We look forward to the new life that is our deepest secret.

And yet, the desire of every soul is never to come to this world and leave the earth forever.

Fear is a powerful master. Only the one who owns nothing and nothing owns him is free.

UNITY AND MULTIPLICITY

When everything is One, there is no more suffering, and there are no more false fairy tales about you, about me. What was yesterday - today - tomorrow dissolves in the moment of eternity. (O. Hajjam)

At the beginning of the Brahmana night, the entire universe disappears. What follows is an existence purely about which we know nothing. For now, we know consciousness only when it is immersed in matter, and what is beyond that remains an eternal secret. The one and the multitude are separated only by appearances, "every hour He is in action". Brahman and the path of the dervish, both are in the sign of the circle. Everything leads to One, and ends return to beginnings, just as water flows from rivers into the sea and returns to its sources.

Jesus said: "I am in the Father, and you are in me, just as I am in you". It is an inner spark, the smallest of the smallest, indivisible, unchanging being.

It cannot be perceived, but we live and die by it, because it created immortality. Overwhelmed by the illusion of maya, most people sleep deeply. Those who know let everything flow without interference, because both the sleeper and the enlightened are part of the divine plan, and we know this world by its opposites. Sai-Baba said, "One man's mind prefers Krishna, another's mind worships Shiva. The next one’s prefers Allah, Who has no form. I never call people to worship me and reject the Forms they already worshiped". This is because, by the act of birth, we are called to salvation.

THE BRKA MILL

We all called Adam Brko. The long white mustache was slightly curled and curled towards the face, the head strong and large with a sharp intelligent profile that captivated the attention with freedom and gentleness at the same time. A gray-haired old man with a strong build and thick eyebrows reminded of some epic personality who got lost in time, stopped in space and suddenly appeared in Stolac, above the famous Ćuprija bridge. Wide, dusty chakshiras and a torn shirt with an old Russian collar revealed a strong personality that is not afraid of life's troubles and does not deviate from its principles no matter what the cost. He would look the interlocutor straight in the eyes, and his sparkling gaze flashed with the unmistakable warmth and cheerful kindness of a man who knows how to deal with life's troubles and changes. A man who knew more about people and events than he showed.

Brko held the mill. I don't know if he was also the owner, but the word "to hold" (premises or store) at that time implied both a certain right to ownership and a hard word of the owner, which must always be the last. It meant a private person who is "on his own", regardless of who is ruling the table. I was a boy, but I remember well the last miller in town. Then the trade died out because the need for it ceased, and with the trades went the people who knew them, often taking the knowledge to the grave.

When Eid was celebrated, the children would carefully evaluate who would give a dinar or two, so Adem would be approached. He was a kind and generous man, and he loved children unconditionally. He had grandchildren, and a special place was occupied by Nino whom he called "Mimo", often joking with him. In past decades and centuries, grain would be ground in the mills, and several horses and donkeys would regularly be found in front of Brka's shop. The era of industrialization came slowly to the provinces and remote villages, so many crafts were still alive, until about thirty years ago. Adem's mill was built of hewn stone and covered with slabs, and later (partially) with bricks. The mills later fell into disrepair.

Just these days, several of them are being renovated, among them Brkina. Over time, when grain began to be milled in factories and by machines, the mills slowly began to fall into oblivion, and there were ten of them in the city. After Adem's death in the seventies of the last century, the mill remained empty. The large millstone defied time, and the broken mill door would only be opened and closed by the harsh December wind. Desolation, testimony of transience, because no one remains in this world. That is why we surrender to him, cruelly and mercilessly as well as bewitched. Fascination with this world is the cause of all troubles. Green silt from Bregava accumulated in the wide grooves of the mill, and a thick layer of dust covered the entire interior. Because nothing resists the test of time. Slabs were falling and bricks were broken, the walls of the mill were covered with accumulations of green moss.

Transience.

The mills in Stolac bore witness to bygone times. On Brkina, there was an inscription: "DAYS ARE GOING BY", and below it was written simply "Brko". Without first and last name because there was no need. The whole of Herzegovina knew Adem. A well-known song from that time ("Idu dani") was obviously the inspiration for the name of the old mill. In the seventies of the last century, the song was very popular. I forgot the name of the singer (or singers), but the song was "obligatory" for all local singers, something like a statue placed in every mediocre bar where glasses flew in all directions and the bar opened and closed as needed.

It was the era of great Belgrade, and bloody hands made of broken glass were an image and a sign, a symbol that unmistakably pointed to the main sarhoš. The days come and go and it is necessary to seize everything that can be, to enjoy a life that has no meaning beyond itself. It was the logic of vulgar materialism at a time when the standard was rising and the power of the working class was promised over the entire planet. They called it the dictatorship of the proletariat. As we know, only the first part of the slogan, that is the dictatorship, came true. Usually one person or a narrow group, depending on the "variant" of the socialist arrangement. Free thought was stifled everywhere, but the days are passing by, so take advantage of everything you can. Don't pay attention to anything because the days come and go irretrievably. It was an age of cheap and hackneyed phrases and sermons from the altar of Marxism and Leninism and some believed them. Others stole and looted in the guise of the all-powerful Party. The communist booklet certified honesty and there was no room for doubt.

Fear and security maintained the system, each in its own way. Fear and elemental security, herd logic. To be full and to be safe, that is still the dream of a good number of forced nostalgia. Adem Haračić was a believer, a traditional Bosnian Muslim. He also knew that "the days go by", but he endured the transience calmly and stoically, believing in the world beyond this visible one. In his younger years, while he was still strong, he easily lifted full sacks of flour, placing them on horses that the peasants would take to their homes. Cars did not exist or were very rare. The strong shoulders and strong arms said that Brka's life was marked by work, and the tanned face with regular striking and mountain features was always smiling. Adem's mill remained empty, and, as we said, it is being renovated these days. Thus, the memory of the old Brk will remain part of the collective memory of the bazaar. As every man is permanently present in God's knowledge, he is worthy of remaining in human memory.

Because even disappearing is just the other side of creation, the spinning wheel of existence, the spinning wheel of fortune. And it does so indefinitely, until God's Judgment.

ZEINA'S VACATION

I was sitting in a pub "at the center", as we used to call the very center of the city. Afternoon summer heat and no "live goods", as we would say in Stolac jargon that had a label for everything and a word for every event. We consoled ourselves with phrases, convinced that we knew everything and nothing escaped us. Sultry summer. In the afternoon, swallows would often land and make nests under the roof of the former department store. Jasminka and I would often observe them, carefully counting the number of entries and exits through small openings that were barely visible. Children passed by carrying ice creams in their hands, several stray dogs barked at passers-by. No one was afraid of them.

I was alone, at a table right next to the asphalt. I am the most peaceful there, both far and close depending on the need for solitude. Selfish but nice. From somewhere, Hajro passed by on a bicycle and stopped. I rarely see him, and even less often that he goes on foot, because it is more efficient and cheaper on a bicycle. The shoes wear less, and the speed of the two-wheeler does not allow constant sunlight, so the shirt will not fade. At least not for a few years, and then who knows? Maybe death will come.

Hajrudin is from Stolac According to legend, Beetles came to Stolac from the vicinity of Konjic about a hundred years ago. Why, no one knows, but Hajro would often say that his grandfather (or great-grandfather) decided to leave Konjic and settle in Stolac vala because there are a lot of "carcasses" here. No one knew what was more beautiful. Maybe not even the great-grandfather who simply "descends" a little lower, into a valley that always looks beautiful. Ankle-length pants and a blue T-shirt, worn yellow sandals on his feet. A quiet and deliberately vague look revealed a man who liked to pretend he was confused. You could see that the "ganc" pants were new and were slightly wider than the required size, so they can be used for at least a few more seasons. Their owner briefly warned about the fact that he was actually in above all elegance.

"Galant" - Hajro looked at me, grasping his right hand with his thumb and forefinger for the sharp edge of the gray trousers. Maybe they were the first ones bought after the war in a real store and not at a flea market (in Vrapčići), where almost all of us often find ourselves. On Saturdays, everything would be bustling with provincials and passionate townspeople, and shopping would be done by hand and hat. Everything is cheap, and the crisis continues, but above all spiritual, there is an abundance of material. However, the damage is always there, because everything is measured by envy."What else is there?" - I asked nonchalantly, not expecting any answer.

I already know everything he can and wants to say, everything fits into a few memorized sentences. Hajrudin looked next to him, almost thinking about the class. I was sure that it was a decisive moment, an instant confession that is everyone's.

"Here, Andira came... and brought me a bomber!" - answered loudly and clearly, still sitting on the bike.

Indira is his oldest daughter and she lives somewhere outside Stolac, maybe even abroad, I didn't know because I never saw her. Although I invited him for a drink, Hajro flatly refused, placing the palm of his right hand on his chest as if giving a solemn oath. Who knows, maybe he thinks that next time he will have to pay. But I don't oblige him. As a child I knew Hajra's sister Fatima. She was a famous Stolac beauty. She got married a long time ago in Serbia, somewhere around Nis, and Hajra's family called her "Fatara", probably from affection, because the names were shortened, twisted and crossed out in accordance with the unwritten provincial code that finds the right reason in everything and has its own rules. and measurements.

It was obvious that the daughter had given the father a candy box. One could easily think that the gift was too modest, but Hajrudin was more than touched. "Nice of her" - I retorted mechanically, not even knowing about Indira's real motives, because we usually don't know the reasons for human actions. This is why it is said that one good deed can save a man. Several tables inside the tavern were full of guests. Maybe it's too hot outside for them or they hide better inside; they don't have to stick their tongues out at passers-by every minute. Idle people and taxi drivers, the occasional masked dealer. They despise everything and everyone because no one sees themselves, we always see only others.

"Bomber above Bubalovina, your mother is not sad...", a voice shouted from a shadowy corner. Several people giggled out loud, and a mustachioed stranger spilled water next to my table, so they would know that we were being watched and monitored. They are knowledgeable in everything and gladly carry other people's burdens. Hajrudin did not even look back at the intrusion, considering them intruders and provincial comedians below his level. The heat was getting bigger and bigger. He stares at the front wheel of the bicycle as if looking for possible causes for gifting a "bomber". As always, he looked lost and naive.

"Huh, and who are they bombing?" - a little man with a red cap on his head entered. Someone bangs his fist on the table with all his might, laughter erupts from all sides. Hajro completely ignored the intruders, looking only at me, and even threw his head back a little haughtily, ignoring the quips and intrusions as if they didn't exist. It was a forced, artificial arrogance, and that's exactly what was needed for the necessary defense.

I remembered his mother Zeina. She was one of the most colorful old women in the village, and she died a few years before the last war. With a pale face and thin, pursed lips, she looked openly but distrustfully with black but still clear eyes. She would often come to our house and be a guest at my house.

She would carry all her possessions in a large pink bundle. Mandatory jamenia on the head, and "kaloshes" on the feet, footwear for all occasions and needs of a time. She stopped by many houses, but never begging or asking for anything from anyone. She would drink coffee, and sometimes have lunch, sitting regularly on the floor with her legs crossed like some kind of sage. People loved her, and she was legendary for her catchphrase ("Bog ti d'o"), which she used as a postman and a key that would open the locks of well-locked doors. Hence, an abbreviation of the word "gave" or "give". Since her youth, women were called and recognized by their husbands' names (or surnames), Zejna was usually called Bubaluša. Bubaluša was known throughout the city and beyond, especially in Dubrava. Ibro's husband died a long time ago, and the people of Stočan remember him because of his alleged giftedness and love adventures that were both frequent and completely open.

He was ready to press the "snake in the pit", and there was never a shortage of snakes here, and pits are common, so it's not nice to go around if you can directly. Ibra's insistence and persistent activity, which obviously discouraged her and even led her to despair. It was difficult to "satiate" him, as she described her husband's condition and energy. Talking about her husband, Bubaluša would often say: "Oh God, that mother does not give birth... Filth like that... the earth barely holds.”

The audience would laugh, and the children would run away with their heads regardless because of their view was difficult and insightful. However, Zejna was a favorite and no one teased her nor despised her.

"You could have killed Koromane... the lightning didn't strike him," she would spin her head maliciously, sighing briefly. Whether it was a belated sigh of love or regret for the past, we did not know.

I remembered Ibra. One of the last Bosniaks who still wore a fez in Stolac. He was not ashamed of his tradition even though modernism and servile consciousness had already taken hold. The famous "rolling of the dice" also took place, and the revolution continued and new progress was announced. He was thrifty and, by all accounts, this trait was passed on to his son, Hajrudin. It was said that Hajro would always go to Germany with two sacks of beans and dried meat, so that he would not have to shop in Munich. The bags would be loaded in Čapljina and unloaded in Stuttgart. Later, after seasonal work, he would come back and be regularly accepted into the textile factory ("INKOS"), again and again, because he was the best fireman, or so it was thought. In any case, he was a hard worker.

"It's not easy for anyone... my little one" - he looked at me briefly and meaningfully as if he were writing a will, and he was right. There is no heaven on earth and there never will be. I shrugged. I watched him as he left until he disappeared into the distance. The heat was still unbearable. Provincial boredom.

Clumsiness.

MIRSAD AND MATE

The hangar was packed with people. Although few people thought about the literal meaning of that word, we used it to define the space around us into which we were forcibly brought. Gabela, in 1993. The war was raging with all its ferocity. In war, the invisible drama of the confrontation between good and evil becomes everyone's, as we are drawn into the events around us against our will. The life of the ordinary man becomes worthless and means nothing, because those who pull strings from the shadows think only in numbers, and human suffering means nothing to them. Most realize this late. Usually only when the deafening noise of the war drums has died down, and the rivers of spilled blood surprise everyone. Then one longs for the end, the end of everything in the gray, sullen distance.

We always want evil to be far from us precisely because it is too close to us, hidden in the soul and covered by habits and customs, established during everyday life and emerging in crisis situations. It erupts like a volcano in difficult times. After the war, many people wonder why everything had to happen and did it have to? And why exactly did it happen to them!? But since everything has already happened, hindsight is of no use to anyone, not even reminding. Although the entire history of the human race shows that making peace is inevitable in the end, the stronger always believes that he will win and starts the conflict. And so in a circle. Good and evil persist in souls completely unchanged, and that is why evil reigns so often. We don't hope for him.

I once wrote about it:

History is like any bad teacher,

scares and warns us but does not teach.

The road is clear but without a living sign

and the path is visible, never illuminated by light.

The lighthouse is deserted, the fortress is dusty.

And a futility that is not ashamed

not even the greatest pain.

In Gabel, we were brought by trucks and roughly pushed into concrete silos. Frightened and bewildered people did not seem to understand anything, so they assured themselves and others that we would leave tomorrow morning. To return to their families and continue to live their normal lives. But the real trials were yet to come. They don't recognize each other when they arrive and we recognize them only when they leave. Mass raids and abductions were on too large a scale to conclude how everything will stop "tomorrow". It was about ethnic cleansing and anyone who wanted to could see that even then. Self-delusions succeed for a time, but their duration is limited. Complete darkness, thoughts fast and feverish. Getting used to complete darkness was terrible, we felt everything around us with our fingers, lightly and without sound. Everything can betray or confuse, become an occasion for suffering.

From time to time, a sentry battery would illuminate the darkness as new groups of prisoners kept arriving. People were thrown in one over the other, some with bloody and stained faces, amazed. Curled opportunities in spasm, shadows and ghosts. Ghosts. There is a saying in Islam: "Destiny will show you what you cannot even imagine". Human thought is weak and insignificant, powerless to picture the ever-eliding heavenly plan.

Because fate instantly turns a king into a beggar, a ruler into a slave, and a powerful man into a needy. And vice versa. Such reversals can be endured only by the one who always sees the First Cause of everything in the happening events. Of course, the camps were built by political will and not by the Croatian people. The people do not ask anything, the common man must come to terms with the new situation, otherwise he himself will suffer. Most of them closed themselves in their houses in fear, waiting for everything to pass and, if possible, to pass by them.

However, there are always those different, braver people who are able to swim along the river and deal with the power of evil. My friends, Dominika, Olga, Nikica and Kristijan sent me packages with food, medicine and money. Dominica was a pharmacist and with her shipments of medicines she saved some inmates from certain death. The brave woman was a symbol of resistance to single-mindedness and madness, and she was neither afraid nor hesitant. July month, heat. The thirst was unbearable and breathing was difficult at times.

The smell of tar and rot, and dried straw was everywhere. Objectively, the average animal stable was nicer and more comfortable than our new abode. It was difficult to determine the length and width of the silo because it was completely dark and the cramped conditions were constantly pushed and shoved into a much wider space. New groups were arriving every moment, and there were probably a few hundred of us already.

"Eeeh... even Auschwitz had beds" - the geography professor sighed loudly, making a bed made of straw and branches. Gray-haired and slender, in his late sixties he was as nimble as a young man. As an intellectual, he enjoyed a certain reputation among the detainees, and had a ready answer to any sudden question. And the questions kept multiplying. Two. That's what we called our hangar, one of four that were in operation. In just a few days, they were full of inmates. We lay on the concrete floor without pillows or blankets, and the luckier ones managed to grab a piece of cardboard or a rotten board and put it under them. I managed to get hold of a thinner tree. The first couple of days it was almost impossible to lie on a hard surface. After that I got used to it, not thinking about it anymore, it was like the softest bed. King-sized bed.

The thirst was unbearable. The board became dear to me over time, because habit creates miracles and turns numbness into alertness. It would happen that I would wrap my arms around her like a child and fall asleep just before dawn, because there was little or no sleep. We were locked up all day and night. The latticed fence was first locked with a chain and then the guard would slam the heavy iron door. There was no way out to the toilet and it didn't exist. Two buckets were inserted, which were used for toilet purposes. The horror. When the containers were filled with dirt, two inmates would take them outside. The heat was unbearable. The air reeked of sweat and dried straw. Water was distributed once every 24 hours. They would sit on their knees, and the bucket of water would pass from hand to hand, and each person would take a few sips.

The water was murky and red, and dark bits of wood and dried grass floated on the surface. We didn't mind, because every sip meant saving a bare life. We drank quickly and voraciously, to quench our thirst at least for a while. The daily meal was also served only once and could be called lunch or dinner, depending on the arrival of the Government van, which often stopped and broke down and sometimes did not come at all. Lunch consisted of a thin slice of bread and a couple of spoons of oily water, on top of which a cabbage leaf would float, and you could also find the occasional grain of peas or rice. He was losing weight by several kilos a day, and the pale swollen faces looked more like ghosts than human beings. Many did not go out into the daylight for weeks, even months.

Lunch was shared in "chomas". That's what we called round aluminum containers that didn't look like anything known before. They did not wash themselves, but after one inmate, another would immediately come, taking over his share. The crowd around the cauldron was always big. There we witnessed greed and humiliation, nobility and animal trampling. Requests, entreaties and requests to get more food, signs with hands, gesticulations. A fight broke out a couple of times, but everything calmed down immediately because no one had the strength to swing a decent fist. The guards menacingly warned that they would not tolerate similar outbursts in the future and this was taken seriously. Several camp inmates worked on food distribution, and Sead was the fairest and had the shortest work experience. He gave to everyone equally and with him there were no privileged or privileged. After everything he saw, he got sick and gave up himself. The arrival of the Government vehicle with food was awaited all day. People would sit nervously and look into the distance, and their imaginations would be flooded with food. The bright and feverish looks of the starving people were fixed in the distance, they waited with hope and doubt.

The government van would move slowly and we called the soft hum of the engine "the hum" because then the gastric juices would be activated and general joy in the hangar. The meal consisted of several morsels which they would eat voraciously. Over time, the arrival of food became a real psycho-social ritual with different roles of individuals in all of this. The main thought of the detainees was to stay alive or at least alive until tomorrow. And then, who knows, maybe the whole war will survive. Because there is no end to hopes, and we always find an excuse for our own thoughts, no matter what they are.

At night, mice would appear almost out of nowhere, running over the shaved heads, and some would jokingly catch them, which was not easy because they were fast and practical invisible in total darkness. Most of the people began to feel faint every time they got up because hunger was taking its toll. Camp inmates would fall like bundles, often hitting their heads on the concrete floor, and those a little stronger would pick them up and encourage them to endure. The status of all detainees was the same, regardless of whether they were civilians, HVO soldiers or members of the RBIH Army. Because we were all Bosniaks. Most people would lie on their backs during the day, staring blankly and aimlessly at the dirty gray ceiling. Depression was hard to avoid. Apathy, disbelief that all this is happening to us, waiting for the bad dream to pass.

True, in the early days we often mentioned our families, relatives and friends. Detachment gives weight to every relationship and maintains it, saves from forced indifference. They would remember their childhood and the years spent in freedom, and man by nature does not appreciate anything until he loses it. As hunger grew day by day, food became the only preoccupation, and families and the days of happiness, when war seemed distant and unimaginable, no longer occupied the mind. The threat was so great that nothing but food came to our mind. Because, in the end, the relatives are free and they will manage somehow, and we certainly can't help them all, even if we wanted to, just like they can't help us. Reconciliation with fate is difficult, but becomes easy if all options are exhausted.

Recipes began to be written on pieces of shiny cigarette paper. Recipes for making food, because food was the only thing on my mind, so notes about baklava, cakes... Everything that was known was written. I claimed that all the pieces of paper (if we get out alive) will be thrown away and that no one will make those delicious meals. Because it was obvious that it was about the sublimation of the feeling of hunger, the projections that had the task of alleviating at least a little the terrible threat to life.

There were even comic situations and forced secrecy, because stories about "secret" dishes from a few hundred years ago appeared, and knowledge about them was lost. That was the first time I heard about redgel. Allegedly, it was successfully made by our mothers and their mothers, and the secret knowledge sometimes disappears forever. But, well, it was revived right here in the camp. It was nonsense that only desperate people could think of. I did not attach importance to them.

There was something horrifying and creepy about those notes that thin, emaciated shadows would frantically write and put in their pockets or under their heads, like some kind of valuable talisman. Distorted, drunk figures roamed the hangar, trying to see the record on paper. Silent apparitions that intertwine and complement each other in a terrifying game of nerves. Because the more durable wins. Recipes for food that will never be eaten. Only writing nourished and kept alive, the belief that all of this will be tasted someday. The hangar had several small windows with rusty bars. The windows were dirty and broken, and luckily that was the case, because fresh air was coming in through the cobwebbed cracks. The thick layer of dust was so thick that it could be collected. Cigarette butts and vomit everywhere, the smell of death. The horror. Traces of clotted blood and muddy feet, discarded shirts completely torn. The horror.

Smoking was forbidden, but this rule was mostly not respected, especially after noon when the manager would go home and the atmosphere was at least a little relaxed. The guards would often pretend not to see the cigarettes we brought back from work, because the search was mandatory and violations of that kind were severely punished. They too were outraged and completely disgusted. They were waiting for the end of the war. One day Amir approached me. Dry and thin, with a calm and focused look, he endured hunger well. Before the war, his father and I worked in the same company and knew each other well.

"What is all this… and why?" - drum suddenly as if he came from another planet and has no idea where he is or why. He parachuted into a terrifying and foreign world that was not his own. He looks but does not understand, hears but does not register.

A dreamer of his kind, he sought a deeper meaning in things and events. We became good friends in the camp and we still maintain our friendship today. "Shut up and be patient," I retorted reluctantly, not knowing what to say myself. He wants neither comfort nor possible disappointment and asks for order. He had already heard countless answers that meant nothing. Vain hopes and faith in the old prophecy of Ibra, dreams of the cessation of all actions, release. I remembered how Imam Ali a.s. said: "Either there is a way out of trouble, so you have to look for it, or there isn't, so you have to be patient." In our case, the latter was true, because there was no quick and easy solution. But the human mind can hardly stand still, and this is precisely what Muhammad emphasized a.s. saying: "Belief is divided into two halves; patience and gratitude".

Those who are not patient and grateful to God lose their inner balance even at the slightest temptation, and temptations exist in order to infallibly expose everyone's inner self. "Look at the philosopher!" - winked at Amir, a mustachioed peasant in torn pants and a gray tank top. Lively and playful eyes bore witness to a man who never surrenders or backs down in the face of life's troubles. I casually waved my hand, which could have meant anything or nothing. There is neither the will nor the strength for polemics, and it is important to wait for tomorrow. After leaving the camp, Amir was a good fighter, and after the war he went to America. Sometimes he would write poems on scraps of paper that he would jealously guard from prying eyes.

After the International Red Cross from Geneva registered and listed us, Amir often got carried away with the thought of reading at least some of his verses to the employees of that organization. And only them. They are called and worthy. He would get up, then come back, because the crowd around the foreigners was big and the expectations from them huge and unrealistic. However, we were aware that their very arrival sends a good message and that it is a sign that we will not be shot. At least not all of them. Because all the camps in the country would stop mass killing after the entry of the Red Cross.

"Congratulations!" - I said to Amir cheerfully.

"Um... I'm trying to have a quality conversation with people...." - he throws an astonished look at the crowd that pressed around the neck and tried at least slightly to represent the general despair. There, everyone had their own just story in the injustice imposed on us together. An Italian with thin gold glasses carefully looked at the inmates, asking about everything and anything. Everyone answered in turn that we are fine and that no one is harassing us. They did not believe us, but remained silent, fully understanding our difficult position. The night before the entry of the Red Cross, the camp guard personally came and warned us: "Tomorrow you will have a visitor. I hope you know how to behave. Because..."

He did not speak further, but everything was clear. Barber Mići shaved the detainees all night. The goal was to look as good as possible. Prepare for an unrelenting performance, and then everything was the same. And without a clear threat, we were aware that we wouldn't be able to say what we wanted and that lies would dominate the visit. Hypocrisy and embellishment. That day, they were almost full of food, because everything had to be shown in the best possible light. There was another bald forty-year-old man, probably a doctor by profession, and a girl. Collet. The French woman, with blue, piercing eyes, had a short haircut and was dressed in plain jeans and a white T-shirt.

She calmly and soberly tried to assess the situation and the events around her. I spoke a few sentences with her in English and that's how we got to know each other. Talking without an interpreter was strictly forbidden and the risk was high. I spoke quickly and in a whisper, trying not to be seen. She listened carefully. In all subsequent visits (and there were 4-5 more until the final release), Colette, after a general speech, would address only me in particular, and we became almost friends. It was even claimed that we were in love with each other, which of course was not true, but not far from the truth. The evil-doers, however, were convinced that she was not particularly beautiful, but that we had "burned out" a long time ago, so it happens to us, and because of that, we see beauty even where there is none.

But she was beautiful, and in my opinion, a total beauty. Whenever I came, someone would inform me in advance that the car was parked and that a big event was coming. Big and significant for me. Others did not care, because they lost faith in all humanitarians. "Now... she's going to be yours... so look, say something for us" - Mujo would throw in, by the way, as if Colette was not already familiar with everything important in the camp and as if I had the power to influence anything. But, as is well known, a drowning man grasps at straws and it is necessary to see a chance there and where there is none. Desperate and hungry, the inmates turned their hopeful eyes to the workers of the International Red Cross. At least that's how it was in the beginning before inevitable disappointments. They would crowd around them, crowding and talking about their innocence and the senselessness of war, asking about their family and loved ones.

The majority obviously did not understand that their role is primarily an intermediary one and that they are neither a political nor a military organization. Consequently, they have no power to close the camp. I myself tried to explain it a couple of times to the detainees, but in vain. Liberation is demanded, immediately and even ultimately, even with a threatening tone. Foreigners showed surprising calmness and patience while listening to various quips and nebulas. I guess they are used to it because this is not their first time. Not the last one. They never wavered, never showed surprise or malice. The first two visits by the Red Cross inspired great hope, and then disappointment followed. Later, some inmates would claim that they should not even come, because mutual misunderstanding was great. However, the camp management allowed us to get food and blankets. Life began to be easier, with large cans of cheese and beef.

Through them we sent messages to our relatives and I was the last one to answer. Nostalgia didn't shake me, and I didn't even know what to write, especially since all the messages were read. The principal would often come and keep the boring ones to speak of our betrayal and disappointed expectations, as well as of not dissociating ourselves from the government's policy in Sarajevo. As if politics in war can be fenced off by individual wills and limited by random collective will. Nevertheless, the warden of the camp had to somehow rationalize what was happening before his eyes, to justify the horror in which he himself was participating. Sometimes he would state incoherently that we had just put him in a difficult and impossible situation.

That is because it was difficult for an even normal person to keep a clear conscience. The inmates themselves explained this phenomenon with rumors that the inmate from earlier "shi-"sophrenic" and that he retired very young with that diagnosis. Of course, that was impossible to verify and it didn't even matter, because smaller fish are regularly sacrificed at the end of the war, and everyone knows that except them. Mustafa Hegel swore to everyone in the world that a mentally ill person was deliberately chosen to be the manager of the camp, so that his superiors, when needed, could wash their hands without problems and thus renounce everything that was happening. The theory made sense, but, as usual, no one would listen to Mustafa. He was considered a deep and difficult man because he was righteous, and people don't like righteous people except in novels.

