

Marko I. Francišković, Croatian Jihad
Aryan journey from postmodernism to pre-revelation

Marko I. Francišković © Croatian Jihad
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Part I.

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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

"Allah has spread the earth flat for you,
so that you may walk on its spacious pathways."
(Noah, 19-20)

Jihad, an Arabic word meaning **spiritual effort**.
Aryan, a Sanskrit word (arya) meaning **noble** or **prestigious**.
Aryan, a Hebrew word (Ariel) meaning **God's lion** or **Lion of God**.
Ariel, another name for ancient **Jerusalem**.

SAVA EMBANKMENT

WARM-UP

I am fragile. Broken. I feel pain. I suffer. I open my eyes. I create. I conquer. I have power. I am a thinker. I create victory. I don't give up. I don't feel fear. I'm not afraid of man. I am a warrior, an athlete, an artist, a writer, a poet, a statesman. I am a servant of the Lord. Love is my path. This is my travelogue...

Oh, my Lord, I beg you, give me strength when I falter, encourage me when I hesitate, guide me when I am ignorant, provide for me when I am in need.

* * *

I am the one responsible for everything that happens and I must do everything I can to make this world better for myself and others. What man is truly a man if he does not make the world better than it was? This includes taking responsibility for governance, but also holding those in power accountable.

A warrior changes the world by imposing his will on the authorities. And this does not only involve the path of the sword, and it is not just the path of violence, but it is even more so the path of the thinker, the path of ideas, contemplation, imagination. Ultimately, in its perfection, it is the path of Love, no matter how pathetic and clichéd it may seem in these postmodern times, where the concept of love is shamelessly exploited when needed, and even more so when not.

Then it is also the path of the pen, which is more powerful than the sword. For a sword

that is not guided by the idea of good, nobility, and justice, a sword that is not in the service of Love, is the sword of a tyrant, whose blade cuts the bodies of the innocent and spills their blood on the ground, which then cries out for revenge and justice. It trembles and shakes with the anguish of innocent blood soaking it. And the blade of a sword cannot be properly directed if it is not guided by the blade of a pen. Pure power of a sword, separated from the intellect of a pen in the service of Love, is meaningless and harmful. Therefore, an idea is sought that is sharp, cold, and firm, with nothing to break it or dull it, but at the same time, an idea that is sufficiently flexible and soft to be able to embrace and warm the heart, to enter the depths through the shell of the physical heart to the pearl of the metaphysical heart where the Spirit resides, and within the Spirit once again lies the secret - and to touch there that "something", that ineffable. Just as the art of forging a sword lies in forging a hard and solid outer layer of the blade and a soft and flexible foundation on which it rests. Such a sword then cuts without breaking or shattering. Warrior is both a soldier, and a scientist, and a craftsman, and a gardener, and a writer, and an artist, and a statesman, and in everything he does he does not falter and does not give up.

The warrior is always ready. He is constantly vigilant. He doesn't go through life sleeping like a sleepwalker. He knows how to focus his body and mind. Most importantly, he knows how to enrich his spirit. These warrior qualities require constant awareness and attention, and in order to develop and maintain them, the warrior practices. The warrior practices persistently and exhaustively because there is no other way to be who he is. Without practice, there is no warrior.

Through practice, the warrior refines his strength, skill, intellect, and self-discipline. He becomes stronger in the psychological and physical aspects of his being. Through practice, he discovers his limitations and becomes humble and realistic about his true capabilities. Above all, through practice, the warrior learns how to understand himself, as well as what he fights for and whom he fights for. By recognizing his limitations, he acknowledges the necessity of relying on the boundlessness, incorporating himself into the absolute. Through the practice of his body, mind, and spirit, the warrior uncovers the goals he strives for. In the end, all goals merge into one goal, and the One is revealed. This is when the warrior reaches the stage of maturity, becoming a complete warrior.

The mature, complete warrior knows his true purpose and is not concerned with his reward or personal grandeur. The mature warrior always fights for something greater than himself. He possesses a transcendent dedication to the goal: God, humanity, his

people, or the task entrusted to him. The warrior recognizes his mortality and the universal fragility of life. However, this doesn't make him depressed. On the contrary, this awareness motivates him to take action. He knows that there is no room for hesitation and inaction - every action counts, and every endeavor is undertaken as if it were the last.

The warrior is often also the one who destroys, but many things in the world need destruction in order for something new and better to emerge. These destructions are endeavors such as taming tyrants, liberating the oppressed, or overthrowing repressive regimes, and this is the space where the warrior can apply purposeful aggression of their will and strength to carry out destruction, creating space for the construction of what is good and beautiful.

And all of these are steps that lead the warrior towards the ultimate fulfillment of their purpose, in the form of slaying the Dragon, that ultimate opponent who always hides within oneself as much as it is hidden in the world. In man, the Dragon is concealed by its smallness, and in the world, the Dragon is concealed by its vastness. Therefore, the warrior simultaneously fights the battle of the microcosm and the macrocosm, and as paradoxical as it may seem, this battle is one battle, fought in the name of the One. Only then, when by sacrificing their life in the path of the One, the warrior has slain the Dragon, can they sheathe their sword and finally return to their original home. That is the end of their journey, and it is through that triumphant gate that the warrior has entered the beginning of eternity.

All good things require effort. The best things require the greatest effort, an effort on the edge of a precipice, an effort of running on a blade. Now I know what the title of the movie Blade Runner means and how to correctly understand it. A runner on the edge. Here, it was completely mistranslated as "Istrebljivač"¹ (exterminator). When I first heard the original title, I didn't understand what it was, what kind of concept it was, and how to translate it. But somehow, instinctively, I knew that it had its profound meaning, but it was eluding me, and that I would reach it and understand it someday. You just have to be persistent and persevere. Search and you will find, and staying in a

¹ "Blade Runner" is a famous American science fiction noir film from 1982, which tells the story of detective Deckard who hunts down fugitive replicants in the future. Replicants are artificial beings created in the likeness of humans. The film was directed by Ridley Scott and is based on the novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" by renowned writer Philip K. Dick.

state of searching is finding in itself. There is no stopping and you have found. If you stop, you have lost. And then, the movement towards the goal is also the arrival at the goal.

