They certainly wouldn't ask people "where he is" (since they've already seen the star where it rises) that their knowledge implied geographical facts, on the contrary, they inquire in Jerusalem, still "far" from Bethlehem. This city is HOLY JERUSALEM, (although it is permissible to believe that the wise men in an external sense really resided in the physical city of Jerusalem), the CITY OF THE SOUL, that city "which falls in 3 days and is raised again" (the light body of the soul ascends 3 days after death in every holy man).

Abraham's sacrifice of his son, Solomon's ring and Muhammad's ascension to heaven, these are THREE ASPECTS OF HEAVENLY JERUSALEM THEN AND NOW (and always as long as the world exists). This is clearly seen from Herod's questioning about the TIME of the appearance of the STAR, where he obviously means GROSS, CHRONOLOGICAL TIME that has no connection with the course of HOLY HISTORY, which belongs to the subtle time of the soul. Herod bases his research on the fear of LOSS OF THIS EARTH. AUTHORITY, which is an absurd fact from the point of view of Jesus' mission, because the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN BELONGS TO JESUS, and not the kingdom of profane, earthly rule over people that he neither wanted nor was destined for him. Therefore, we see that Herod was very upset, and he gathered EXPERTS, EARTHLY, EXTERNAL LEVELS OF EXISTENCE (chief priests and scribes of the people).

Even in tradition there are traces of HOLY geography, because they quote him the words of the Prophet about "the land of Judah", which is not the smallest among the principalities of Judah". Namely, there will appear a PRINCE who will GRACE the people of Israel. That prince will come out of the land of Judah. Here we should remember the BOOK OF GENESIS where it is said: "And for Ishmael I have heard you." Behold, I bless him: I will make him fertile and greatly multiply him: TWELVE PRINCES WILL BE FROM HIM AND A GREAT NATION WILL GROW UP. (section 17) The same is used for both Jesus and the descendants of Ishmael, twelve of them designated - PRINCE. "The land of Judah" from which PRINCE JESUS ​​will emerge, "by no means NOT THE SMALLEST principality”. In the words of the prophet, the obvious DISPROPORTIONALITY of any concepts of geographical geography for the Kingdom of Heaven is given again, because the words, "by no means the smallest" (principality) refer precisely to the size of the HOLY geography, which with its light gathers in itself every external space (be it small or great) and "conforms" him to himself by testing and the action of spiritual light.

The space of earthly nature is used here as absolutely NARROW, irrelevant. The "Twelve Princes" are the twelve HOLY IMAMS, the last of whom is related to Christ by his mother's descent (because she is a descendant of Simon, she was a Byzantine princess). Through Yishmael, they connect to Abraham, GOD'S FRIEND and idol breaker. Judah is the son of Jacob. Judas is also the name of one of Jesus' apostles, usually referred to as the twelfth (here "the land of Judah" corresponds to the twelfth Imam whom the earth "betrayed" through human disobedience and inability to recognize the Imam). A "PRINCE" is the ruler of a small usually rich state (territory) that is INDEPENDENT (in the earthly sense, Monaco and similar states are a good example of that magnificent, almost lovely independence).

That HEAVENLY, PRINCELY INDEPENDENCE and heavenly administration over the spiritual kingdom of power, in the image of the "PRINCE" she equated Jesus and the Holy Imams (of Islam) and this connection, according to historical chronology, continues much later, with the (MYSTICAL) wedding of the eleventh Imam and the Byzantine princess (who was a descendant of the Apostle Simon). It is a CONNECTION of METAHISTORY and not historical, external facts. At the top of the light pulpit (in the dream of the Byzantine princess that happened before she even met her future husband) the MYSTICAL ENGAGEMENT takes place, followed on one side by Christ and the 12 apostles, and Muhammad and the 12 Imams. From that marriage was born the twelfth Imam El-Mahdi, whose announcement from the hidden world will unite all the religions of the world. Thus, His birth, El Mehdi's, just like Jesus' ALREADY THEN, is a kind of combination of CHRISTOLOGY and IMAMATE.

This way, Jesus' light of compassion (of which he is the embodiment) is combined with Muhammad's light, which is mercy to the worlds (God is Merciful, Compassionate, and here these two attributes are combined through these two great prophets.). On the plane of earthly facts, the ruler Herod, after learning about the prophecy, calls the wise men to question them about the time of the star's appearance. Herod is exactly the earthly plan of ruling and governing and he (obviously concerned about his power) also inquires about the facts of CHRONOLOGICAL TIME. The "subtlety" of Herod's questioning best reflects how little he knew about the facts of the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, which is not a threat but God's Mercy and Salvation.

Then, Herod sends the wise men to Bethlehem, which reaches the peak of ignorance of every fact of material history in relation to the heavenly one, because the wise men possess knowledge of a spiritual and spiritual nature that Herod does not even suspect and their "submission" to his suggestion to go to Bethlehem is actually a CONCEALMENT OF THE DEGREE AND STATUS (theirs) that Herod could not even understand, even imagine. Those "sages" were members of a mystical esoteric hierarchy, people of the invisible world as they exist in every age and without whom the world could not sustain itself. They saw in THEMSELVES the STAR OF JESUS, her BIRTH in the light and power of the vision of the heart, she "went before" all of them.

LIGHT PEOPLE, persons of the light worlds who are fully human are darkened by earthly existence they cannot perceive, unless they themselves want to be recognized, these people were strangers to earthly authority. Herod naively asks them to tell him about the birth of a child so that "he too will worship him" (and thus, finding out, killed him for fear of endangering his power), which they do not comment very well, knowing who they are dealing with . On their way, the star kept moving in front of them, showing them the way. This is the well-known phenomenon of LIGHTS GOING AHEAD, and there are lights behind, on the right and on the left. In spiritually developed people, each of these lights gives certain knowledge and peculiarities, as well as a clear responsibility related to each knowledge. The thesis about the physical star of the astronomical sky that the sages follow is only a beautiful external parable of the inner reality, the primordial meaning, the real event within the enlightened soul. Responsibilities of that degree belong in a DIFFERENT HEAVEN. The star stopped above the place where the child was, resulting in GREAT JOY OF THE SAGE. Jesus is the MESSENGER of the good news about the Mission that reaches its fullness with the Prophet Muhammad, as Jesus says in the Qur'an: "... and to bring you the GOOD NEWS about the Prophet who will come after me and whose name will be AHMED" (here indicates the heavenly nature of the prophet Muhammad, the word AHMED is the root of the word MUHAMMED, and means PRAISER, PRAISER).

They first SAW a STAR which resulted in very great joy. One star was constantly moving in front of the WISE MEN, so it is impossible that it is the same star that they saw above the house (because if the star was constantly moving in front of them during the whole journey HOW could they have seen it ONLY when they came to Mary's house). More precisely, the star is one in the sense of a UNIQUE LIGHT in which TWO SIGNS, TWO JOYS within ONE JOYFUL NEWS were recognized. This MATURING OF HEART VISION in the sages thus has two parts. The light of Jesus is the light before them (with all the knowledge and responsibilities that light brings) and that light STOPS ABOVE THE HOUSE OF THE HEART. Then that light is drowned in the MUHAMMEDAN LIGHT, which speaks of the intensity of life (VERY GREAT JOY, where the word "very" intensifies the joy, due to the MELTING OF THOSE LIGHTS). This is how Jesus makes himself known as the JOYFUL NEWS INSIDE, and MUHAMMED in the sense of TOTAL LIGHT. This is precisely why Jesus' announcement of the Prophet Muhammad is JOYFUL NEWS, "joy very great" above the house of the birth of Jesus, because there is no prophet among them.

The "first star" (Jesus') is the LIGHT AHEAD, which is drowned in the "second star" (Muhammad's) thus achieving UNITY OF HEART, total LIGHT OF THE HOUSE (pure) which unity is still WAITING since I have Imam and Jesus coming TOGETHER again, to round out the fullness of light alone. The first one is the star that stops above the PLACE where the child was (the term "house" is not used). That "place" is the PLACE OF THE APOSTOLIC MESSAGE, (of all God's Messengers) - the CLEAN HOUSE (Prophet Muhammad, Fatima and twelve Holy Imams). In that "place" the light of Jesus "stops", i.e. HE RETURNS TO HIS PLACE, the place of the messenger's message (CLEAN HOUSE). Then the wise men SEE the STAR of the GOOD NEWS of the Prophet Muhammed and AFTER that they enter the CLEAN HOUSE. "House" as a physical term for the dwelling of the body is of course only an external indication for the internal MATURATION, they enter the PURE HOUSE. That the physical account of events in the facts of material history is not first-rate is also shown by the fact that after entering the house, the wise men "saw the child with his mother Maria".

Since in the physical world the eye always perceives what is BIGGER first, by that logic Mary should be perceived BEFORE the child (because purely physically her body is bigger) and we see that the child is PERCEIVED FIRST. They SAW THE CHILD by the power of their heart's knowledge. Then they "fell down on their faces and worshiped him". If this were a physical event, they would worship MARY as well, there is no external reason why the Holy Virgin would be exempt from such an act of worship. The text, however, makes it clear that this applies only to the child. This GIFT OF JESUS, which must also be an external way of worshiping, so what happened in the physical world also has its interiority. Namely, they recognize and see Jesus' dimension of the Muhammadan light, so that "worship" is exactly a departure from material facts, because the external veneration also referred to the Virgin Mary.

After that insight into the heart, their treasures are "opened" to the sages of knowledge and they "bring gifts" - GOLD, INCENSE AND MYRHY. The first treasury of knowledge is an elevation above the world of material existence (the symbol of which is gold as the "most precious" materiality). The second treasure is the entry into the world of the soul (the symbol of which is the incense that symbolizes the "odors of the soul" in their journey to the higher world). The third treasury is reaching the spirit world (the symbol of which is the myrrh whose smell is pure spirituality, essential cognition). So it is with the wise men that brings down the NIGHT OF ESOTERIA IN ITS FULLNESS, the "night" in which they of the child their souls (child - Jesus warns them in a dream not to return to Herod) receive the enlightening knowledge of RETURN TO SELF, JESUS ​​BEING. Thus awakened by the MORNING OF WHOLE KNOWLEDGE they return by ANOTHER PATH (the path of spiritual light which is now in WHOLE "Eastern") to THE LAND OF ITS INVISIBILITY, to the homeland of the invisible esoteric ones’ hierarchy (which exist in every time). People of all times have always thought about a just human community, about a "world order" that would solve problems and misfortunes on earth. The paradox of such a quest is precisely that the WORLD ORDER depends entirely on UNKNOWN PEOPLE WHOSE POWER IS OF A SPIRITUAL NATURE (and not economic, military or political). What truly rules the planet Earth (and the created world in general) is neither the power of arms, nor the power of the economy, nor the goodwill of the majority of humanity for some kind of security and development.

The power of the SPIRIT has power in creation, the LIGHT PEOPLE of the invisible interworld, persons who are POWERFUL TO FOLLOW THE STARS OF THEIR ASTRONOMICAL HEAVEN, those who GENERATE THE LIGHT OF JESUS ​​IN THEMSELVES. Without them, the world would collapse into non-existence and not even a moment could be maintained without the DIVINE MAN (and the light hierarchies belonging to Him) through whom Divine love enters into existence. The world order has nothing to do with worldly rule and people who have such power and try to impose their goals and desires on others (and there have always been and always will be) often not scorning anything and thus (in the reverse sense) constantly proving and showing that a Higher Power is involved in the happenings of the world. And that she rules. Esoteric hierarchies are NOT any "secret societies" (like Freemasons, etc.) and their power rests exclusively on the strength and qualities of the spirit, and their reliance on God excludes any material means or coercion. Their individual tasks and jobs are completely unknown.

The rare people of the earthly world, who reach the border and meet one of them, keep silent and keep the secret without telling anyone about it, nor could anyone who WASN'T THERE already understand the conditions and laws of the INTERWORLD. Also, he who is not invited has no way to cross the border and know the secrets of the worlds of light, everything about it is the assessment of Half the World and its spiritual power that encompasses all people and all existence, there is no place for the uninvited and no way at all to reach them. came All the search is a matter of the heart, the decision itself without purification does not mean much, but even purification itself (no matter how much) cannot be taken as any guarantee for contact with esoteric hierarchies, because it is impossible to influence the mysterious interference of Pol whose standards and assessments they remain forever unknown to the common man. Thus the world is sustained and exists by INVISIBLE PEOPLE whose power is not of this world, they are "eyes with which God still looks at this earth", and because man (through time) moved more and more away from God and from himself, thus the heavenly people became less and less visible. In this IRON AGE, they could not even be partially understood, they could not even be recognized.

16.04.1995.