I would often remember the manager's first arrival at the hangar. It was a hot summer day. We lay on the straws almost motionless and did not expect a visit. Important things in life always happen when we least expect them. Proof that fate has the upper hand over our imaginations and guesses. The commander was in a camouflage uniform with a red beret on his head, with a short trimmed mustache and eyes full of hatred and contempt. The inmates looked ahead and looked away. When he came, getting up was mandatory, even for the sick and immobile, and there were no exceptions. For him, it was a sign of due respect and appreciation that is due to everyone.

It was necessary to quickly get to one's feet. Anyone who remained seated could be killed. Due to malnutrition, fainting occurred every day, so the prisoners would stand up and hold on to each other. In the end, everyone would stand up, and most of them feared him like a snake from which you can never be sure. The ruler raises his right hand in the air. The hand was open and the fingers together, the palm facing down. Nazi salute. I was convinced that he was not ordered to do so by his superiors. It was one of a series of his "pearls" that he often spilled in front of us. He knew we would accept just about anything. Precisely because we have no choice. "For home!" - he shouted strongly.

"Ready!" - several quiet voices were heard.

The confusion was great, because we did not know what was expected of us and what we should answer. The older ones knew about such a greeting from the Second World War, but there was no time to think, the answer was expected immediately. The warden was not confused.

"For our home!" - he shouted again with all his strength.

"Ready!" - shouted a multitude of voices. The fear was great and almost visible. Eyes wide open and frantic looks glassy transparent. No one knew what was waiting for us in the next few minutes.

Guards with rifles in hand stood at the entrance just in case things went wrong and something unpredictable happened. But no one thought of any madness because that would mean certain death.

"For who!?" - shouted the director again.

Complete silence reigned for a good twenty seconds, we just didn't know what to answer. We did not know whether he was aiming at a country or a party or a specific person.

"For Croatia!" - someone's trembling voice finally stammered timidly. I glanced at the old man to my left. He was holding a dark cap in his hands, his black eyes were wide open, and his forehead was covered with sweat. His legs were wobbly. The others pretended not to see him, not wanting to participate in a completely uncertain situation. The warden paused and put his hands behind his back, silently thinking about what he had heard. All praise is welcome, but he expected something else. The silence became terrible, because no one dared to guess further, and it was extremely dangerous to guess at random, since you never knew what the inmate was up to. The commander raised his hand again.

"For Boban!" - they shouted loudly and loftily even throwing their head back a little. The look, cold and impersonal, but focused, wandered palely from one face to another.

It was therefore necessary to confirm loyalty to the ruler. Formally, because there is no real support, and the one who put us in the camp would have it. But we had to cheer.

"For Boban!" - the inmates accepted with all their might, and it was repeated twice. The ritual was satisfying, so we knew how to behave in the future. I was convinced that Mate Boban himself would not have approved such shouts, but the camp authorities had full freedom in throwing "pearls" and brainwashing weak people. Those near the door fought the most because they were closest to the manager.

He had to control our unsuspecting oath. He abandoned all considerations and can do as he pleases, he only settles accounts if everyone would be killed. Sometimes the song "Here is the dawn, here is the day, here is Jura and Boban" was sung. One Bosnian with a beautiful voice was assigned to start, and the rest of us had to accept. The horror during the singing was indescribable, especially since most of them did not know the words of the song. However, everyone would suggest something that at least satisfied the guards. Ready for home. Be ready to defend your own home. A thought extremely noble but so woefully misused for current political interests and options.

In Islam, the pillars of the House of Representatives are Muhammed a.s., Fatima a.s. and 12 Holy Imams a.s. It is the believer's task to take them as guides and to know God through them. As Imam Ali a.s. said that they they are "the life of knowledge and the death of ignorance" should always be ready for such and such a Home. Knowledge is the goal of human life, and God the Most High himself, related to the reason for the creation of the world, says: "I was a hidden treasure, I wanted to be known, so I created the world". Knowing God, therefore, should be the meaning of human life.

Jesus, the son of Mary, says: "In my Father's house there are many apartments".

Here, home is defined as a collection of different dwellings, which includes different skin colors, nations and religions. In a word, the question is diversity in God's creation, and differences between people exist in order to get to know each other and not to clash. There are more apartments, but the location of the residence is the same, just as the same Divine Spirit is in each one. All men are brothers, but in this age of eclipse (Kali-Yuga) it is very difficult to understand, and even more difficult to live because of the general pollution of minds.

Meanwhile, the director of the camp takes a few steps. He looked satisfied. He did not say for himself that the administrator was the director. Almost every word had to be adapted to the "newspeak" from the neighborhood, which sometimes took comical forms, because the guards, apparently, could not get used to it quickly, so they would come up with suitable words. Sometimes they didn't know how to think of an appropriate expression, so we laughed. He raises a finger and stares off into the distance. The sun was burning mercilessly.

"It's not all your fault..., there's no question. But no one defended themselves!" – as he’d turn around towards us, trying to take in as many people as possible. We were silent, looking ahead. Keeping eyes on him was dangerous and suspicious and no one looked him in the eye. "Fencing" was an obsessive and favorite topic. He developed it and brought it to unimaginable proportions and it was obvious that in his way of thinking there is only "them" (who are correct) and "us" who are either guilty of not fencing or guilty of existing. We were just surrounded by barbed wire that was impossible to approach and let alone jump over. Anyone who tried would be killed immediately. The warden was disgusted with the guards themselves. With his crazy moves and sick perfection when it comes to torture and harassment, he crossed all the lines. Sometimes he would yell at them too, to which they just shrugged their shoulders. They didn't care. They were not afraid of him, but they had to follow orders and obey the rules of the game.

The headmaster would often threaten "headquarters", which the guards would laugh at behind his back.

"You're alive... and that's what matters," the intern finished, slamming the hangar door. He would leave proud and exalted, but always almost ashamed.

"Thank you very much" - shouted someone from the side, quite seriously, but luckily it was him that had already left.

The guards didn't even look back. They had been listening to everything for a long time. The intrusion would have been laughable under normal circumstances, but then it was eerily disturbing and revealed the depth of a completely hopeless situation. It was necessary to give thanks for the bare life which, thus devalued, inevitably strives for height. A few people chuckled loudly, but the speaker looked proud.

Turning around, he blissfully observed the faces around him, a smile never leaving his lips. At the end he spread his arms, letting it be known that he had no choice. Such people would sometimes be said to have "broken", and the term was used for lack of a better one and meant a deeper mental disorder. However, becoming a "poklash" was not easy and only applied to those who had completely lost touch with reality. There were several of them, and later the commandant of the camp personally took them "under protection" and they received special treatment. This meant that they could say whatever they wanted and walk around the hangar freely, without looking back at anyone. I talked to Colette about their case and they wanted to transfer them to a psychiatric hospital in Mostar, but in the meantime new fights broke out and the idea failed. The abnormal behavior continued, and the others got used to it and stopped being surprised.

The logic of bare survival naturally implied adulation (for some inmates) to the camp administration. There are sycophants everywhere and at any time, but this type of people is crystal clear in war. That’s because great troubles unfailingly reveal both small and great people. If it weren't for trials, many would never show themselves in their true light. Unlike material happiness, which is so often superficial, unhappiness is as deep as it is relentless. There were several, both successful and unsuccessful, spitting on one's own people, all in order to achieve some small privilege. The Knight especially caught my eye. His real name is Mirsad, but since he was from the neighborhood of Vitez, we all called him simply Vitez. I have forgotten the name of the village, although I knew it then. He said he was headed somewhere. Everyone goes, including him. Fleeing the hostilities, he sat on a bus, and was taken off it and brought to Gabela, like many others.

The Bosnian name was enough. It's your fault you're alive. Most of us from Stolac and the surrounding area knew each other, but Vitez didn't know anyone, so he was lonely and isolated. He turned to himself and tried to be as productive as possible. As far as he was concerned, the others did not interest him. Right from the beginning, he tried to establish good relations with the guards, and in return he’d receive a piece of bread or a cigarette. Very cautiously and suspiciously, and later more and more boldly, he built an image of being different and a trustworthy man. Loyal to the guard, he was ready for whatever was expected of him. The warden wanted his men in all the hangars to monitor the situation as best as possible. Mirsad slept right next to the door, and that's where everything important happened. Lists of people who will go to work were made there, smuggled food entered there, gold was given for a piece of bread, and all possible trade was carried out in the camp. However, being "at the door" also represented a great risk, because the soldiers would beat the first ones they encountered, namely those at the entrance to the hangar. Slowly but surely, the Knight became the main character from the shadows, the person around whom everything important in the dungeon revolves. Even starting to openly threaten the other inmates, he slowly but surely gained the full sympathy of the guards.

Eyes dark and inflamed, lips thin and tight as if in a spasm, strong hands constantly on the move. The gait is forced, but the steps are large and daring. For a long time we could see that he was thinking of something, but we didn't know what. Sometimes he would insult other inmates and ask them to "fight" with him, which they, of course, avoided. One day, as usual, the warden came to tour the camp and stopped by our hangar. Although it is late autumn, the heat was still great. At the mention of the director's name, the voices fell silent in an instant because one could lose one's head for a word. According to the regulations, it was not allowed to talk in the dungeon unless the inmate was asked something by the superiors. Most of the guards did not pay attention to it, but there were also those who applied this rule literally and rigorously, so that "not a fly" would be heard for hours. However, this happened quite rarely.

During the moment when the inmate was entering the door, Mirsad quickly jumped to his feet. Raising his hand in the air, he looked towards us, then at the manager, and shouted out loud: "For home!"

"Ready!" - accept several inmates more mechanically than actually. Disbelief was complete.

The situation was new and unknown, and the unknowns in detention are both difficult and deep because the uncertainty is complete and elusive. Desperate looks asked "what's wrong with him", but it seems that it was a new and completely different tactic of Mirsad's flattery to the camp administration. It was a direct but also risky step, since the manager's behavior could never be predicted with certainty. Because he who betrays his will betray yours, as the old saying goes. The camp commander hardly even looked at him, but he understood the meaning in an instant.

He put his hand on Mirsad's shoulder, and after only a few seconds, a rosary with a large wooden cross was placed around Mirsad's neck. Even today, twenty years later, I wonder if he had it (already prepared) in his pocket or if the warden himself put it around his neck after taking it from somewhere. Everything happened in an instant. The astonishment could not be described, and some looked at the young man from Vitez sadly and pitifully. The two old men covered their faces with their hands so as not to look at the sickening sight. Tajac was complete. Taking two steps back, the director looked sternly at the inmates.

"When I'm not there... Mate is... there".

The word "main" was omitted, but it was very much implied. The thought was clear: when I'm not there, Mate is in charge. The inmates watched the entire event suspiciously and silently, wondering how Mirsad suddenly became Mate?! And why Mate? Is that name chosen at random or does everything have some deeper meaning that we don't know? A purpose that disappeared somewhere and got lost, and we are forced to figure it out and invent it.

Most of the detainees were strongly convinced that the name Mate was chosen because both (Mirsad and Mate) start with the letter "M", and the camp inmate had neither the will nor the time to come up with it, so the first association ruled. I shared that opinion, because what mattered was the purpose and not the form of Mirsad's sudden transformation. What the director emphasized really came true. Namely, it wasn't with him, "there" was Mirsad, that is Mate, and that could mean anything: from beatings and threats to food smuggling and all kinds of harassment. That day, Mirsad was "baptized" and became Mate.

Completely voluntary and without any coercion. If by some chance he was forced, it would still be understandable, because such a pretense would mean merely saving a living head. But there was no coercion, and the manager himself was fully aware of the utility value of the directed and acted "conversion" to Christianity. He didn't trust him, but he needed Mate for many minor things. Mirsad turned towards us so that the cross could be seen better in the weak sunlight. The two men spat bitterly to the side, but he did not see. Camp inmates timidly and inconspicuously stared at the convert, even looking for traces of the truth on his flushed face.

"Well... what are you going to do!" - someone spoke harshly and sharply. Nothing. Nothing could be done.

From that day on, Mate (excluding the guards) became the main man in the camp, the "capo" as it were. A Bosniak like us and a prisoner like us, but above us. And not formally, but essentially. The famous change of sides happens in all wars, because there are always people who will betray religion and nation and state just to save themselves. Once, Mate whispered to a camp inmate (and he told me) how they were doing it. Our ancestors also declared themselves differently, and for a long period of time, so why not would he too for once?! So, he had already built an exit strategy, the possibility of retreating and, perhaps, renouncing his new identity. If needed. Because nothing is known yet and there is no winner. What if the Army enters or conquers this space?! But indeed, our ancestors once declared themselves as Serbs or Croats of the Islamic religion and then became Muslims or Yugoslavs.

Eventually, the people returned to their roots and we became Bosniaks (again). Too long a road to have a painless ending. The intricate path of designations and names could not escape Mirsad's cunning eye, and he adapted at the cost of losing himself. He seized the opportunity and took advantage of it. Others didn't want to, and some wanted to but didn't know, because everything "needs to be born". That is why people are mostly lost in situations whose patterns they cannot recognize. And the lower and more animal human nature is, the more adaptable it is. Surrounded by his new role, Mirsad came from all directions. A man for all occasions, he had a couple of henchmen and informers around him. As the stay in the camp was prolonged for several months, food smuggling became both an obsession and a nightmare for those inmates who had no money or valuables. In every exchange or handover, Mate was an indispensable factor. He was addressed or prayed to. He instilled fear or offered a glimmer of hope and encouragement.

The food would be brought in by the home guards, secretly (so that the manager wouldn't see), and Mirsad would sell it to us at fabulous prices. Of course, those who had to pay. It was paid with banknotes of various types and countries, and sometimes in "kind", gold, silver or wristwatches. People took off everything and sold it in order to somehow survive. Mate was very skillful in all these jobs, but also honest in his own way, because money and valuables would come with food, he didn't cheat anyone. And everything would be brought to the camp, from bread and cigarettes to honey and (even) real chocolate. Somehow, at that time, we started calling Mirsad (that is, Mat) simply Knight again. At first cautiously and timidly, then more freely and more often. The old identity seemed to be returning to his consciousness and to us. It was no accident and foreshadowed important events.

I remembered how Muhammad a.s. on one occasion he said to Imam Ali a.s.: "You are the knight of this community", which means spiritual excellence and nobleman, champion of all virtues. After these words, the Prophet gave him a bowl of water, putting three pinches of salt in it. One for sharia (physical law), another for tariqat (mystical path) and the third for hakkikat (reality of spiritual truths). This sacred act of initiation into the secrets of spiritual chivalry has been practiced in Sufi circles within Islam for centuries. This is because Imam Ali a.s. the head of all spiritual genealogies (tariqas) within the Islamic Gnostic tradition. How far is that from the "chivalry" of the Bosnian young man, here in the camp, who trampled all his own and made it a "virtue" in the eyes of others. If he didn't have a religion and a nation, he at least had ancestors, some form of tradition. Or maybe not after all.

Ungrounded and determined, alienated and without anything of his own, he easily sold everything because he had nothing. Prophet a.s. also said: "My congregation are those on the truth, however few they may be".

As Imam Ali, we have seen, is the knight of that community, he is, accordingly, the knight of those who are "on the truth". Being on the path of truth implies a way and a place. The path is the True Path mentioned in the Qur'an. These are the Holy Imams in particular, and the place is the Place of the Apostles’ Messages or the Clean House (Muhammad, Fatima and the 12 Holy Imams). All others who are "on the truth" path are their followers. Esoterically, this is about spiritual knights. In the Gabela camp, the minority gathered around the Knight (Mirsada/Mate) was the complete opposite of any spiritual chivalry, and the very name (Knight) was a sign (isaret) and everything in existence is a sign. The higher one's level of chivalry, the greater one's ability to "read signs". Because nothing happens by chance.

According to the teaching of Ibn Arebi, a knight is one who gives priority to another (over himself) and (i) for that reason, the aforementioned group in the hangar was notable precisely for the absence of any chivalry. The knight as a symbol of the complete absence of chivalry. I once bought bread from Mate. It was in the month of November 1993, when Dominica's shipments to the camp regularly arrived, and the food bags used to contain money, German marks and American dollars. I stood before the Knight, calmly and decisively, and said what I needed. Calling him by his real name (Mirsad) I felt uneasy, but he did not react at all, quickly and energetically clutching the bill. He was making money, and that was the most important thing for him. He looked at me briefly and decisively, but without hatred. I paid in German marks, I don't remember how much or it was important because in the camp bread is more important than gold.

I sat down with Mustafa Hegel. The Sarajlići are an old and respectable family from Stolac, one of the many that has disappeared or is in the process of disappearing. He got the nickname "Hegel" a long time ago, almost in childhood. Ever since his early youth, he would always be wise and correct the "crooked Drina" by standing up against everything and everyone. In the socialist system, it was considered that Mustafa was "anti-opposed" in everything, and even that he was a kind of element that did not really understand the benefits of the dictatorship of the proletariat. If he got angry, he would really become an elemental calamity to run away from, which was the majority and he would simply leave them without arguments. Asocial and lonely, often far-sighted and precise in his analysis of social events, Hegel would push the "poppy to the limit" in all situations, mostly pointless and completely futile. Justice and truth do not interest people until they become a part of them in the way of burden and misfortune. He was a good craftsman and an honest man. Short of speech but, surprisingly, he would talk to me, and we had long conversations late into the night. I looked at Mirsad. He has already settled in and (like Mate) has become the unsuspecting supervisor of all events in the hangar. A necklace with a wooden cross was constantly hanging around his neck, he never took it off. It was so difficult to reconcile the merciful and good Christ with a man for whom his symbol had become a card of deception and a pass for evil of every kind. Yet there was no overt malice in Mirsad's behavior, although the instinct for survival was animalistic. He was not alone in this, but only the most capable.

In order for the crown to come out as well as possible, Mate was usually naked up to the waist, especially during the summer heat, but also later, because the winter (and 93/94) was extremely mild. He never hit anyone, and he could have if he wanted to. He was feared and hated, and the two always go together, for we hate him whom we fear.

"Sold soul" - the rare captives would whisper quietly, making sure he didn't hear. I, however, argued that his goal was to survive as easily as possible, to survive the war at any cost. He did not go too far, nor did any inmates lose their lives because of him. What does it mean to sell your soul and what is the price?!

Jesus said, "What is it worth to a man if he gains the whole world and loses his soul?"

Only what one owns can be lost, and every man has a soul.

In this statement, "soul" means its true loss, falling below the level of humanity, and humanity affirms the soul as such. This is how we irrevocably differ from animals. In this Dark Age, the animal man dominates within the human being, while spirituality is quite (though not completely) suppressed and crippled. In this way, many souls in the Kali-Yug are completely lost in the animal kingdom within their own souls. In this sense, Imam Ali a.s. said: "The man who does not know his worth is lost".

The mentioned value is the heavenly nature of man, the Divine Spirit breathed into him. Since by descending into the world of matter, the soul became bound to it, the shackles must be broken and (again) regain perfect humanity. Thus enriched and ennobled, with expanded consciousness, the creature returns to the Creator. It goes back to its lost homeland, closing and connecting the descending and ascending arcs. The potential for perfect humanity resides in every being. In this sense, Muhammad a.s. said that "every child is born in natural faith".

By living on earth, the soul can regain its original, natural humanity, but also lose it. That is why it has been said that the man in whom reason prevails becomes greater than the angels, while the one who lives in accordance with his passions falls below the level of an animal. Both are proportional to our actions in this world. Evil is an accident and the position of the primordial source light will eventually come to every being. Sufferings in the intermediate state (after death) and in the infernal worlds have the purpose of purification, so in the end everything will be perfect within God's Grace, which the spirit has essentially never left. I looked at Mirsad again. If he did sell something, that trade had a long way to go. And since everything in this world has a consequence (which in turn becomes the cause of something), it is not nice to forget what we were or had to be.

In the process of metamorphosis (in the socialist system) servile consciousness was strongly present due to the disorganization of national and religious consciousness, which again gave birth to ideological disorientation as a consequence of that state. It is not without reason that Bosniaks grieve the most for socialism, when a great leader thought of them and they were obedient executors. Mirsad (in Arabic) means "one who waits". Was it a sign that the only thing left for us to do is wait, or is waiting always the evil fate of Bosniaks? Dare. Waiting for someone else to solve the problems?! An unresolved big, scary father complex that can turn everything upside down in an instant. In vain. In the usual sense, that is, on an everyday level, she was waiting on the exchange. It was assumed that we would be exchanged for someone, either civilians or HVO soldiers. Hegel would often say, and this later came true, that there would be no exchange, but that we would simply be released at the end of the war.

"Get out even if I don't look at you anymore" - Mustafa would conjure up the atmosphere of a possible voluntary release without exchange. As always, when he spoke, the others would shake their heads thoughtfully.

Talking to the inmates, he would sometimes console them with invented stories about the imminent release. The guard would hear something, and the prisoner's fantasy would weave a web of reasons for immediate release from the banal story.

There were very depressed people on the verge of suicide or insanity, and some swore they would have hanged themselves a long time ago if only they had a rope. Individuals would cry bitterly at night, trying to hide it from others, but in the nature of things, someone always sees. People would turn their heads and they were painful and difficult images, tears and loud sobs, hopelessness without end. Cut to bare skin, we were real prisoners by image and occasion. Most of the civilians stared wearily into space, counting the minutes until lunch. The warden personally supervised the haircuts because the lice had long since appeared and affected the entire camp. Lying next to each other "like sardines", the inmates would pull them out of their hair and crush them with their fingernails. Lips horribly twisted and faces stiff as masks, a smile of despair.

Itching was also widespread, and redness of the skin could be seen in all. Scabies. Bareheaded, battered corpses in torn clothes, ghosts wandering in a dark tunnel without end. The horror. The camp authorities soon distributed two bottles of white water to treat itching to each hangar, but it was nowhere near enough. Most continued to peel their own skin mercilessly. As always, Mustafa grumbled against injustice, indulging in the assumption that the white water is poisoned, and that it will affect our lungs in the future. And twenty years later. In order to make a show in front of the Red Cross, the government started distributing medicines. Some sort of dirty pill box was brought, and one (from before the war) medic was assigned to distribute them as needed. This was done roughly and on a case-by-case basis, as the pills had expired and were broken and mixed up.

The inmate suggested taking medication regularly and conscientiously. It was one in a series of his characteristic outbursts, an open mockery of a great suffering, and no one paid attention to his intrusions for a long time. But we all pretended to listen carefully, seemingly convinced of his unquestionable wisdom.

"Try to stay alive." - the medic would comfort the most seriously ill, trying to stay sober himself, it was all he could do. He would look mortals straight in the eyes, and the dark, piercing gaze seemed to offer a certain comfort. Dysentery also appeared and threatened an epidemic. A young man was on the verge of death, but somehow recovered and survived. The others fought back as best they knew how.

Packages with food and medicine regularly arrived from Dominika and Nikica, and I used the jacket that Nikica sent me to the camp for several years. Many Croats helped the detainees and brought in food and clothes, and even took some people to their homes to bathe and refresh. These were great gestures in the age of single-mindedness, when any help to the enemy represented a great risk. We were waiting for the end of the war. As usual, Mustafa Hegel had a different opinion and claimed that the best option for getting out was an allied landing on the camp, following the example of the liberation of Auschwitz. The assumption was not seriously considered because Mustafa was generally believed to be a "special mind".

However, international military intervention was still far away and we were deeply aware of that. Moreover, the majority lived in the belief that it would never exist, that there was no power that would dare to attack Serbia.

"You're wrong, guys... Belgrade will be bombed" - I said once to the group that discussed it. There was no end to their amazement, and I should have been declared a "looney" in their eyes.

Much later, they asked "how did he know?", but I didn't want to answer. In the evening, when darkness fell and darkness covered the hangar, Rusmir, Amir and Halko would hum softly.

"Hey, hey, this day will pass,

Day will pass

day like a dream..."

It was a song by the group "Drugi Način", which was popular in the 80s and their wistful ballads conquered teenagers. The nostalgic song "Stari grad" would always take me back to the past. I would remember Mirsada and the distant days of restrained tenderness and blueness above the heads, tired hands and a contented heart. It was a long time ago, but I still remember. And who knows why that memory appears now. A picture of happiness. Memories.

For the aforementioned trio, the passing of the day meant a day less in the camp and a day closer to the solution of the big game, whatever it may be. Who knows if they thought like that but they felt like that. And it was enough. We couldn't stay in dark silos forever. Something will happen, even if it is death and the situation will change, whatever that means. The most tormented wished for death, although it was rarely spoken of. They sang every night and the consolation was ultimately in vain, because it was known that the next day would not be easier, it could only be harder. Still, the low hum seemed to bring a cheerfulness, a strange numbness to the whole group around them.

The edge of another world was opening, the world of transience and memory, and final questions usually arise in misfortune because a valuable thought is born (just like a child) in pain and the power of pain. Exchange was our main obsession. We didn't know who we should be exchanged for and how many of the opposite side were captured. Several inmates swore that ours were holding literally no one and they firmly believed it. We later learned that this was not far from the truth, as it was obvious that the Army did not practice mass incarceration of civilians. The manager cynically remarked a couple of times that we had nowhere to go.

"Yours won't want you...", he would smile evilly and quietly. "I would let everything go, but there is no one to accept you".

We didn't believe him. Nevertheless, some superstitiously shook their heads, ominously suspecting that "there is also that", the possibility is open, this and that. And we certainly do not know the truth nor can we find it out, so then everything becomes possible. Because a desperate person will believe anything. The camp man would constantly come and give boring speeches about the lack of fencing and us as the enemies of his people. I observed these "enemies" and concluded that they exist only in his head. Beardless boys with tearful eyes and gray-haired old men with tired eyes, scarred civilians in torn clothes. The people. In a word, the Bosniak people. Everything that could walk was picked up.

"Respect and you will be respected" - he would emphasize, staring at the unshaven, drunken faces as if seeking approval for his words. I noticed his almost morbid dependence on the orders of his superiors, his fear of the ridicule of his subordinates, and his suspicion that he was not taken seriously. It was about an extremely cruel man. Sometimes, an occasional crisis of conscience would even appear and disappear very quickly because it is a war and all the conditions for its rationalization exist. They kill and capture everywhere, and that can justify anything.

The messages we sent through the Red Cross were without envelopes and open, so it was clear that the camp administration was reading them. Mentioning the word "camp" was strictly forbidden, and the director proudly pointed out that Gabela is home to a military remand prison where people under investigation reside. The guards would sometimes cynically remark that they were protecting us from war and that they were worried about our fate in the event of our release. This all works so that something bad doesn't happen to us. But that joke didn't make us laugh. Going out to work became a more and more frequent occurrence.

Camp inmates mostly wanted to go to the work site, even though they would return tired and sometimes beaten. There was daylight and fresh air, and at work you could eat and drink to your heart's content. However, it was only out of necessity. A hungry man cannot dig trenches, so the soldiers were forced to give food, which they had in abundance anyway. Cans were handed out by hand and it was common to eat a whole loaf of bread in one meal. This way, some prisoners gained weight. In the meantime, "writing" for abroad began, which means the declaration of those who want to leave the country. The camp commander was firmly convinced that such people would never return, so he would suggest that we go outside, away from the hell of war. The presentation of the circumstances there was "visionary" and unconditionally true.

In the West, work is money and with work comes money and with it comes everything else. Houses, cars, luxury. In a word, enjoyment of all kinds within our reach. Most people still wanted to go to the left bank of Mostar and join their families. Nostalgia was too strong to be overcome just like that. After a few days, those who declared to go abroad were transferred to a special hangar, to a "unit", where they had more food and even some freedom of movement within the camp. It was not about rewarding the mentioned group, but about punishing the rest of us, since we, as the warden underlined, declared for going to the side of the enemy. And that, again, means that we will become opponents ourselves, with or without a gun.

Mate also went to the "unit" and became Mirsad again. He no longer needed a new identity. He took off the necklace with the cross and everyone called him simply Knight again. Maybe he even suddenly forgot what he was and why he was?! Those who did not want to go outside, under the age of 35, were transferred to the Heliodrom camp near Mostar. At the end of March 1994, we were released. We found our families. I found out that Colette is in Rwanda (because in the meantime war broke out there) and I wrote to her. She contacted me with a postcard that I still keep, as I keep such a tender memory of her. The Americans eventually stopped the war, and we should be grateful to them for that, because without their help, Bosnia and Herzegovina might still be shooting today. Gabela is now deserted and empty. Mata's spirit remained hovering above the haunted hangars. Perhaps waiting for another Mirsad.

THE PROPHECY OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH

He saw two riders, one of them was riding on a donkey and the other was a rider

on the camel, he kept a close eye with rapt attention. (Hebrew text)

In undisturbed peace and with a clear sign,

Jesus was moving towards Jerusalem on a horse

meek, tame. The Kingdom of the Spirit walks her always

scattered on the well-trodden path, sprinkled with fragrant flowers.