I drank coffee with my neighbors in their yard. One older relative had gray hair, disheveled hair and fallen mustaches that stuck out in bristling and strangely contrasted with a completely calm face. He sat with his head down. The eyebrows are thick and drawn together, and the gaze is attentive and inquisitive, but not at all unpleasant. Bajro, the "inevitable" character of the narrow alley, eternally busy with mechanical work on the antiques he collected from who knows where, bald and stocky, was good-natured and accommodating, "a man of his work", as we would say in our language. When he doubted something, he used the expression - "I sum up" (instead of - I doubt), and I warned him in vain that these two terms are different, to which he would just shake his head a couple of times, like a lion when he chases away annoying flies, and proudly sink into his peaceful peace. He was a man who was almost impossible to upset or anger, and I would often drink coffee "under a walnut tree" in his yard, talking about distant events from the turbulent trucking life.

With us at the table was Esma with two small children, a God-fearing and benevolent neighbor, tied with a red scarf. We drank coffee in silence, two mugs were broken and gave the impression of lost, toothless old men. In the meantime, I noticed Fahreta approaching from a distance. She walked with a light step, dressed in what looked like shorts, where one leg was noticeably longer and fluttered like a blue flag. A navy shirt with stripes and a blue cap, very seriously and evenly placed on the head, as is often done by people who are ridiculed by others because they want to make a strong impression and "attack" with conceited and non-existent authority according to the logic that attack is the best defense. It emerged like a piece of blue cloud in the April sun, uncertain, but already strong enough to entice and delight.

At the window of a house, I noticed a soldier in a camouflage uniform. He was a saboteur, a good fighter. He stared thoughtfully into the distance for a few moments, then lit a cigarette and leaned his elbow on the window ledge. Only slightly pale, he slowly wandered with his gaze drawing the smoke deep into his lungs, Bajro nodded to him. Fahreta was obviously about to enter our yard, but when she saw the soldier at the window she picked up her pace and spoke to him in bad English.

- Hirou, aoa Hirou, well done! Well done! - she clenched her fist and showed it to the soldier who smiled slightly. Then he turned around and spread his arms towards us, twiddling his fingers. It looked like two windmills and who knows if she was thinking of Don Quixote.

- Is anyone here normal? - asked my cousin loudly and darkly, and his mustache flickered to him. The question echoed like a bomb that fell very close to the target and it's terrifying. Scary.

- Heh, heh, yes there are, it’s just that a lot of people "freak out" - interrupted Bajro.

- Get lost! Hunger, shells...

- Admittedly, even before the war, she was a little "off". – the “psychologist” who is sure of his diagnoses continued as always and then, per usual, he shakes his head. His joking tone didn't strike a chord with anyone, so he changed his approach and became serious himself.

- I am summarizing that it would be like this if it were not for the war. – he continued as if he was talking to

himself, blaming the war widely and at length for all the troubles and all the evil as if the war had created them, not just awakened them. The power of evil is often hidden and only waits for an external opportunity that allows the release of ghosts and monsters, they are within us and nothing external brought them, only circumstances have arisen when they can be exposed and take off.

- Don't doubt it - I told him tiredly.

- The war certainly made things worse, but its burdens are weaker than before.

We all know that a trigger being pulled to activate a charge is nothing by itself. And the explosive mass already exists and may be waiting for a long time, and it is only necessary to touch the trigger.

- Well, I don't know why they don't make you a professor when you're so learned!?- Bajro said seriously. He put his hand on his chin and looked at me with considerable respect.

- He won't. - an even more serious calm face with a fallen mustache was inserted and his intrusion seemed to blame and defend me at the same time. He lightly shook his head as if it mattered to the whole world that my smallness was not used and respected.

- Gentlemen! - I said hard, putting my right hand on my chest, - I have nothing to tell the children, if I could, I would teach myself first of all. The one who teaches must start from himself, and the status of a professor means nothing, it’s just an extra headache.

- There. See!? - accepted the cousin loudly, pointing his finger at me and turning to Bajro as if he couldn't wait for confirmation and proof of his assessment.

- 'He was like a little child, wherever he went, "he was crying. He's like that, that's his nature.” - he continued, smiling proudly and conspiratorially, and Bajro burst in with his doubts, waving his big fists as if dispelling wrong beliefs.

- He could teach, I think he just wouldn't - he laughed good-naturedly while drinking a cup of coffee for everyone. Everyone laughed, even uproariously, and Esma timidly added: Would! God, I could.

Obviously, the teaching profession was a matter of neighborhood pride and honor. But I decided to put an end to recognitions and praises and thanked them and left. No one stopped me, because they knew I wouldn't obey, when I get up I go and there's no turning back. Only Fahreta, who was still hesitantly standing on the path, bowed slightly. I entered the room quickly and noiselessly, the two of us exchanged significant glances, we understood each other well.

- Where do you turn him, so that I can hear some clever words spoken! - she tears herself out of everyone’s voice, and Bajro slaps his palms on the table, laughing as if guaranteeing the continuity of neighborhood consultations. My cousin smiled softly. I'm lying in the room. The weather is already spring-y and I see a lot of birds on the branches. Leafy treetops side by side, a green carpet in view, its patterns intertwine with the brown joy of the earth and the rich lumps that are offered, dissolve, turn into another world. Different. More beautiful. I remembered the wise saying, “The evil effect of the gaze is true; the record is true; spells are true and a good omen is true and a bad omen is not true; contagion is not true.

Smell is a form of healing; honey is a type of healing; horseback riding is a form of healing; and looking at greenery is a kind of healing.”

This was relayed by Ali. The beginning tells about the evil effect of the gaze. Gaze is the deepest form of communication between people, the most difficult and the easiest at the same time, the most subtle, the most mysterious. Evil from the soul that we send to another person inevitably has an effect, because emotion, will and intention are sent. Look is power. There are people who can look at others, heal them, help them. Those who send out evil with their gaze are of course more common and more numerous. The effect they achieve is TRUE. Then it is added that "the record is true". Writing down the text of the Holy Book for the purpose of healing has been known since ancient times. In the last century, "modern" medicine considered such treatment to be mostly quackery and superstition, and the positive changes recorded in patients were attributed to the so-called placebo effect.

However, it is now known (and spiritual doctors have known this for centuries) that there is water-esque memory, a kind of form of "memory", and that accordingly the text submerged in water has a permanent effect. Acts, which are closely related to it, are also defined as truth. This is speaking about the interference of unearthly forces and invisible beings in the service of evil. It should be noted that these "evil beings" are much less powerful than before, because no normal person would walk down the street if they committed such evils and to such an extent as some fear. Related to these things, superstition (which is completely opposed to faith) gives vent to all the anxieties of modern man, his fears and hopes.

The forces and the fight against them are real, and only to the extent that one possesses EXPERIENTIAL knowledge, everything else is so often a bad rationalization of the general dissatisfaction and failure of today's man, whose failures lie precisely in completely unrealistic and imaginary attempts to "rule nature" and "enrich needs". Such a form of collective insanity is possible only in the DARK AGE, an epoch that even lives some form of spirituality would never dare to such childish and catastrophic, unachievable concepts which in themselves are a reflection of the absolute degradation of man and life itself. Since every exploitative attempt is directed at other people and nature is ultimately doomed and since extreme selfishness always "hits the head" of the possessor of such a trait (and today, unfortunately, most are like that), then one must resort to an explanation that MUST BE UNPROVABLE in order to the constant tension caused by failures could be placed within acceptable limits.

Modern man does not understand that his problems stem from the very way of life, which is wrong, and interpersonal relationships resulting from such a lifestyle (which is the fruit of delusions) ultimately come down to the sentence that was uttered just before the very culmination of decadent theories about man - MAN IS A WOLF TO A MAN. That "wolf" is now being projected onto the level of demonology, but that is long gone and lost its spiritual values, kept as a crippled tool of the spirit. Even such a projection is maintained only at the level of the imaginary, without changing anything real in people's lives. The proof of this is the wide and very widespread belief in the occult, where the spiritual hunger is so strong, and stumbling due to the wrong way of life is so frequent and painful, that people in search of a solution to their problems (some of which are actually the result of spells) believe literally every person who "sees" something. The training and quality of the healer himself are not taken into account at all if he "guess", i.e. if he says something beyond the scope of rational reasoning.

The fact that "guessing" in itself is so fascinating and enchanting confirms the complete loss of spiritual senses of today's man, who is incapable of developing his own spirituality, so being captivated by other people's "knowledge" of that kind is only a substitute for admitting one's own weakness, loss of spiritual value. Ali's tradition says wonderfully about this, below: "...and a good omen is true, and a bad omen is not true." And contagion is not true". Because of the possibility of recognizing signs in oneself and around oneself (everything created is a sign) a spiritually mature and enlightened man will FIRST RECOGNIZE A GOOD SIGN AS TRUTH. A bad omen is NOT true, but just such signs, bad ones, are generally taken as true omens today. This is because the very conception of the materialistic way of life is predestined to failure and as such is full of "bad signs" which for a spiritual and spiritual man have no significance or carry any truth, because these signs are an INCIDENTAL burden of life itself which has a deeper meaning. But when "everything is here" and when you want to "use everything" to the maximum, man logically becomes a WOLF (even more often a "pig" and "dog", in his inner self, of course).

Since a wolf cannot survive in any other way, he must also show himself to be a wolf to others. Such a realization of reality would be unbearable for the man of this dark age because he cannot understand (much less accept) that the technological progress of the "modern" age has nothing to do with instinctive spiritual and moral progress, in fact it is usually the opposite, every technical progress is accompanied by spiritual regression. Due to the unbearable pressure that "one thing does not go with the other" (and with a complete loss of spirituality), which results in numerous and daily troubles, this is exactly why today "a bad omen is considered true" (so, the complete opposite of what was stated in Ali's tradition) .

As a result we have a flood of astrologers and palmists, healers and bioenergetics who (mostly) offer the ultimate CONSOLATION for a terrible spiritual collapse, because people do not realize that their problems do not originate from the position of the stars, nor from the ill will of others, but from themselves, from the wrong way of life. However, for the majority of people today, such an acknowledgment would be catastrophic, it would "pull the rug out from under their feet", render meaningless even the little sense that remained in their souls, and throw them into despair. That is why it is much safer to blame "magic" for every failure, because the unprovability of such a cause is guaranteed, and besides, modern man is so fascinated by technological progress that he no longer even knows how to think about the shortcomings of a spiritual nature. But as spiritual needs still remain within man and work, and the very concept of material life must remain viable, (because there is no courage and will to change anything), then QUASI-SPIRITUALITY is born, where on the one hand completely materialistic person should reach into spiritual truths without any preparation and training, and this is then only "possible" through spells and the evil effects of people on the other side, since the foundation of life still remains completely material, and spiritual hunger, like any other, gives signals and it works whether you accept it or not.

In certain circumstances, this gives rise to real "contagion" (like today), and we have seen what tradition continues: "AND CONTAGION IS NOT TRUE". This contagious DIVIDENCE OF MAN is ravaging the planet earth today. The untruth of such spiritual contagions lies precisely in the fact of the "easy spread of faith" without any preparation and initiation into the spiritual order, because a spiritually hungry man accepts any teaching because of the unbearable tension that is the result of a terrible duality (just as when physically starved, a man eats whatever comes to hand, dirty bread, spoiled and outdated food, etc.). The way out of such pernicious forms of spiritual infections lies in the treatment of them. Ali's tradition continues: "Fragrance is a kind of healing, honey is a kind of healing, riding a horse is a kind of healing, looking at greenery is a kind of healing." As the first remedy, SMELL was given. The smell is invisible in the physical world, but it has a strong effect, it can even kill. One tradition says: "SOULS RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER BY SMELL". This smell is certainly not of a physical but a spiritual nature, whose action is in recognition and not in feeling, although the smells of pure souls can also be felt physically.

The type of treatment is in the recognizability of the scent of the soul when they are known laws and conditions of attraction and repulsion. And when the rules are respected, then there is also a method of upbringing, and then "contagion" and mass infections with quasi-spirituality are impossible. This is how one gets to CHOOSE (another) SOUL, which is the first stage of healing from modern infections of pseudo-spirituality. This selection is an essential reminder, because souls who knew each other before birth know each other now, but this reminder should be spiritually guided and directed, because the spiritual teacher is the "father of the soul".