Muhammad entered Mecca on a camel without

spilled drops of blood one, there are two riders

which the wise hermit perceives in his vision,

two of the greatest of all who deserve the Mission.

The Gospel and the Qur'an tell the same story

in hearts longing for light, camel or fat

rope, it doesn't matter, none of them can pass

through the eye of a needle...

IBRO'S FES

A cloudy and anxious day, one of those painful days when people are hard on themselves. A heavy languor of provincial boredom and bewilderment in which everyone questions only himself and answers exclusively to himself. True, there are also interlocutors. They confirm and nod, with the occasional, obligatory "yah" that breaks the silence and can mean anything in the subtle philosophy of nonsense that the elders pass on and generously give away. Because they don't know what to do with her. And wisdom can be hurt by giving it to someone who doesn't deserve it. Loads life thus falls on the younger ones and their strong and unrestrained blood resists, it wouldn't fit otherwise. We were sitting in a tavern, Ahmet and I.

Senad and Dževdo came from somewhere. The latter moved very sympathetically with his indifferent, waddling step. They sat down at our table and did not ask if it was free, although Buha was already preparing to blurt out that it was free from the "four-five". Thick clouds, piled up and compacted like iron witnesses suddenly cover the sun. It was a jury for gray moodiness around the round table, solitude. The most difficult one, the loneliness of provincial idleness when everything is known about people and events that we don't even know. The drudgery of dealing with other people's lives, heavy and sour. Buha was unshaven and grumpy and kept looking into the distance with small, lively eyes, stroking his calloused beard with his right hand.

The shirt, worn carelessly, crumpled and greasy, was without two top buttons. Lordly messy and dirty as it often is with people who are sure of themselves, so they have no need for artificiality and splendid austerity that should compensate for the absence of all truth and harmony. Ahmet suddenly spoke up:

"It's the worst, my friends, when you bury yourself, when the rascal gets drunk and when the fool gets to the armchair. Yah!" - he started nodding his head like an old lion, as if he was assuring us of something that cannot be questioned.

Nobody said anything. Senad stroked his thick mustache and lit a cigar, his gaze wandering somewhere in the distance. Loneliness, the grayness of the province. Dževad smiled significantly at the look of a man who justifies everything and slapped Buha on the shoulder.

"The old bastard, he knows everything!" - he winked at the whole company and giggled at the top of his voice. The barmaid with long curly hair and warm brown eyes smiled curiously in anticipation, it was a blessing to the quips and jokes that were yet to happen, it was inevitable. A bar in the very center of the city, almost empty. We don't hesitate because it doesn't matter to us and solitude allows everything and we have no one to introduce ourselves to or to point out anything in particular. Losers. Losers. We all fall into silence, the girl raises her cup of white coffee and shakes her head significantly. We are old acquaintances. Determined to improve the impression, Ahmet suddenly raises his index finger, letting it be known that he has something important to say and it is necessary to keep the voices down, calm down. A huge fly landed on the table and Senad tried to catch it with his hand.

He was a famous musician from Herzegovina and his accordion was widely known.

"Old bastard" - Dževdet spoke again with the same sentence. He raises his palms, swaying slightly in anticipation. Blackened teeth showed behind chapped lips. With his right hand, he adjusted the cap on his head, a worn gray cap, probably inherited from his ancestors. In the meantime, Buha turned around to the right and then to the left to make sure that the desired silence had been achieved before the great triumph of the spirit.

"Ibro the cowherd has one red mahram," he began sternly, still holding his finger up, "so he would have been embroidered by more women. If it weren't for the langar... Heh, heh, it's not born anymore!", they turned around and looked at all of us with the respect and special seriousness that great inventors and historians have when they want to convince the audience of the authenticity of their ideas and patents.

The girl turned her whole body bursting with laughter and even blushed a little, and Dževad smiled widely with the grimace of a man who approves of everything because he hasn't hoped for anything for a long time.

"Bravo Ahma!", he screamed hard and slammed his foot on the floor.

"Yes, he had a good stick", - added Senad sluggishly and reluctantly, "he would have taken a fiver off his knee", he added convincingly as if he had personally witnessed the event.

"Zeina would run away through the field, and he would catch up with her so...", Senad shook his head twice, as if to drive the painful scene away from him or at least despise it. The barmaid catches on shaking her stomach, she went out bent over into the next room. The broom fell behind the door and collapsed. The wind began to blow gently.

"Good, you say!" Ahmet broke in with disbelief in his voice. "It dragged itself to t'ala like a snake from a forest."

"Python, a real python!" he repeated twice forcefully, and then suddenly fell into some kind of thought, covering the ashtray on the table with his whole palm, as if he didn't even say anything. He got tired easily and lost interest in things and people even more easily.

I also remember Ibra. He was of medium height and had strong arms. Crouched down and lonely, he would slowly ascend the Uzinović Mahal, driving the donkeys in front of him. There was time for everything, coffee was drunk for two hours. Fes was Ibra's pride. Always on the head, impeccably clean, a sign, a sign of a time, an epoch. I was a boy but I remember the fez very well, about thirty years ago.

Old Pezo, then Hadžibeg, Jugo... the last generation that was not ashamed of its religion and its tradition, or at least swallowed the shame in itself, suffocating it, hiding it. The generation that remembered the persecutions both before and after the Second World War, silent and bowed people in the bazaar alleys, humiliated, robbed. But they were not ashamed. At least I didn't see in them all that I noticed in us later. In us, rather.

Old Hadjibeg. Rizvanbegović. A vital old man with a jocular nature would entertain bazaar with unusual landings. And they were both frequent and sudden, because according to the general opinion, he was a "tabijasus" on his own. A cheerful and honest man, who needed to know the tabiat and guess the chehra in order to successfully talk to him and deal with him. Because he was quick and unpredictable. In an elegant suit, with rolled-up sleeves and wide trousers, he showed something "Bey", something from another world and time, with daring movements and remarks. Together with many other Bosniaks from the Stolac area, he fought in the First World War on the side of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy bravely and proudly, because Bosniaks considered it an honor to serve the occupier. Related to that, a strange and unusual anecdote is remembered. A completely ordinary day, hungover and idle soldiers were drinking in a tavern. More often it happened that "koja more" was drunk, and then everything becomes possible, because people from Beća see and value people and events incorrectly. A drunk man imagines that everyone understands him, and that's exactly why he crosses borders easily.

Since he was a devout Muslim from his early youth, Rizvanbegović kept away from girls and women, firmly convinced that such desires can only be satisfied in a legal (and Sharia) marriage. He was waiting to marry a proud and good girl, despising fornication as well as the licentiousness of the body and all that sin brings with it. How "the devil does not rest" and how he is always right where there is wine, his friends persuade the bright and flushed waitress which served them to sit down in Hadjibeg’s lap. It was in the town of Đeru. And while she was about to fulfill her wish, he jumped to his feet and grabbed the bayonet with his hand, obviously wanting to kill the chief persuader of the group. Everyone gasped in disbelief, suddenly realizing that the devil had taken the joke.

It was said that my grandfather Meho quickly and energetically grabbed his hand and thus saved the unsuspecting pimp. Thus, the young man from Stolac preserved his sexual chastity until marriage, and married in his later years. He also had children, and grandchildren are still alive today. But what is most important is the fact that even at that time, chastity was considered absurd and inappropriate, and sexual abstinence was considered a laughing stock.

It was (even then) the beginning of the great moral stagnation of Bosniaks, which in the old Yugoslavia, and especially in socialism, reached unimagined proportions. Jafar also wore the fez with pride. I remember it as already old and dilapidated. He moved slowly, but heavily and silently. According to the general belief, he was a "hamal", a man for all jobs. He would look into every corner, every doorway in the narrow streets and there was no store without knowing it like the back of his hand. At that time, there were still granaries for flour and other foodstuffs. We called him Dzaka. As he was carrying sacks, the abbreviation indicated his job. Because everything that exists has a sign. You didn't even know the number of sacks, because Dzafer was tireless and relentless towards himself. He would do whatever he needed to do, and he would be paid roughly or not at all. But he was content, never complaining or speaking against people. He knew that salvation comes from God and it doesn't matter through whose hand it comes.

Non-aggressive and patient, he was in no hurry to make money as soon as possible. He was in no hurry, wherever he went someone would need him. The eyebrows are thick and the eyes are deep-set, their look stern and distrustful of people who have experienced the misery of service and the pain of rejection. Skin shriveled by old age, deep furrows on the face were evidence of a hard life that always leaves traces gove, even when we are ashamed of the past trying to escape from it. There were only a few curled hairs in his chin, and between his thin, pursed lips was a dirty pipe that was constantly smoking. A slow but measured step. After the Second World War, Jafer served only the distinguished families of Stolac, and found honor in that service. Because the shadow of fame falls on him as well, he is a part of everything that happens, he participates. He would receive a discreet call from the old Agin houses and would regularly answer without question. Later, poverty forced him to work for anyone who was able to pay (at least something). When poverty knocks on the door, pride leaves, often never to return. Arrogance in poverty is not praiseworthy and indicates rising up against God.

He seemed completely confident in what he was doing, probably knowing that the city would always need people like him, one way or another. Because some simply want to dominate and order, even when there is no sense or need. They called him "The Singer", but he didn't like the nickname, he despised it. He died a long time ago, more than 30 years ago. He left quietly, the way he had lived. Someone like Mecina will not be born in the Stolac bazaar for a long time. Meha Gubeljić. His eyes are black and warm, his gaze curiously good-natured, dark freckles on his face that gave him an unusual, adventurous and adventurous spirit. His arms were long and strong. It is a pity that one Ernest Hemingway did not meet the best hunter that the city remembers. He was unsurpassed in eel hunting and knew all the important holes and caves, especially in the lower reaches of the river. Even today, it is said that great secrets were revealed to Hajri Bubalu, who neglected and forgot about it, accepting more and more blessings of today's modern life. Thus, the legendary hiding places of eels under the old harem fell into oblivion, because it was "below the honor" of Hajra to maintain the fishing tradition and memory.

After World War II, Meho would sell hot chestnuts on the corner of the main street.

"Maruni... hot maruni" - he would call out to customers in a measured voice.

And they bought, both children and adults. He lived calmly and calmly, intimately with everyone and separated from everyone, deeply and irretrievably. I remember him like that, isolated and lonely under the canopy of the old church where he thought about the past and his turbulent life. Mevla was a colorful and slender old woman from my street. Tall and always tied up with a jenna, with a piercing but gentle look, as all people who have seen a lot and know even more have. Who are silent. I remember how she would easily cross the street with a drink in her hand. Her husband Khalil was a hafiz of the Qur'an. He would speak slowly and focused, clearly and fluently breaking down the syllables. People called him to teach hatma, everywhere, all over Herzegovina. And he wore a fez.

People with fez on their heads. They gave the impression of nausea and humiliation, but they were not ashamed and they were not afraid. Both shame and fear came later. Faith as "opium for the people" in Marx's philosophy of dialectical materialism. Completely contrary to the truth, because it is this world that intoxicates and so often irrevocably captures the lustful soul that aspires to it, thus killing spiritualism and spirituality, crippling them. The "Turkish" past and the need to prove orthodoxy by the "undecided" people, that came when people with fez on their heads were already in the sunset. The end of a magnificent tradition that had its own foundation, basis, great meaning. An idol made of flesh and blood, the "removal of dice" from women by the "enlightened" new class, euphoric careerists who expected communism with every harvest, a classless society for those who wait, a red elite in the form of those who rule. A beautiful future for those who hope, but a beautiful present for those who promise it.

It is impossible to do otherwise if "everything is here" and if man is only an intelligent animal. Because, on earth, the righteous often suffer and the criminal succeeds, and no earthly order can correct that. Because external influence on the soul is impossible. It is necessary for a human being to change himself, and this is again impossible without faith in a higher world. Man has never established absolute justice on Earth, nor will he ever establish it. It belongs exclusively to God. Relative justice is possible, but it also depends on a number of circumstances which is impossible to predict. The very nature of this world makes absolute justice impossible. For such a thing, a different world is needed, the world of the soul that is devoid of matter. This is why the Otherworld is inevitable when it comes to absolute justice.

"Look! Broka judi!" Ahmet interrupts me in my thoughts. It was Friday, the world passed by and gathered in front of the mosque in the center of the city. People also came from the surrounding villages to finish their work, drink coffee and talk after Juma. Who of them!?" - said Senad, staring absently at the empty cup in front of his room.

He was about to say something. He sank into his thoughts and left who knows where. He needs a sign, a sound from the outside world. He is not alone, he is met by the echo of his own words. "Red and sa' are green!" - shouted Ahmet, loudly and extremely persuasively, I guess to convince others of the power of changing colors and characters. "It's easy to change your jersey, it's hard to be a man! Heh, heh, turn around like the wind blows. Nejma, mother's son...", he said and tapped his forehead with his finger, looking at me meaningfully.

And indeed, in every age there are doppelgangers who paint themselves in many colors and take on different characters according to the current need. They follow the caller each and turn in the direction of the wind each. I remembered the tradition of Imam Ali a.s.: "There will come a time for people when they will have nothing left of the Qur'an except its letters, and nothing of Islam except its name. Their mosques in those days will be large in terms of construction, but desolate in terms of guidance .Those who will fight in them will be the worst among the inhabitants of the earth. if anyone turns back from it, they will push him to it. Allah the Exalted says: 'I swear by Me, I will send upon them a trial in which even the prudent will be swept away!' And He will do so! We ask God to keep us from falling into negligence!"

In this tradition, we are talking about the Last Time (ahiri-zaman), that is the Dark Age (Kali-Yuga) according to Hindu teachings. It represents the time we live in now and it has been going on for a long time. We see that God's Book is mentioned first and that it is said that nothing will remain of the Qur'an except its letters. This means that the knowledge of the Qur'an will be reduced to the level of literal, outer letters without delving into its inner contents and meaning. Prophet a.s. said: "The Qur'an has 7 levels of meaning, each of which has up to 70 other depths". It is therefore about esoteric meanings that become relatively inaccessible to people in the Last Time, and absolutely in the Age of Total Darkness. That time has already begun, although the final darkness has yet to be reached, for iron man will gradually regress and it is unstoppable.

The form of rituals exists (prayer, fasting, zakat, hajj...), but not the essence, so people only know the outer letter of the Qur'an, in terms of form, while the contents are unavailable. Although the "teaching" of the Qur'an is still alive and accessible to some degree, the esoteric meaning is slipping away. The mosques of this (Dark Age) are grand in terms of construction, but desolate in terms of direction. Today we encounter this fact everywhere where Muslims live. The overemphasis on the architectural value of mosques in itself indicates the complete absence of the inner dimension of Islam (batin), which again explains why they are desolate in terms of reference. Because only he who has combined external and internal learning (zahir and batin) can instruct (in reality). The external grandeur of the mosque compensates for the internal emptiness of the world of meaning.

Prophet's a.s. the mosque in Medina was the simplest possible building, quadrangular in shape and covered with palm leaves, and we must not forget that according to tradition, one of the omens of the end of the world is the "decoration and beautification of mosques". The consequence of the catastrophic split between the material and the spiritual, and between essence and form, is the fact that mosques will be inhabited and visited by the worst people on Earth.

This incredible twist is the result of the pressure of man's heavenly nature, that nature which aims to make its virtue known. So, if he can't do it right, he can do it upside down. Of course, then the mosque becomes a place of confusion and hiding everything that is wrong. Without the Right Path, there are only crooked paths, and where there is no justice and truth, confusion is dominant by the nature of things. As leadership is expected in the temples and there is none, confusion inevitably spreads. Regarding the disturbance, the Prophet said that it sleeps, so it is always latently present. In this context, the investigative spirit of Islam becomes heresy ("they will throw him back into it"). If, on the other hand, someone goes back (to the original tradition), they will push him to it, i.e. adapt it to your condition. Because of this eclipse (which is general), today any search for the original interpretation of the Book is considered "novelty". There is no living tradition, it is completely petrified by mere rituals and dogmatic consciousness. Undoubtedly, today the investigative spirit of Islam is "pushing back" into it (a state of general and completely ignorant, ossified consciousness), and all this results in such a temptation in which even "the prudent is swept away". And how could he not be like that when the worst people are where they should be the best, when the whole is irrevocably broken and when the form dominates the essence.

The Hindu scriptures say that in the Kali-Yuga, all that remains of religion is ritual. All this will get worse and worse, until the Golden Age comes, the signs of which are already visible.

"There is also repentance" - timidly added Dževdo, forcefully drawing the cigarette smoke into his lungs as if he was looking for repentance between two lungs, begging him to come out, appear. We all need it.

"There's nothing to worry about... Um, I'd better not say anything" - Buha turned his whole body, looking at us with disdain. Apparently the silence lasted too long.

"My child... you are what you are. It's hard to be a man, my grandmother would always tell me... That's why - be smart while you're still young..."

Nobody said anything. In the meantime, the barmaid returned and disinterestedly lit a cigarette. Pretending not to see us, she stared into the blue distance behind us. Ahmet continued and closed his eyes. Gray clouds were gathering. So far, the worst one. Provincial.

"What do you fantasize about the most?" - Senad addressed me, suddenly and extremely seriously.

"About the shipwreck!" - I retorted lazily and without looking at him. "There is a big storm, the ship is huge and full of passengers. The open sea, far from the shore. Suddenly, we are stranded, we hit an underwater reef. The ship is sinking and only I and the most beautiful girl on the ship are saved. The waves throw us onto a deserted island and there we fall in love and live for the rest of our lives never returning to civilization" - I finished, looking at him proudly and deadly serious.

"Aaaah... what an event!" - Dzevdet laughed blissfully. "Well done, seducer of women's hearts!" - he added abruptly and clapped his hands twice, perhaps expecting general applause. He didn't even know otherwise, he only had benevolence left.

"You don't have a bad imagination" - he turned on again - "The only bad thing is that you never know how far away a deserted island is!? And besides, is there one?"

I didn't answer anything. The bartender started washing the glasses, quickly and thoroughly. She tried to ignore our conversation. If he pays attention, who knows what he can hear. "Oh my life!" - pulled out Buha with dignity. The gray in the sky was getting darker and darker, it looked like it was going to rain. We all fell into silence. Muk.

A DOG'S LIFE

- Mujo, do you need me to write ya’ a letter!? - said an elderly man loudly to the waiter, obviously considering that the limit of patience has been reached and that the service has already been waiting too long. At least for an average coffee shop where politeness is never complete, so I guess it is expected that rudeness is not at its peak either.

The day was cloudy and heavy, gloomy. It's Friday, a quiet eve without meaning, when everything is dressed up, listened to and hurriedly planned. Because, when night falls, hopes come out noiselessly and dreams take shape. Glowing, heated imagination playful. The cafe will be full, that's for sure. People arranged "like sardines", stand leaning against the red walls. They are upright and not dead like fish in a can, but they stink, spreading the smell of staleness, waiting to be digested. Everything is swallowed. A warning sign for poorly made-up girls who are entering their thirties and have already irrevocably abandoned the image of the prince of their dreams. Less refined men, vagrants and losers, cheap dealers also come into consideration. Vague thoughts wrapped in paper lies of nonsense. Hope smolders, and a few candles are lit to bring possible romance closer. That's how it is in the movies, and we take everything from the big stars. Nothing will happen. But hope is important, so inevitable for the usual "weekend outing".

A fiery and expensive event, an attraction for a small province where roles are lined up like people and everyone knows where to expect a smile or loathing, scorn, or "tongue," whatever. Already seen. Looks will wander wearily, passing carefully over familiar faces, even at times curiously, inquisitively gently. And that's why I drink coffee right now, in the evening, when there are the fewest guests. I intend to lose myself before the glorious "coming out of the youth". All the more because I know the story by heart and have known it for a long time. The end of the evening is always the most interesting. Everyone leaves with the belief that the next time will be better and more successful, that the current night is simply bad luck, a misfortune that will not happen again. That very night, the expected person did not appear. Young girls will sigh softly, taking off their third-rate make-up in front of a small oval mirror, perhaps even allowing themselves to question the meaning of life in a small province. In the West it is better and more beautiful, but not to leave. It's a pity, because it seems that we are still waiting for us, we are simply necessary. The young men usually get drunk and get stuck in a magic cloud of bad weed, dragging themselves through the streets until dawn like sloppy dogs, screaming in mock nonsense, too superficial to look each other in the face.

The smoke screen makes up for everything, even defeats are mirrored by victories. Europe does not even occur to them, they are finished, most of them. They are only about twenty years old, and they are already old men because of the burden they carry, and children, because of the lack of seriousness and thoroughness. Dreamers without pictures. The whole dream is in the blurry eyes. This is where everything begins and ends without crossing the threshold of imagination. Dreaming without hope and meaning, without a goal. Provincials. Dog life. Royal, because everything depends on the value system. Objective circumstances mean nothing because life is the meaning in us. Quality of life does not exist "in itself" (if we exclude the animal nature of mere "living") and only our valuation is both the goal and the power associated with it.

Mujo brings me the coffee, with a familiar look of displeasure on his face. He works alone and it's hard for him to get everything done. Help arrives only at nightfall. Then even a red apron is put on, it gives a tone of seriousness. I look at the lights in the distance hoping for nothing. Three young girls at one table. Laughing, pointing fingers at every passerby on the street. Obligatory ritual, sign, traffic light that allows or prohibits passage. Two men were playing backgammon.

It has become common to see pensioners too, reclining comfortably in light brown chairs. Often they don't order anything, but they say goodbye. Failure, that privilege of all the losers, becomes best visible in the tavern, because the role that is realized is so often grotesquely different from the real value. No one envies them, only success is not forgiven. Muja's hair is unkempt, tall and thin, with light blue eyes and a childlike expression, he was the most popular waiter after Saja left. A prankster. Big earrings in both ears, it would be too classic if the sign was only in one because you need to hear well, listen to all the sounds in a crowded bar. Mujo was always ready to cut off any excesses that crossed the line of good taste and "culture". Because all the abominations are there, crouching, sleeping. Dreamers, people who dream. A dog's life.

Suddenly I saw her. Sweetie. I didn't even notice when she walked in. Her left elbow rested on the shiny bar, so gracefully that it took me a good few minutes to retain the image and commit it to memory. A dark brown, aristocratic fur coat, as worn by bosses and rich shop owners at the end of the nineteenth century, is not a status symbol for Ajlica, but it looks royal on her. Eyes focused, bright and warm, smart. At one point, a glint of light from a hanging lamp stopped between her long eyelashes, lasting only a moment. Velvet shade, satin. Nights in white satin, I used to play that song. Guitar. The face is small and unusually lovely, the lips are regular and playful, almost pale.

The slightly rounded chin gave a tone of joy to the whole appearance, a strange smile even while the face was serious. She had long, fair hair that fell on her shoulders, her hands were delicate and small, unusually smooth. She held a glass of juice in her hand so carelessly longingly that one could imagine a lost princess, absent from the big ball. Coincidence, the wave of fate that brought us, threw us on the quiet shore. Here everything is ours and everything comforts. "At Jemija's". With the first signs of night, the cafe was rapidly filling up. Guests arrived in groups of three or four, it's safer.

They often entered noisily and obtrusively cheerfully, so as not to draw attention to themselves. It is easier if you are noticed at the door itself, the chance is higher. On one wall hung several pictures of me. The expression is adequate, "hanging" fell from a height. Gap, darkness, silence. They have been there for several years, stray, unsightly and long since overcome, at least in my understanding of the progression or regression of artistic expression. Distorted and melancholic, they stood out sadly from the other walls. Anyway, because no one is looking at them anyway. Some actually looked, but no one looked carefully, although I even sold one painting. The customer generously asked me if 50 KM was not "too little" for such a work and offered more money. I refused, feigning false modesty, and I still regret that I didn't put double the price.

- Is there anything from above? - the mustachioed acquaintance spoke to me loudly, turning his whole body towards me. He sat in front, smoking cigarettes one after another. Regular guest. He waited for an answer very seriously, looking at me with a questioning look.

His curiosity was not surprising, he speaks like that, just for the sake of order. Bald, with strong shoulders, dressed in an orange jacket, he resembled the coach of the national football team who has all the players on the field in his "little finger", he rules, he is familiar.

- From where? - I retorted without even looking at him.

- From Norway.

- No... What should it be? - I waved my hand lazily and disinterestedly, although I knew "what" he meant, better to say whom. It is so widely known that the name no longer makes sense to mention. Secrets are the most beautiful when they seem common knowledge, because it is easiest to hide in murky water, in the blurring of other people's words and letters that arise on every clear trail, on the steps of public nakedness.

- There is no other job but to report to him - added Mujo, rolling his clear eyes. He was trying to balance the tables by carrying several coffees on a small tray.

- It's good as long as it lasts - added the mustache, slapping my hair-friendly nom on the shoulder. But as I remained silent, he started making newspapers. Sweetie was smiling cutely. She is involved and knows who it is because she knows the whole town, so why wouldn't she, it certainly doesn't concern her. I didn't care, a long time ago.

That's why I didn't say anything in my "defense". Nor would everything work even if I wanted to. The books are public and let everyone guess and guess, I can't know the truth anyway.

- Oh my god, Malisa is a legend in Stolac! - shouted a young man with a shaved head from another corner of the pub and giggled loudly, banging his fist on the table. Laughter broke out. A girl with a knitted cap on her head raises her glass towards me and bows as if toasting a distant beauty and sends a kiss towards the Nordic peninsula. - Hunt, hunt my writer! - suddenly a drunk figure dressed in black from head to toe staggered in front of me.

He had a glowing look, his hair was smeared with oil and the dark circles around his eyes are dark blue and as big as rings. He watched me very curiously, searching my face for the effects of the lesson. Advice was not to pass without an echo. I raised both hands in helpless repentance and I even shut up because I don't feel like a writer, but he cordially interrupted me:

- Hunting drives the world, and the diaspora and the coffin are measured by the Euro, hey! Hey, where in the world are you, Tom!

I raised my hands again, but a little lower than the height of my face, and the drunkard cracked his fingers a couple of times and spins in a circle as if playing flamengo. Having somehow reached the bar, he grabbed the edge with one hand and drank a full glass of cognac. All eyes were on him as he kicked his feet on the floor as if to dig into his position as best he could. Maybe he didn't expect this much attention, but now that he's already received it, it's his turn to say something, to address himself. He put his hands on his hips. The landlady's daughter Ajla would sometimes help and was a hard worker.

- May the devil be far from all of us. Whoever loves in silence, let him calmly walk. Let's eradicate fornication even in thought, because honesty is rare today.

After these words he bowed slightly. A flushed face and a burning look eally resembled a priest. Most of the guests started to chuckle (I was expecting general laughter), some even thought about his words, instantly aware of evil thoughts and intentions. Because we all wear them. Every tavern is a theater, more or less, and here in the city of "silent dying" everyone has long been used to it. Idle people of all kinds, that "most active" part of the population, were the core and center of the great circle of boredom. Along the perimeter of the circle are alcoholics and drug addicts, suffering from "post-traumatic stress syndrome". All the elite alone in smoky pubs. Depressives vainly engrossed in their own thoughts. Schizoid loners stare blankly through people. "The elite of the elite". The most privileged, they got their fingers in everything. The splendor and misery of the province.

- Well, that's what you're talking about! - said Mujo to the young man just like that, again "for the sake of order", to break the painful silence. He cleaned the bar with a damp cloth in strong semi-circular movements, paying attention to every detail. A "weekend outing", the average suburbanite is expected, and there may be some tipping. Certainly.

Jim Morrison's picture, "Doors", a big and attacking relic of the late sixties, for us in the West everything comes later and it's good that it came at all. What is good must come later, what is good is too late or never. There are small pictures, classic and old-fashioned, and who knows if their role is to attract or distract attention, most of them are disgusted with themselves and many don't even know what they are looking at. A dog's life. The important thing is that if the bone is thrown, someone will smell it.

On the other wall, large letters, CAFE LOCCO. It's like we don't know the name of our favorite pub, so we need to be reminded. But it is not far from the truth, because everyone named the tavern according to their choice and discretion. "At Koštana's", "at Anel's", and in the late stage of maturation of symbolic thought and observation of characters and names, it was also said "at Džemi's".

The cafe also had a cat, "Sharulja", and only in such places could an animal get a name of another species. Because the cat obviously had a "cow" name. Jemmi is a nimble and capable woman, and she always knew more than what she said or showed. She would sit alone in the corner of the tavern, hunting shadows with her large penetrating eyes, occasionally smiling at the guests and blowing away the smoke of good cigars while calmly staring into the distance. With a single glance, she would cover the entire pub in an instant. But she never showed what she saw. Unobtrusive, she always tells the truth, which I particularly liked, because suffering lies is a great luxury. I'm not that wealthy, neither with time nor patience. Jemi did not hide from anyone and was not artificial. Enough for socializing, from which there is no particular benefit, but there is no harm either. - shouted someone with all his might, hurrying the waiter, thus including himself in the galaxy of general humor and jokes.