This is followed by MED as a “type of treatment”. From material things, only honey is mentioned in the Qur'an as a medicine: "From her bowels comes forth drink of different colors which is a medicine for people" (referring to the bee). In the Holy Book they mention heavenly rivers of honey (also of water, wine and milk). In question, therefore, are different forms of cognition to which different types of drinks "symbolically" (spiritually) correspond. And in the paragraph about medicine, honey is called a "drink", and its medicinal properties are linked to the diversity of its colors. In the physical sense, this difference is related to the differences in the plants that the bee takes, and hence the differences in the color of the honey. Spiritually, these are the differences arising from the (spiritual) choice of food. After the first stage (choosing another soul for spiritual improvement), we come to the second stage, TEMPTATION. Then, Ali's tradition talks about RIDING as a type of treatment (which is specific for each initiate in a certain way), and comes to ASCENSION, which is symbolically indicated as "riding". Because it is said in tradition: "Your soul is your rider, be gentle with it."

Here, the soul is clearly defined as a means of ascension, a tool for the spiritual road. However, it has to go through stages in its "processing" and that is why "tenderness" is emphasized in handling during the journey, because the horse is a spirit, the force of the vital spirit that must be subdued during the journey. But without any rudeness, because rudeness towards the animal from the outside paralyzes the journey, if the horse is overloaded with a load, its gait slows down, therefore a considerate attitude, full of caution, is advised. Such spiritual ascent (as salvation from fatal infections, pseudo-spirituality) has several stages, selection, testing and elevation, each of which has its own stages and countless specifics for each person. At the end of all is numbness, what Imam Ali calls in his speech "looking at the GREEN" (as a kind of treatment).

It is the final enlightenment of the heart's vision, which now sees HARMONY and ABSENCE of evil from existence (which is ontological sense of green color) in everything. Smells, honey, horseback riding, looking at greenery, are symbolic representations of the real healing of the soul by its enlightenment, returning to its Source. What are considered "mental illnesses" today are illnesses of the mind or the consequences of magical and similar actions. And the diseases of the soul are primarily those of a moral nature, greed, arrogance, envy, stinginess and others. On a deeper level, all diseases spring from the spirit and a mutilated form of this consciousness exists today in some "primitive" tribes as a belief that every disease is a consequence of sin. The depth of that thought is absolutely foreign and misleading to the "modern" man, and has yet to be explored. Today's medicine is the "stone age" of humanity in terms of discoveries of the kind that have yet to happen.

Muhammad once told a sick woman to be CHEERFUL, because "God cleanses a believing woman from SIN as fire cleanses silver from rust”. This is a wonderful example of the purifying function of the disease, of its liberating power, the solution to human evil on a physical level, which (evil) is thus "weakened" and dissipated, decomposed. That's why God's Prophet recommends the mentioned woman to "be cheerful" because evil that is broken down in this way on the material plane becomes a cleansing and separation of evil from the deeper layers of being. The fire of tribulation separates the purity of silver in the undefiled spirit from the whole, destroying the rust, the deposited layers of evil at the source of undefiled.

Due to the lack of such a concept of illness as "PURIFICATION of being" joy, which is mentioned in Muhammad's address, becomes completely impossible and absurd today since the materialistic man (who wants heaven on earth and eternal life) perceives illness (and any other suffering) as a CONSPIRACY OF FATE against him, wanting to drive suffering and evil out of existence at all costs. Of course, such a thing is impossible and the revenge of human nature today for a person it is manifold, starting from not accepting and rejecting suffering in any form, through ignoring that same suffering in others, all the way to complete coldness and indifference towards suffering in general. Today's man cannot understand that it is impossible to be happy if others are unhappy and that no arrangement of the outside world is possible if disorder reigns within man, and such misunderstanding stems from the lack of original forms of spirituality, since you cannot build a roof if you do not have the foundation of a building nor can one seek in the external world what is lacking in souls. All materiality in the totality of its relations is precisely the "roof" and not the foundation of existence, completely contrary to Marx's claim that materiality is the foundation of existence, and everything spiritual is a "superstructure".

The perniciousness of such a thesis can be seen at every step of "advanced" civilization where abundance and licentiousness of all kinds destroyed the foundation of life and brought to the maximum the supremacy of the "man-animal" within the human being as never before in the history of the human race. Although there have been periods of moral decadence and spiritual numbness before, the devastation within souls has never reached such proportions, and the spiritual fragility and immaturity of people has never so powerfully destroyed the material world, nature which is understood in a reduced way as a "place of use", and "mastery" of that by the same nature as an unquestionable and by no means limited goal. As a result of such understandings, the biggest and most tragic conflicts between people broke out, and due to moral depravity and spiritual emptiness and inconsistency, some of these conflicts even took on a "religious" mantle, so we talk about "religious wars".

Conflict on the religious level is unthinkable, since the Truth is revealed in various ways, and in various forms the manifestation of the One takes place continuously, and any conflict on that basis would be meaningless, because it would imply "limiting" God's Will itself as well as "forcing the Truth", and as such would negate the very basis of faith (which refers to to all world religions). It was the materialistic conception of man that led to "religious" wars, wars that had a completely different basis, but the loss of the spiritual virility of humanity led to the fact that the movements of those species can be clothed in various forms of pseudo-spirituality, which by its very nature is suitable for any manipulation, because man has lost the power to recognize both external and internal signs. To any even remotely spiritual person, the very term "religious war" would be tragically funny, since such conflict due to differences in human beliefs would negate the very foundations of the monotheistic faith, it would be a denial of God who gave man free will and the power of choice. Wherever authentic religious traditions have coexisted, there has never been a conflict between people on religious grounds. The foundation of existence is in the Spirit, and all materiality is of a metaphoric character, a river of life flow in which creatures experience the suffering of separation from God. Curtain. Partition. And before Him, all people are the same, the only difference is in the degree of godliness, higher elevation, striving for good.

21.04.1995.

The warmth becomes greater and clearer, the spring sun and greenery scattered on the surrounding hills. Some see the end of the war in a cheerful mood, and I would like it to be so too. Gracia was preparing to leave for Germany. She mentioned it only twice, almost timidly and carefully questioning, I said nothing. Neighbors and relatives advised me to "keep" and "leave" her, never to miss the opportunity and take her to Stolac, if we ever come back, advice that I did not ask for and was not interested in was pouring in. The counselors also knew absolutely nothing of what they were talking about, nor did they deeply care, the mere curiosity of rural idleness in wartime and the petty curiosity of heads in tame groves, they know everything because they don't think about anything and no one would convince them of it. That's why they talk because ignorance is the key to the language.

- Strong girl! - the neighbor Bajro would say, looking at Gracija quietly as she leaves on a country road. He would often raise his index finger, speaking to me almost in a whisper, as if announcing a top secret.

- 'You won't find another one like that, don't wait until you reach my age.

- As soon as possible, we should sing. - he would pat me on the shoulder almost pitifully, - It's a shame that such a guy remains unmarried. I told him once that I wouldn't get married with a gig, which he called "smart".

- Heh, heh, no one is satisfied, no one is satisfied, but what are you going to do? - he would lean with both hands on the red, wire fence, looking at me kindly and often spreading his arms as if he wanted to catch the bride, so that she wouldn't run away from me, because the years go by.

- My Bajro, everyone made a choice, but no one got everything they expected nor can everything be obtained, and those who live together always correspond to each other in some way. And that is full agreement and complementation, even if it is insignificant, even if it is a trifle. - I told him while we were drinking coffee "under the nut".

- Oh, exactly... - he clapped his palm against his palm, - where will I measure myself against you, learned man. I'm just telling you... it's hard to stay alone in old age.

- What learning of a neighbor!? - I managed somehow, and Bajro stared seriously at me, probably surprised that I don't automatically accept the praise, I should at least enjoy it. He sat up on his chair as if he was just about to open the topic of education and the advantages of all knowledge, but suddenly his sons came, tired and in camouflage uniforms, so that he forgot for a moment what he wanted.

- There's no end to it. - one of them spoke loudly, thinking of the war. He was dusty, with a glowing look, but a wide smile never left his lips, a young man of about twenty years.

- Don't summarize at all. - said Bajro cheerfully, and I got up and went to Razija. The path was shaded by thick cherry trees, the field work is in full swing and you can see a lot of people in the meadows. It turned green and immediately it's different, April, that "cruelest month of the year", as Stendhal called it.

Several people were sitting on the terrace in front of Razija's house, I joined them. One elderly neighbor, Razija's husband Ibro and their daughter Sanita were all there. Nermin appeared from somewhere, in black shorts and a worn white T-shirt. They waved at me, signaling me to stay. The neighbor was gray-haired, with a large barrette in her hair, healthy teeth and a dark, piercing gaze, in a black and white dress that swayed in the breeze and looked like a sack.

- Rumor has it that after this war, they will taste it with a golden spoon. – the word came to me suddenly and quickly before I even sat down. There was a strange glow in her eyes, almost a trace of unusual pride or rapture. She was expecting something, maybe comfort or appeasement, I didn't know.

- I don't know. - I looked at her indifferently, trying to be kind.

- In every crisis, there is a need to imagine a better future, and dreams are the only thing that hasn't been taken away from us, we are left without everything else.

- Deeper philosophy - shouted someone from a dark corner of the room while Sanita

I was grinding coffee in a yellowish, oval grinder that so irresistibly reminded me of my childhood, and the semi-darkness of the old window in Stolac, in Uzinovići, when the wick in the oil lamp would burn slowly, and the stars would silently swarm in the sky. I was staring at the sky, they told me later, so much that I would forget to eat.

- Leisure! - continued a shrill voice from the room, obviously thinking of me, - No you don't even need to grind it for him, vagabond and vagabond of the village, he has more use for the henhouse than for him! - everyone burst out laughing, only Razija turned her head slightly offended, looking sharply at the window curtain behind which the reproach was coming, she seemed to be defending me. I laughed myself, not at all angry, and Sanita barely perceptibly shook her head while continuing to grind her coffee.

- I remember the story about the golden spoons from the last war – said Ibro seriously.

- And then it was said, well... nothing would come of it" - he calmly looked around, encompassing all of us, as if we had to learn from the mistakes of our ancestors and come to our senses.

- Heh, heh, we have this aluminum one, so eat it if you have any! - Nermin broke in suddenly. He was standing on the veranda holding his right hand on the pillar, the topic could have dangerously "rocked" us all, because food is a hot topic,

-An empty plate is the worst. - hecontinued loudly – ​​His stomach is turning over, and his eyes are looking at the heavens.

- So lick it until it’s empty - squeaky hissing was heard again from behind the curtain.

Laughter roars with all its might, and Nermin kicks the post, perhaps even imagining a soccer ball in the rounded ledge near the door. He screamed and pointed his finger in the direction of the hill as if there laid the saving answer.

The fildjans were, surprisingly, completely whole and healthy, thoroughly clean. A wide tray with orange flowers, wet and sprinkled with traces of sugar, two spoons for all the guests, more than enough.

- My people! - said the neighbor, breaking the sugar cubes in two,

-This much evil cannot come from man alone, Satan is involved. Without him, people wouldn't shoot at each other... There was a rush! - he continued self-consciously and hard, a little paying attention, as if Satan's temptation is with us, right behind us, and we should prepare well for a big battle

- Ha, so when they shoot from the hill, hit them back with a satanic grenade. - a voice broke in behind the curtain, there was the clatter of plates and a sharp stream of water that seemed to bring balance between human evil and satanic guidance. No one laughed and there was a strange silence, everyone sank into their thoughts, some even hung their heads, delving into the sudden topic of balancing good and evil.

The human representation of Satan is interesting, today's representation presents satanic forces as the darkest, horrible creatures, bloodthirsty and full of evil. Nothing could be further from the truth than that show. Satanic forces are primarily the forces of INDUCTION TO EVIL, those forces whose basic characteristic is cunning, Cunning in approaching man, in approach. However, today's man who has lost the power to recognize the STRENGTHS IN HIMSELF and insight into their diversity and role, such a man, logically, projects all the demons in him exclusively outside himself to the outside world, and the enemy who is invisible is welcome there as a substitute for "invisibility ” evil in souls. This invisibility stems in large part from the overlooking of real evil, which is replaced by AMAZING at that evil, because the world has experienced enormous "progress", so WHERE DOES IT COME FROM NOW? That's why Satan became the embodiment of ALL EVIL, not just a seducer who can't do anything by himself if he doesn't find fertile ground in people's souls. Most of the people of today's age cannot at all reconcile technological progress with the moral regression of mankind, and that is why Satan himself is CORRUPTED by the human depravity that ascribes to him mysterious and enormous powers.

The hostility of satanic forces, which has always been understood in all great religions as the nature of incitement to evil, has today become the sublimated evil of all evil in man himself and thus led to a series of absurdities, and the formation of a kind of PSEUDODEMONOLOGY, almost a new branch of quasi-spirituality, where "everything and everything" places on that plan of the most wonderful fictions and imaginings that have the purpose of preventing today's man from confronting the evil within himself. Exorcism, which was a real and deep science, turned into an obscure charlatanism where anyone who "hears voices" takes the right to "cast out Satan", to "talk" with invisible forces, and everything falls on the fertile ground of spiritual hunger in which the present-day darkens man, completely incapable of discerning the forms of spirituality, because the ability to discern "signs in the soul" is completely lost. I looked, gray clouds were gathering in the distance, and the company was slowly dispersing.

Two cats stopped by the road and stopped to look at the empty cups, some coffee was spilled on the gray cement, a half-full glass of water was lost in the golden glare of the sun, the eve was warm, predictable. Sad.

29.04.1995.

Regarding the "monkey mind" there is a wonderful tradition related to the life of the Prophet of Islam. Namely, in one class, while Muhammad was on the lectern, he became numb for a moment. In this vision, he saw some people jumping on his pulpit like monkeys and making people go back. Then the Prophet sat down, and sadness was visible on his face.

Then angel Jibril (the angel Gabriel) came to him with a verse from the Qur'an: "We gave the vision to show you the cursed tree (that is, Umejje), so that it would only be a trial for the people and we scared them, but it only strengthened them in great insolence."

The Umejja family later really came to power (of the outside world), and she behaved in accordance with the "monkey mind", failing to free herself from the destructive power of earthly desires and ambitions. It was enough for them to drop the matter from their hands, leave it to more worthy ones, but historical facts are of secondary importance here. With Darwin, the "physical ascent" of man, his "elevation" (as a pitiful substitute for the complete absence of the spiritual path, which is the light vertical) merges with "success", that magic word becomes a substitute for self-realization in the spirit and thus the ground is prepared for the final destruction of the spiritual man, realized in the "modern" age.

Darwin's "monkey mind" received an acceptable rationalization and opened the door to an even more disastrous endeavor: the "conquest" of nature as the logical culmination of the Dark Ages. "Monkeys jumping on the lectern" in Muhammad's view are not a random parable, the "monkey mind" has always been the basis of the impossibility of self-discipline, the impossibility of organizing the messy world of desires and impulses. What was logically built on the foundations of the Darwinian "monkey mind" was Freud's theory of sexuality, the Oedipus complex, castration fear, childhood traumas and the driving force of libido. There is no doubt that Freud was right in giving importance to the traumatic effects on the sensitive nature of the child whose childhood sexuality is also unquestionable, although it is far less powerful and powerful than he assumed.

At the level of the imaginary, Freud made an important distinction between the divine world and the satanic world, but he stopped there, never reaching deeper into the secret of man, into his SOUL. Precisely because of the lack of a complete vision, the theory about the driving force of instinct had to necessarily end in the idea of ​​civilization as a defense against repression and the destructive power of libido, a different view is impossible if man is understood as an "adapted animal".

Then all the humanity of the soul is declared "defenses" (or, as in Marx's case, "superstructure"). But the real nature of growing up becomes clearer if we look today at the mutilated remains of initiation rites into adulthood among "primitive" tribes. It is immediately possible to see a complete ritual of a real nature that introduces the new convert to a new state, to a state of maturity and separation from the family in the WAY OF REAL INITIATION. The procedures of such an introduction to the world of adults are often extremely difficult and dangerous, even with the possibility of loss of life, and the novice takes a REAL test of maturity. It's not counseling within the community or reading books on upbringing, it's not lessons to "get well" for the future so characteristic of today's families, it's a real event in the soul, extremely dangerous and difficult just as dangerous as the world itself (of an adult). A danger that today's people cannot even know, because they perceive the world as a place of "fulfillment of wishes", and such a vision implies "eternal" childhood, since only a child can fill his entire world exclusively with play. And the nature of every earthly desire is "fun and play", since in the aforementioned sense nothing is gained if satisfaction has an exclusively material sense. That initiation rite of introduction fully represents mastery of real dangers that often include living alone without food and water, overcoming deadly obstacles or hunting a dangerous, wild animal. These procedures, completely misunderstood by the "advanced", modern man, aim to move into a new era of life in a completely realistic, experiential way where the experiencer fully understands from the inside that the world is NOT fun and games, the tragedy of life falls on the convert with all its force, he he sees the world as it IS.

No advice and good wishes can be a substitute for a real event of the soul, which is inevitable as a step on the spirit's path to perfection and its true nature. With the full development of the "monkey mind" that reduced man to a "working animal", any rite of initiation and introduction into the world of adults becomes redundant, so the REAL growing-up DRAMA is replaced by Freud's "sexual traumas", and real trauma is projected exclusively onto the plane of the imaginary, and the world of childhood, which should be really broken down, is "stopped", so the introduction to a new state is replaced by the analysis of childhood, which then, by the nature of things, becomes "sick" (because nothing healthy can be in a "big child"). The tradition of circumcision (kept by Jews and Muslims, and prescribed to all communities) undoubtedly has a sacred and therapeutic significance of true initiation. The TABOO that marks sexuality in all human communities is not the result of any "primitive fear", but an enlightening and pedagogical reality that says that prohibitions are not part of "this world", the terrible power of taboos comes from the unearthly, from the world of spirit, morality. That's why power, knowledge is taboo.

The man of the new age does not establish any distance towards himself until the end of his life, and thus "remains a child", which is completely different from "becoming a child" (BECOMING LIKE CHILDREN - says JESUS). Becoming a child is the power, the strength of the spiritual that acquires a child's submissiveness. Peace. The loss of the spiritual had to find an outlet, the whole being was irreversibly broken and the two halves (body and spirit) had to be "glued" to each other, and the consciousness-subconscious relationship was born, where now the body (which is the entire existence) is equated with consciousness. , and the unrecognized spirit had to be banished to "cellars and dungeons" and was equated with the subconscious. The unrecognized and devalued soul that thus becomes animal, and therefore unrestrained, can only be stopped by moral "fabrications", because otherwise "man - animal" would destroy existence itself, so civilization is the result of existing tension. Thus faith in God (and everything artistic, cultural, etc.) becomes a "defense", and every mystical experience a pathology. That is why in this time the hygienic and health aspects of circumcision were put first and constantly are studied, because the initiation role of that rite (introduction into the world of adults) has been completely neglected and forgotten.

The initiation of boys into the world of adults resolves the relationship between mind and body at the primary level with REAL emotions of THREAT and UNCOMFORT, the same ones they will inevitably encounter in the world of adults. It could be argued that by circumcising a child, the "castration fear" is resolved, speaking in Freud's language, but the rite is much deeper and "further" and reaches the Adamic drama of "bodily excess". The spiritual impotence of the community for initiation rites of a real character. With Freud, it is replaced by "sexual relationships" within the family (community) since the human being inevitably "remains a child", and only at that level can he seek an explanation and experience the drama of life. Libido thus becomes "all-powerful", and every disorder of the soul becomes the satisfaction of an unacknowledged desire (because there are no needs beyond the satisfaction of instincts). The whole concept of spirit in Western culture is caricaturally childish, starting from upbringing, through education to the very practice of living, at the center of everything is the "child who plays" and a huge number of "modern" achievements have as their meaning sweet self-forgetfulness, man wants to escape from himself himself, but as that impossible "child" who plays is constantly open to new projections of the polluted mind.

Freud reduced the lack of authority in modern man to the rebellion of a traumatized child, who, remaining tied to his mother, rises up against his father (rival) understanding him as a tyrant, because emptiness as one extreme gave birth to another: tyranny and rivalry. Medicine man, tribal chief, shaman, circumcision imam, priest who sprinkles holy water..., each of them can have a certain initiation power and role. But when the real power of the leader was lost, and knowledge became a rare commodity, the place filled by authority remained vacant. Due to the dual nature of being, this emptiness could not be experienced in any other way than as a rebellion against authority (the father), so the drama of initiation was replaced by "trauma" and the senseless initiation role of the spiritual teacher was shrouded in conflict with the physical father. That "childish rebellion" from Freud's time is in the era of "flower children" and sexual "revolution", it grew into a struggle against any external authority, against leadership in general, which was a sign that real authority does not exist. Because when it exists, rebellions against it are never massive precisely because the authority itself rests on the insight and inner freedom of the followers and has nothing to do with imposition and coercion, and what is not imposed cannot even be the subject of rebellion.

Uprisings of this kind, rebellions against "all authorities" are precisely a sign of the absence of the spirit of reality and any meaning of life, because if the rebel rebels against "everything" and if he sees everything in the surrounding world as "imposed", it is the surest sign of the destruction and desolation of the future soul. that every rebellion "with meaning" is necessarily articulated in space and time. The lack of a FATHER OF THE SOUL who is the soul's guide to its secret, the lack of an educator and teacher, guide and helper, this is exactly the meaning of Freud's uneasiness directed at the biological father who is now inevitably perceived as a rival and enemy due to the loss of the vertical light scale, a loss that had to be projected onto the physical plane as a struggle for supremacy.

"Horizontal" progress (Darwin) inevitably gives rise to the will to power as its consequence. In the Gospel of Barnabas, Jesus says: “A dog is better than uncircumcised man". At his words, the disciples asked for what reason a man must be circumcised. Jesus said: "Let it be enough for you that God commanded Abraham, saying to him: "Abraham, circumcise your marriage garment and all your house, for this is a covenant between Me and you for all time." Having said this Jesus sat down near the MOUNTAIN THEY WERE LOOKING FOR and his disciples came to his side to hear his words. Then Jesus said: "Since Adam is the first man, he ate the food forbidden by God in paradise by deception of Satan, his body rebelled against the spirit, then he swore, saying: "By God, I will cut you off." And having broken a part of the stone, he grabbed his body to cut it off with the sharp edge of the stone, then he was rebuked by the angel Gabriel. And he answered: “I swore to God that I would cut him off; I will never be a liar.” Then the angel showed him the excess of his body and he cut it off. And since then, just as every man takes a body from Adam's, so he is bound to keep everything that Adam promised by oath.

Adam passed this on to his sons and the obligation of circumcision was passed down from generation to generation." In a further speech, Jesus adds that "the one who is not circumcised in the bottom of the garment is deprived of paradise." This is the deepest representation of the INITIATIVE meaning of circumcision, its INNER REALITY. The Qur'an conveys this part of the story about the "forbidden tree" very similarly, but with one important difference. According to the Qur'an, Adam and Eve were allowed to eat from wherever they wanted, but not to approach the forbidden tree. It is the tree of love and knowledge, the tree that is the "embodiment" of a CLEAN HOUSE. The impossibility of manifesting the entirety of that love is Adam's sin, because he wanted to reach into something that can only be manifested through the personality of the savior of mankind, who is the SEAL OF THE FRIENDS OF GOD. That is why that love is WAITING, because humanity is simply not ready to receive the whole of that love that is revealed piece by piece in every time, flowing out of the events of the dramatic occultation of the Seal of Friends. By approaching the very SOURCE of Divine love, which was impossible to manifest (the symbol of which is the "stalling" of the apple in Adam's throat as "too big a bite") the body rebelled against the spirit. This "rebellion of the flesh" is of course an event of metahistory, when still unborn humanity resided in the "backbone" of the original Adam and which rebellion we all feel NOW and always when (and until when) the human race is present on earth.

Disruption of harmony caused by the too great approach to the very "essence of love" created the "drama of life" on earth, and the sign of renewing Adam's covenant with God was symbolically shown by the act of circumcision. After approaching the tree of love of the Pure House and Adam himself could no longer remain a pure spirit, the rebellion of the flesh had to be "punished". First, by "CIRCUMCISION IN THE SPIRIT", by putting things "in their place" in the dramatic split between spirit and body (the symbol of which is the rebuke of the angel GABRIEL), and then by removing the "excess of carnality", that is, the supremacy of the body over the spirit that is permanent on earth threat as a result of falling. This is how the body is "shaped" into acceptable frameworks of spirituality, its limits are set. The articulation and realization of Divine love on earth can only take place through God's people, the Divine man is the FOUNDATION of the TEMPLE which is raised and demolished within "three days". Since the man of God also takes a body during his stay in this earthly world, the "circumcision of the spirit", which is the setting of the boundaries and framework of "Divine Love" (through the CLEAN HOUSE, whose members are the LIGHT TEMPLES) must necessarily have a partial realization on the physical level through the rite of physical circumcision.

That is why it is the circumcision of the INITIATIVE character where the drama of the rebellion of the body against the spirit is now resolved by introducing a "new" harmony, a balance, the achievement of which is "extremely difficult, painful" and that is exactly why the NEW HARMONY as a demand of Divine Love must make a terribly visible DIFFERENCE between the world of childhood ("approaching the tree") and the world of adults ("renewal of Adam's covenant with God"). Of course, both "childhood" and "adulthood" have a spiritual and metaphysical, not a physical meaning, although the latter is also included, because the self-realization of man, his "return to the source" implies the whole, just as one and the same water is the one that flows out from the spring regardless of how many backwaters and tributaries there are.