She didn't hold grudges with anyone or gossip about anyone. A dog's life. Everyone knew about Malisa, but no one knew her secret. I laughed to myself often, listening to what they attribute to her and how they perceive her. They would ask me why I write about a woman I had nothing to do with. Precisely because what is obtained is no longer an object of interest. The search is always for what we don't have and it's always the lack of that one thing that torments us and moves us, seduces us or destroys us. While the big raindrops hit the window panes I would lie down covered with an old, thick quilt and looking at her. I got the movie for free, a gift from an old school friend. It only takes about fifteen minutes. I would look often, and mostly when I was tired of myself, marveling at the tenderness of that strange face and the pallor of dreams as the afternoon shadow fell on the little beach. The coolness of an old fig tree, an old tree, the beauty of a pink sunset. Untouched. They say that the great poet Dante saw Beatrice only once, and that for no more than 30 seconds, and some claim that the sighting lasted about five minutes.

Did his pupils dilate in wonder as mine did? Did it carry hope through the long nights, writing a strange reality, or was the beauty immediately placed in an already sealed past? I don't know and I would like to know. Maybe it would be easier, clearer. I turned around suddenly, not even knowing why. In a dark corner, a young man was putting a ring on a girl. Her hand was raised proudly and theatrically, so I didn't have time to judge whether it was a joke or an engagement event. A ring with three blue stones, they sparkled clearly. The scene was beautiful. I remembered how I proposed to a girl, a few years ago, in a phone conversation. It should have been better and different, but I had no choice. I was calm, completely. Her loud laugh, unbridled cheerfulness and reminder that "it's impossible".

Very gentle and reproachful, like when a child is motherly warned that he picks an apple in someone else's yard, it's not his and it's not for him. But when I would remember later, I realized that I had not been rejected. "Impossible" is much broader than "I don't want you", and includes many circumstances and obstacles, some of which are insurmountable or at least seem so. Such "impossibilities" build up over time (not only related to marriage) to the extent that people try to be what they are not. The relationship between town and village is particularly interesting here, especially when it comes to the Bosniak element. This is where imagination and distorted reality, oblivion and futility, historical burdens and life on the "high foot" intertwine and touch.

Poorly cultured peasants who suddenly become ambitious burghers after two or three generations necessarily degenerate to the extent that they do not consider themselves they don't want to recognize. A panicked escape from one's roots (impossible by the nature of things) implies sympathy and "climbing" at breakneck speed, as fast as the fear of digging up the family tree. This is how the "stubborn petit burgher" is born, whose repulsive, sour snobbery stinks for miles, often covering the entire space from the "place of descent" to the "place of arrival." The nature of the servile consciousness must be forgotten at all costs, and there is a ridiculous attempt to "run away from oneself" in the way of imagining one's own greatness, which is a compensation for the feeling of inferiority. Then he casts his eye on "high society".

The digging hoe is replaced by a hat, and instead of a horse, a living man is "riding". Domination is both an attitude and a meaning. Subjugation as a matter of social prestige is the most ingenious invention of the petty bourgeois, the need to be in the center of attention and to be "in everything". The so-called "social engagement" and smiles that are selflessly shared left and right on all the streets. Such a poor substitute for a cow's udder in the hand (whose contractions are of great benefit because we get milk), because the grip becomes the snake's embrace. Advantage. The trick of the clenched hand. In this way, if the family has female members mature for marriage, a possible son-in-law is also drawn.

It doesn't matter when it will appear. The decision of the princess is even less important because it doesn't exist, that decision is pre-calculated as the interest of the joint account. Robbery with style. There is an unsurpassed provincial flair. The problem is, of course, if a beautiful woman falls in love with a man of flesh and blood. Then the pre-drawn character is readily extended on a piece of paper. The comparison is easy because the drawing is impossible to revive. Because of this, a living person inevitably looks like a representation, since deviation from the depicted character is inevitable. All the "magic" to revive the drawing is in vain. On the contrary, the dust on the paper gets thicker and thicker, the layer more and more unbearable, because time destroys everything and changes everything.

Thus, the wrinkles on the queen's face are getting thicker and the number of "views" is multiplying. With age, each suitor has to show more and play like a monkey, and consequently looks less like an old drawing. What if the beauty suddenly hits her head against the wall? Nothing, it's already taken into account, everything goes with interest. That cheap calculation has always been a characteristic of nomads who moved to cities. It is not about "real peasants" because a healthy rural life is at least five times better than a city life, just as the original rural man is far above the average citizen in all respects. Because what is a winegrower in France who has been producing wine in the countryside for hundreds of years. If not exactly a gentleman, or, say, a farmer in America who loves his job and knows how to do it. But socialism (at least in our country) definitely put an end to the beauty of the rural idyll.

Only the nomads remained, with only the practical sense remaining whole and intact, and since it is accompanied by moral and intellectual emptiness, that sense of the concrete inevitably degenerated, turning into cunning of all kinds. Any authentic village life would scorn such depravities in spirit. Today, a proud peasant is a rarity, just like a learned and cultured citizen. Therefore, it is not about the relationship between "peasant" and "citizen", it is about nomads and representations. Already the second (and especially the third) generation of settlers wants at all costs to suppress even the thought of the glorious silence of their ancestors on the Dubrav Plateau and peeing under the chickens, when care was taken that no one saw their bare behinds between the gray wheezes. But the sense of smell continued to develop, proportionally to the growth of the social standard. A "sniff" that feels well the difference between two people and that is refined to always recognize the one above, so it should be "put down" in an acceptable way. And it is precisely in the dog that aggression is so strangely combined with loyalty and unquestioning service to the master. But it is the animal's way of perfection, not a choice. Besides, the dog is grateful. Therefore, since I was not drawn in the vision, marriage becomes impossible for me. But, who knows, sometimes one draws and passes, because a human unpredictable and incomprehensible even to himself. To yourself first.

That's why it was said: "He who knows himself, knows his Lord".

The ridiculous attempt to forget one's roots is so plastically reflected in the naming of one's own children by Bosniaks - wanderers. This is where the shirt of "modernism" is already being put on, which should replace the discarded shirt of rural saturation. Maja, Denis, Alis... and in the later phase, turbulence can also happen - Vinetu, Sandokan, etc. The child's name must have at least "hook" (which replaces the actual hooks for stringing tobacco) or "kvakica" instead of shovel and chains. A name, which is a mark of a person, becomes its opposite - hiding. Such a ridiculous escape is never seen in a well-founded man (whether he is a peasant or a citizen). It is a characteristic of artificial, blasé people - predators. I looked out the window, two young men were counting change, obviously checking to see if they had enough before entering. Most people in the city were barely making ends meet. At least that's what they claimed, although I didn't believe it. All the more so because the whole thing is infinitely relative and inseparable from the world view.

One of the Episcopal traditions says: "Whoever loves us, the Pure House, should prepare for poverty." And moreover: "Poverty is my pride", "Spiritual poverty is my glory". But the traditions also say: "Poverty is almost a denial of God" and "Poverty is a great ruin."

How to harmonize these sayings and how to resolve the apparent contradiction?

It is necessary to understand, first of all, how each tradition applies specifically to each person, because it is important who the person is, what he is like and what is better for him. Observing the Holy Traditions in such a way does not generally exist today. The texts are remembered and recited while forgetting that each saying is multi-meaning, multi-layered and uttered in strictly special circumstances, also to a separate person or group of people. Since by the nature of things, pleasantness is equated with good, and unpleasantness with evil, people behave that way, remaining "good believers" as long as it does not encroach on their worldly interests.

In this light, wealth appears to be "better" because it provides pleasure and independence from people, and provides greater opportunities for doing good. But, the more a person owns, the more he longs to increase, and thus the fear of loss increases. Pleasures multiply and lead to the forgetting of the spiritual essence and purpose of existence. Selfishness grows stronger, and with it the separation from "ordinary" people. Separation from people (together with wealth) strengthens arrogance and constantly feeds it, and the envy of others towards such a person becomes great. Sharing the property would certainly soften and amortize that envy. But wealth that multiplies hardens the heart and leads to insensitivity to other people's suffering.

The carelessness of the soul takes deep roots and the greedy man becomes "like a silkworm that the more it produces and craves, the more it wraps itself up, until it dies of sadness."

The sense of self-worth (due to immense wealth) forms an incurable vanity that becomes an obstacle to any spirituality. Money becomes "the measure of all things", and a vain person cannot see other people as his equal, even if he swore otherwise. One paragraph of the Qur'an, addressing people, says that "God is rich and people are poor". Essentially, man (the verse is addressed to people and not to "believers" or "non-believers") cannot own anything because everything is God's and that to such an extent that human existence itself is completely God's. Arrogance and the will to power, and the feeling of "separate existence" give rise to forgetfulness and the need for possession in man. However, with every breath, man is inextricably bound to Him. If this is properly understood, wealth is no obstacle on the spiritual path.

Moreover, the rich man who shares is even allowed to envy. Because Muhammad said: "Envy is not allowed except in two cases. To a man whom God has given knowledge, so he spreads it and teaches others, and to a man to whom God has given wealth, so he shares it in His path". It can be seen that both of these "envy" refer to moral action (not possession), and as such can be a chance for repair and taking a role model and not therefore negativity directed towards another person. If the bad sides of wealth can be curbed, it is better. People meet needs and connect more easily, the community progresses faster. General happiness becomes more accessible, and with it the differences between people decrease, tensions ease. But by themselves, neither wealth nor poverty mean anything. It's been that way since time immemorial...

- Is it free? - someone interrupted me in my thoughts. Nobody.

- We’ve been free for decades - I looked at him indifferently.

He was neatly dressed and clean shaven. Maybe he's "hunting" tonight too. Why not, the “prey” is sometimes on dry land. They fight, beat their tails, look for, wait for help. They are offered, you don't even need a network, everything is too simple.

- Did you see the Mostar pussycat? - he laughed sheepishly and winked with his right with the eye. I know who he meant. An old story, so old it bears repeating.

- Once, in a dream.

- And how was it?

- I saw a big dog house in some desolate and abandoned valley. It was dusk. There were several beehives behind the house. A disreputable field in the exam-darkness. I was looking for someone. I walked around the house, constantly wanting to look inside, because some presence felt good. I did it abruptly, lowering my head to the opening of the house. Suddenly and violently, with a hoarse bark, some animal came out. She looked like a dog, a bulldog, but her head had a pig-like appearance. Unbelievable ugliness and repulsion. The animal was muscular, with short yellow hair and chained. She flew at me with all her ferocity to bite me. I moved away, and then in the right corner of the house I saw a hyena. She was absent-mindedly lazy and careless, but completely submissive to the "pig or bulldog", constantly watching her movements. She avoided my gaze, wanting me not to see her. It was obvious that both animals were in a symbiotic relationship. She eats leftovers from his table while he appropriates her as a female.

They complement each other in a secret relationship. The pig's snout turned on me again, but the chain was not long enough. The hyena kept hanging around the animal, it was clear that it was under its control. They quickly moved away along some road, reminiscent of the fairy tale "Loyal Friend".

- Well, she showed herself in the form of a hyena? - Niko spoke quietly, and almost laughed, but immediately became serious.

- Yes, I think that is her true nature. Because the actions we do leave lasting effects in the soul, forming the acquired body of the soul. That body contains the "imprints" of all our deeds that we carry with us at the hour of death, and their transformation can result in hideous images that are inevitably projected into the world of active imagination. That's why Muhammad said: "On the Day of Judgment, some people will be lived in such a form that monkeys and pigs will be beautiful compared to them."

- Still, she tried not to see her. He laughed. Everything makes him happy, but the dream is real. He adjusted the collar of his shirt as if that would complete the question.

- It is! But late. I saw her in the right light a long time ago, but I pretended not to. I didn't even want to believe it myself. And now I'm going! - I added suddenly and without thinking. A piece of paper was left on the table, on which it was written:

The chair was once on the water

People jumped naked.

The links for tying the ships are visible

On the hills I surim above the city

We are gone, that is now.

I don't know who wrote the note. It was in the ashtray, crumpled, I didn't want to tear it. Nobody just raises their hand. I went outside. "At the center" there are some passers-by. A couple of girls were in a hurry somewhere. Senad was sitting in front of a former department store, smoking, pensive and distant. It's cold, but he doesn't mind. The black dog stopped at the traffic lights, an old acquaintance, hungry and tired. In the tavern across the street, Tina was washing glasses behind the bar, calm, accustomed. I have seen that scene so many times, but it amazed me again and again with the harmony of the movements, the silent shadows behind the glass that piled up, pressed together. They were looking for something. Her long curly hair was beautiful, shiny and soft. I caught the moment when the light stopped on a lovely face.

BIRTHDAY

It was my fiftieth birthday. Exactly half a century alive, as someone jokingly remarked while we were making arrangements to go to Šetnica. Bereža will drive the car, and since he is also invited to magnify the ceremony, everything goes together and without calculation. Šetnica is the most colorful street in the city and has always been a place of revelers and revelers. Since time immemorial, real poets have lived there, poets in action. They ate and drank until dawn, and the accordion played while the empty bottles rolled down the path. Squeals, fights and shouts under the slender pines. In the past, Austro-Hungarian officers came here with their wives and girlfriends. In order to avoid the true meaning of crowding into the vivid greenery, and then related to that and the expressions that follow it, the word "walk" was used, hence the name of the landscape. However, I would sometimes wonder about the meaning of those afternoon outings.

Old Ahmet once taught me about the real reasons for arrivals and departures, telling me: "Walking was the least and the most pressing". This is the most accurate description of a place of imagined romance and harmony with nature. The real reasons are most often hidden and inaccessible, because people hide their lives from others. Most often in vain, because the world has its standards and views anyway. As every life example is contagious in itself, the custom was also transmitted to ordinary soldiers. And then all analysis fall into the water and are lost in the sea of ​​passion, because the lower necessarily follows the higher and thus justifies his actions. And it's always easier to justify yourself, and there are few who notice dark spots on their shirt as well. In this way, Šetnica over time gained a bad reputation as a place of fornication and immorality, where the aforementioned "oppressed" were considered both an honor and an obligation and happened more often than anyone dreamed. It's always been that way. One goes farther and farther from the beaten path, new paths are broken and new habits are created. And always everything, worse and worse, because the human spirit does not follow the paths of progress, but of regression.

That is why Muhammed a.s. said: "For every time that comes to you, worse comes from it". This refers to the linear time that was created and spread into existence.

Regarding time as pure duration, it was said: "Do not curse time because time is God". Which means that He is the only real one, and since creatures exist by Him and not by themselves, they are (in Battle) non-existent. Progress in the Darwinian-Marxist sense has never existed and will never exist. Man remains the same forever. Always scared and confused before the eternal questions. Be that as it may, some families settled in Setnica, stayed and gave birth to descendants.

A particularly large influx occurred after the First World War, and many people still live there today. In Šetnica, we will celebrate May 15, the day of my birth, since I am a good acquaintance of the residents of the street and an old friend of some. I didn't even know the details of the celebration, nor had they been determined, because the celebrant is the one who is the last to ask questions and who certainly doesn't decide anything. However, the event is unusual. That's how he is for me, it doesn't matter to the others and they will just get involved in everything, even if only formally.

However, it is necessary to participate, and for every participation in anything there is always someone willing. Joy is an opportunity to forget about ourselves, we rejoice, hoping for something original, only to return home empty and devastated, inventing a new illusion along the way. That's why it seems that the best always eludes us. Happiness is always something that has yet to happen, as futile as it is fascinating, but that too is God's Grace on Earth. Otherwise, this world would not progress.

A birthday cake was made in the pastry shop "near Bereža". It should be pointed out that I am a writer, especially for those who don't know that. It didn't matter to me, because if the work is valid, it will find a way, if it is not worth it, it is in vain to highlight and show it. Successful or unsuccessful, time will tell, maybe only after us. I didn't get carried away with my actions, but I didn't shrink back from the malice that rejects everything. Calm indifference is the best. Society in Šetnica, on the other hand, was not interested in the hazy past, nor the uncertain future, but in the now and now for itself. They have no will to examine the past and no strength to plan for the future. Both of them have been deceived because the past does not give them comfort and the future does not bring them hope. I knew many characters of that memorable street, and familiarity is always born because of a similarity that we don't even have to know about. Because both attraction and repulsion have their heavenly reasons, and human thought is insignificant, it cannot reach the finality. We delude ourselves with the ups and are embittered by the downs, unaware that both come from a higher world.

The Prophet of God said: "Souls feel each other, so those who meet each other become closer, and those who do not recognize each other, separate." Of course, we are talking about spiritual scents, which in the physical world are only manifested as tendencies. They are perceived by the subtle light body.

It's always like that and we don't even have to be aware of it because it's the nature of the spiritual knowledge, such that it is neither increased by our desire for truth nor diminished by our need for untruth. Although the first step belongs to us, God's Will is decisive. In this world, we don't meet each other, but we have (just) recognized each other, says a famous tradition. Recognition is instant and we all know about crushes and repulsions at first sight. The meeting happened before the soul descended into this world, and only in this way can one understand many feelings towards other people that we cannot explain. Reason cannot explain why we are deeply attached to someone after just one meeting, or why we are only superficially attached in various long-term relationships.

Sympathies without a reason and antipathies without a reason, love at first sight and hatred at the slightest prompting, can only be explained by memories that descend into the soul from the higher world. This does not relieve us of responsibility for our actions, on the contrary. It should be noted that the Islamic conception of preexistence (ezel) somewhat overlaps with Plato's world of ideas. I was willing to pay for the birthday cake as it should be, but Beredza offered a gentleman's "deal". I will pay half the price because I am his friend, and besides, he values ​​me as a writer. According to him, it is extremely unfortunate that I am completely anonymous. I assured him that this is exactly what suits me, because fame suffocates and limits, poisoning the best in us. It’s flashy and seductive, but inside it’s extremely limiting and painful. Those who never read my books appreciated me the most. We are always understood by those who have no idea about us. By widely distributing everything, they speculate about what they cannot even guess. We always think that we know everything about others, since we know nothing about ourselves. He consoles himself. Because the right questioning costs and hurts, and it's easier to rely on what we hear because we tend to believe without reservation. At least when it's about another person, because everyone sees the other and no one sees themselves.

That's why Jesus said: "You see a mote in your brother's eye, but you don't see it in your trunk". This is a twisted perception, so characteristic of this era.

- You are not just anyone to me' - he hit me on the shoulder with his hand to underline the special place of my smallness in his world of responsibility and acquaintance.

I replied that he was "not just anyone" for me either, and we fell silent. Thus, to the mutual joy, the friendship was strengthened and could not be questioned. Beredza was mostly popular among the people, and he accomplished it without flattery and condescension. We don't need to lie to each other because we don't expect anything from each other. Most enjoy when we complain to them, and rejoice when we suffer. However, both can be completely innocent.

I intended to go to Šetnica on foot, but Bereža convinced me that it is better to do it by car, more elegant and "gentle". I guess it suits the given situation. We must at least pretend to be important even if we are not. I accepted. The cake was quite big and it would be difficult to carry it and besides there is shame because you would feel curious eyes on you. Province. Everyone is interested in the other and that's how the years pass. Lives. There was a big hippie sign on the cake, and the inscription spoke of peace and togetherness. Both difficult to reach and that is clear to everyone. That's why we play with symbols so often. Otherwise they would disturb. "PEACE BROTHERS AND SISTERS" - was written in bold, white whipped cream. So, peace, brothers and sisters. And that in the main world language, and that already gives importance and a serious tone to everything. It's easier for everyone because the hippie movement itself was cute and edible.

We drove fast. After passing through the town, we turned left at the monastery and parked in front of the Emir's house. We called the Emir Kongo because of his dark complexion, and he was nicknamed with pride. He was sitting in the yard with his brother Hus. They weren't even scared or surprised, neither amazed nor pleased. For a long time, they have not expected anything, neither from life nor from people. A few freshly washed shirts were "unfolded" on the hangers, empty beer bottles and a lot of cigarettes. Two dry crusts of bread were on the table. Crumbs would fall and the birds would occasionally land with them in their beaks. In front of the door are shoes, of various shapes and sizes and obviously for all needs. The classy carelessness so characteristic of those who take neither man nor existence seriously. They are watching.

- Bujrum, folks! - Huso pointed to the blue summer table placed on the terrace, the smile never left his lips. You could see that both of them were somehow glad. We always benefit when others need us or depend on us. Kongo lights a cigarette, staring intently at the newcomers. Caution is not out of the question, and patients take it into account immediately and in advance. They have been hurt countless times so they don't trust anyone. Suspicion is as hard as it is unfair, but sometimes really necessary.

I licked my tongue around my lips to relax the atmosphere and signal that there was no need to hesitate. Whoever likes, let them go. We put the cake on the table, and then we pretended it didn't exist for a good ten minutes. Huso measured the cake for a while, desperately trying not to look in that direction. It's as if he's wondering if it's really meant for him or if it's all a rough joke, and at least he's experienced countless of them. He must not reveal that he was happy, because pride would then be hurt, and honor should be had and preserved. In the tradition of small townspeople, the gift is to be ignored, and it is only opened when the guests have left.

Oh, you're too much - give me a scheret, and your small, lively eyes sparkle with joy. I didn't know what to answer. Once upon a time, Huso assured me that he looked like Jean Paul Belmonda, so they jokingly called him Jean Paul Husi. Although some claimed that it was a "fix - an idea", the fact is that he really looked like Belmond. A knife was brought from the kitchen to cut the cake into equal parts. We have to make sure that everyone gets at least one slice. Meanwhile, Hamida appeared from somewhere. Kondoliza. The latter was a nickname, something like a stage name, and later the stage name Jebac was added. Kondoliza Jebac. We did not know the reasons for the selection, although the associations were more than clear but completely unusable. Hamida quickly jumped to her feet and washed the knife at the small fountain. Returning, he shook the water off him twice with utmost dignity, so that it would be known that it was his birthday. I realized that giving importance applies to the whole group. It was magnificent.

- My dear, a real party - said Kondoliza. She took on the role of master of ceremonies and we all tacitly agreed.

We sat around the table. Hamida demonstrated her skill with a knife. The cake was cut into completely equal pieces.

- You're brave - Huso spoke again, but without looking directly at anyone, clearly amazed by the new situation. A brown dog with big ears enters the yard, sits on the concrete and stares at us. Kongo immediately assures us that he is not "wild" and that there is no danger of being bitten.

We believed. I looked briefly at the chief of protocol. We have been drinking coffee together for months and have become good friends. Kondoliza was a healthy and above all a honest woman. She lived by the work of her hands. She didn't complain and survived like most of the city's residents. However, I have always argued that most people complain too much because they are starving in Africa. Man's curse is that he looks at the one who is richer and not poorer than himself. When she talked about her nickname, she would regularly emphasize that it was Kondoliza from Stolac, because geographical maps in the hands of ignorant people sometimes get mixed up, so it is not certain what someone might think. Hamida and I, as I said, often drank coffee together and we became good friends. Intimacy developed gradually, and as we liked to joke, the desire for closeness became greater and greater. They would greet and say goodbye to people, sitting by Bereža. They would laugh at us openly, and we would laugh at them covertly and inside. Coughing loudly, as if before some academically important speech, she addressed us all. Raising a finger as a sign of silence, he began slowly and articulately.

- My people, I would like to tell you something... don't hold anything against me'. If she would ever rub her horns on the inkstand with her husband, then it would be, here, with this leader - she turned to me, addressing me directly.

I was surprised, but also flattered. A joke or for real, it doesn't matter to me or to her. For a long moment there was dead silence, because adultery is not to be talked about or for a public scandal. It hurts. Everyone laughed loudly, and Beredza tapped his forehead with his finger, giving me a hand signal that a good opportunity should not be missed. - You're the man! - they winked at me, and Huso showed his middle finger, I guess to teach me a dignified answer. I thought about everything for a while. After all, Casanova also had slow movements and a potbelly.

- I am honored! - I put the palm of my right hand on my chest, bowing deeply, knowing that Hamida is a faithful woman who does not engage in adulterous activities. Huso elbowed and shook his head, reproaching Hamida with a look, because it is not right to overwhelm the guests with love offers.

- Whoa! - Kongo bursts in suddenly - I like roses with ruddy cheeks the most...

He imagines a little as if he is weighing the power of good and evil and remembers all the women, accepting rejections at an early age. And there were many of them. Emir was a big heartbreaker, about twenty years ago.

- I know very well... what it's like, when you get a shiver... and you don't go anywhere.

- Put him in the wall - shouted someone with all his might, which only increased the euphoria.

The dog jumped on the table with its front legs and Huso moved a decent distance away. Which is for sure, is for sure. He possessed a whole loaf of bread, without even ascending. Emir suddenly shut up, as if he didn't even remember what he was talking about. The weather is warm, but he has put on a plaid blue jacket. Having recently suffered a stroke, he decided to take care of his own health.

- Find a place over there... I'll go out and we'll have a blast - Hamida whispered to me, hitting me on the knee with her palm and turning her head slightly. Everyone is smiling. Huso chewed the cake slowly, constantly looking back, because it is not our turn to think how he rushed at the cake.

- It's not bad - he muttered more to himself, putting a piece of cake in his mouth.

Kongo was clearly thinking about "letting go", royally allowing himself to be carried away by his thoughts into a far wider social and societal context. He began to recall socialism and its benefits, from the point of view of war victims.

- It's down to all of us - he announced almost sadly. Raising his open hand, he conjured the former fullness with the present emptiness.- In the South, during Tito's time, I always had a manja that was pressed... Meza every day. Rahatluk. Pockets full of money and a pimp in the head. You fart, then your brain goes to pasture... - he paused for a moment and tears almost sparkled in his eyes. It was obvious that he was regretting the past, but it was too late. Gone with the wind and will never return. And in my opinion, it shouldn't. But everything has its own way for unfathomable reasons.

After a pause, he seemed to regain the will to speak. His health has been impaired for a long time and he has difficulty speaking.

- There will never be a time like that again!

- Marshal was a man with a man... Everyone got a job, went to school for free, doctor for free...Heh, heh, they cooked this soup for us later. Skalamutili and brother started to attack brother.

A fratricidal war. And there is some truth in that, because people mixed, married and married people of other faiths, not hoping for evil. And then they had to make a choice, often not knowing about anyone and even less why. War knows no mercy.

So go to Korea, if you regret it so much! - Hamida interjected, rather wistfully and somewhat mysteriously. But Emir seemed to listen exclusively to his inner voice. When they listen to us most attentively, that's when we talk the most only to ourselves.

- Ah... the cry. Here, the sea is only green... Pendrek is handcuffed to Ćelovina as well.

Because the newlyweds kill each other at the wedding... - roaring twice, he stopped, almost losing his breath. He was seriously ill. I thought about his words. In relation to the majority consciousness, they were accurate and reflected the modern religion of animalistic man. What would be said in the pedestrian language: eat, drink and cover, and that's all. The whole meaning of life in three words, which fully reflect animal or semi-animal instincts. A lesson on how to raise a wild dog, a crocodile... a pig. Feed the animal further and further in its frenzied rampage.

In the Dark Ages, the religion of the animal man reigned, and spirituality was largely forgotten, or even banished to the extent that spiritualism was declared a pathology. Regarding (originally) monotheistic religions, it should be said that all roads lead to God, and every being is passionately in love with Him. . Ibn-Arabi, moreover, asserts that no human being has ever loved anything but God the Most High. All that we love are the coverings, the curtains that separate us from Him. And all of them will one day be lifted up, and then we will know the ultimate purpose of everything. Jelaludin Rumi said that there are several openings on the house, but the light that enters is one and the same. In this sense, we should recall Muhammad's a.s. saying: "There are as many ways to God as there are human breaths".

According to this comparison, Hinduism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity and Islam is the windows through which light reaches the house of existence, light that is one and the same. This is why every religion is true, and since man is created in the image of God, every path ultimately leads to the goal. For people who have satanic traits, the Qur'an says that "Satan has mastered them so they have forgotten God."

When on one occasion Muhammad a.s. when asked if the devils can appear in human form, he gave an affirmative answer, saying: "Yes, and then they are the worst."

And they are the worst precisely because of their physical resemblance to the rest of the human race. The harder it is to recognize something, the harder it is to fight it, because similarity is always disarming. Thus, in the animal world, we see that members of one species (mostly) do not attack each other, while they are aggressive towards others exactly in proportion to the differences in relation to their own species. When Satan takes over a person, he forgets about God, but also when a human being is possessed by God, he forgets about everything else. That is why tradition says that such a man looks like a madman to others.

Another hadith states: "Investigate your faith until they think you are crazy."

Here, "crazy" denotes a difference from the general consciousness that manifests itself so drastically in the outside world that to the uninitiated it looks like mental disorder and confusion. However, the real difference between mystical consciousness and the state of a sick mind is enormous, and these two realms are fundamentally mutually insurmountable. Certainly, breaking with the world of matter and form during a mystical experience reminds one of "madness", and that is the main reason for mixing and comparing these (even) diametrically opposed spiritual perceptions. Mystical experience does not lead to breaking with material reality, but "absorbs" it, transforming it into the world of the Spirit.