Due to the power of illusory energy, the sleeping soul in this world is bewitched by the magic of colors and smells and forgets the lost homeland. The body is the first, lowest stage on the way back to oneself, the body is the bottom point of descent, because matter is a dense, dark world, "the darkest world" in the words of Muhammad. Circumcision is the initiatory act of regaining wholeness, the "surplus carnality" is sacrificed on the way to the known totality of love. Although "circumcision in the spirit" is the "first", that act is metahistorical and is the first "from above", while physical circumcision is the first "from below". In the span of "two arcs or even closer", in the drama of life between the descent of the soul and its ascent after death, the love between man and his God unravels. The antagonism resulting from too close to something that HAS its time that has not yet come, the drama of the body's rebellion and the kingdom of the lost spirit, all of this gives the MOST FAITHFUL image and meaning of God's command to Abraham, whom God, as Jesus reports, "commands that he and all his house be circumcised". This indication goes further, through Abraham's son Yishmael, of whom the Torah says that God will "raise up twelve princes" from his offspring.

These are the 12 holy Imams of the HOUSE OF THE PURE, the house of Abraham, with which they are both externally (blood) and internally (spiritually) bound. The fullness of Divine love can be manifested as a whole, only with the Savior of humanity who is the last of the "Pure House" and that is why Adam had to return to himself through their light, because he "hastened", approaching the "forbidden tree" (the love of the House). However, returning is a process, a staged journey, and each new step is in itself an initiation and that is why the disciples of Jesus AGAIN ask about circumcision only near the "mountain they were looking for", which is the holy mountain of wisdom, the peak of the luminous Sinai, the Imam of beings. The drama of the rebellion of the body, whose archetypal power is shaped by the initiatory role of circumcision, the drama of primordial "splitting" that can only be resolved experientially and integrally (and which implies the initiatory forces, both of the body and the spirit), the "heavenly drama" of too much proximity and an excess of corporeality that sacrifices himself by returning to his spiritual essence, that drama with Freud (but also Reich and Jung) is simplified and naively (due to the loss of the spiritual) reduced; LIBIDO, the driving force becomes the "driver" of all human activities.

Such thoughts appeared quite logically in the "era of human freedoms" because it is precisely such a concept that understands freedom only as EXTERNAL that produced "incest" as a practice in the sense of emotional and mental rape within families. The demands on children have never been so cruel and excessive as in "modern" families, where children are constantly terrorized by the unrealized ambitions of parents, who under the pretext of "success" (because they always know what the child needs) commit terrible "rapes in the spirit" that in completely nullify the right to choose. It is theirs to listen and obey.

But, in a civilization that has no spirituality, it is inevitable. If I "created" or "made" a child, then it is my property, property like anything else, my work, the value I have materialized. Property. Never as in the era of "all freedoms" have people been so unfree, because freedom which is understood only EXTERNALLY and is nothing but mindlessness and the ultimate limit of the "monkey", collecting mind, where REAL ascension is replaced by a "staircase of light" (inside). social scale" of success (externally). But the real ladder of self-realization of a human being still remains untouched and unused in man, and all earthly ambition (unconsciously) draws its strength from that very source, otherwise the transience of the world, so evident to every man, would paralyze those forces if they did not have a deeper background, an unexplored meaning . That's why people persist in walking the "social ladders" even though everyday experience shows that they are so fragile and insecure. Although many countries and communities stimulate the birth rate, the truth is the opposite. Most people are not mature for the role of educators, a huge number do not even know educational methods and the purpose of giving birth. The dark age knows nothing greater than "objectification". For this age, the Hindu scriptures say: "Woman will become an object". Respect and admiration have left people's hearts and perhaps most people today should not have children. There is neither readiness nor ability for the completeness and comprehensiveness of that responsibility towards an innocent being.

02.05.1995.

I received a message from the Red Cross, from Zoran. As soon as the opportunity appeared we established contact and constantly maintain it. We have been friends for many years and I would often remember my gymnasium days. We wertr young, it was fun. We were especially loved in Ljubinje at that time. Nobody drove the Polish "Polonez", Zoran "Golf", for that time and our age it was an enviable status, almost "level" compared to the guys who still traveled on third-class, bad buses to Dubrovnik in the hope that they would one day become "seagulls" ". Niko, on the other hand, has adopted the logic and behavior of a "hawk", so he would not be easily offended if a girl liked him, and he mostly succeeded. Zoran played football well and they predicted his football career, even fame, and I believed in it. His father was a well-known waiter from Stolac and sometimes in a calm, deep voice he would advise the drunk youth of Stolac, those who would overdo it or simply find themselves confused and lost in "Katanga", as we affectionately called the tavern in the center of the city, which with its structure and concrete the corpse reminded more of a prison or some distant guardhouse on a forgotten border than of a restaurant.

The wooden tables, covered with checkered tablecloths, were constantly spilled and torn, and the chairs were old and wobbly, of different shapes and colors, and the guests adjusted them according to their needs and moods. A pink lamp would hang above the old, cracked bar, and Hasan and Jovo worked dressed in white waiter suits. Jovan would often wear a black tie, which left a good impression and was a sign of dignity and a boundary that should not be crossed. And the very limit of behavior was stretchable and adaptable and determined as needed. Both waiters were calm and penetrating, they had mastered their craft a long time ago and knew everyone's psychology and habits, little could surprise them. They solved every problem successfully, and the people's militia was mostly not called, it was strong at that time and had great powers, and maybe that's why it came so rarely. The guests were mostly "from an evil father and an even worse mother", smugglers and idle taxi drivers, "the paradise from Jagomir", as they called alcoholics, most of whom had been treated at least three times, "Shetnička škola" whose faculty of provincial tricks was nurtured as it was department or university and gave the necessary knowledge of resourcefulness and agility, acquisition and giving.

It would be hard to find anyone in the inn who keeps at least a little tab on the very name - "Katanga" irresistibly evoked Africa and slaves, black faces and red wine in cracked glasses, and bearded sailors' rum bottles, whole and still unopened. Dark and cold. Once, a long time ago, I was standing at the bar while Jovan was washing glasses covered in a white apron, and Hasan was disinterestedly twirling a toothpick between his teeth while reading an old newspaper, yellow and torn and maybe the date matched the day but not the year. It didn't bother him, because newspapers serve to avoid looking at people, reading is just that, by the way.

- Who knows if life has any meaning? - I turned to Jovi suddenly and without thinking, even surprised because I was not being discussed about anything, especially not about the meaning of life. I was about eighteen years old and Camus' "The Stranger" was running around in my head for days. Awkward and unfortunate.

- Jasmin! - he looked at me sternly and very seriously, - You got carried away with reading, Jesenin, classics... Rest a little, son, leave it... - he continued slowly and measuredly in his deep baritone, and Haso suddenly got up from the chair, apparently unable to resist participating in the consultation, this kind of benevolence could not pass without his blessing.

Listen to him! - suggestively, he waved his index finger at me, and then put both hands down in front of him, the palms were facing the ground and it seemed as if something was calming down the flames, which, well, almost engulfed the tavern. Then he proudly raises his head and crosses his arms on his stomach, - Listen to Job! - repeated Hasan, looking at me knowingly and dignified, as if Jovan's suggestion solves the question of the meaning of life once and for all, it's over, the solution is in the palm of your hand, you just have to "take it".

- Classics, damned classics! - he continued muttering, vaguely accusing all the writers of this world for my bad mood, perhaps hearing about Russian classicism for the first time, will be all the better, less annoying.

- I'm sorry, mother! - shouted Kongo with all his might, spreading his arms, he was drunk and sat at the first table next to us, I barely recognized him in the thick smoke.

- She cheated, cheated! - saidd someone from another corner of the bar.

I remembered that event with full attention, the detail, it's been many years since then, and the picture was clear and strong. I know I didn't answer them, I left the bar with my head down. Unperturbed. Our fathers were also hanging out, Zoran's and mine, so here we are too. Zoran's message consisted of a few simple sentences, at the end it was written that he hoped that I'll be "down there soon" too, I'll be back. I too hoped and always believed that we would return one day, after every war it returns, people both leave and come, I would often say to my neighbors while they shook their heads suspiciously staring at the ground. They didn't take me seriously, maybe they needed a gloomy prognosis, objectivity would look like too much joy, premature and difficult.

03.05.1995.

All day I read letters and notes that I received from Dominika. I was in the "Gabela" Camp. I was the first to call her. After we made contact, she sent food and medicine through the guards and did many charities. Shipments from her were regular, and she knew what life was like in those conditions and what was most necessary, so I would almost always feel for honey and kiwi, garlic and canned meat with trembling fingers in the dark. Often there was also money. After a few months, prison smuggling had already developed well and something could be bought through the guards, rarely and modestly and at a higher price, but still. It was very useful, and Dominika would even send small bills so I didn't have to shred.

From Nikica and Olga I also got food and clothes, and a brown jacket that Nikica sent me to the camp that I still wear to this day. All my friends of other nationalities have shown that they are truly friends and I keep in touch with them as much as possible. The war disturbed the relations between people only as much as the people are disturbed.

I remembered how a man asked Sheikh Mustafa Žuja, when the worst time will hit Stolac. He answered him: "When your grandson is the main man in town." It happened that the grandson of that man became the "chief" in 1946, that is, at the very beginning of socialism. And, indeed, it is difficult to imagine a more monstrous and tragic interpretation of man.

The uniformity of life and thought brought to perfection in socialism is the most powerful rebellion ever created, against everything individualized, against all distinctions, a terrible hatred towards personality, towards self-respect, morality, art, towards life which is development, the path. Communism is the last abomination, the last "heaven on earth", a paradise resulting from the combination of Darwin's "monkey mind" and Freud's all-powerful libido, Marx called it "work", connecting it with "alienated" reality, while it is the alienation of man from spiritual life and produced Darwin and Freud, Lenin and Marx. Marx's teaching about man as a "being of need", the height of ignorance, delusion. Friedrich Nietzsche outgrew all three, but he himself was trapped in a trap of colors and smells, foreign and distant even to myself and my own thoughts.

I pushed Dominika's letters aside, the day was bright and warm, I opened the window wide. As the sun grew stronger with the spring days, so the nylon on my window (although pre-doubled) became more and more reddish and cracked in various places, peeled and split, large pieces hung by the window like hopeless passengers on a wreck, legs and the whole body, everything is in the sea and only the heads are visible. And hands in a death embrace with floating beams, maybe someone will survive, but it's not certain. It is only known that there is an end. At random, I opened a book, a double-leaf fell out, clearly written, I got it a long time ago. It was a letter from the Roman governor Pontius Pilate, Emperor Tiberius, and related to Jesus and his mission. It said:

Emperor Tiberius.

A young man appeared in Galilee and in the name of God who sent him, he preached a new law, humility. At first I thought his intention was to raise a revolt against the Romans. My doubts were soon dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke more as a friend of the Romans than as a friend of the Jews. One day I observed a young man, among a group of people, leaning against a tree trunk and calmly speaking to the crowd that surrounded him. They told me it was Jesus. The great difference between him and those around him was obvious. His fair hair and beard gave him a divine appearance. He was about thirty years old, and I had never seen such a pleasant, kind face before.

What was the difference between him, fair-skinned, and them with black beards, who were listening to him. Not wishing to disturb him, I went on my way, telling my secretary, however, to join the group and listen. Later, the secretary told me that he had never read the works of the philosopher, and there was nothing that could be compared to the teaching of Jesus, and that he does not lead people astray, nor incite them to rebellion. That's why we decided to protect it.

He could freely act, speak, call for gatherings. This unrestricted freedom provoked the Jews, who became indignant, it did not disturb the poor, but it bothered the rich and powerful.

I wrote a letter to Jesus, asking him to talk in the Forum. He came. When the Nazarene appeared, I was on my morning walk and looking at him, I was petrified. My feet seemed to be bound by iron shackles to the marble floor; I trembled all over, as a guilty person would, though he was calm. Without moving, I assessed this remarkable man for some time. There was nothing unpleasant about his appearance or character. In his presence I felt a deep respect for him. I told him that he had an aura about him and that his personality possessed an infectious simplicity that placed him ahead of contemporary philosophers and teachers. He left a deep impression on all of us thanks to his kind demeanor, simplicity, humility and love. These, honorable ruler, are the works concerning Jesus of Nazareth, so I decided to inform you about it in detail. In my opinion, a man who can turn water into wine, who heals the sick, who raises the dead and calms stormy seas is not guilty of any criminal act. As others have said, we must admit that he really is the son of God.