Now let's look at some of the Prophet's a.s. traditions related to Ahiri-Zeman, Last time and that is this time in which we live. Muhammed a.s. namely said:

"The time will come when people will not respect their scholars except for their beautiful clothes, they will not listen to the Qur'an except for the sake of a pleasant voice, they will not worship God except in Ramadan, there will be no shame in their wives nor patience in the poor, there will be no generosity with the rich, who will not be satisfied with little nor satisfied with much, their concern will be their stomach, their faith - their possessions, and the Qibla - their wives, their houses will be their mosques and they will flee from scholars like a lamb from a wolf.

When they become so, the Master will strike them with three calamities. First, he will take away the blessing from their possessions; secondly, Allah will give cruel rulers dominion over them; and thirdly, he will leave this world without faith".

As we see, the tradition first says that the people of the End Time will not respect their scholars, except by their clothes. A general term (people) was used, not a specific one (Muslims, believers), which indicates the general condition of the human race in the Dark Ages. We can see this at first glance at the religious scholars of all religions today. Clothes that once indicated the status and degree of the initiated on the spiritual path and consequently had (through different dressing) an initiation character have today become completely symbolic (without symbols behind them) and focused exclusively on external meanings, without real gradation.

This happened due to the disconnection of the literal aspect of faith with the inner sense and the loss of spiritual virility, so the dressing and undressing (of inner states) was replaced by the literal dressing of certain clothes where the main goal is to distinguish from others, but not as a consequence of the spiritual degree but as a consequence of the assigned place in completely externally understood hierarchy (clergy). This applies equally to all (today's) religions, and the priest is a "god" who prescribes and interprets, places prohibitions and explains what he is not called to do.

The knowledge that is the basis for differentiating between people is no longer valued at all, nor is it sought or expected. Respect for knowledge has been replaced by respect for clothes, that is, for the formal expression of faith. Faith is reduced to ritual, and this is precisely (according to Hindu teaching) one of the main characteristics of the Kali-Yuga. Honesty, righteousness and charity are neglected at the expense of form without content. This also means a complete loss of theophanic senses and heart intuition (basira), because learning is no longer able to be recognized except by external symbolism. In the past, scholars were recognized solely by their knowledge, and an attitude was taken accordingly.

In the original sense, clothing signifies the esoteric status of both teacher and student. In this sense, Muhammad a.s. said: "This world is cursed and everything in it is cursed, except the mention of God and scholars and students". Therefore, zikrullah and the teacher and student are exempt from the general curse, and the mention of God is in itself linked to knowledge and life, whether the initiate is the giver (as a teacher) or the receiver (as a student). Since, with the exception of these three, everything in the world is cursed together with that world, that curse also applies to any false self-presentation (through clothing). Inanimate nature, inorganic, plant and animal life constantly mention God, hypocrisy is characteristic only of man.

About self-showing, which is very close to hypocrisy and often turns into it, Imam Ali a.s. said: "A hypocrite makes a show out of faith". The show is always made for others, and since anyone can come to the show and observe it, the hypocrite exposes his falsehood to everyone. Further on (in the text of the hadith) it is said that people "will not listen to the Qur'an except for a pleasant voice".

This is also visible everywhere in our time. Not only are the esoteric realities of the Book not studied, which by the nature of things are always an object of minority occupations, the literal content of the text has already been neglected. Thus, the majority of those present (to the teaching of the Qur'an) do not even know which verses they are talking about. A pleasant voice is the maximum of the traditional and ossified consciousness of this time when "only a letter remained of the Qur'an and of Islam a name", in the words of Imam Ali a.s. Moreover, the literal text itself is accessible only as a "beautiful voice", so those reciters of the Qur'an who have such a voice are sought after. They are even called "guardians of the Qur'an", although it is clear that today the Qur'an is available to everyone and there is no need to guard it. However, Muslims are ten centuries behind others.

Then it was said that people "will not worship God except in Ramadan." This way of worship is crystal clear in the Dark Ages. A significant number of believers practice fasting and other forms of worship during Ramadan only to reject everything after the departure of the Holy month. As if not all months are God's and as if the rules of Islam do not apply to all times. It can even be argued that Ramadan is taken as a deity by some.

In the text of the hadith it follows - "there will be no shame in their wives nor patience among the poor". Women's shyness is their most valuable moral trait, and today its opposite prevails.

In the Kali-Yuga, women's shamelessness was even raised to the level of virtue in the form of "liberation" from the shackles of morality, while the truth is completely the opposite - people took their passion for god, and the mentioned "liberation" is only the ultimate manifestation of such a religion. basically polytheistic, because the body (both one's own and another's) becomes a deity to be served.Today, people worship flesh and blood idols and treat them as gods.

Muhammed a.s. said that "shame is part of faith" and that "every shame is good".

As shame is a part of faith, therefore shamelessness is a part of denial. A woman's shyness indicates her chastity and contrition and represents an extremely noble virtue. One tradition says: "If you are not ashamed, do what you want".

This very meaning reflects this time of unregulated sexual relations, a time in which sexuality has lost its vertical dimension and connection with the Holy, and "does what one wants", i.e. allows the animal dimension to dominate the being. In this sense, tradition says that "virtue is the best chivalry". As Imam Ali is the "knight of this community", he possesses the greatest virtue.

In the same hadith it was said that "there will be no patience with the poor". This is completely logical, because taking wealth as a deity is a prerequisite for abundance, and abundance in itself disturbs the poor, robbing him of his patience.

Today's three (false) deities that dominate this time are: passion, material possessions, and the false self. If we draw a parallel with the time of ignorance (before the Prophet Muhammad), it corresponds to Lata, Menat and Hubel, the biggest idols of the pre-Islamic Arabs. Hubel was a bronze statue placed on the Kaaba and it was torn down by Imam Ali a.s. who (with the permission of the Prophet) climbed on his blessed shoulders and knocked him down from the Kaaba. This shows how powerful the human ego is, and precisely because it is an internal idol (and not an external one), it is overthrown by the Imam who is the internal (batin) of revelation, unlike the Prophet who is in charge of the external (zahir) letter of the Law. If those who have more gave more to those who have less, poverty would disappear. However, in this age of greed and avarice, the poor are losing patience due to the inhumane treatment they receive.

Then it follows: "...there will be no generosity among the rich who will not be satisfied with a little nor satisfied with much; their concern will be their stomach, their faith - their property and the Qibla - their wives..."

Imam Ali a.s. said: "Generosity arouses affection more than kinship". Absence of generosity, therefore, results in the dislike of other people, which is again (indirectly) related to the fact that "he will not be satisfied with little nor satisfied with much". It has been said that he who is not satisfied with the little will not be satisfied with the great either, and gluttony is unbridled by nature unless there is a "spiritual man" within the human being. It goes on to say that "their concern will be their stomach". Imam Ali a.s. said: "Make your worries your worries once".

One concern is the concern for preserving one's faith, and if the faith is preserved, other concerns will be resolved, which is explained by some other traditions of Imam Ali a.s. Namely, he said: "Whoever arranges the relations between himself and Allah, Allah will arrange the affairs of his world".

The hadith says that "possessions make desires stronger", and as Imam Ali said that "cattle's only concern is their bellies", this clarifies the state of today's animalistic man who cares about his stomach.

"Man has not filled a vessel worse than his own stomach". It is about the lowest aspect or the "worst vessel" of many vessels (which includes the worlds of the spirit and the worlds of the heart).

This is why Imam Ali a.s. once said that "fullness destroys godliness".

The Prophet asked his praised Lord: "My Lord, what does starvation mean?" He said: "Wisdom, preservation of the heart, drawing closer to Me, constant sadness, small needs of life among people, speaking the truth and not being afraid of an easy or difficult life".

Because of this, it has been said that hunger is the "jewellery of Allah's people", that is, their ornament to both worlds. "Their faith will be their wealth and the Qibla – their women" - it is said later in the text. Since passion is taken as a god, and possessions are the building material of passion, the building material of passion becomes the faith of the man of the Last Time. Like everything in this world, property can also play a positive role if it is treated in the right way. the correct way.

In this sense, Imam Ali a.s. said: "Property ennobles its owner when he shares it and humiliates him when he is miserly."

Since this world is the darkest of all, because like the world of solid, gross bodies it is complete darkness, the light of faith in the heart is the light that stands against the darkness of the material. That light is dimmed in proportion to our attachment to material forms. And since every man is "on the faith of his friend", the greed of the rich takes away the light of faith.

Regarding this, Jesus said: "Do not look at the possessions of the worldly, for indeed, the brightness of their wealth takes away the light of your faith". He did not say that wealth carries the light of faith, but precisely the brightness of that wealth, thus its negative aspect.

The qibla of the people of the Dark Ages was their women. It is known that the Qiblah (Ka'ba) is the place of orientation during prayer. Since faith is property, and women and property go together (as a passive receiving principle), in this sense women become the center of direction of such faith, which is property. Possessions offer the possibility of enjoyment, and women are one of the greatest enjoyments.

The text follows: "their houses will be their mosques and they will flee from scholars like a lamb from a wolf".

The Qur'an speaks about houses that we feel comfortable in them. Comfort can be physical and spiritual, and if it is spiritual, such a house is a mosque in the true sense of the word. The Qur'an says about it: "...make your houses mosques". But in this context, it is about sensory pleasure, because the faith of the people of the Dark Ages is a possession, and the possession is the house and what we own.

We have seen how the concern is the belly, the wealth of the religion of that Qibla woman, and all this implies (in its own way) the house, so the house of such a religion becomes a mosque. Because the house encompasses both the stomach, possessions and wife, and it is a matter of purely physical (and not spiritual) comfort. Private property, therefore, becomes the "mosque" of the animal, in the "lowest lowlands" of fallen man.

As the houses of the mosque are such religion scholars pose a danger to residents of those dwellings. The real and true knowledge of Islam will therefore frighten them for two reasons. The first is that the one who is stronger in knowledge always subjugates the weaker one, and if the weaker one does not want knowledge or resists it, that in itself causes fear. Another reason for fear is the fact that the scholar reminds of the truth, and the one who is in a state of negligence does not like such reminder and it in itself causes fear. Due to the state of spiritual impotence, the people of the Dark Age flee from scholars like lambs from wolves.

As a consequence, three calamities are mentioned with which the Master will strike people:

1 - they will take away the blessing from their possessions

2 – they will give cruel rulers power over them

3 - he will leave this world without faith.

The taking away of the blessing from the possessions is stated to be the first thing with which the Lord will strike the people of the Dark Age. The wealth itself still remains in their hands, but since wealth has become faith and not a means of approaching God through generosity and generosity, such wealth provides nothing but (as Imam Ali said of the heart that loves this world) "a desire that does not satisfy , or rather that does not leave him, greed that does not leave him and hope that does not come true".

This applies to all those for whom matter is a form of worship or a form of divinity. And when someone trusts in something else besides Him, God lets them go towards that, which again results in chaos, disorder and complications in jobs and contacts. The second point mentions giving power to cruel people who will rule the Muslims. Today it is possible to see this all over the slum world, and the big question is whether that world even exists. Because Islam is peace, and peace is for everyone. In some Islamic countries, basic human rights such as freedom of speech and written words are violated, and the Taliban in Afghanistan was a textbook example of a cruel dictatorship with an Islamic sign. This is why every Muslim's life is much better and more successful in America and the West than in the Islamic world. Today's attempts to form Islamic "states" have failed because Islam is not an ideology.

The third paragraph talks about the misfortune of leaving this world without faith. This represents the death of an animal man, who spent his life living like an animal or even below its level, and which the Qur'an also speaks of: "... they are like cattle, even worse...". such a person leaves this world without faith, because it is impossible to serve two masters at the same time.

Now we will analyze another tradition of the Prophet regarding the End Time (Ahiri Zeman). Muhammad a.s. said: "The time will come for my community when their rulers will be cruel, scholars - greedy, with little piety, pious - hypocrites, merchants - greengrocers who will cover up defects in goods in buying and selling business, and their wives will be busy with the ornaments of this world. As a result, the most corrupt among them will rule, and their good ones will make prayers that will not be answered".

Cruel rulers are mentioned first. Today, in the name of God, they carry out tyranny and violence against people, and this is exactly how it was, for the most part, during (almost) the entire history of the Islamic world. Various abuses, and above all incorrect and misinterpretation of regulations, were a constant for Muslims. And cruelty is one of the worst traits. Then there is mention of scholars who will become greedy and with little piety. Greed, we see, is dominant, and piety is very little, because what is stronger in the soul always prevails. It is said that greed humiliates, and a pious believer (if it is close to God), cannot get into a state of humiliation. This refers to the god-pleasing awlya) while the lower-ranking scholars may fall into the clutches of greed, and such a greedy man is in the "chains of humiliation". We see how a pious person can fall into the trap of shrinking.

In this sense, Muhammad a.s. said: "Greed is a cliff on which a scholar's steps are not sure". We see how greed is connected with the possibility of falling deeply into the abyss of humiliation and incomprehensibility.

The cliff represents the abyss, and only the arrival of the scholar's feet upon the place says that greed can also touch them, i.e. create in them a love of wealth, which results in insecurity. Although they hold back, even they are not completely sure of their step above the abyss of ruin, and since it can touch scholars as well, it is clear how much power greed has. To what extent the desire for wealth can overwhelm a person was indicated by Imam Ali in a famous tradition, where he says: "A man can sleep with the death of a child, but he cannot sleep with the loss of property." Therefore, the love for possessions can be stronger than the love for one's own to the child.

In another tradition, Imam Ali says that greed is "the greatest lowness" and what it says is that it is the opposite of the heavenly elevation of the soul when it aspires high.

Prophet a.s. said: Greed takes wisdom out of the heart of a scholar", and it is clear why the scholars in Kali-Yuga are so "little pious", because sincere piety and greed cannot be combined in the heart.

Since, according to tradition, wisdom is a lost treasure, the believer's departure of wisdom or spiritual treasure (due to greed) is, therefore, a consequence of turning to earthly treasures. The choice is inevitable, because God "did not give any man two hearts in his bosom". Although our own share in this world must not be neglected or neglected, we are not commanded to strive for the sake of this world. We do not stay on it forever, and what is transitory cannot have priority over the permanent, because man was "created for eternity and (just) moves from one house to another". The scholars of the Dark Ages are greedy and slightly pious, which is logical because, as said, two opposites cannot be united in the heart. Therefore, Imam Ali a.s. said: "Piousness and greed cannot coexist". To the extent that greed enters the heart, to that extent wisdom leaves.

In Muhammed a.s. the statement goes on to say that the godly will be hypocrites.

A hypocrite has two faces: external to people, and it is on that (formal) level a hypocrite believer; and the second, inner face, which reflects (essential) infidelity. Therefore, because a hypocrite is an infidel inside, Imam Ali a.s. said: "Hypocrisy is the brother of polytheism". So, a hypocrite is outwardly a believer, but inwardly an unbeliever, and that is why it is most difficult to separate from a hypocrite.

Since in hypocrisy the external and internal completely diverge, the most severe form of hypocrisy is false piety, which was emphasized by Imam Ali a.s., saying: "The most hypocritical people are those who command obedience, but they themselves are not obedient and prevent sin, but they themselves are not prevented." We see, therefore, a complete gap between words and actions, a complete split, an essential disintegration of being.

It is further said that the merchants will be greengrocers who will cover up the defects of the goods in the buying and selling business.

God's curse is one of the hardest Words of God, because God is Pure Grace. That's why there is a strict prohibition of eating interest, and for those who do it, the Qur'an says that they will rise like the one who is driven mad by Satan. And he drove him crazy with false promises, and that's why this frenzy is the greatest. Concealing the defects of the goods has its own subtle nuances, and what Imam Ali a.s. emphasized: "Their wives will be busy with the ornaments of this world." This quality is innate in women to a certain extent and is stronger than in men. Imam Ali a.s. said: "Indeed, the only preoccupation of women is worldly adornment and disruption of order in life." In the Last Time this preoccupation dominates the majority consciousness. Disruption of order is a consequence of the dominance of the mentioned trait, which is a lack of knowledge because Ali a.s. says: "The wise man is the one who puts things in their place". On the other hand, women can and should be occupied with spirituality, not only materiality, and they can also gain the degree of pleasing God.

At the end of the story, it is said that the most corrupt people will rule, which represents the height of corruption, just as the ruler is at the top of the earth. Corruption has forms and degrees, and it is at its peak when darkness is complete because darkness is a prerequisite for it. The good will pray, but their prayers will not be received in an atmosphere of general disorder and decadence. The "good" are otherwise a special category of awliya, gifted with eloquence, and the prayer to God is addressed with words, thus indicating that the requests will not be accepted even from the most chosen ones. A scholar in the age of ignorance is obliged to show knowledge, otherwise the curse of God falls on him.

Now let's look at the third tradition of the Prophet related to the Last Age (Ahiri Zeman).

He said: "There will come a time for my ummah when they will love five things and forget five. They will love this world and forget the Hereafter, they will love wealth and forget the Day of Judgment. Men will love women and forget the hurries.

They will love palaces and forget graves and they will love themselves and forget the Lord. They renounced me and I renounce them".

Imam Hussein a.s. said: "The love of this world is the head of all sin". And just as the head has a central position in the body, so love for this world plays a major role in forgetting the world of the Future. Love for this world, according to the logic of things, is focused on the material, that is, the tangible, which is wealth, and what it provides. And the lowest kind of fans are those who worship their passion.

Logically, the Judgment Day is forgotten, because the one who loves wealth wants to stay in this world forever and does not want to be separated from it. And the stronger the attachment to something, the more difficult it is to separate from it. But with death we all have to separate from this world. Accordingly, the denier forgets about his own responsibility, that is, the Day of Judgment, and belief in responsibility in the Hereafter is the foundation of ethics.

Men will love women and forget hurries. Hurries are heavenly beauties and the root of the word (hurr) means freedom, and in this context it means freedom from the tyranny of the senses. The heavenly beauty is obtained only by the one who has escaped the pernicious traps of the senses, i.e. freed himself from its darkness. They are given as a logical reward for liberation from material darkness. They will love palaces and forget graves. Palaces can be seen all over the Islamic world, and living in palaces in itself contributes to the oblivion of graves. Two opposites in one heart cannot be united unless one dominates the other. He who gives himself over to passion hates the thought of death and forgets the grave.

Then it is said that people will "love themselves and forget the Lord". Here the word "self" denotes both the lustful soul (nefs) and the "false self," or ego. Both grow stronger because of love for this world, that is, wealth and women, which all contribute to "forgetting the Lord". For many people, the ego is a false "god" and an insurmountable obstacle to any form of spiritual journey.

Finally, Muhammad a.s. says: "They renounced me and I renounce them". We see how the people of the End Times renounce the Prophet and only then he renounces them. This is clear from the fact that Muhammad is Mercy to the worlds, and that he was sent to save people and not to leave them to themselves. But how did they they renounce him, mercy departs from them, and justice comes first, and the Prophet renounces such. Justice is more important than mercy, and God's Mercy encompasses everything. God's Mercy is visible in the form of a perfect man.

The people of the Dark Ages do not renounce Muhammad formally but essentially. Even today, many would certainly confirm that they love the Prophet, which is true from an emotional point of view. But since they do not follow him in action, they have (essentially) renounced him. Because, as tradition says: "There is no faith without works and no works without faith". God does not need those who serve Him and do not sacrifice anything of their possessions or life.

Muhammed a.s. said: "My followers are those on the path of truth, however few they may be". He did not use the word "Islam" or "religion" but the truth, and "truth is disgusting to most" (Qur'an).

Truth implies a path, and the path, again, implies action because there is no (spiritual journey) without right action. And if there is no work, there is no faith. Tradition confirms this: "Knowledge is combined with action, so if there is no action, knowledge goes away." Those who are “on the truth” are those whom the Prophet does not renounce. Because they follow him in word and deed and, therefore, have not renounced him. And since he was sent as a Mercy to the worlds, that determination alone makes it unthinkable that he would renounce someone first (before faith was offered to it and given the possibility for it). The Qur'an says about this: "And We sent you only as a mercy to the worlds".

- That's why today, by God, is freedom - Condoleezza interrupts me in my thoughts -

You have to bark like a dog and no one will throw you in the catabuja for that reason.

- It's all for nothing - Kongo put in knowingly, constantly shaking the ashes on the table - hungry mouths don't bark. And to whom would they?

- To the stars! - Huso yawned and spread her arms. He got tired of us a long time ago. The cake is eaten, so he needs to rest his stomach and he is not up to "philosophy". And philosophy is everything that unnecessarily disturbs his peace and distracts him. Too much for him and offensive for his picky taste, and he is not even used to the presence of people and their insatiable curiosity.

We were looking into the distance. The birds were alighting on the branches. A few white clouds on the horizon. Provincials. We changed our minds about leaving soon, but pearls are hidden in shells. You never know where it will appear. Shadows come from somewhere. He is in his fifties and is married but childless. In short blue shorts and a white T-shirt, he resembled a forgotten man of a sailor who suddenly finds himself in a place that doesn't belong to him, but he can't resist. Untidy, disheveled hair and wearing worn, torn slippers, as if he had wandered into the courtyard, and once that is the case, there is no going back. He looked at us directly, but almost embarrassed. Blue eyes, childishly open but strictly distrustful, wandered without stopping at any individual. He knew much more than he let on, and thought more deeply than most could even dream of. Smiling at everyone, he lightly lit a cigarette, obviously hesitating whether to sit down and whether we were even worthy of his presence. We didn't know it ourselves, so we didn't rush his indecision.

- What are you stupid like a calf in a colorful door!? - shouted Kongo, just to break the silence. The expressions on the faces sour and sketchy. We are waiting but we don't know what.

Intrude mother's son, when you are already lying! - he added almost angrily. It was already certain that Senchi would join us.

The heat was getting bigger and bigger. We stared blankly at each other. Eternal provincial boredom. Fatigue. One day less in life and one day closer to death. Kongo addressed Senchi extremely provocatively.

- Okay, Senchi, was your wife innocent when you took her?

- OK, I know, it's an ear! - he shot out as if from a cannon, as if he couldn't wait that question. Blushing in the face only slightly, they clenched their fists as if preparing for a great battle.

Kondoliza grinned openly and ruffled Shadow's hair on her head, as if searching for a possible virginity from the distant past. Hidden in the hair like an insect, it needs to be driven out. Let's all see.- Don't be sad, how can you not know if the bag has been broken? - she replied to him extremely strictly - Or did you drink at the wedding and your mind went crazy?

- The Kenyan was watching! - Senchi turned in an extremely absent manner, staring at the slender pines on the slope. He doesn't like talking and is silent by nature, and we are extremely intrusive with questions.

He was completely indifferent, as if no one was talking about him. He told the truth, and the one that came to his tongue first, which encouraged the cheerful mood and jokes even more. The theme of the forest is a favorite in the Promenade, hidden in the shade of all the fig trees.

- So what did you get into, you weren't miserable, were you? - Hamida looked at him sharply and with disbelief. Because virginity is taken for granted, and a dishonored girl cannot enter the matrimonial waters. She should be returned to her parents, so let them look for a long-term husband. She put her hand under her chin, looking at him thoughtfully, to which he just shrugged. It didn't matter to him, like everything in life.

- You know how to ride the whole neighborhood, but you don't know what's between your woman's legs - she started again. It was obvious that everything made her happy. However, the Shadows just shrugged again, waiting for him to get rid of us as soon as possible. We are boring and persistent, and nobody likes that. I decided to join in and looked at Senchi cheerfully and good-naturedly.

- Our friend, - I asked curiously - would you divorce your wife if she cheated on you?

- What am I going to divorce', she didn't get 'anything of mine'! - he clapped his hands as if to signal the beginning of the seminar on keeping personal property. Scratching his head, he laughed himself, probably feeling a slight wave of embarrassment and discomfort.

There was general hilarity. Huso grabbed his head with both hands, and Kongo gangs the black pan on the table with all his might. The dog got scared and ran out of the yard.

"Heh, heh... - Emir interjected - He says well... it's not a consumable.

- You can't measure wear and tear, mother's son! No one said anything. We are used to consumables that are wasted. As the laughter suddenly subsided, we all fell silent. Moves between different moods sad and incoherent. Huso yawned several times, an unmistakable signal to leave soon. And it doesn't matter if it's a deliberate sign or a spontaneous one, we should go.

- Shall we? - Beredja asked.

We sat in the car and without looking at the company, neither did they look after us. It doesn't matter to anyone. My fiftieth birthday. Half a century.

DERVISH

In the past, Sufi life in the Stolac area was fertile and developed. In the past, the activities of Nakshibandis, Halvetis and Bektashis were recorded in our city. Shortly after the arrival of the Turks, a small Halvetian tekke was built in the city center. This happened before the construction of Sultan Selim's mosque, in 1519. Even today, many people do not know how tekke were most often built before mosques, because social life took place in them and psycho-social communication was deeper and greater than that in mosques. The tekija was later destroyed or remodeled, so there are no external traces of its existence. To be a Sufi means to be "completely God's", to belong exclusively to God. The vertical spiritual path, unlike the physical law that is available to everyone, requires the whole person. The word Sufi (which has the meaning of wool) in the very beginnings of Islam denoted all those dressed in woolen clothes, Muslims who separated themselves from the world and led a solitary and ascetic life.

The word "purity" can also be derived from the root of that word (sufi), which would mean all those who want to overcome the material world and, in the name of God, completely purify their own hearts. Essentially, it is a kind of spiritual path where and when endings return to beginnings. In the fight against himself, the priest goes through 6 (or 7) stages of soul purification, and finally reaches the point where the journey began.

Often then he becomes a teacher (sheykh) capable of raising and leading students. The basis and means of spiritual ascent is the mention of God (zikrullah) which, if specifically determined, represents a daily Sufi duty (vird) which, again, the dervish performs according to the instructions of his teacher (sheykh). Virds, of course, can be different, according to the affiliation of the order and the specific characteristics of the new converts. The Qur'an in several places orders believers to mention God a lot, mostly without explaining how to mention Him because, on the one hand, every mention of Him is good and positive, and on the other hand, that mention is possible in all circumstances and in all conditions.

Prophet a.s. taught the dhikr of Ali, Salman, Abu-Zarr and some other people. That is how spiritual genealogies started from Imam Ali, that is, (later) tariqat orders. All these paths lead to Hazrat Ali, as the head of the spiritual genealogy, and are connected to him. Every shaykh in his hakkikat reality must be determined against Imam Ali a.s. All the verses in the Qur'an that talk about the fight against the external enemy in the esoteric sense mean the fight against the internal "unbelievers", those elements of one's own soul that oppose submission to God. That is why Muhammed a.s. marked the fight against himself as the "Great Holy War", which is more difficult, permanent and completely uncertain than the small Holy War, directed against an external enemy. The external war is always temporary, while the internal one is always present.

The Qur'an says that "Allah loves those who fight in His way in ranks like a strong wall".

The Holy Book mentions those who "love Him and whom He loves". God loves completely and unconditionally, because His Grace encompasses everything. If something were outside of God's Grace, it would not even be able to come into existence (from non-existence). But God's special love is for those people (Sufis) who approach Him and strive to know Him. This realization implies a path, both external and internal. The Qur'an says about the inner path: "... if you love Allah, follow me and Allah will love you".

The word "me" in the external sense means the Prophet and in the internal sense it is the meaning of the Imams, each of them 12, who are the interiority of God's Revelation, complete sages and guides. They are the source of knowledge and vessels of knowledge, and they are cleansed from all sin (Ismet).

We see (in the quoted verse) how God loves those who are on His Path they fight in ranks like a solid rampart. These are spiritual travelers who fight against their souls (nefs) on the Path of the Holy Imams, who are the Right Path in particular, the Right Path mentioned in the first Qur'anic sura ("Guide us to the Right Path"). Imams are the cornerstone of all Sufi tariqas, i.e. rows. Those lines are like a "fortified rampart". Muhammed a.s. said: "I am the city of knowledge, and Ali is the gate of that city".

As the protection of the city implies the ramparts around it, that gate and the ramparts represent Ali a.s. and 11 other Imams a.s. Ali is the gate of the city of knowledge, and his successors (11 of them) are the ramparts of the city, guardians and inheritors of Muhammad's a.s. of knowledge, and we saw that it is a "city of knowledge". Keeping knowledge implies that it is completely taken over as it should be. Imams are Muhammad's successors and were created from his flesh - loam.

The ramparts of the Holy Imams appear in the eschatological sense as a dividing line between the worlds. Namely, the Qur'an mentions a rampart between heaven and hell, and on the tops of the ramparts (on the Day of Judgment) there will be "people who will know each one by his characteristic". These people are the Holy Imams, who are everyone's heaven or hell in their own right, and they are at the pinnacle of knowledge, and the "characteristics" are the recognition or non-recognition of themselves.

This is what Imam Ali a.s. said: "No one will enter Paradise who does not know them (Imams) and whom they do not know", and no one will enter Hell except the one who does not know them and whom they do not know". We see how the Imam is everyone's heaven or hell.

All the great founders of the tariqa gained knowledge and degrees through their love for the Prophet's Family, a.s. Without love for Ahl al-Bayt, there is no true and complete knowledge. From a strictly Sufi point of view, chilehanas are those rooms where dervishes are secluded, either alone or in the company of a sheikh. Right next to the Ćuprija mosque in Stolac, that is, the mosque of Alija Hadžisalihodžić, there is still a small room with a mihrab.

It is not, as we said, functional, but it is spacious enough to live in it so he can sit and pray. However, it is not designed for sleeping, because there is always wakefulness (or semi-awakeness) in chili, so you cannot fully stretch out in it. This is because chilehana serves to gain knowledge, so it is necessary to maintain vigilance as long as possible - head on a demir - chile and thus resting. Sleep in the literal sense is excluded, although there are periods of short rest. In the čilehana next to the Ćuprija mosque, there is a mihrab with 6 sculpted arches above, which may represent the 6 levels of the soul that are overcome on the spiritual path. This is the tariqat mihrab or the inner Qibla, that is, the heart. These mekhams are: "soul prone to evil, soul that chastises itself, inspired soul, satisfied soul, calm soul and complete soul". The dervish conquers these degrees, gradually climbing towards his own perfection under the guidance of the sheikh. Because man is a small universe and all worlds are contained in him. This was also indicated by Imam Ali saying: "You think you are one body, a big world is created in you.

In Bitunja, near Stolac, there is also a Bektashi nišan. According to oral tradition, the wedding party took the girl to Stolac on a cart. They were attacked and killed there, and the tribesmen (from the Šarac family) raised their bashluks there. The small harem is surrounded by stones and still exists today, and the Tuka family traditionally takes care of it and maintains it. One of the niches undoubtedly speaks of the existence of the Bektashi dervish order in Stolac. However, the most famous dervish niche is certainly that of Sheikh Mustafa Žuja, which is (to this day) in the Podgrad Harem. The dervish taj clearly indicates the sheikh title. He died around 1900, but the memory of Mustafa is still alive, passed down from generation to generation. He healed people and helped the sick, often showing unusual things, miracles and works that defy the (known) laws of nature. As is still said today, he had the power of bilocation, i.e. staying in two places at the same time. This information indicates that it was probably about ebdal, a special Evliyan category. The word ebdal comes from the word "bedel", which means replacement.

When they want to go somewhere, the ebdals leave (as their) replacement a person from the spiritual world who looks like them in everything, and the uninitiated think that it is one and the same person. This keramet applies exclusively to ebdal and lower-ranked categories Awliya do not own it. There are seven Ebdala in every season and through them Allah protects the 7 continents. A curved ax (nadžak) is carved on Sheikh Žuja's bashluk, which signifies, first of all, the struggle against oneself, but also the separation of truth from falsehood. It can symbolize various orders, but most often it represents the Bektashi spiritual order. Numerous stories and legends say that Mustafa Žujo was telepathically gifted, so he would tell people what they were trying to hide from him.

He had a confirmed connection with the spiritual world, and it is reported with certainty that he once turned wine into juice when hanged young men invited him to drink with them in front of Ali Pasha's mosque in Stolac. He accepted and drank a glass of wine, but those present (when he left) discovered traces of juice at the bottom of the glass. By all accounts, Sheikh Mustafa was a melamiya, which means that he hid his belief and showed his disbelief, thus purifying himself from the inside and and perfected and fenced from the outside from hypocrites. If people had known his degree, they might have destroyed him with envy. Today, religious (and Sufi) life in Stolac is being restored to some extent, and a new, very beautiful Nakšibendi tekija was built. To hope that they will raise new generations of murids worthy of the spiritual path. Its construction pleased all the friends of the tariqat, both in Stolac and beyond. For spiritual seekers the door is open.

DISEASE AND MEDICINE

Ahmet Karaica was a well-known herbalist throughout the former Yugoslavia, and beyond. As it was said, he successfully treated many diseases, even the most severe ones, such as cancer or leukemia. They came to him from everywhere, from all over, because misfortunes come by themselves and illness does not choose, so people want health even when they are aware of the beneficial effects of illness. From the nearby villages within reach of Stolac, he would come down gentlemanly and impeccably dressed with the obligatory hat on his head. Dark suits sewn from English fabrics really suited him, and in the summer lighter tones would dominate, and he was characteristic of the whole area because of that. When examining a patient, he would often squint at his right eye, so the left one looked enlarged and menacing, like a searchlight that suddenly illuminates everything in front of you.

He’d walk lightly and be focused. His gaze was strong and penetrating, and he left an impression on everyone, so it would often be whispered that he "knows something" while the more superstitious shook their heads, firmly convinced that they were not in the business. He would not look back while walking, and he allowed people to approach him wherever and whenever they wanted. He would make teas, ointments and salves from the herbs, never talking about how to combine the medicines, which only reinforced the aura of mystery and inscrutability.

I remember him as already old, but his features were sharp and regular and exuded calmness. When meeting him for the first time, people would feel peace and inexplicable security. With his charismatic performance, he influenced even those who had already lost all hope. He was said to be clairvoyant and to know many hidden things. Apparently, the gift of medicine was awakened in him after an unusual event. Namely, Ahmet owned a flock of sheep. One day a sheep from the flock disappeared and could not be found. That night Karaica had a dream that a sheep was in a cave (or gorge) and when he woke up he decided to look for it there. And he found it. After that, he received the gift and power of healing without even knowing how. The lost sheep is returned to the fold. Perhaps with the power of that symbolic act, Ahmet returned to himself, for the benefit of people, and the dream can also be interpreted as an initiation one. In depictions of ritual repentance found in all religions, the motif of returning the lost sheep is very common.

In this sense, speaking of the good shepherd, Jesus says: "Truly, truly, I say to you, whoever does not enter the sheepfold through the door, but passes elsewhere, is a thief and a robber. To him the gatekeeper opens, and the sheep listen to his voice. He the sheep He calls them by name, and when he brings them out, he goes before them, because they know his voice, and the stranger will not follow him, but they will run away from him, because they do not know the voice of a stranger... I am the door he who enters through me will be saved; he will go in and out and find pasture. The thief does not come, except to steal, slaughter or destroy... I am the good shepherd and I know my own, and mine know me... And I have other sheep that are not of this sheepfold; I need to bring them too, and they will hear my voice, and there will be one flock, one shepherd". (John, 10, 1-14)

Religious authority is always compared to a shepherd, and followers to a flock or sheep. This symbolically represents the hierarchy in terms of knowledge and leadership (and consequently the moral system). Because people have unequal opportunities, and the one who is lower in knowledge must accept the leadership of a higher one if he wants to progress.

We see how Jesus emphasizes that one enters the sheepfold by the door, and the one who crosses somewhere else is a thief and a robber. The sheep in all mysteries and initiation rites through the act of sacrifice represents the giving of one's own soul which is surrendered to God. In Islam, this sacrifice is called a "living sacrifice", because the devotee completely sacrifices his animal spirit, thus being wholly God's.

Abraham's sacrifice of his own son was turned into the sacrifice of a ram, and we know that Jesus is addressed as "the lamb of God", because of the innocent subjection and receptivity of the innocent heart that is always ready for sacrifice. And just as sheep need a shepherd, so do people need a guardian and an educator. Otherwise, they are prone to sin by their very nature.

This was underlined by Muhammed a.s. saying that "he who grazes his flock near the forbidden runs the risk of his sheep going in there," alluding to the danger of approaching the borderland between the permitted and the forbidden, which often (due to the weakness of human nature) leads directly to sin. For the majority consciousness, the demarcation is sometimes very difficult to understand, and even more difficult to implement, and in this sense, Imam Ali a.s. said: "The difficulty of approaching sin is protection from sin." The common man should stay away, as from the place of sin and sinners, in order to save himself. However, an advanced cleric can associate with anyone, it is even his task. Muhammed a.s. said: "I am the city of knowledge and Ali is the gate of that city". You enter the city at its gate, and whoever enters otherwise is, according to Jesus, a thief and a robber. Jesus says that he personally is the "door to the sheep", which corresponds to the gate of the city of knowledge, and in this way the light of Jesus and the Mohammedan light meet. Prophet a.s. said: "I and Jesus are the closest among people", because Muhammad a.s. the first Prophet after Isa a.s. And last of all.

We see that Jesus tells the shepherd that "the gatekeeper opens the door and the sheep listen to his voice". Seen from the point of view of imamology, the Good Shepherd is Imam Mehdi a.s. who enters the door of Imam Ali a.s. to the city of Muhammed a.s. knowledge, and the Gatekeeper who opens the door represents a man in the service of the Imam (bab), that is, the head of all invisible esoteric hierarchies that are under the direction of Imam Mehdi a.s. In this way, there is an intertwining of Christology and imamology, which will culminate in the Golden Age, becoming known as the Religion of Love. And that is precisely why Mehdi and Isa come together to this earth.

All those seekers (within the Islamic path of self-realization) who do not enter the gate of Imam Ali a.s. are thieves (of knowledge), that is, robbers (who steal that knowledge from or despite the right of the Pure House). Since the thief, as a rule, enters in the darkness of the night, he returns with incomplete knowledge, just as darkness in the natural world makes it impossible to find what is sought. The spiritual traveler must know the rules of the Way and stand before the gate of Imam Ali, waiting for the gatekeeper of spiritual knowledge to open the door to the "Good Shepherd", i.e. Imam Mahdi. Arriving at the gate of Imam Ali may imply the participation (of a relative murshid) or the visualization (in the mind) of a shaykh or murshid. But the Absolute Murshid can only be an Imam, i.e. someone from Twelve Imams and in this time it is the Hidden Imam. All Imams are one and the same light.

A robber is an extreme variant of a thief, because a thief is content with loot, while a robber is ready for murder, arson, and more. So, he kidnaps by force. Both types of violence against the Gate of Knowledge (Imam Ali) began during Muhammad's lifetime and continue even today. In addition to this exoteric aspect of stealing what is the True House, there is also an esoteric aspect of thievery and robbery in relation to Ali, a.s., that is, the Gate of the City of (Muhammad's) Knowledge, which is the illegal taking of knowledge in the sense of not giving Ali the degree he has as the Immaculate Imam. Perfect Guide and Complete Sage.

This is precisely the meaning of the gate, i.e. proper entry into the city of knowledge. A different acquisition of knowledge (within Islam) is incomplete and irregular, just as a thief and a bandit in the physical world appropriate (only) part of the property of a robbed person and take it for themselves. However, knowledge is stored in the treasures of wisdom (of the twelve Imams) and the one who does not enter the door but jumps over the wall is a thief and a robber. His initiation is incomplete and he cannot fully realize himself as a complete spiritualist.

Muhammed a.s. said: "I and Ali are one and the same light", so it is clear that only he who enters the gate enters the city of knowledge (correctly).

The Prophet also said: "You are all shepherds and each one is responsible for his flock. The Imam is the shepherd in the mosque, the husband in the family..."

If we observe this hadith esoterically, it can be seen that leadership in knowledge is universal and refers to the entire human race. God's Messengers and the Pure House (Muhammad, Fatima and the 12 Holy Imams) are sinless and do not need human guidance, while people need them. The Qur'an says about the Clean House: "Allah wants to remove dirt and sins from you, Oh family of Prophets, and to purify you completely". Muhammad, Fatima and the 12 Imams are completely purified and cannot make any giyeh, neither small nor big, and they are the inheritors of the knowledge of Muhammad, peace be upon him. and are the trustees of his secrets.

Muhammed a.s. for the Holy Imams a.s. says: "They were created from my clay - flesh, and they were given my knowledge and understanding". Because the Muhammadan Light descends into the created world through 12 Light Veils (Imams). One should know that hierarchy in knowledge always exists, which means then when we don't know it or don't attach importance to it, but this fact inevitably manifests itself because the Divine Imperative is in question.

In this sense, the Qur'an says: "He exalts one above the other by several degrees and makes you serve one another", and service in knowledge is the inevitable submission of the one who knows less to the one who knows more, whether he wants it or not, knows it or not. However, it is most valuable when this is recognized and the relationship between teacher and student (sheykh - murid) is established on that basis. The Prophet emphasized the establishment of such a relationship, saying on one occasion: "This world is cursed and everything in it is cursed, except for the mention of God and teachers and students"."Zikrullah" we see, mentioned first, because ultimately it is not related to other people and circumstances.

The Qur'an says: "...remember Allah much" without specifying how, when or where, so that zikr in a general sense can be performed independently. However, the continuation of the verse speaks of a specific mention of God that is the result of the interaction between teacher and student. Since everything else is cursed, it leads to the conclusion that the acquisition of knowledge is both the basic task of man and the reason for the creation of the heavens and the earth. That is what God Himself says. in the famous Qudsi hadith: "I was a hidden treasure, I wanted to be known, so I created the world".

Jesus is the Good Shepherd for the Christian community as Imam Mahdi is for Muslims, with the exception that the religion of love that the Mahdi will proclaim will encompass the entire world. As Imam Ali is the gate of the city of Muhammad's knowledge and Imam Mehdi is The Good Shepherd who enters that door, by that entrance (which is internally equal to his final exit) are joined by Imam Ali a.s. as the Seal of the Absolute Vilayet and Imam Mehdi a.s. as the Seal of the Muhammadan Vilayet.

The two Good Shepherds, Isa and Mehdi, are coming to Earth (again) together. The future is announced in the words of Jesus: "... and I have other sheep which are not from this sheepfold, I should bring them too, and they will hear my voice and one flock, one shepherd".

"Other sheep that are not of this sheepfold" are the future generations of people after the historical life of Jesus, and as Jesus will be revealed again on Earth, "they will hear his voice".

This represents the Religion of Love in the Golden Age. The "voice" of Jesus is defined in the Qur'an as the Word of God breathed into Mary, and the nature of the voice is manifestation in the external world. Only that which is manifested (either outwardly or inwardly) can be a voice.

The Qur'an informs that Isa a.s. like a child in a cradle spoke to people. The word cradle in the Arabic language (mehd) has the same root as the name The Hidden Imam (Mahdi). With the Announcement of Imam Mahdi, Jesus comes out of cradle, he "grows up" reaching his full spiritual maturity through the Muhammadan Revelation. That is why some traditions say that the Prophet Isa, a.s. when he comes to marry again (following the Sunnah of Muhammad) and that he will have children. A special danger in the Dark Ages are false prophets.

Muhammed a.s. said: "Judgment Day will not come until false MPs appear, about thirty of them".

It is certain that most of the false Prophets have not yet appeared and that the main "characters" of the Iron Age have yet to appear.

Jesus says, "Beware of false prophets! They come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravenous wolves. You will recognize them by their fruits.

Are grapes picked from thorns or figs from brambles? Thus every good tree bears good fruit, and a wicked tree bears evil fruit. A good tree cannot bear bad fruit, nor can an evil tree bear good fruit. Every tree that does not bear good fruit is cut down and thrown into the fire. Therefore, by their fruits you will recognize them". The "fruits" in the aforementioned statement are human actions which, in the case of duplicitous people, are at odds with their words. Such a path is by the nature of things thorny, because the distinction between words and deeds is intolerable if it is recognized as such. .

In the same sense, Muhammad a.s. said: "The thing I fear most for my community is the so-called hypocrite."

Moreover, the Prophet clarifies that it is the one "who says that what pleases you and it does the opposite". This is a different way of expressing Jesus' statement that "by their fruits you will know them".

Because the inner nature of each person is necessarily revealed and the external pretense is disfigured when the nature of action is established. Because at that level, interiority is crucial, and duplicity becomes impossible.

Duplicity is actually possible until the question of sacrifice is raised, and then it is not. Ahmet Karaica found a lost sheep and found himself through it, discovering his calling in life. Road. He left this world leaving open the age-old question of illness and treatment, need and help. And all people are needy, although some do not know it.

Imam Ali a.s. said: "Sometimes the medicine is the disease and the disease is the medicine". In the Dark Ages, when the whole being is destroyed and broken into parts, medicine represents disease in its many aspects. That question is much deeper than the so-called "side effects" when taking medicine, because chemical substances that are by themselves foreign to the human body must inevitably have negative effects. Today's medicine with pharmacology actually treats only the disease, while it is necessary to treat the whole person. Every disease represents a loss of balance within the whole being, and the treatment should be directed in that direction. In Kali-Yuga, when immorality, alienation and technicalism prevail, such endeavors generally end in failure. Another part of Ali's tradition states that sometimes "disease is medicine". Here, it means to say that suffering is purifying and elevates man, while (animalistically understood) happiness hinders spiritual progress, which the Qur'an clearly states: "...they are like cattle, even worse..."

For spiritually oriented people, suffering is inevitable and there is no other way. This was also emphasized by the Noble Prophet, saying that "the most tested are the Messengers, then the God-pleasing ones, and so on," indicating that a high spiritual (and moral) degree is, in one way or another, united with the purifying effect of suffering. Without suffering, people would never submit to God, and even when pressed by great difficulties (truly) they are rarely converted. Because the attachment of a passionate soul to the world of form is, as a rule, strong and unrestrained.

The Qur'an says that a man in trouble prays for a long time, but when the trouble passes, he returns to not believing. Before the last war, another well-known herbalist worked in Stolac. Jafer Sidran was a cheerful old man, simple-minded and open-minded, always smiling and always open to everyone. He would ride up and down the bazaar on an old bicycle, greeting and saying goodbye to everyone, both those who believed in his healing powers and those who doubted. And there are always doubters, and there is no man who is not slandered, no matter how valuable and great he is.

An unshaven face overgrown with gray bristles and on the head the mandatory "Frenchie", a cap that in the old days signified both pride and knowledge, regardless of who it was. Later, it began to be worn by elders in general, regardless of knowledge or possible authority.

A few buttons of his shirt casually undone, in wide trousers, he always walked with big steps as if he was catching up with someone. His hands were strong and large, and on his feet were black sandals that enhanced the tone of seriousness to the whole appearance. He looked like a man who was not pampered by life in his youth, which I could not verify, but one could guess. He would gather herbs in the surrounding hills and meadows, and the bazaar loved and respected him. In a pre-war text (in some newspapers), he proudly stated that "all women from Split became pregnant" after being treated with his medicines. He also experienced a kind of initiation into his vocation, receiving knowledge from old Rizvanbegović, who apparently (as Džafer swore) was "good". We addressed Jafer with the titular "doctor" and it flattered both him and the patients. He died during the last war or immediately after its end. For some, the herbalist's time has passed forever, while for others it is yet to come. People are increasingly turning to a healthy lifestyle, probably too late, but every attempt in that direction is worthwhile.

In the past, the knowledge of plants was part of the integral science of man, while today the term "alternative medicine" is used. Whether it is alternative or not, it is still conquering the world more and more. Just one of the symptoms of the Kali-Yuga and the belated repentance of the iron man who seems to be just beginning to understand what he has done to the natural environment and everything around him. The very dramatic nature of calls for "returning to nature" indicates that it is too late for many things, and arguments about the nature of things are not valid until a person is personally hit and hit. Still, a respectable effort.

OLD ORDER

Hasan Koso was a partisan. Tito's World War II guerrilla in a plaid shirt and worn-out shoes was no different from other people. He lived his life, not interfering in anything or asking anyone about the state of the country, perhaps not even knowing what politics is and who is leading it. He knew and heard about Tito, but he would not mention him. He wasn't waiting for communism, he wasn't interested in anything outside of everyday life, which he couldn't tolerate anyway. But he never complained about anything. He neither complained about people nor suffered from forgetfulness. Monotonous provincial life, and in the province we know everything and know everyone, while not knowing anything for sure. After the war, he was neither known nor recognized, an ordinary man from a small alley opposite the old fountain, where the monotonous course of life never changes and where everything flows according to established habits. This is how people live other people's lives, not realizing that they have lost themselves, often irretrievably.

It would happen that Hasan would drink "a few too many", and the years would imperceptibly come and go, constricting the thought more and more with a stuck provincial boredom, and that always turns out bad. Because the drink then takes the person under its wing. It comforts him, then shapes him and finally takes him under his wing, first coming imperceptibly, then pouncing on the human soul like a wild beast. Comrade Koso was away from everything. He kept himself aloof, calmly aloof from the boring veterans' gatherings and the set-up socialist idyll, letting everything pass him by, both life and people. Thus time passed and he remained exactly the same, untroubled by false hopes nor swayed by empty promises. All past him. And big applause and pregnant Stolac boredom, because the world goes on its course and it's futile to oppose.

Some ten years after the war, around 1955, it happened that a high officer of the JNA came to Stolac on some business. In relaxed during the conversation, over a glass and after forced flattery from the mayor, he remembered Hasa Kosa, a former war comrade. And asked about him. The newly formed communists were very surprised. Hasan is the last one anyone would ask about because he was forgotten among the first. He was neither in the Party nor in the forums, as if he was not an avant-garde person but an anonymous individual. And how is it possible for a partisan to remain silent about the glorious past and not seek justice?!

An example for astonishment and instruction, because the "squeaks" are still numerous and there are also the remains of the rotten bourgeoisie, so every fighter is important and important. They immediately sent for Hasan on the way, recommending that he shave and put on a new shirt, to which the former partisan just shrugged his shoulders. Seeing him, the distinguished JNA officer immediately hugged him like an old friend. It was obvious that they knew each other well. Then it was revealed that Comrade Hasan Koso was rescuing the wounded hero Kosta Nađo and another partisan in the battle on Sutjeska. They both remembered it. But no one asked them, and people of fame and reputation quickly forget others, especially if they don't need them.

The officer went and left Stolac, and Hasa was officially accepted into the veterans' organization. They thanked him for everything, gave him a house to live in. They are there, at his service, if he ever needs anything. Hasan looked at them pale and colorless, not even moving the greasy cap on his head. He left without saying goodbye. He was not touched or impressed. They also awarded him a veteran's pension and he continued to live quietly and unobtrusively as before, because nothing really happened. He was the holder of the Order of Merit for the People and several other high decorations, received personally by the Marshal.

Lost in some dirty drawer, they didn't even resemble the glory days. They disappeared in the last war. Because every conflict gives birth to new ideas, and then inevitably new heroes, while the old ones are discarded and forgotten. Some find it difficult and their whole world collapses. Others bear it easier, feeding on hatred. The merits were also forgotten, and Hasan died in the meantime. The people accepted the new leaders and started cheering for other people. Until a new coup, and new heroes. And there are never enough of them, especially if they are enough for themselves and just shrug their shoulders. Nothing new under the sun.

IN THE BARBERSHOP

Once upon a time, and in the not-so-distant past, barbers were also dentists of their time. Teeth were extracted in barbershops, and the old masters would go home and circumcise children. Anesthesia during tooth extraction consisted of a few sips of brandy, and during the operation, a "mouse" would be presented to the children on the ceiling, so as not to distract them. The barber would point his finger upwards, and the child instinctively follows what he sees. Barbershops were also places where the main news related to events in the city and the surrounding area came and were processed. Events related to power and dismissals, provincial gossip and jokes. All this broke the dull idleness of idle people and drove away the gray fog of provincial boredom.

It is necessary to deceive both yourself and others. And the latter is easier because we always understand ourselves and always forgive ourselves. And someone else is always to blame for our difficult fate. It's easier that way.

Hajdar Nurković was a famous and well-known barber before and during World War II. In his barbershop, the radio would be listened to and the situation on the fronts around the world monitored, and the information would then be passed on to the citizens. So the news from his little shop was awaited with attention and fear. At the end of the war, comrades were checking relevant facts related to monitoring and commenting on enemy radio waves, and some would be called for investigation and responsibility would follow. The punishments were not too severe, but the one who takes power must show his teeth, because a toothless mouth does not bite. It has always been like that and it will always be like that. Many boys circumcised by Haidar are still alive today. Now they are gray-haired old men with stooped backs. I asked some personally, and they would testify to Nurković's skill and hard work.

In a word, a real social life took place in the barbershops like the one in the pubs or the theater, except that we didn't have a theater, and we still don't have one today. Nevertheless, even in this time there are sometimes plays where the actors are more than well-known and the plot of the drama is mysterious and uncertain right from the last moment. The bitterness of the province must be vented, and the joy that conquers again and again is equally difficult. Burden. Small towns that attract attention and repel, but for those who come to Stolac for the first time, we are mostly interesting. Because they don't know us, or they see us as tough natives capable of surviving in all conditions.

In relation to barbershops, in the later (pre-war) period, a fancy name was introduced so that the small doors usually read: "Hairdresser's salon". There is no sign or sound from the salon, but people quickly get used to everything that does not concern them. The uninitiated might have expected thick Persian carpets and salon delicacy, but there was nothing like that in two square meters of space. A few pictures pasted on the walls, necessarily of an actor or singer, a large mirror and a chair. It doesn't matter because barbershops would be called by the owner's name anyway, and that's how it is today. Mići's, Muja's, Omerica's, Ahmet's.

The term "salon" was not yet in use, and craftsmen struggled to find any space for it, which they again paid well and handsomely. It was necessary to work in the very center of the city or at least near the center and thus attract customers. Because what the eye can't see most often doesn't exist. The hair salon "at Mići’s" was named after the owner himself, as is often the case, and Miralem worked hard and honestly. It's a time of crisis, and the rent and obligations are big. There were numerous bills to settle. He received customers conscientiously and with sensitive seriousness, paying attention to every detail when fixing his hair. Idle people from the bazaar would come to the barbershop and chat about anything and everything. Usually about topics they don't even know about. Because it is better that way, so that the brain does not get tired unnecessarily. If the thoughts and feelings involved deep topics, there would always be someone to signal the alarm, which again said that the brain should rest, that is, let it "out to pasture".

There is no grass in the meadows of memory, so you don't even know what is grazing, and even less who (within us) consumes the green plant of oblivion. There is no shepherd to direct the flock. Free archers with a broken bow and no arrow of any kind, we try to hide and disguise ourselves. It is important what others say and think, especially the majority that we are not interested in at all and who gossip habitually. If the masking is far-reaching or (which is even more common) duplicitous, it eventually becomes ridiculous, and then there is already a real danger that the bazaar in question will be "hacked". The root of the word is "hakk" (which means truth), and this again indicates that we know something about the other, and he does not know, so we need to mentally rape him, point out something to him for his own benefit, teach him. "Hacking" meant provocation of any kind. Ridicule without holding back and retreating, and the precondition is, of course, that the hacked gentleman allows poisonous stings. People succumbed to an atmosphere of comic ease, because we usually set boundaries when we are irreversibly hurt. And then it's too late, because humor gives way to hatred. There is hate in every joke.

Those who were completely hacked were considered fools, real or imagined, so in the end it would be concluded that they were born that way and the environment had no influence and we are all innocent. Genetics was at the very top of the desirable sciences of ordinary small townspeople, because it is the easiest way. Blame it on DNA and we're all at peace. We did not influence anything, and especially there is no bad intention. And be that as it may, we all know each other well.

Munib was one of the main characters in Mići's barbershop. With short matted hair and black eyes, he resembled ancient conquerors from the distant past, a figure from another world. Never getting angry with anyone, Munib was understanding for everyone and everything and was a tolerant man. He would move slowly and melancholic, as if checking the safety of the asphalt in every place that his foot would touch. Because the road can open and swallow us all. If we are not already swallowed up by provincial boredom and boredom, then it is certainly easiest to look for an abyss somewhere out there, in the outside world. It hurts less.

In the barber shop "at Mići's", the favorite topics were of course women and then football, but also local politics, the past war, bookmakers etc. We have always called the war "recent", even though more than 20 years have passed since its beginning. The sufferings were great, and the repentances were minor, so it's no wonder if it's still going on in someone's head. Some people would notice that a new war is impossible. Munib often got carried away with the topic of gender equality, probably without even knowing why!? Obsession or modern construction, we didn't know.

He is not in a position to be avant-garde in the aforementioned process, because that issue has mostly been resolved, at least globally. But that topic occupied him more and more in a strange and special way, so I would follow his presentations with great interest. He kept silent inside himself more than he would have said. Once in the barber shop, while boredom was relentlessly killing and coming down on everyone, Munib put his palms on his face and thought. It was obvious that he was preparing big words, which we will somehow already digest. We haven't had a sensitive stomach in a long time.

- My people, I am in favor of the full emancipation of women... and all of them... there is nothing there... Everyone’s the same... and that's it!

Nobody answered anything. The eyes wandered further towards the blue pieces of sky above the hills, as if women's equality was waiting behind the distant mountains. And when it comes, we will implement it. The room was full of smoke because they were constantly smoking, "one after another", as we used to call the excessive enjoyment of tobacco. For a moment, society seemed to imagine itself, and there were those who were shocked by the statement.