Your faithful servant. Pontius Pilate.”

The letter to Emperor Tiberius was written in 32 AD. The original is located in Vatican Library, it is possible to obtain copies from the Library of Congress in Washington. A friend of mine copied a letter from the book "Peggz Mason and Ron Laing Sathya Sai Baba The Embodiment of Love." He sent me a copy by letter, I lost it over time. From this letter of Pontius Pilate it is evident that he was not his enemy, it is unlikely that the Romans would have been interested in any "preacher", because at that time Galilee was teeming with various prophets and diviners, astrologers and palmists. Pilate himself notes that Jesus spoke more as "a friend of the Romans, not of the Jews". This is completely logical because Jesus was sent to the people of Israel and his mission did not include the Romans. The Jewish priesthood was the greatest enemy of Jesus, they felt that the Messiah restores the true monotheism of Abraham, and encourages mercy and an indirect relationship with God. He never planned or encouraged rebellion against the Romans, the "kingdom of Heaven" he speaks of is far removed from the ambitions and institutions of the profane world. But of course the priests had to hide the truth, the "King of the Jews", the "rebel", that's how he was presented to the Roman authorities. The original monotheism was a threat to the priestly class, to the caste that had power and privileges.

From Pilate's letter to Emperor Tiberius, we see how the Roman governor was fascinated by the personality of Jesus. In addition to the fact that Pilate states that he has never "seen such a pleasant, kind face", the letter reveals an important detail, so well known in many events in the field of mystical psychology, the power of spiritual influence and instant transformation, changing the entire being in a moment. Namely, when Jesus came to the Forum for a conversation, Pilate's legs became petrified, as if restrained by iron shackles to the marble floor, Pilate "trembled like a guilty person with his whole body" while Jesus was completely calm. Obviously, spiritual power is greater than earthly power, but this is visible only when the power of the spirit is manifested in its ultimate degree, through what we can call a "miracle".

Muhammad once said: "Whoever fears God, He grants everything. others fear him (that man), and whoever fears something besides God, He makes him fear everything else."

Pilate's reaction is based on the meaning of the previous statement. The more a man subordinates himself to God, the more God subordinates everything else to him, the stronger the attachment to God, the stronger the influence on other people. Jesus was the embodiment of compassion, and as such was a "mirror", reflecting each character as they are, and therefore cruelty was softened. She was leaving. Hence Pilate's trembling, because he saw himself in Jesus (as a possibility, of course), and before Jesus' spiritual power he was simply paralyzed. That "paralysis" in front of a holy man (the cases are frequent and refer to "ordinary", pious people, not only Prophets) is misinterpreted by many as the action of a saint who, for one reason or another, paralyzes the interlocutor, acting on him. However, according to the principle of the mirror, the ordinary man, seeing his own insignificance in the face of enormous spiritual greatness, is annulled by his own realization. There is no question of the external action of holiness, and that "internal" miracle is greater than any "external" one, it is precisely the momentary insights in people's souls that are the "greatest sign". And that is exactly why Jesus says that "the generation that asks will not be given a sign, except for the sign of the prophet Jonah", and what is the GREATEST SIGN, the inner transformation into a higher world.

Jonah (Junus) was swallowed by a fish (whale). Then thrown onto the deserted shore, where the gourd fruits grew. He was SICK, SAD, eventually sent "to a hundred thousand people and more". The complete human being must be SWALLOWED BY THE ILLUMINATED HEART ("fish"), and all the lower forces integrated into the higher being, the higher goal, the meaning. This is precisely the ONLY SIGN that Jesus announces for the EVIL generation, "evil" precisely because he does not see that the externality of each sign is nothing compared to the magnitude of the internal sign of change and spiritual transformations. Of course, holy people have certain powers, but what "paralyzes" others are primarily their spiritual life, morals, kindness, that is where their power to influence souls lies, and that is why Pilate states that Jesus "has an aura around him", and that his personality possesses "infectious simplicity", which puts him "ahead of contemporary philosophers and teacher". This simplicity stems from enlightenment, the same one that in today's age has been so "contagiously" and aggressively replaced by academic discussions and superficial guesses and faith in the omnipotence of proven facts. But this world goes on, it was said. Jesus' peace before Pilate is the result of complete certainty, because it was said: "Certainty is complete belief." There is no charisma without security and there is no security that is not visible.

04.05.1995.

Gracija was preparing for Germany. I don't know if I'm ready to say goodbye because... This is where the diary ended. The page was ripped out, all that was left was sentence about Gracia's departure. It was not torn off, but just torn, in the fury of the moment or anger that could not be calmed. More than 10 subsequent pages were also crumpled and partially torn out, what was left was covered in yellow, oily paint and dark stains from spilled tea, unreadable. However, at the very end of the notebook there were clean, white pages. Today, June 26, 2006. year As I hold the old brown notebook in my hand, I cannot think of torn pages, nor who did it, why. I looked out the window, the wind was blowing steadily, the window was closed, cold for this time of year. The notebook has a rough cover, hard and heavy, and I know that's what I thought when I wrote, but it was the only one available, I couldn't find a better and different one. More than 10 years have passed.

Gracija went to Germany, she didn't call, I never saw her again. I heard that she got married and lives in Essen, has children. I don't know if I loved her, but mixed feelings arise now that the loss is certain and nothing can be returned. There wasn't even a goodbye, in May 1995, at least not a touching one, she just tapped me on the shoulder, before she got on the bus, casually and casually, I didn't say anything. Through the glass I caught the glint of her long braided hair as the bus pulled away, that was all, the last sight, the last image and thought. We didn't even look at each other, I remember that well, everything was fast and we wanted it to be fast, like when a convict begs the executioner to be quiet and elusive, because the uncertainty becomes horrible. And so, Gracija left, forever.

A few days ago I was in Mostar. I met a stray cat on the street, an old acquaintance, I haven't seen her for a long time. Black and dirty, and very ominous. She looked at me in disbelief as she stood by the traffic lights, waiting for me to cross the pedestrian crossing. The Nevesin cat, that's what they told me a long time ago, came down in the whirlwind of war and events that are beyond human and animal power, maybe not to be left alone or is it better in Mostar, I don't know and it didn't concern me. It is strange that the people of her village recognized her at all. I saw her now and then near the crossroads on the main street, cautious and calculating, always ready to retreat, a sly expression in her cold merciless eyes. She was well-fed and didn't walk around the dumps, at least I didn't see her, she must have had an owner, and freedom at the same time, apparent, anyway. Because the cat goes to the one who gives more and is attached to the circumstance, not to the person, to the environment, not to the personality.

A cat like many would not be worth recording, but it happened that I once had an apparition related to a black cat, an apparition unusual, yet so common, more often than we would like to admit to ourselves. It was a few years ago. I walked the streets of Mostar with Oskar, a painter and a good friend, was showered by a light October rain, a quiet eve, in 2003. Oskar had already drunk a few drinks and his tongue was loose, he was talking about the power of Cézanne's color, occasionally stumbling with his feet and speech. Suddenly I saw it. A cat. Black, visibly dirty, as if she had been waiting for something on the wet pavement, her muscles were tense in a tense position of anticipation. It even seemed to me that she was waiting for a traffic light, red or green, I don't know, seemingly free, but restrained in the dirt and the scattered desolation of dark shadows and all of her had grown with her like the hair that covers her. Suddenly, the cat gets lost, disappears, and the image of a beautiful girl appears in its place. She was in black clothes, which clung to her slender body, of extraordinary beauty, all glittering and unreal in the approaching dusk, falling like a blanket on the gray buildings in the distance. Her eyes were blue, gentle and piercing, her features were regular, and her hair was tied at the back of her head, carelessly braided, thick.

The lips are beautiful and small, the neck mysteriously lofty, proud. She smiled looking at me and then, as if they started with open arms. I raised my palms slightly, expecting a sudden hug, as if I were holding butterflies on them, they had just landed and could fly away at any moment. The blue light in her gaze sparkled with desire, the power of desire, and her legs moved suddenly. It was as if he wanted to wrap himself around my neck, strongly and without hesitation. Oskar, who was still rapturously talking about Cézanne's landscapes, stared in front of him and constantly declaiming with his hand, paused in wonder. He grabs my sleeve with wide eyes, obviously wondering if I'm all right, shakes my hand twice, pausing in doubt.

- A cat like any other! - he said, still looking at me sharply.

Then I saw the cat again, the same one, only slightly bowed its head, stepped back, sitting on its hind legs. Oskar blurts out something, violently, passing his hand over his forehead, I didn't hear him. And I never told him about the apparition.

Emina passed by another street, the most stylish girl in town, I turned to look at her. But the girl I saw then settled in my thoughts, I started to deal with with her, I fell in love with her remembering every detail, every feature, the blink of the eyes whose blue reflections became my tides and ebbs, the apparition became more important than reality. And reality and illusion are twin sisters when we look from a distance and often deceive ourselves.

I would still sometimes see the cat, almost always watching with loathing and contempt, looking for the beauty that appeared to me instead of her, wanting it to spring up again, for the images to be replaced and the rapture in the blue distances to flood the mind, the heart again. She already knew the city a lot, got used to it and became at home, became envious of the city cats, greedy. Over time, she forgot her old homeland, even hated everything that reminded her of it. On the surim hills above the city she could just hunt field mice and lizards and lay all day in the sun, leaning on yellow haystacks, she was content with a little food. But in the city the hunger becomes great and insatiable, whatever you taste you want more and more, it's a matter of prestige, not need. Rural cunning and cunning over time outgrew those of the city, suppressed them, fenced off their territory and pushed their rivals to other landfills, becoming the leading cat in Mostar. But to an experienced eye, she could not be sold, at least not easily.

When she first came down to the city she had long claws, a wild look, raw and untamed, messy and long hair, bristling. Gradually, the owner groomed her, trimmed her nails, taught her to walk differently, anointed her head with perfumed oil. She smelled but was still dirty. He didn't bathe her. The cat is the mirror of the owner and so often remains forever in the make-up dirt and becomes evil, unbearable. When I saw her again the other day, I hardly recognized her, even though she was the same, but nothing in me wanted the former apparition anymore. And an apparition is also a picture among pictures and we never know when we are closer to ourselves or further away, because the whole world is a cause and an illusion, and in a big illusion one should not be ashamed of the small ones. It's a refuge. Dare and inevitability.

I looked at the old diary in front of me. A few clean, white pages, still preserved, it stood before me in an open notebook. I decided to write a few lines remembering Aileen's loveliness, a drop of dew on a quivering sunflower flower. Moon's daughter, LUNA. The magic of light. I took the pen. HANNIBAL. Reception, a beautiful woman holds Dante's sonnet in her hand, a lifelong fascination born from just one vision. Can she not feel his desire, asks dr. Hannibal...

26.06.2006.

If there was a Helen of Troy, I saw a face of such beauty, reflected on the calm water surface of a day of great absence from myself while the greenish shadows of the river quietly and unobtrusively blued the larger shadow in me, overflowing, rising and returning to itself. A ruddy glow blazes in the distance, and the warm rays alternate, rejoicing in the flow of transience, because nothing in nature longs for the eternity of beauty, only man has discovered that secret. That is why I return in my memory to a moment of great self-forgetfulness and a great fire in which I burned without burning anything to the end, forgetting myself for a moment. I took with me a picture that I will never forget, and who knows if every vagueness is just the ashes of a fire that hasn't even been lit.

Paleness, barely visible memories, scattered, blurred, I saw white roses on two desolate shores, two bright petals, two imprints of inimitability, composed in brilliant mists when sky and earth met and burned on the flaming horizon. Sensual lips, regular and only slightly open in the absent humidity, fell asleep in moments of the great spell of time as the squeals are heard from the cracks of the brown moss on the hot rock. Everything sunk in the beauty, scattered on the gray stones. Suspended in greenish leaves of ivy.

I only took one look, I looked back at the tough, narrow body of the creeper with which she was climbing and the warmth seemed to be reaching its goal, its meaning in the blue distances. No cloud grasped the completeness, no white spot in the purity above us. The lonely beauty on the white stone and the admiration that flowed away, because no man is ever fully prepared for great preoccupation. Eyes gently pensive, but penetrating, vaguely bright, wandering, full of elusive shadows and reflections, adventurous. Deeply disguised melancholy, framed by strong chin lines, magic and the fate of the inexplicable, a frame for the most beautiful picture, a sad muse on an island of solitude and search. Waiting. Sorcerer's eyes, wet and painfully vague, big and shiny, but only seemingly vague and everything is in them, both the goal and the meaning. Strength in the big shiny whites of the eyes, curiosity, longing for silence, loneliness.