Zijo smiled and warned Munib that the correct term was "emancipation", and not "epacipation". Besides, it was realized a long time ago, women are equal, period. The question has long since been removed from the agenda, both theoretically and practically, so the topic has been exhausted. Zia's remark seems to have hit Munib's weak point, the Achilles heel itself.

- But... it is - he accepted reluctantly - but full of excitement... Brother, that's it for you...

He looked like Lenin in the moments when he raised the proletarians to uprising. His hair was slicked back, and his hands were clenched into fists, just in case there was discrimination.

Dropping his gaze, he immediately moved on to another topic, saying that his life had never been full of roses.

We all looked at each other. Mići lit a cigar, observing the speaker seriously and respectfully. Zijo kept smiling. He would sometimes be accused of "gifting". The old rocker wore an earring and rolled cigars one after the other.

- What are they missing? - he suddenly interjected, as if the conversation is extremely important and everything must be resolved immediately - You settle them. so they don't have time to think about idle things... Give them money and it's a joke right away... You don't have any epacipation here, my Muna.

Nobody said anything. Munib yawns, as if signaling to the emancipated women that he is currently free, and they again can't wait to embark on an adventure and "break their legs" jumping after him. Boredom. Provincial stupidity and lazy overwork. From one foot to the other, as one would say in bazaar jargon.

Pouring from the hollow into the void, and the hollows and voids remain forever the same.

- Cry it out, it will be easier for you! - says a middle-aged man with a straw hat on his head. He didn't have two front teeth, but he was laughing despite that, obviously considering us people below his level. Showing a thumb pointing down, he underlined clearly what he thinks about us. No one answered him, because that would open up a discussion, and we don't want that.

- I cry day and night, but what's the point - Munib said more to himself. Someone snickered loudly from the store next door, but we didn't accept the challenge and refused to return the ball. Ignoring is both the hardest and the easiest way of communication in the province.

Repelling poison darts is a special art and cannot be mastered quickly or easily. Those without bazaar faculty were left with only contempt. The barber shop is mostly suitable for various academic discussions because it is mostly visited by doctors of "folk sciences", those who long ago mastered the trade related to all the city's tricksters. The word "marifa" means to know (or knowledge), and the knowledge of bazaar opportunities and difficulties is one of the most important in our city. That's why there is always a crowd of curious people hanging around the corners, catching gossip and intrigue. Having parked his bicycle next to the shop, Halil slapped me on the shoulder:

- Well done master! Books are not your palatial, every hour' talent! - disheveled and unshaven, he sat on the vehicle for some time. His look was sincere and kind.

The company in the barbershop laughs, and Zijo, like a grammar teacher, reminds again and again about the rules of spelling and correct pronunciation.

- Plagiarism, not plagiarism! - he raises his finger extremely symptomatically, and Halko smiles, a little confused, and raises his hands to remind that mistakes happen and are inevitable. It is important that the works are original and it is important to praise.

Several birds suddenly flew across the sky. Cars were constantly passing by, honking their horns. Halko looked around and rode off on his bike. no one was stopping him. We all fell silent.

I remembered Omerica and his barber shop. The real name of the store has fallen into oblivion because in our country people and places are named after their characteristic features, either the place itself or the person. Today, the area around the former Omerica shop is deserted because part of the neighborhood was completely destroyed in the last war. There are indications of a possible renewal and something is already being done in that direction. Everyone is wondering how everything will turn out because they have nothing else to do.

In the sixties and seventies of the last century, Omer became one of the legendary figures in the city, a man whom everyone knew. He probably wore the nickname Omerica since childhood, so the barber shop was named after him. There was no end to jokes and pranks. And everyone knew that the play was permanent. He was balding and a bit fuller, a man in his mature years, vital and healthy, and many were firmly convinced that he maintained good health with a special sense of humor and the absence of a desire to accumulate material values. After all, an optimistic view of the world drives away weaknesses, and this has always been known.

Listening to Omer's comments and quips, many listeners would have their mouths open "from ear to ear". His lively eyes in constant movement complemented the picture of general joy and rejoicing in the very center of the city. The haircut was usually a real piece of comedy, and the user of the service had to behave like an obedient patient and a prisoner at the same time, because Omer would slap the customer's head unwillingly, squeezing his thin lips as if it was a real boxing match, and he, Omer, had to come out as the winner. After giving the person a decent whipping on the chair, the famous barber would end up "licking" them, mixing several lotions at random. This magnified the circus before the very end and the lowering of the curtain. His famous slogan (Omerica - brica - from Stolac) was widely known, and he himself would often and seriously use it as a reminder and a kind of business card. People would come to his shop to joke and talk, and the jokes were indeed numerous, but never malicious and broken.

Omer appreciated visitors, and they would bring him sociopaths and "borderline cases" who wouldn't allow access to anyone but him, and someone had to cut the maladjusted ones too. Sometimes it would happen that Omerica would "push" the client, giving the head a wavy and inappropriate look. Detractors swear he does it on purpose. However, it was about new fashion and hairstyles that (at that time) had not yet come (from the West) to our region. In that way, Omer was progressive and full of new ideas. In addition, it is difficult to believe in bad intentions, because it would mean a certain loss of customers, and no one wants that. Hidden behind an unusual sense of humor, Omerica was both professional and honest. Parents would often bring their children for haircuts, and he knew how to entertain so cheerfully that they would forget about the fear of machines and scissors. Children loved him and often came to his shop. Always done with a smile.

Those who did not have money, he would cut hair for free, and he also provided hairdressing services to patients of the Hospital for Bone and Joint Diseases in Stolac. In a word, an important face in the city. Many still fondly remember him today. There is also a hair salon "kod Muja" in the city. It is located near the intersection with Podgrad. Surrounded by similar smaller ones, the store looked unobtrusive and classy. Mujo was a hard worker, and his customers were fighters from the past war and people from Podgradska Mahala. The citizens of Šetnica would often come, and Mujo would cut their hair for free, and the atmosphere in the small shop exuded kindness and warmth. Welcome. Zizo would also drop by and joke with everyone, always coming out victorious in petty tangles and skirmishes. But, behind the cheerful humor, depth and seriousness hid. Aziz was one of the wisest people in the city, as well as everyone I've met in my life. Highly intelligent and penetrating, he represented a very distinctive personality. Muja's small shop was sometimes full of colorful characters and Stolac legends.

Thus, our barbershops are still places where you grab time to chat about events in the city. In the summer, when the city is sweltering, people sit outside, on the "blocks" next to the street. We look at the passers-by and they at us, with the silent thought that there is nothing to look at or hear for a long time. Everything has been said. I left Mići's shop. Munib yawned again and spread his arms as if to protect us all from sudden danger. Provincial acidity. It's steaming.

THE DARK AGE

Imam Ali a.s. said: "There will come a time for people when positions of the high will be given to slanderers only, when the corrupt will be considered elegant and the righteous weak. They will consider almsgiving as a loss, attention to relatives as good optional, and service to God as an imaginary elevation above others. Then the power will be exercised by consulting with women, by appointing boys to high positions and by carrying out the administration through inmates".

Imam Ali a.s. at the beginning of the speech we see he says how he will perform for the people (further described) time which therefore includes the human race as such and not (only) Muslims, Christians or any individual group. It is therefore about the general depravity of people, and the characteristics of that era are indicated in the words that follow. This time has long since begun, and the darkness will be greater and greater.

First of all, it was said that "high positions will only be given to detractors". Slander is a lie, and according to tradition, "a lie is incompatible with belief. The Prophet, peace be upon him, did not mention any religion individually, which means that it can refer to any (monotheistic) belief, and thus high positions include people of different beliefs and convictions in general. From this it follows that the mentioned slanderers are deniers of God. They will be given high positions. Imam Ali did not specify what those positions refer to, so it can mean a position in society, knowledge, leadership in religion, etc.

Politics in today's sense of the word is excluded, because Islam is not an ideology and in Ali's time there was no Islamic state. The interpretation of Islam in the light of modern ideologies is a product of the Dark Ages. However, it is clear that high positions will be given to deniers of God who lie, and the two are compatible with each other but incompatible with faith. Slander will represent the leading "principle" of orientation towards the top.

Once Imam Ali a.s. said "Beware of gatherings of slanderous (and slanderous) and those who are suspected, because a bad friend deceives his interlocutor".

Those he suspects are evil individuals who hide their inner selves, and as such are all in the category of hypocrites. We see how a friend can be bad, and he is bad because he cheats. Since a lie is incompatible with belief, such a friend is a denier of God, and slander is necessarily connected to gatherings because there is talk at gatherings, and one who is silent does not slander. Defamation exists only if it is spoken. Bad friends (like slanderers) deceive their interlocutor, and this is a time of general mistrust among people that has long begun. Today, a truthful and honest person is considered a "fool" and at best "naive", even though such a person recognizes people and events very well. In the tradition of Imam Ali a.s. he goes on to say: "when the wicked will be considered noble and the righteous weak".

As the detractors are in high positions, that is, leaders in knowledge and belief, it follows that the corrupt will be considered classy. Corruption is the lower limit of sin, when sins completely cover the heart and the primordial nature of man (fitret) is necessarily considered in that state. It is therefore a question of the corruption of the fitret, the "corruption" of the center of the spiritual heart. A spoiled routine will be disguised with a pleasant exterior, hence the mentioned "classiness". Any overemphasis speaks of a lack, otherwise it wouldn't even exist. Because of all this, the righteous will be considered weak. This means that justice is not enforceable in any of its aspects.

In order for justice to be carried out, there must be appropriate external conditions. If there are none, a person can be honest and righteous, but not completely righteous. As unbearable conditions make it impossible for him to implement justice, the righteous man is considered weak precisely because of the complete frustration dictated by the general corruption. His efforts want to be portrayed in a different light, and since he is lonely, he is necessarily weak.

Imam Ali continues in the tradition: "...They will consider almsgiving as a loss, attention to relatives as good optional, and serving God as an imaginary elevation above others...". Since people worship deities, passions, material possessions and false "I", there is no faith in the Otherworld, and where there is no eschatology there is no sacrifice. In such a state (and it has been going on for a long time) almsgiving is considered a loss, since the materialistic perspective rejects any form of compensation for charity. The expected leveling necessarily implies faith in the immortality of the soul, faith in another world after death. Imam Ali once said: "Those who are for this world are never satisfied with what they get from it, since there is more that they did not take." Of course, for this kind of consciousness, giving alms is a loss. From this it follows that (such people) will regard attention to relatives as an optional good. Prophet a.s. once said that kinship is one of the branches of the Most Merciful that comes down to this world. Accordingly, maintaining family ties is an obligation for everyone who believes in God. As faith is the root of that tree, he who has lost his connection with the root cannot have contact with the branches of the tree, or even does not know that they exist.

It is precisely for this reason that detractors in high positions, and classy corrupt people, will consider attention to good relatives as optional, while, as we have seen, it is mandatory. It is a branch of the All-Merciful, and whoever clings to His branch is in a relationship with Him until the one who reaches her, the one who has (already) broken the connection with The creator. Loss of connection with the Creator necessarily causes loss of connection with relatives. That is why Imam Sadik a.s. said that "one of the sins that accelerates ruin is the severing of family ties". Such a break is a sign of a lack of connection with the Creator, and that in itself is a downfall. That's why it was said that "the man who does not know his worth is doomed", and what is the connection with God. From that fact follows the loss of connection with relatives, which is an accelerated ruin.

After that, Imam Ali says that he will consider serving God conceited by rising above others. This includes both arrogance towards Allah and arrogance towards people, and arrogance towards Allah is harder and worse.

Muhammed a.s. said that "people are Allah's family and the one who is most useful to His family is dearest to Him".

This means that, on one level, serving people is equal to serving God because He has no neediness or deficiency in relation to creatures.

"Everything you do, you do to yourself" - indicates the Qur'an, underlining Divine self-sufficiency.

As, therefore, service to God and service to people (in the sense of usefulness to them) are united in one way, arrogance towards creatures (due to the high positions of slanderers and elegant corruptors) is also arrogance towards God. Elevation above others is inevitable in some respects, but there is no elevation based on faith.

This is why Imam Ali said that conceit is a misfortune for faith, because such a person elevates his heavenly nature (which is the same possibility for everyone) above others. It is an accident of faith since only God can make the final judgment about everyone. A creature is not capable of such a thing, even in an approximate sense, because the heart remains a secret for another.

The presumptuous believer ascribes exclusively to himself the condition that all men have as a possibility, and in itself, this calamity of faith is greater than any other. All souls are equal before God. That is the basic postulate of monotheism. That is why Imam Ali said that "conceit destroys reason." It tears him apart because conceit strengthens the ego and its strength is stronger than the strength of reason. In fact, everywhere we see unreasonable people who imagine. At the end of the discussed tradition, Imam Ali says: "Then the government will be exercised by consulting with women, by appointing boys to high positions and by conducting the administration through inmates". This is not about political power. Political Islam is a construction of recent times and represents a dangerous delusion.

There is no Islamic state, nor will it ever exist, and some misguided believers certainly view the Qur'an in an ideological light, which is wrong and has no basis. By "women" is also not meant the temptation to consult with persons of the female sex, but rather it refers to the passive female principle, the receptive one in the universe that follows the active male principle. In fact, it is a question of a disturbed system of values, where what should be "up" becomes "down" and vice versa. It is similar with boys in high positions. It points to a complete immaturity, both spiritual and spiritual, because there is no form of initiation into maturity, and people actually remain "big children" all their lives. Initiation processes of introduction into the mature age at this time become only in esoteric groups and some "primitive" tribes that still cherish this valuable tradition. At the end of Ali's surrender, it is said that the administration will be carried out by means of prisoners. This represents the ultimate and complete loss of the male affirmative principle, and castration should be seen above all as mutilation in the spirit.

It is known that in ancient Rome, worshipers of the goddess Isis performed acts of self-castration, and thus castrated, ran around the entire city. It seems that something similar follows every twilight of some of the civilizations, and even debauchery is replaced by another extreme, that is, self-mutilation. Since sexuality is identical to the lustful soul (nefs), this is a self-violent (or violent) attempt to undo the "evil-prone soul."

In principle, this is impossible, because it is overcome slowly and in precisely defined stages under the guidance of a spiritual authority. And as the harem management (in the harems of women, which was a parody of Islam) was carried out by means of inmates who were castrated so that they could not approach these women, so now that administration appears in relation to slanderers in high positions and classy crooks. According to the logic of things of the Dark Ages, they forbid access to themselves, fiercely protecting their way of life. That is why the administration is carried out by those who are completely powerless in relation to them.

Their rulers are spiritually "castrated" so that they cannot enter their world of "self-fertilization", where everything outside that world is both foreign (to that world) and dangerous. It is, therefore, about the prohibition of access, and that is access (in the Dark Ages) exempted from spirituality and spiritual virility. It is a state of slanderous gloating and "posh" corruption. In one word, a full affirmation of the animal man within the human being, a man who has reached the very bottom, as the Qur'an says: "We created man in the most beautiful form, and we will return him to the lowest lows". The lowest lows are within man, when the animal being overcomes humanity and suppresses it. It is the forgetting of one's own heavenly nature, the true fitret, that is, the divine image by which man was created.

Prophet a.s. also said: "A time will come for you in which three things will be the rarest: money acquired in a permissible way, a friend who will be worthy of closeness and the direction of The Messenger that will be acted upon".

Money acquired in a permissible way is a rarity today, due to the whole system of relationships. In man himself, an obscure collecting spirit prevails, i.e. the logic of the "monkey mind". A hadith states that earning halal wealth is harder than a sword strike. This is especially true at a time when deceiving others is the primary preoccupation. A friend worthy of closeness is also rare, because today closeness is achieved on the basis of interests, and true friendship implies selflessness, i.e. sacrifice.

The direction of the Messenger of Faith is the Right Way, mentioned in the first Qur'anic surah, and which the Holy Imams are especially. Such a path was generally both rare and difficult, especially today, when only the form, i.e. the ritual, remains of religion.

Now we will analyze a long tradition in which the Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him. He explains to Selman the Persian the signs of the Dark Age, that is, the Last Time.

Abdullah Ibn Abbas narrates that the Messenger of Allah, may God bless him and grant him peace, when they went with him on the Hajj of Atonement, took his hand over the doorknob of the Kaaba and said, "Do you want me to inform you of the signs of the Hour of Judgment?" Selman Farsi was the closest to him and he said: "Yes, we wish, Messenger of Allah." The Messenger of Allah said: "Some of the signs of the Day of Judgment are neglecting prayer, following passions, tending to the desires of the soul, valuing possessions, selling faith for this world. Then the believer's heart and inner being will melt as salt melts in water. When faces the bad part, he will be powerless to change it".

Selman asked: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!"

The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by the One in whose hand my soul is! O Selman! Then the rulers will be oppressors of the people, viziers sinners corrupt, governors unjust, and trusted people unfaithful and unreliable". Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Oh Salman! Then the perverted will be considered good and the good will be considered bad.

People will trust fraudsters, and trustworthy and trustworthy people will be accused of fraud and perfidy. The liar will confirm himself and his lie will be true, and the truthful will be forced to lie." Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah, peace be upon him, said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand is mine soul! O Selman! Then the women will rule over the men, and they will consult with the slaves. Children will climb the pulpits. Lying will be considered something interesting, zakat as loss and fine, and every form of using the common good as easy profit and profit.

People will be rude to their parents and avoid them, and be kind to their friends. Then the star of the tail will appear in the sky." Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand is my soul! Oh Selman!

Then women will participate with their husbands in activities outside the home such as trade. It will rain during the summer heat. Noble people will be constantly exposed to wrath, and a poor man will be humiliated and ridiculed. Bazaars will move closer to each other. Despite the fact that there will be many shops, people will complain about the work.

One will say: "I didn't sell anything", and the other: "I didn't make a profit". Then you will see that all people blaspheme God." Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand my soul is! O Selman! Then people will be ruled by such rulers, that they will kill people when they demand their basic rights, if there is even the slightest admixture of libertarian thought in them. If they remain silent, they will regard their lives and property as their own, and will not shrink from confiscating all their labor. The blood of powerless people will be shed without any consideration. People's hearts will be filled with such fear that they will be afraid to breathe.

Oh Selman! Then you will see people terrified, frightened, terrified, terrified." Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand is my soul. Oh Selman. Then they will bring people one thing from the East and another from the West, with which they will color my ummah. Woe to the weak from my ummah of all tyrants. Woe to them from Allah! They will not be compassionate towards children and subordinates, and they will not respect and appreciate the elderly. Through mistakes they will not pass over nor forgive them. Their bodies are human, but their hearts are satanic."

Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand is my soul! Oh Selman. Then men will be satisfied with men and women with women. In houses young men who have just come of age will be jealously guarded, as young brides are guarded. Men will imitate women, and women men. Women who were created with a womb to give birth, will sit in saddles. May Allah's curse be on such of my ummah!". Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand is my soul! Oh Selman! Then mosques will be decorated as synagogues and churches are decorated. The Qur'an will be decorated. Minarets will be built so high that they will tower over the surrounding houses. The number of rows in congregational prayer

will be big. There will be many people, but their hearts will be filled with mutual envy and hatred, and tongues with false and corrupt intentions".

Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand is my soul! Oh Selman! Then the men's ummah will adorn themselves with gold, dress in silk, brocade and tiger skin". Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by the One in whose hand is my soul! Then interest will be public and people will trade with fraud and bribery. The position of faith will decrease, and the position of this world will increase." Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand is my soul! Oh Salman! Then there will be many divorces. Allah's decrees and punishment will not be carried out. And you will not harm Allah in any way."

Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand is my soul! Oh Salman! Then female singers and musical instruments will appear among the people. People will be ruled by the worst of my ummah." Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand is my soul! Oh Salman! Then the rich from my ummah will go to Hajj for leisure, the middle class for trade, and the poor for self-showing and fame.

Then many people will be taught the Qur'an, but not for the sake of Allah but for other reasons. The Qur'an will be performed (recited) like music accompanied by musical instruments. A group of people will study the religion of Allah but not for the sake of Allah. The number of illegitimate children will increase. He will recite the Qur'an in an illegal melody. People will attack this world and will compete with each other in acquiring its goods." Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand is my soul! Oh Selman! Then the sanctity and chastity of man will be desecrated. Deeds that Allah has forbidden will be done. The bad will get the better of the good people. A lie to spread openly among people. Stubbornness will appear. Poverty will spread among the people. People will brag and exalt each other because of their clothes. Heavy rains will fall outside the rainy season. The drum and musical instruments will be considered beautiful and praiseworthy. Enjoining good and forbidding evil will be rejected, until the believer at that time is the most humiliated and rejected in the Ummah.

Among the hermits, the pious, the ulama and the reciters of the Qur'an, ill-omenedness, rebuke, seeking favors and gossip will appear. People of such qualities will be called by the inhabitants of heaven: "The most impure among the impure". Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in Whose Hand is my soul! Oh Selman! Then the rich will only fear poverty. The poor man will beg from Friday to Friday, and no one will be found to give him anything." Salman said: "It will really be like that, Messenger of Allah?!" The Messenger of Allah said: "Yes, by Him in whose hand is my soul ! Oh Selman! Then the speeches will be made by the Ruwaibids!"

Salman said: "Oh Messenger of Allah, I would sacrifice both mother and father for you! Who are the Ruwaibids?" The Messenger of Allah said: "They will talk about general matters and accept the responsibility of leading the people, and it is not their position to talk about it and deal with it. It won't be long after that, and the Earth will suddenly let out a terrible scream. That cry will cover the whole Earth, so that every people will think that it is coming from their homeland. Then people will be kept on Earth, as long as Allah wills. During that period, people will be exposed to very great adversity. The earth will throw out the treasures hidden in it.

The Messenger of Allah said: "Gold and silver." Then he pointed with his hand at the pillars and said: Like these pillars. Neither gold nor silver will be of any use on that day. And that is the meaning of the words of Almighty Allah: "...and his signs have already arrived..."

We have seen how this extensive hadith was said in the Prophet's (pbuh) speech. The expiatory Hajj, which underlines the importance of what was said since Muhammad a.s. soon after that event left this world. This speech heralds the Dark Age in which we live today, with the fact that it should be emphasized that the darkness will be increasing and that the very bottom of spiritual hopelessness has not yet been reached. As during this speech the Prophet took the ring of the Ka'ba with his hand, it is a symbolic indication of the closing of the circle of life, as Muhammad's a.s. as well as life in general. One half of the circle represents the descending arc, that is, the descent of the soul to this Earth, while the other half of the circle has the meaning of the ascent of the soul after death, thus closing the circle. Taking hold of the ring, the Prophet, therefore, indicated both the totality of existence and the totality of the spiritual path.

Dervish zikr, if the dervishes are lined up in a circle, is also called halka, which symbolizes the stages of the Sufi path, i.e. equal (fitret) distance from the center. The first thing that the Prophet mentioned about the End Times (Ahiri-Zeman) is the neglect of prayer. He did not say how the prayer will cease to exist or be possibly prohibited or disabled, as he already used the very word "neglected," and the root of that word is "negligence."

The Qur'an mentions in a negative context those who are careless (gaflet), and who wander aimlessly in a world intoxicated by colors and smells. The Holy Book says that whoever did not care about the Qur'an will bear a heavy burden on the Day of Judgment. Regarding the burden, Imam Sadik a.s. said: "Our matter is difficult and complicated. Only the Messenger of the Messengers, an angel of a higher order or a believer whose heart will be tested by God can carry it." Since, according to the hadith, prayer is the spiritual success of the believer, neglecting prayer in the Dark Ages is neglecting the Right of the Ahl al-Bayt, and respecting that Right is a prerequisite for the spiritual path that represents the vertical success of the believer. There are several Imams in all chains of spiritual genealogy, of all tariqat orders.

Prayer remains (in its physical form) somewhat present in the Dark Ages, but its esoteric aspects have been neglected. Moreover, the physical way of worshiping will remain as such until before the Judgment Day. After that, there are four conditions that are the result of neglecting the Law of Ahli-Beyta a.s. These are: following passions, tending to the desires of the soul, considering possessions important and selling faith for this world. Following passion is an inevitable consequence of neglecting prayer, that is, the Right of the Prophet’s families. Because the Qur'an says that prayer deters debauchery and everything that is ugly. The word "following" (passions) implies that passion is a type of divinity, because we can only follow what is in front of us, therefore dominant in relation to our being. The Qur'an says: "Tell me; will you guide him who has taken his passion for divinity?" To guide someone implies the path by which that person is guided, and the True Path becomes impossible precisely because of this, because such and such has already taken his passion for divinity. So she directs him and he follows her. All that man obeys and is the object of his greatest desire is his "god".

Behind it is stated a tendency towards the desires of the soul. If the passions are followed (as a form of divinity), a tendency towards the desires of the soul becomes inevitable. Because the mind cannot rest. In order to put an end to desires, there must be discipline of the spirit, that is, highly developed ethics. For this reason, possessions are considered significant, because, in the words of Imam Ali, peace be upon him, "property is the building material of passion", a means of realizing countless desires that arise in the mind as a result of neglecting prayer. Pointing to this, Ali a.s. once said that "prayer is a cleanser of the pollution of your minds". God says that when providing for people, he gives more to some than to others, but those who have more do not give to those who have less, and their needs are equal. Non-participation is precisely the consequence of the fact that possessions are considered important, and if they are considered important, it distances them from the original human nature. That is why it has been said that greed humiliates.

God has provided enough food and other supplies for all people on earth, and it is the human factor that is the cause of the still widespread hunger on our planet. Faith is sold for this world. This statement speaks in favor of the absence of material and spiritual balance, and in order to sell something, something else must be received in return. Therefore, this world is bought, and faith is sold, which actually ultimately represents the Other world. Eschatology is the basis of monotheism.

In the following text, it is said that then the believer's heart and interior will melt like salt melts in water. Related to the event at Ghadir Hum when Muhammed a.s. proclaimed Imam Ali a.s. for his successor and the leader of the Muslims after him, it is necessary to mention the initiatory character of that event. On that occasion, the Prophet put three pinches of salt in the chalice and gave it to Imam Ali to drink. The first pinch was for Shariat, the second for Tariqat, and the third for Hakkikat. Thus, the whole of faith is included - the law for the physical, mystical path and the reality of spiritual truths. All united in Ali as the Perfect Imam and Guide.

Just as the salt melted in the water when Ali was proclaimed the Prophet's successor, and he drank that water being so inextricably bound to the triple consideration of faith as the (Sinless) leader, so in the Dark Age (due to the absence of the Imam) the believer's heart and his interior melt. like salt in water. The comparison is of an archetypal nature, and salt and water have a mystical, initiatory role. The melting of salt takes place in both cases, only that the first case suggests Ali's holy conversion, while the second case indicates the melting of the heart (like salt) as the primordial human center and its interiority (batin), which recalls the event of Ali's initiation into the mystery of revelation.

But this time without the necessary firmness of heart, because only what (by nature) does not belong to solid bodies can be melted in water. And just as in the first case, water and salt indicate the strength of inner vision, in the second case, they tend to indicate weakness and lack of knowledge, because what first of all has the receiving and transforming power melts. The singular (believer) is used, which in itself indicates the small number of true followers of the Imam in the age of Great Concealment and the small number of believers in general, just as molten salt in water is invisible.

When faced with a bad deed, the believer will be powerless to change it. This is certainly due to the general atmosphere created by the overpowering of evil over good. Related to that, enjoining good and deterring from evil are always tied to circumstances, because matters of spiritual pedagogy take place both gradually and beneficially. It is impossible to do otherwise, and in this sense, all today's "orthodox" Muslim groups that strive to put Islamic regulations into practice gradually forget that Islam does not imply any state or exclusive space for its realization, and that there is nothing in this world that would was carried out at any cost. A significant number of Muslims are turning people away from Islam today with their beliefs and behavior, and Imam Ali himself. in one tradition he called them the worst creatures in the world.

The tradition goes on to say that the rulers will be oppressors, the viziers will be sinners and corrupt, and the governors will be unjust. Right now in the Islamic world oppressors are in power, and that in the sense of trampling on basic human rights, because to oppress means to trample someone, and in a figurative sense it refers to rights. The Islamic world is deeply behind in its development and the Muslims stopped around the seventh century. Viziers will be sinners - corrupt. If the ruler is an oppressor, the vizier is necessarily a sinner. Because, if it wasn't, he wouldn't even be in that place. Regarding the aforementioned relationships, in those circumstances an honest man does not want any power, and if he were to get a position, it would be impossible for him to maintain it. Corruption is the ultimate degree of sin. The rulers will be unjust, which is inevitable, because such logic is dictated by those above them, which are oppressive rulers and sinful viziers at the level of corruption. Managers look up to those above them and follow their orders, and this always refers to the current state of consciousness, regardless of the fact that words and actions may be out of step.

According to Imam Ali, a.s., the leader must keep himself at the level of the weakest, so that the poor are not overcome by their poverty. Otherwise, the poor cannot cope with their condition. Trustworthy people will be unfaithful and unreliable. Therefore, the given word will not be respected, and once (not so long ago) faith in the given word was the basis of interpersonal relations. Unreliability follows from unfaithfulness, because one who does not keep his word cannot be trusted. The perverse will be considered good and the good will be considered bad. Perversion is the opposite of what is right, and it is considered good because it prevails in the totality of interpersonal relationships. Good is considered bad because egocentric aspirations do not allow the softening of the heart, which is a prerequisite for all good.

Moreover, egoistic urges are so deeply woven into souls today that he who persists in doing good looks like a madman. Because modern man appreciates only what brings benefits, and there is no material benefit from moral behavior. Because of this, the liar is validated and his lie is held to be true, because it is the fastest way to achieve worldly goals. Truth-loving people will force themselves into lies, and since lies are incompatible with belief, truthfulness indicates faith in God. Since such people do not accept a lie, they force themselves into it. So they have to ultimately accept it, whether they like it or not. Then (says the Prophet, peace be upon him) women will rule over men, and they will consult with slave women. The Qur'an says that Allah has given a degree of superiority to men and that they take care of women. This degree of advantage is given "through nature", i.e. the laws that place the active affirmative principle of life a step ahead of the passive one, and the suffering character of "female" embodiment in matter.

It is about the relationship of the active and passive cosmic principle, i.e. the giver and the receiver in an eternal distribution that equally receives within itself the infinite manifestation of God's Names. That is why men and women in Islam are completely equal in the way of complementarity, i.e. complementing each other. There is no question of any humiliation of the woman. It's just the opposite. Men of the Dark Ages will consult with slave women. Although slavery is officially abolished, it persists in the human heart. Because what is worshiped is in the dominant position and the one who worships is in a position of slavery (in relation to the worshiped). Worship is at the root of every being, and in that way (in batin) all people are believers. Denial is only in this world. Sexual slavery also exists in the literal sense of the word. Quite often, such slaves are also the best advisors of today's man, because it is precisely to them that he best "confessions". It is known that mistresses were advisers to famous people. Children will climb the pulpits. A minbar is a place in a mosque from which a speech (khutba) is delivered, usually during the Friday prayer. Logically, such a person must have knowledge, and today people are cognitively "children". This is an allusion to spiritual immaturity, not physical, because a (physically) young man can be a scholar, while an old man can be ignorant.

There are, therefore, two kinds of youth and old age; by knowledge and age, and age by knowledge is more important than natural age. It goes on to say that "a lie will be considered something interesting." Modern culture is entirely based on interesting lies, fabrications and phantasmagorias, which are interesting precisely because their main goal is to make people forget themselves. This is why alienation is such a massive phenomenon today. Because forgetting one's own primordial being also contributes to the forgetting of others, who are perceived only as a means of achieving one's own desires. Of course, it is impossible to forget about yourself, and emotional dullness and coldness are only some forms of revenge of your own being.

Further in the tradition, it is said that any form of use of the common property will be considered as easy money. Without spirituality, every "sociability" is internally empty and unprotected from egocentric urges and efforts, so the common good is understood as "nobody's" and therefore should be used to the maximum without any consequences. And it's easy money. Everything that is outside the orbit of satisfaction of desires is uninteresting and causes a relationship of aversion and disrespect.

People will treat their parents rudely, since the family as the nucleus of society has long since been destroyed, and family members treat each other like strangers. Emotional relationships are superficial, shallow and sketchy, and friendliness towards friends becomes the main preoccupation, in order to compensate for the emotional coldness within the family through socialization. Undoubtedly, this condition (hal) is difficult, which is explained by the following sayings of Muhammad’s words: "Then a star of tails will appear in the sky". It is Halley's comet, which was named after the scientist who discovered it (Halley), and from the perspective of the Arabic language, the root of the word is hal, which means state. Thus is the Prophet long before Halley announced the dire situation (hal) on earth in the age of the passing star of the tail. Of course, it has appeared periodically for a long time, but its visibility is best precisely in the Dark Ages.

Halley's Comet last appeared in 1986. So, relatively recently, and the Dark Ages have been going on for centuries. That year, while passing by the country, part of the tail broke off and fell apart. As the "tail" (comet) is a trail of light, it symbolically indicates an increase in darkness and an increase in the decay of moral values, that is, the splitting of the light man. Prophet Muhammad a.s. therefore, 1400 years ago, indicated the arrival of Halley's comet and the conditions that follow the celestial appearance of the tail star. In 1991, astronomers discovered that Halley (between two orbits - Saturn and Uranus) suddenly and inexplicably brightened. Esoterically, it indicates the imminent end of the Kali-Yuga and the arrival of the Golden Age, after total darkness has been reached.

We said that Halley's Comet last appeared in 1986, and according to the (Islamic) Hijri calendar, it was the year 1408. The sum of those two numbers is the number 3394 (1986+1408=3394). This is how it is seen from the point of view of the unification of the Two Calendars, and in the Golden Age all faiths will be one religion, which can again be read from the number 3394. The first two digits (33) indicate Jesus who was raised from the Earth in the thirty-third year and will have (i) when he reappears with the Imam

Mehdi a.s. It is the first indication of the Golden Age. The second is hidden in the number 94, which in the sum of the digits gives the number 13 (9+4=13), just like the number of the Hijri year when Halley's comet passed by the Earth, and we know that it is 1408 and 1+4+0+8=13, which points to Muhammad and the 12 Imams (1+12=13). Surah 94 in the Qur'an is Surah "Broadness" and has eight verses.

1: "Have we not made your chest spacious"

2: "and your burden is taken from you"

3: "what is your shoulder"

4: "and exalt the memory of you high"

5: "That, indeed, is a swallow with difficulty"

6: "indeed, even a swallow is with trouble!"

7: "And when you're done, surrender to prayer"

8: "and turn only to your Lord!".

In this context, the number 33 corresponds to Jesus (ie the Julian calendar) and the number 94 to the Hijri (Muslim) calendar. As Jesus makes himself known before the end of the world (together with Imam Mahdi), the surah "Broad-mindedness" talks about it.

Regarding verse 1, we see that he begins by speaking interrogatively in the past tense about the spaciousness of the chest. Ali a.s. said that the chest of a wise man is the treasury of his secrets. The space in the chest of Muhammad, peace be upon him. it binds to the divine First Creation, i.e. Muhammadan light (which entered the created world lowers over 12 light curtains, i.e. 12 Holy Imams). They are God's proof to the people. The Qur'an says: "We will provide them with evidence in the expanses of space, and within themselves..." The expanses of space represent the expanses of Muhammad's chest, that is, the world of Heavenly Ahmed, and the evidence within those expanses are the heirs and successors of Muhammad, a.s. of knowledge, i.e. Holy Imams, 12 of them.

Since man is a small universe, it is clear that in the esoteric sense the expanses of heaven refer to the spacious chest of Muhammad, peace be upon him, which is the treasure of the secrets of the 12 Holy Imams. In this way, the Prophet's chest, that is, his heart, is the place of the esoteric secret of the Twelve Immas. The "expansion" of the chest has the meaning of the 12 Light Veils of the descent of the Muhammadan Light.

Verse 2, then, says: "and your burden has been lifted from you".

Burden indicates weight, and weight is a heavy and burdensome thing, that is, the Vilayet of the Twelve Imams, a.s.

"Taking off" the burden is handing over that thing to Imam Ali a.s. as Muhammad's successor and leader of the Muslims after him. Vilayet is Muhammad's burden, that is, a heavy and burdensome thing that can be carried only by those chosen by the Imams.

Verse 3: "which shoulder is your burden".

When the idols inside and around the Kaaba were being destroyed during the liberation of Mecca, Ali a.s. toppled the copper idol of Hubel that was on the roof of the Ka'ba. It is known that on that occasion (with the Prophet's permission) he stood on his shoulders (which esoterically means "shoulder") and knocked down that idol.

The "squealing" related to Muhammad's shoulders is precisely the question of inheritance, because the Prophet was aware all along that the opposition to Imam Ali a.s. substantial and very strong. The burden of the Vilayet was lifted and handed over to Ali, and the act of climbing on the Prophet's shoulders symbolically indicates Ali's rank, whether he was recognized as a Muslim leader or not. Because the Imam remains the Imam in all circumstances. The word Hubal can be separated into two components; HU and BAL (HUBAL).

HU is the hundredth ("unknown") name of God and means He, while BAL is an idol from the time of Ilyas a.s. Rebuking his people for worshiping Bala, Ilyas asks them (in one place in the Qur'an) why they leave the most beautiful Creator, while God is beautiful and loves beauty. This is related to Ali's degree as the perfect Imam and Guide of Muslims after Muhammad. This is exactly "the memory of you whom we raised high" (verse 4) because by declaring Ali as Muhammad's successor, a memorial was made, i.e. The Prophet's family was given the status it deserved. And the "high rise" for that archetypal role model has precisely Ali's standing on the shoulders of the Prophet. From the outside, the status of the successor of the Prophet was taken away from Ali, but the degree of Perfect Imam was not and cannot be because it belongs to the domain of the Divine and not the human. The imam remains what he is, whether acknowledged or not, known or not.

After that, in the surah "Broadness" it is repeated twice (in 2 verses) that it is with pain and the last, that is, relief. As it is repeated twice, it indicates the small and large hiddenness of Imam Mahdi (a.s.), which represents "pain" (for the followers) and the relief is his Revealed from the world of hiddenness. With Mehdi, the end of history is final. He seals history and then people surrender to prayer because it controls their inner being through the Religion of Love. Now prayer is performed, but in the Golden Age, people surrendered to prayer, they surrender to her in a manner of full understanding and without any anxiety. The last verse of Surah "Broad-mindedness" says: "and turn only to your Lord". Belief in one God in the Golden Age unites all religions and religious trends through the Religion of Love, and it is an address "only to the Lord".

So, without any admixture of polytheism, which is extremely rare and almost impossible today because religion is mostly reduced to ritual. It is known that the believers get only as much from prayer as they are present in it, and they are present as much as their heart is present. We see, therefore, how Muhammad a.s. announced the appearance of a tail star from Halley's Comet. The comet will pass by the Earth again in about 60 years. If humanity continues to exist, new (esoteric) interpretations of that event will be necessary in the light of the Prophet's statement. Because the signs are different for every time and the Qur'an is always new. In the hadith, after mentioning the appearance of the star of the tail, Muhammad a.s. he further says: "... Women will participate with their husbands in work outside the home". This does not mean that a woman in a social sense cannot stay outside the home, the essential abandonment (by women) of the hearth as a place where female power is maximally manifested, which includes many things neglected today, such as the proper upbringing of children, food preparation, etc., has already been initiated. This is neglected due to the race for material goods.

It goes on to say that it will rain during the summer heat, which indicates the drastic climate changes that we have witnessed in recent years and decades. This is not a secondary but an essential disorder, caused by the brutal exploitation of nature. Noble people will be exposed to wrath. Speaking in one place about this topic, the Qur'an says: "...those who control anger and forgive people". It is said to all people (not Muslims or believers) because all people have share in God's forgiveness to Adam, a.s. Since this is so, every man deserves to be forgiven by others.

In the Dark Ages, people are not able to (even minimally) control themselves, and how much anger subjugates can best be seen by the number of murders in the modern world. "Senseless" murders whose motive is unknown are especially current. A poor man will be ridiculed and humiliated. This means that the value criteria for distinguishing people will become exclusively external. How is it wealth of types of divinity, those on the opposite side are the target of ridicule and humiliation, because they do not possess that on the basis of which the criterion was established.

One tradition says that everything can overtake a believer except humiliation. Bazaars (it is said further in the tradition) will come closer to each other, while people will be dissatisfied with trading and will blaspheme God. The aforementioned convergence of the bazaar can be seen today literally everywhere in the world, just as we meet dissatisfied people everywhere. Because, within today's homo-economist, insatiability prevails, a terrible greed that is impossible to contain.

Instead of considering provision as a gift from God and, consequently, instead of being grateful to the Provider, today's man stops exclusively at the causes, and that in the most banal way, i.e. looking exclusively at the one who has more than him. Pedagogy in Islam advises exactly the opposite, which is to look at the one who has less, who is sicker, etc. If, on the other hand, material values ​​are taken as an advantage, satisfaction is impossible to achieve, and such people blaspheme God. Speaking about a verse in the Qur'an ("and we will give the believer a good life") Imam Ali a.s. said that it was a pleasure. In the verse, as we can see, it is related to faith. Because where there is no form of spirituality, there is no pleasure, since the material world by the nature of things makes people unequal. People will be killed demanding basic rights. One only has to look at the dictatorships of the last century to see this. However, the most extreme form of terror was fascism. The idea of ​​freedom will be persecuted, and today we see this most precisely in the Islamic world, which is completely lost in time and has no answers to any essential question of today.

The Prophet further says: "...He will bring people one thing from the East and another from the West, which will color my Ummah... Woe to the weak from these tyrants".

We see how the ummah will be colored from both the East and the West. The thing that persists in the Dark Age, it comes from the East, that is, a distorted spirituality of pseudo-spirituality. The veritable flood of sects in the West supports this claim. The thing that comes from the West is materialism, that is, saturation with pleasures. Those two will give the Muslim community a different color, paint it so that the original appearance no longer exists, and this has been happening for a long time.

Imam Ali warns against duplicitous people and says: "...they have truly gone astray and lead others astray, err and lead others to sin. They change into many colors and adopt different paths..."

It is clear, therefore, how hypocrites change into many colors, and the Prophet, as we have seen, said that the ummah will be colored by one thing from the East and another from the West. As changing colors is often related to hypocrisy, false spiritualism from the East and vulgar materialism from the West are duplicity that has long "colored" the Muslim community and it is colored by them. We see how, according to Imam Ali's statement, duplicitous people "adopt different paths", which, in this context, are the pseudo-spirituality of the East and the hedonistic culture of the West.

Sami Imam Ali a.s. said that "The Middle Way is the Right Way", which will say that moderate balance is the real Islamic concept of living. Deviations, either to the right or to the left, are not advisable for most believers. Material licentiousness, as well as extreme asceticism, cannot lead to self-realization in the proper way. Yet asceticism is both permissible and inevitable for those who venture on a spiritual journey. Now let's look at the middle way (which is not colored by either the East or the West) in another way. It is about mystical concentration, so important for every spiritual traveler, that concentration which is the True Path, when all possibilities of deviation, both to the right and to the left, have been removed. In Surah "Light" verse 35, it says: "Allah is the source of the light of the heavens and the earth. An example of His light is the recess in the wall in which there is a lamp, the lamp is in a lamp, and the lamp is like a shining star that shines in a blessed olive tree, nor in the east nor to the west, whose oil almost shines when the fire does not touch it, the very light above the light. Allah guides to His light whomever He wills. Allah sets examples for people, Allah knows well." (Besim Korkut mistranslated the part of the verse that reads "neither eastern nor western". He, in fact, translated those words as "both eastern and western" which is wrong).

We will try to consider the verse in the context of Muhammad's coloring. In verse 35 of Surah "Light", God first says about Himself that He is the source of the light of the heavens and the Earth. Because everything else is darkness and is illuminated through Him. An example of His light is the recess in the wall, which represents the heart of the Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him. The lamp is the flame of the 14 Immaculate (Muhammad, Fatima and the 12 Holy Imams). They are the lamps of Guidance and the Right Path. The lamp represents their temporary earthly manifestation. The earthly manifestation ends with the twelfth Imam Mehdi a.s. who is a shining star. The blessed olive tree represents Prophet Isa (Jesus), who will come to Earth near the end of the world together with Imam Mehdi. The olive tree points to Jesus, and the blessed tree is the tree of the vilayet of the Holy Imams, the tree that was forbidden to approach in the heavenly state.

Namely, Adam and Eve could eat from wherever they wanted, but they were not allowed to go near the tree. Because the entire vilayet will be manifested only with Mehdi a.s. Prophet Isa (Jesus) was only revealed the entire vilayet in part, just like the ancient Epistles. The olive tree is "neither east nor west", which means that with the announcement of the Mahdi, the "colouring" of the ummah ends both from the East, which represents today's pseudo-spirituality, and from the West, where vulgarized materialism comes from. This double tyranny of the spirit ends with the Revelation of the Twelfth Imam. It was precisely this kind of spiritual tyranny that the Prophet esoterically aimed at in his statement.

The oil mentioned in verse 35 is the vilayet of the Holy Imams themselves in its earthly manifestation. The oil almost glows when the fire does not touch it. In question is the world of Muhammad's reality, which was given to Prophet Musa a.s. partially manifested over a flaming bush. Since fire is a symbol of instruction, that instruction does not refer to Muhammad’s family because they are Immaculate, thus instructed by birth itself, and the oil almost shines when the fire does not touch it. In this sense, the 14 Pure Ones are "light itself upon light". Those who follow them and take them as the Right Path are those whom Allah leads to His light, because the knowledge of the Imam is the knowledge of God, and what the tradition says: "Whoever knows his Imam has known Allah". They are the path of exemplification and the path of knowledge. Muhammed a.s. he further says (about those who will color his ummah) that their bodies are human and their hearts are satanic. The Prophet was once asked if devils can appear in human form?!

To that question, he answered that they could, adding: "And then they are the worst." Therefore, those who in the Dark Age frighten the Prophet's ummah with vulgarized materialism and pseudo-spirituality are the worst people whose hearts are satanic. Traditions mention homosexuality and lesbianism after that (as signs of the Dark Age), and we know what proportions it has reached today. The intensity, just like the quantity, of extramarital affairs will increase. Young men who have just reached adulthood will be jealously guarded in the houses. This is overwhelmingly reminiscent of some form of male geisha.

It is a kind of upbringing for the needs of same-sex relationships and it will happen in the (still somewhat distant) future. Men will imitate women and women will imitate men. This has already been seen for a long time in many ways, starting with men's second hair, which is not a sign of masculinity as it used to be, but of the essential feminization of men, and over identical clothes to completely uniform behavior, where the quality of relations between the sexes necessarily suffers because of these changes. Additionally, it is common practice today for women to support men (and not the other way around) It goes on to say how the Qur'an and mosques will be decorated. And this time also started long ago. The exterior is always overemphasized to compensate for the lost interiority.

Today, esoteric learning is on the decline, and although it has never been a mass consciousness, it has always eluded formalism, exaggeration of the external, and petrified tradition. It's been known for a long time that everything that is decorated too much causes suspicion precisely because the accentuation says that something is wrong there. Tall minarets will be built that will overhang the other houses, and today it is taken a step further, and piety itself is linked to the height of the minaret, as if the commensurability of the exterior and interior can be achieved by simply finishing the building. There will be many people in the mosques, but envy and hatred will reign. Because faith did not reach the hearts until it remains only on the tongue, then it is, in fact, God's proof against man. Public interest, fraud and bribery are pillars of business today and are considered completely "normal".

Because of all this, the position of faith is reduced, and the position of This is increased to the world. Then there will be many divorces - it is said further in the tradition. Marriages are already broken and divorces are a mass phenomenon. Since spiritual virility is lost, people don't even know why they live, so they have even less reason to stay with someone for the rest of their lives. Children suffer unimaginable pain, because the animal man is unable to offer the concept of correct upbringing. Singers and music will appear and the worst of the ummah will rule. All this we have been watching for a long time.

Further in the tradition, it is said that the rich will go to Hajj for leisure, the middle class for trade, and the poor for self-showing and fame. Hajj is the pastime of the rich. At this age, a considerable number of them do not even know Hajj regulations, not even externally, let alone esoteric meanings. They have fun on the Hajj and take a break from everyday life. Discrimination is their only goal. The middle class trades and everything else is "by the way", secondary and unknown.

Mecca has always been a trading center. However, now trade is the main motive. The poor, on the other hand, want self-showing and fame, and they like to be addressed as "hajji", regardless of the fact that they know almost nothing about the hajj itself. All three categories leave the fundamental prerequisite of Hajj, which is to go on Hajj in the Name of God. In addition, the poor imagine that God's decree of Hajj must be carried out regardless of the conditions. The Qur'an will not be studied for the sake of Allah but for other reasons. Thus, today, scientific facts are frantically searched for in the Qur'anic text, which would be proof that it is the Word of God, and which should relieve the anxiety of modern man who needs proof for everything. In this sense, reason reigns, but only as a practical mind, i.e. resourcefulness.

Of course, there are numerous scientifically confirmed facts in the Holy Book, but that is secondary. Because the Qur'an gives guidance, but does not deal with science’s disciplines.

The three main plans of the Qur'an are ethical, anthropological and metaphysical, and it is precisely in this direction that all serious research should move. The Qur'an will be recited like music, and that is the main preoccupation of today's scholars. People will attack this world. Imam Ali a.s. told this world that his touch is like the touch of a snake, from the outside the touch is smooth, but from the inside the poison is fatal. Most people today are poisoned by matter. The sanctity and chastity of man will be desecrated, and these two confirm the heavenly human nature. Because, without metaphysical reality in the spirit and discipline related to the body, a human being is at best an adapted animal. That is why in the Last Time the wicked rule over the good. Poverty will spread among the people.

Let's say again, that it is enough to look at Africa to understand what a disaster of humanity it is. Because it is completely clear that the Earth's natural resources are enough for everyone.

The believer in that time will become the most humiliated and rejected. Humiliation of others results from slavery to this world, just like rejection, because the people of the Dark Ages know only practical benefit, and faith does not provide that. Because of this, people of spiritual direction are rejected and humiliated, since they are in a large minority. Among the pious and hermits, ominousness, rebuke of sinners and seeking favors, as well as gossip will appear. Here we are talking about pious people and sceptics, so not ordinary people but persons who can be assumed to possess certain spiritual knowledge. Ominousness is a consequence of susceptibility to magic, pseudo-astrology and psychology.

Imam Ali a.s. said that "a bad omen is not true", from which it follows that the devotees of the Last Time are not up to such an approach, since ominousness appears among them. Then there is mention of rebuking sinners. Instead of helping such people, they are condemned, and this can only strengthen the offenders. A sinner does not have to be a denier and most often he is not. It is about a person who simply cannot reject the passions of the soul. When the harlot was brought before Jesus, he said: "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone", thereby exposing human sinfulness as such, which, since it covers all people, should first be observed from the inside and only then from the outside. In addition, overdoing it is a waste of time that could be spent on something useful. The third is looking for a wave in people, which is related to the above.

Imam Ali a.s. said that "a man who does not know value is doomed". He used the term "man", which means that every man (latently) possesses it. Every person has a primordial value.

In accordance with that, any external orientation to human fads that inevitably exist is meaningless, and a person can only change himself. That is why the Prophet said: "Blessed is he who is engrossed in his own passions and prevents him from researching other people's." If, on the other hand, other people's habits are investigated, they will inevitably be found. Because people must have shortcomings, and the one who has the least of them is the most difficult to cover them (in others) and not make them known.

Regarding gossip, Imam Ali a.s. said that gossip is "the ultimate effort of the weak". This is because the inability to see sin in the outside world and not in oneself, and besides, gossiping is most often a lie. And when it is not in question, it is the ultimate effort of one who does not have the strength to know oneself. The rich will not share with the poor. The reasons are greed and arrogance, and they are always there where there is self-sufficiency driven by egoism.

Speeches will be given by ruveibide. These are people who are not in a position to speak on general issues, nor can they lead people spiritually. Immaturity of this kind is one of the dominant characteristics of the Dark Ages. Because people cannot be managed by one who does not manage himself, nor can he be a leader who does not know the way. The earth will let out a loud cry, and every nation will think that it is coming from his homeland. This "cry" is the environmental doom that will reach only the bottom. It is the cry of the Earth, which is irreversibly ruined and threatened by brutal and unlimited exploitation.

The earth will throw out treasures, gold and silver, which is the age of the Savior. People will be able to rely on the principles of fair distribution.

"Like these pillars" - the Prophet said then. "But it's no use anymore, because his omens have already arrived".

This is the end of Muhammad's a.s. hadith about the Last Time (Ahiri Zeman), i.e. the Dark Age (Kali-Yuga), the age we have been living in for a long time, and the darkness is always greatest before dawn. Both darkness and dawn are within us, so there is hope for all. And everyone will be saved one day.

WAR OF LOVE

We know that suffering ennobles and elevates, but also lowers, disfigures to the end, even when we don't want to. Everyone leaves their mark then; it is forced because becoming is a trap for created beings. There are no exceptions, we all betray ourselves then, bitterly but truthfully and irretrievably. She looked different and absently dreamy, melancholicly indifferent to the world and its changes. Greenish reflections in calm eyes and sadness unclear. Because there is always something that hurts. And it hurts everyone. If it were not so, we could even tolerate other people's happiness. In war, everything acquires a different meaning and with the signs of suffering he talks about everything, entering everyone's hearts, even smiling.

Small often becomes big, but even the seemingly big reveals its insignificance.

It is more than enough to remember it.

SLEEPING TIME

We have not met anyone in this world. We only recognize the shadows that we once observed in full light, in a greater reality before coming to this earth. Love is a memory from the time of sleep, the red powder of unity scattered by souls from the sacred mountain of Uluru.

We cling so fatally to the initial memory and that's why it seems to us that each ray is like an eternity of long. Because everyone chose their half while the spirits were hovering above the placeless clay, dreaming of what is yet to come. It does not begin or end with us. We are travelers and witnesses and we pray to Unity that there will be nobility in the journey and that witnessing will save us from what could be our downfall.

JOY

He told the disciples to be fishers of men and joy is a net for affection - it is transmitted from another, similar to him, a great man... What is coming is good from the spirit...

Every soul is won over by joy, by charity and beautiful words, but if it is only speech, it will not work. Good is what touches the soul...

That's why it was said to become like children because only children's joy is pure and unadulterated, and innocent without any futility. It's good that it touches the heart.

GOLD MEDAL

He swam across the Vistula. The bridge on the river is destroyed, behind it the army is retreating, and maybe he at least looked behind him. After firing all the bullets he had, he finally jumped into the cold river and swam across it. And survived. Sergeant Mehmed Šarac. Corporal. Or, again, sergeant, because I don't know the correct translation of the word. But I know that Bosniaks did not have high ranks in the army of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

But if the empire had "lasted", they would have conquered more and more, climbed higher. They were loyal subjects. Brave and faithful, they served unquestioningly and found honor in that service. Maybe they didn't even know why. It's even more likely that many didn't even think about it. Only, they served.

Fourth Infantry Regiment. Bosnian. In the long winter nights, next to the burning stove (I was a child), sometimes he would remember that event and tell about it. Back then, about thirty years ago and more, there were still people alive from "that war", as they called it, obviously avoiding mention of names and designations. It was not allowed. Or, at least it wasn't advisable. Because, in 1945, a new government came, and with it, which brings everything new, the "old" should collapse to the end. Irreversible.

He carefully listened to the stories of the old people covered up to his chin with a red quilt that was so spacious that the whole family could fit under it. However, it was not practiced. The socialist revolution was already rapidly raising the standard, so the number of "surpassed" things and objects multiplied dizzyingly. Purchases were made, and loans were handed out "with a fist and a cap".

Talking about my grandfather's bravery, the white-haired, still proud old men usually mentioned the Volga River as a place of skirmishes and retreats. Almost impossible, the front didn't reach that far. Perhaps the comrades (there were many Stočans) wanted to magnify the event as much as possible, and thus make it at least "further", since it was not possible to go higher. Because the "gold medal" for bravery was the highest military decoration of the former Monarchy, and it was often not easily awarded. The grandfather allegedly took the medal with him on his way to "Emperor Francis" in 1945. The emperor was no longer alive, and the former monarchy was extinguished. But he thought that "there" was a possible salvation and refuge. At least it reminds of the former glory, maybe someone recognizes the old soldier. From what he sought salvation, he may not even know. An old man of about 60 years, who did not belong to any military formation in the Second World War, did not dirty his hands. True, he would exchange a few words in German with idle soldiers, civilians sometimes got out to meet. Food and services, the true size of every war.

It seems, however, that the decisive factor for the escape was the fact that "the Russians are coming. That is, the same ones against whom he once fought and whose methods he experienced on his own skin. Times have changed, but in his memory was the Vistula, and the Cossacks’s cruelty and suffering without end. He wrapped the medal in a white cloth and put it in a clean, freshly worn shirt, in the left pocket. At the heart. And left, never to return.

Looking at old photos from the First World War, I would always wonder the fiery gazes of the Bosniaks, their pride in the faded pictures and the commanding line in their wide-open eyes. Someone else's interest, someone else's country, someone else's goals. But they were finding "something of their own". Or at least they thought they had one. Perhaps they didn't have much of a choice, as it seems to us now, from a decent historical distance. A Bosniak died too often for other people's interests. A fact short and clear, accessible, yet so far away in the incomprehensibility of the historical course and oneself in it.

The medal for bravery was made of pure gold and was taken from only one man. He was not a Bosniak, and he allegedly sold the medal or wanted to sell it. Bosniaks valued honor more than gold. And it's not just a weak consolation. Because someone else's honor is still honor.

For the purposes of this book, Mr. Šefik Rizvanović provided some photos from his private collection. I hereby thank him warmly.