Lonely Malisa. The loveliness of the movements so natural, charming in the carelessness that hurt, the pain of tenderness, great, incomprehensible. The silence is suffocating in the complete warmth and everything is vague, everything in the distant redness, in the reddish longing of the horizon. In the yellow distances, all hopes and desires calmed down, they were lost in the golden light that itself was extinguished, dying, the twilight of secrets and riddles and harmony in the rim of the pink ball, the circle blazed like a circle of fire in the arena. Jump over, dip into the traps of yellow intoxication. I have never seen a more beautiful woman. Even more lovely.

Strands of wet hair glued to his expressive face, like a shield for his elusive expression, unfathomable, immersed in the warm shadows on the water, an ancient yearning for light and a bright point of existence and the turning circle of changing changes that set, take turns carried by hopes and unfulfilled dreams. Because unrealization is the engine of the world and the hand that fills the mill of existence with endless images and signs. Unrealization, the mother of every great work of art, everything great, the greatest. Almost only an orange dot remains in the distance, big, gloomy, but only one dot. Died, sunk, and everyone forgot, she is non-existent. Gentle Malisa. I was sitting, a yellow dzhezva, similar to the one I brought from Bijelo Polje, sitting there empty. Just a moment of bewilderment, in the moist inexpressiveness of his gaze the image of the miraculous Lucretia sparkled and two persons, two times, two lives came together unstoppably.

Lucrezia's family was of Spanish origin. According to Ptolemy, Spain carries all the symbolism of the scorpion, especially its southern part, Barcelona, ​​Valencia, Seville and Malaga. A mysterious sign of inner struggle and turmoil that turns a poisonous sting against itself, lives with it as a threat, a warning. The number eighteen is composed of the beginning (1) and the proportion (8). A cubic number, a cube, gambling with the fate of two women divided by half a long century of chronological time. One was born on 18.4.1480, and the other on 18.11.1977. year. Lucrezia's father was Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia, an immature and perverted spirituality, incapable of any kind of leadership, fatherhood, parenthood which is a mere "case". Physical case, absence of any feeling, unwanted child. Cargo. The bitterness and loneliness of the unwanted.

She was married three times, and stories about incest (with her brother and even with her father, the pope) they were constantly fueled after her first marriage. Giovanni Sforza, her husband at the time was publicly declared impotent (because he was no longer needed by the Borgias) and it was he who, out of revenge, spread rumors about incest among the Borgias. However, the only proven "incest" related to her is the fact that she became a tool in the hands of her father and brother, with whom she could not fight. She had no strength. Emotional, mental and spiritual rape by an ambitious family that was no match for her intelligence and loveliness, it was the godfather of her downfall. Her "incest" was entirely external, and if it happened physically, it was the result of those circumstances that completely took away her free will, choice, decision. Earthly pursuits, power without end, success without limits.

She socialized with philosophers and poets, being friends with men in absurdly impossible situations while they only wanted her. She knew very well that pure friendship of opposite sexes is impossible and that it deeply humiliates a man who in the depths of his soul still wants and only wants a woman by his side. That's why she used them and was a manipulator, my muse floated. She dreamed of purity and uncorruption in a hot heartbeat. She believed in a warm shoulder to rest her tired head on. The Age of Tenderness. Entire generations of young women of this time were ruined by the unfulfilled ambitions of families, their hoarding spirit and obscure rapacity with a constant and persistent attempt to equalize with high society.

A tragicomic attempt, because neither the spirit nor the cultural expression is equated into the outside world, such a thing is attempted only by those who feel that they are below and make an effort to "equalize". Today's snobbery, the most disgusting of all that ever existed, once snobs were at least classy. Going more and more into the DARK AGE, people become more and more victims of collective compromisms and patterns of behavior that simply ravage the world with their demands for the uniformity of everything, killing the spirit and personality, the development and self-realization of man, which is ultimately the goal of human life. Individuality is the biggest "sin" today. There are many daughters who want to make a "duchess".Persistently and cruelly raping the soul in her, killing the woman in her, all for "her good," a "good" that is always seasoned with staged poses and false vanities, a "good" that is mere social conformity, horror sociability, alienation.

Lucrezia Borgia died in childbirth, in 1519, exactly when the Emperor's Mosque was built in Stolac. Since she is the mother of the GENTLE MUSE born exactly on the same date as me, on May 15. Maybe she too will cross the path from her lost parentage in spirit to the imperial temple above her. Perhaps she dies to the material world giving birth to a child from the spirit womb or the child of this world reaches the top of the central temple, perhaps. Both are possible, because Moses, as a child, rejected all nursing mothers, starved, until he was returned to his mother, and we all yearn for such a mother, whose bright breasts are full of the milk of knowledge, and for everyone who knows, there is a special breast and other breasts cannot to breastfeed.

Moses must first be lowered in the basket, immersed in the river of life, rejected and abandoned. His soul will find him, return him to the primal mother, the mother in spirit. But, if the parent's secret does not come true, the truth will certainly come true, that there are no failed people, only failed lives. Norway. North. "Northerners", people of the "eighth climate", the cosmic north, gathered around another Pole, which is not a geographic marker and guidepost, the polar light of the soul, of the heart. My good friend, Adem, also lives in Norway. In Dervoz's house in Stolac was once a religious school, school, university. People of the North. Helen of Troy. My "siege" is entering its fifth year, halfway through the Trojan War, and there is no end in sight. Anyway, I won a long time ago, although not as a winner, because behind the defeat there are often many victories, the sun rises after rainy days.

No matter how long the rainy days are, they are salvation for those who know about the warmth on the horizon and the emergence of a glowing ball, inevitable, indelible. And all victories are between inevitability and inevitability. I closed the thick notebook mechanically and went out holding it under my arm. While putting on my shoes, I remembered how the other day I saw a scorpion at the front door of the apartment. I chased her away but she kept coming back, strange, that kind of insect doesn't behave like that, what was she looking for, what was she hoping for? It was fresh outside. The rain stopped and the children were already gathering on the wet road. A blackbird flew over the building, I followed it with my eyes. Amra had a beautiful smile, I thought vaguely, I called her LOLO.

Igor and Muha walked quickly, returning from somewhere. I waved at them by hand. Across the road, in the čevabdžinica, Alen was eating ice cream. When he saw me he laughed pointing to the empty chair next to him. I breathed a sigh of relief. I started slowly, since I did not intend to be away for long. Zamira and Vahidin should come, and the guest can be God's emissary because no creature comes without the Creator coming with it. And there is no movement of a creature without meaning. Everything has a purpose, a hidden meaning. Blessed are those to whom it is revealed. I stood in the middle of the bridge. Julia was approaching. Firm and cautious steps, she glided. Her completeness and delicacy in handling were different, she belonged somewhere else, to another world. She didn't pay attention, she was looking ahead. Her glasses fit her beautifully, enveloping her in an aura of mystical silence, and looking at her harmonious and beautiful, I even thought of giving her a notebook. He can use it somehow, I don't know how, because knowledge is not in books and it is in vain to look for it there. She probably wouldn't even receive it.

My eyes fell on the copper reflection of Julia's shoulders, firm and strong, but it only lasted a moment. I appreciated her and never hid it. She was elusive, unfathomable in the shadow of the wide trees, as if I were seeing her for the first time. I took the notebook from under my left armpit and threw it into the river with one movement of my hand, I felt nothing, not even surprise. Halil was standing across the street, wearing house slippers and a light T-shirt with red stripes, unshaven and looking tired but bright. He looked at me in astonishment, his bloodshot eyes flared up in wonder, he was deceiving himself, I wasn't destroying anything valuable. Because value cannot be destroyed, never and in no way, transience does not touch it.

Maja passed easily, with a renaissance, harmonious step of flickering sway. She didn't look back. The brown cover got wet with water and the notebook stopped for a while between the two arches of the bridge, resisting as if hesitating, and then it sank and the water began to carry it away. Slowly, and then faster, swirling in the convulsive scattering of crumpled paper, as if she was fighting for her life, thrown into a foreign, cold world, unknown and unseen, icy. Icy creature, sinking into nothingness. A wilted violet flower fell out of the notebook, suddenly, unexpectedly, a crumpled nothing could be made out of the wet mass and it resembled a clown's paper head torn off a long time ago, withered and dried up, unsightly. The flower slowly stops on a stone as if it wants to rest for a moment, listens to something, waits and uncertainty is worse than cold water. Harder to bear, so slow, cruel. The next wave carried the pale violet and pulled her with all its force into the murky depths, she was lost in the gray maelstrom. They disappear forever.

VINCENT AND THE LIGHT

“How is it possible that he is human

who loved light and flowers so much,

and who conveyed them so well

managed to be so unhappy"

Claude Monet (after Van Gogh's death).

I once wrote that yellow is my color, the color of my expression, wheat fields in the distance and Mariana's light hair and the traces of the pale princess's bare feet in the fairy forest of search and loss, everything that is bright is unattainable and in constant search and disappearance, in the burning of the moment, the fire of touch. Each light is pregnant with meaning and full of hope and longing, hiding in the scattered flowers of sublime sunflowers, all worlds are permeated with the secret of light, everything burns, everything flickers, alarmed. That is why Jesus said: “I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will certainly not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life."

Marijana, unreal beautiful like a wisp of cloud in the dreamy distance, shade and silence under the old oak, light, indivisible, one and the same. The brilliant sight of a bearded gold digger intoxicated with gold wire, he is intoxicated with a glittering glow, prospectors with black hats on their heads while their foreheads are sprinkled with large drops of sweat and traces of golden reflection tremble, yellow color, the bane of every kingdom. That is why the gold diggers are always haunted by the unceasing fear of the curse of the gold wire, because every searcher longs for the glow of the heavenly mines of his soul and a different light that is not only above the hills and mountains while the tired eye rises to the endless blue, and the stream is silent in its endless contemplation is not visible. Marijana. Sistine Chapel.

Malissa. Sunset on the eve of unexpected tenderness and her dress from the light in the twilight of yellow magic, yellow intoxication and golden horizons of hope that gives nothing, but is all in giving, providing, secret and reflection on the water. Malissa. The face of the eternal sphinx, pale and brooding, shadowed with brooding by the river of a distant childhood, the ancient wheat fields and the poppy flower blush in the meadows of Provence defying storms and winds. The yellow house of Vincent Van Gogh and the "study in yellow". A young ear of corn burdened with the burden of beauty, cheerfully tangled, modest and timid. Marijana, the secret of tenderness.

Van Gogh had rented the "Yellow House" for Gauguin and himself, but the two of them were great artists, yet they could neither agree nor understand. Two months of companionship resulted in a terrible crisis and the cutting off of Vincent's ear, which he sent to a prostitute, a famous event that left an indelible mark on Van Gogh's life and became a symbol, a mark for the "inevitable" madness of every great artist. Damn painter. All enraptured and swept away in the storms of the soul, cornfields full of black raven, ears of corn and strands of Marijana's hair fell, all sown, scattered in the great light of creation, "on whom the drops of light fell, he was saved". Yellow house. Light. Malisa in pink mists and bright distances, imprisoned, enraptured in a warm ball of calm, birth and dying, renewal.

All flickering, awake, all in warm giving that hurts. And it is remembered. I never forgot her for a moment, and I didn't even try to hide it from myself, it may be more beautiful and purer, but that thought is never certain.

Adla's face and the light of that face and the eyes that laughed brightly and then when the rest of the face would be still, the eyes that are brightness, warmth, understanding. All in yellow, all imprisoned by light. Claude Monet wondered about Vincent's accident, because deep down he knew that its light did not reach further than the yellow landscape in the eye and the grain fields caught in the gaze trap. Although he gazed into the lights of his own soul, he tried, he wanted to be a priest. And gave up. The light of faith was awakened in him, but the rigid reality of the origin of his dream and his convictions, the limitations of the external world shook the great artist, exiled him, made him a rebel, a maladjusted man. Misunderstanding and persecution are both an opportunity and an obstacle, because they open the way of the great light of the ancient exile or stop its growth, scattering the fullness and peace of that light only on the painting canvas. It is good when the secret of the yellow flash is found on the great bed of the heart, innocent, unsullied, a bed pure and protected from all folly except OBSESSED WITH THE GREAT, where spirit and soul marry and where the bud of eternity grows. A rose whose fragrance spreads, embraces, unites and unites everything in the same. Misunderstanding is the seed of every great misfortune and great madness, the pursuit of every exile. However, if the light of the eye is reflected in the soul by the light of the heart, then the mind becomes calm like the crescent moon on the water, undisturbed and beyond the world of understanding and non-understanding.

At least to the extent that the loss of the physical ear will be replaced by an ear which "remembers and keeps from forgetting" (paragraph of the Qur'an). This paragraph is according to the words of the Prophet referring to Imam Ali. A tiny physical organ (the ear) does not have the power to protect from oblivion, the heart's hearing is a place of preservation and wholeness and a conductor to the secret of being, a guide to the secret. This preservation can only refer to a sinless man who, even before the appearance of his earthly consideration (in the physical body), was preserved and protected from every mistake, and precisely because of this, everything he receives through the external senses cannot contaminate or change that primordial purity.

Muhammad, Fatima and the twelve Holy Imams are the primordial ones of light, Light of God, Language of God, Order of God, Faces of God turned to people. That light flows through the worlds and that is why the "ear that remembers" is the heavenly nature of the Immaculate One that encompasses existence, and since his heart is the "place" of the descent of God's Grace into the world, forgetting is impossible. Losing an ear is only possible in the physical world, Van Gogh remained sketchy, entangled in intoxicating images of mundane light and yellow glare offered only to the eye. If he had managed to reach with his spirit to the bright distances and yellow fields of the heart whose shoots are the crown of another world ("whatever a man sows, that shall he also reap" - Jesus), perhaps he would never have hurt himself, because the vertical light is softening, merciful even and then when the eye is offered black ravens and harbingers of death and decay in the green ears.

Distressed Vincent painted the famous "Autoport with bandaged ear" after self-mutilation. Yellowish dots in green eyes, a procession of lights around the green throne, someone, whatever, yellow color, every kingdom belongs to her, good and bad. That is why the power of the yellow color in Van Gogh's eyes is considered "unnatural" because what reaches us in the waves from metahistory is our unnaturalness, from the sea of ​​Divine Grace is the supernaturality of man, and naturalness is no longer a trap on the road, a post and iron, and it's our choice whether we stay in chains or break free. The power of external light can destroy if one does not go to its Source, the inner light cancels out every moment anew illuminating a new state, climbing up the stairs, escaping from the dungeon of the sensible. Then the gazing at the flashes of deception and the starry sky of change ceases, and the self-spinning of a desperate hand and the pain of nothingness become parts of turning to oneself and parts of the pain of the universal, the suffering of existence. Because in us there is a greater light and it encompasses both the heavens and the earth, constant and bright, unchanging. Sometimes darkened or invisible and covered with veils, but constant and pure, the most faithful companion, the most loyal friend, companion. Outer light and inner light, it is best when they visit us and give us both, art and faith are from the same source, two branches of the same tree, the tree of the sacred.

In 1878, Vincent settled in Borinage, a mining area in Belgium and worked as a lay preacher (because he failed to pass the exam for the priesthood). Only after the collapse of the preaching call did he begin to seriously engage in painting, the blocked heavenly light shifted into an exclusively external glare, exciting nature and infinity on warm horizons. Vincent, the cursed painter. If he had a teacher and a guide, the ancient light in her heart would not only remain bright and sensual, it would become beneficial. Healing and liberating and perhaps would lead him to different rivers and trees and images that spring from the Great Imagination of Creation. In his first sermon, Van Gogh very sensitively describes the details of Bayton's painting "With God's help... Magnificent sunset, gray clouds encrusted with silver, gold and purple... through the landscape passes a road that leads to a high mountain, far, far away. At the top of the mountain is a city that shines brightly in the setting sun." This is how the priest Vincent spoke while the believer and the painter were still living in it.

Now let's look at climbing another mountain, high in a different world, a world whose suns do not set and whose moon is pure light. Namely, the tradition tells the story of "White Cloud", a story that shows the mystical journey of Imam Ali and a few of his companions, their spiritual reaching into other worlds. Six people were gathered around the Imam, one day, in Medina. A request was sent to him to enable them to contemplate part of the malakut, that Solomonic authority that "no one has after him". Their request was granted, and under Ali's leadership they ascended Mount KAF, the psychocosmic mountain that encircles the world, and in doing so contemplated the spiritual meaning of the triple reality of man (vegetable and organic world, and the thinking soul).

The white cloud was "lowered" and the group under Imam's leadership leaves the limits of the physical world and ascends into the realm where space and time exist and are observed and compressed (or expanded) by the power of the soul. In one moment, the companions saw the Imam on the throne of light, he was wearing two yellow robes, on his head was a royal wreath of YELLOW hyacinth, on his feet were sandals with a strap that glittered, on his finger was a signet made of white hyacinth. The light of his face almost blinds the eyes (description of Salman, one of the companions). Here we find the "interior" and the final outlines of the yellow color, Vincent's glimmers and secrets of the light that is beyond the dungeon of the sensuous and transitory. That light that does not destroy but restores and creates, absorbs into itself and makes things bigger. That light, full and round, all-encompassing, remained unseparated, while the believer and the painter in Van Gogh's heart were together just as Muhammad and Ali were one and the same light 14,000 years before the creation of heaven and earth. Later, on the earthly plane, Ali's light was "resisted", split off, and thus began the historical journey of the eternal Imam (who was sent secretly with every Messenger of God, and publicly with Muhammad).

The fullness and rippling of the ears in Vincent's eye did not happen at full light, nor was its glare illuminated by a lamp from the hollow of the wall whose oil is "centered", it is "neither east nor west". That is why the believer Vincent "resisted" the painter in himself in the manner of a tragic separation that could not integrate the light and gave birth to the opposition of two aspects of Van Gogh's personality, because in the light there is both wisdom and madness, and in the darkness ignorance and evil.

In the image of Imam Ali, his companions contemplated the light of the heavens and the earth, he was a mirror of the divine, a divine "energy". The royal wreath on the head of YELLOW hyacinth is the area of ​​the holy, the world of Divine Command, the original nature of YELLOW in the originality of that color. The two robes of the Imam are also YELLOW in color, the two worlds of the "rulership" of Ali, the world of MALAKUTA and the world of LAHUTA. Sandals on the feet are the lower material world, "the darkest of all worlds". Because of this, the yellow color ceases to be dominant, the white color appears, the ring is also made of white hyacinth, the purity of spiritual authority and the demand for inner purity. "White light", the possibility of man on earth where only shadows and confrontations exist. Yellow light, on the other hand, travels through all other worlds without "obstacle", and that is why it is difficult to notice because most souls are dark and similar can only be recognized by similar. The "white cloud" carried the pilgrims to Mount KAF, the emerald green hyacinth mountain that girds the world.

After that, in the blink of an eye, they found themselves again in Medina, as if they had never gone anywhere, time and space calmed down on the earthly plane of existence. In his "self-portrait with a bandaged ear" Vincent is dressed in a rough green coat with blue stripes, the reflection of the mountain "KAF", the green belt that surrounds the material world and the blue roads of sadness, his sadness, misunderstanding and disintegration, split. Van Gogh's shriveled pupils, framed in green, "weakened by mental effort but awake", bright spots on a green mountain, green islands for light people, one different adventure and the same, because there is nothing below that is not there above, even though there is a multitude above the one that will never be down. Yellow intoxication flows through the worlds, constant and unchanging, close as close as we are to the "higher self" in ourselves, as far as we are from ourselves, chance and meaning and "the ear that remembers" the babbling of streams and yellow distances from the ancestral homeland. Insatiable desires from a high mountain that is not only a prison and a trick of the eye and a glorious sunset.

Vincent wanted, he tried, and it was not in vain because the unearthly aspiration does not exist in vain, and that is the secret of the painting "Red Vineyards", the only painting that the artist sold. Bayton's painting "With God's help" remained only a picture of a calm, tame landscape, a plain, and forgiveness and heartfelt redemption in a cheerful handshake. Blues in the distance, fields and wastelands. If he had sought God's help and looked within himself, perhaps it would have led the great painter to the emerald mountains of inner light, and landscapes and ripe ears of corn would have become ground grain and food, the bread that Jesus broke with his own hands.

But Van Gogh remained imprisoned by the boundaries of the outside world becoming his lover, seeker and heroic martyr. God's help could have taken him further, to the light of a different sky whose stars are fertilized by thoughts, whose moon is in the form of a man and whose suns do not set. Even the setting sun remains the sun, and even the smallest quest is also a return to the Source and the return of the waves to the Sea from which it was born.

Van Gogh's "yellow house" received light from another HOUSE, the door of which he never opened, nor did he suspect that it existed, but he lived the light of that House, its strength, its life. Vincent looked and listened to the warm outlines, on the golden landscapes of Provence, where bird's nests are not only warmth and protection but also pain, the birth of a different man in yellow intoxication. The secret of light was fertilized in his soul, in the dungeons of bitterness and self-forgetfulness, and he was gently kissed by those twin sisters that every great sorrow gives birth to, two hands in the well of hopelessness, two wings of the bird of futility.

“Everything burns and flickers on the bright horizon and the sun's orb blazes, the rest is in me and it doesn't matter that I wanted much more" - I wrote once a long time ago and maybe bitterness is so often just an unreached peace, and a self-forgetful silence in which everything sobs, "goodbye quiet and peaceful, goodbye to...". No, the golden light slips and is lost in the distance and opportunity floats in white, as it emerges from the ancient mystery of time, from the pink intoxication, from the yellow fields of Provence. Everything is there. Nothing goes away because there is nowhere to go, all things happen in the end as they were at the beginning. Circle. Road. Naqshbandis. Illustrators of an inner quest and inner light. Painters of a different world, and yet the same because all worlds are just imagination. That's why no dream is in vain and no hope is meaningless, and that what was once is forever. Time erases everything, but it doesn't cancel anything, and in the memory the images fade, but the soul doesn't forget anything.

ROSE WITH FIVE PETALS

A collection of twenty-five books known as the "Ocean of Light" is kept in Tehran. In one of the speeches of Prophet Muhammad, the great teacher of the "end times" is mentioned: "His hair will be lush and his forehead will be broad and prominent." His nose will be small, but with a bulge at the transition to the forehead. His front teeth will be spaced. He will have a mole on his face.

He will not wear a beard, and his clothes will be the color of flames. She will wear two dresses. The color of his face will sometimes be yellow like gold, other times dark and sometimes bright like the moon. His body will be small, and his legs will be like those of young girls.

All teachings of all religions will be in his heart from birth as well as all knowledge from the beginning of time.” This description perfectly fits Sai Baba, an avatar residing in India. The scripture goes on to say that the great teacher will live for 95 years, which coincides with the statement of Sai Baba himself who announced his physical transition at the age of ninety-six.

Now let's look at how Prophet Muhammad was announced in an ancient writing. It is Bhavisija purana. The translation reads: “Malechha, the spiritual teacher will appear with his companions. His name will be Muhammad". Raja (Bhoj) after giving this Maha Dev Arab (angelic disposition) of bathing in the “Panchgavya” and the waters of the Ganges (that is, cleansing him of all sins) offered him the gifts of his sincere devotion and paying him all respect said: “I offer my obeisances to you O, you pride of mankind, inhabitant of Arabia, you you have gathered a great force to kill the devil, and you yourself are protected from Malechh - these adversaries. Oh, you image of the greatest Lord, I am your slave, take me as one at your feet.”

In the Song of Songs (5:6), King Solomon says: “His mouth is the sweetest, that is Muhammed, full of loveliness. This is my beloved and this is my friend, Oh daughter of Jerusalem.” Muhammad himself said: "I and Jesus are the closest among people."

In these examples we find UNITY IN DIVERSITY, the common root of all faiths and traditions, all part of the One and in the One, all part of the Greater. Roots intertwined and veins connected to each other, intertwined and inseparable, branching out in the quiet calm of the earth. It is said: "For a tree to bear fruit, the seed must be deep in the ground." A seed, one, unique, buried in obscurity. Every mystic is unknown, every spiritual traveler hides himself and he does not see the differences in the branches of the same tree. And the fruits on the tree of "beautiful words" are not tied to the season. The tree of love bears fruit with kindness at "every time that its Lord appoints". "The root is deep in the earth and the branches rise towards the sky".

The bud of love is planted, the fragrant rose has five petals... Hinduism, Judaism, Buddhism, Christianity and Islam, and whatever we smell, the fragrance is one, unique and cannot be limited or divided. It spreads into the ether intoxicating, invisible and omnipresent, invigorating, vital, all-sustaining.

The darkness is greatest before the dawn and the darkness is thick at the hour of the birth of light.

Confusion, therefore, ravages the world, but the sapling of unity has blossomed and it is being watered by the water of the love of Unity.

THE RELIGION OF LOVE, so far away in this time, but attainable, certain, inevitable, like the inevitable rising of the sun behind a dark cloud. Because the breath of the Merciful pervades existence and everything that exists is in Mercy. Everything started with her and will end with her.