Yes, effort is what is required. Physical effort. Mental effort. And spiritual effort in the name of the One, as the unifying crown of all efforts. An effort to which all other efforts are subordinate and without which they are meaningless, useless, even harmful. The spiritual effort towards the Goal of all goals, that is the path I am taking. That is the blade on which I am running.

* * *

Summer is in its fullness, in its center. The sun is high in the sky, just starting to descend from its zenith towards the western sunset, which won't come for hours because the days are long, summer days. The heat of the city asphalt radiates with such force that the air shimmers and takes on a visible form.

I'm getting closer to the Sava embankment, singing loudly in my head, but quietly to the outside, Vangelis' song "One more kiss, dear." It has been echoing in my ears since I left the apartment to go for a run and it just won't leave, so I had to release it into the world with my breath.

* * *

*One more kiss, dear, one more sigh
Only this, dear, is goodbye
For our love is such pain and such pleasure
That I'll treasure till I die...*

I'm passing under Marin Držić² Avenue. Even on the hottest days, it is a dark, damp, and cold passage. Marin Držić, a Croatian Renaissance writer about whom little is known realistically, but more speculated and guessed. There are many gaps and unknowns in his biography. But what can be fairly established is that it would have been better for him personally, as well as for Croatian literature, if he focused more on writing, for which he had a talent, and less on the political activism of that time, in

² Marin Držić (Dubrovnik, 1508 - Venice, May 2, 1567) was a Croatian playwright and lyricist.

which he wandered and was lost in the absurdity of the political plans he conceived. Significantly, and instructively. As it is significant that, although few of his literary works remain, it was enough for him to have his own avenue in Zagreb today, while various political authorities, wealthy individuals, and nobles of his time, who were elevated above him and thought they had achieved some greatness, have disappeared into the margins of oblivion. And over time, they continue to disappear more and more, unlike Držić, to whom time gives value. Like in the song "Time is on My Side" by The Stones. Time, time, time is on my side... Marin Držić has his avenues, streets, squares, schools, kindergartens, libraries. Not bad for a few books.

Yes, in writing there is hidden power stronger than time, but it is rarely accessible to anyone. And even those who have access to this power of writing, those who possess the skill of weaving the magic of letters, only a smaller portion of them use it productively. The selection in working with a pen is strict and cruel. To take a pen and work with it means to take on suffering and pain, from which words of satisfaction and happiness emerge. In special moments, in special times, great happiness comes with the pen. But to truly achieve that, one must be special. One must be a "favorite of the gods," as the Greeks would say. However, even Tantalus was such a favorite and he gave his name to great suffering. One must be cautious with those gods. It is better to play it safe with a single choice. Because, as emphasized in the movie "Highlander": "There can only be one!"³ That's right, everything points to the One, everything comes from the One and goes towards the One, everything!

I am climbing the stairs to the Sava embankment. There is a plaque on the stone-concrete structure of the Youth Bridge that says: "Trnjanskih Branitelja's Shore". The thought passes through my mind: Per aspera ad astra. Through hardships to the stars. So now I will run upstream along this embankment, along this shore, through Trnje until the end of the section on the Sava Bridge and back to the beginning. And again, back through Trnje. Maybe one day I will reach the stars, God willing, I just need to be

³"Highlander" is an American-British fantasy action film released in 1986, directed by Russell Mulcahy, based on a synopsis originally written by Gregory Widen. The main roles are played by Christopher Lambert, Sean Connery, Clancy Brown, and Roxanne Hart. The film depicts the climactic finale of the immortal warriors' battle, who have been living among ordinary people for millennia, with events from the present day (1980s) intertwined with depictions of events from historical epochs. Although the film was a commercial failure in the American movie market, it quickly gained cult status, and Lambert became a big star thanks to it.

persistent and get used to the thorns on my soles. In total, it's about eight and a little something kilometers measured on Google maps, if you can trust them.

I look down the embankment towards the Freedom Bridge. Nowhere a living soul in sight. Excellent, that's how I like it to be, to have the entire embankment to myself in the middle of a big city. People avoid the heat and midday sun, so if they're moving, they do it in various vehicles, mostly air-conditioned. If they're walking, they look for shady paths, and this certainly isn't the path along the Sava embankment, where even the shadows have sought shelter because it's too hot for them.

Now, in the middle of summer, in the middle of the day, on this deserted embankment, I will battle with myself and all my weaknesses, intentionally intensified by these extreme conditions. It's all part of training, where through the effort of the body, an even greater effort of will is sought, to move the body in a direction it does not want to go and to remain in a state it does not want to be. Mental power controls physicality, it's an exercise in exercising. And there's more to it, that's not all, because the spirit is also tested and trained through extraordinary efforts of the mind and body.

Spiritual effort, everything ultimately comes down to it through these circles within circles of practice, where spiritual effort is at the center. It is invisible like a stone that set the ripples in motion on the water. The stone that sank into the depths and disappeared, leaving behind expanding circles. Spiritual effort is the unseen center of all endeavors. Spiritual effort is that exercise, that struggle, that victory, if God allows.

On the scorching concrete surface, I am performing muscle and ligament stretching exercises. It is really hot, and the air is stagnant. There is no wind, no breeze. The scent of meadow flowers and grass is also marked by the heat. Sweat has long started dripping down my face and body. Bare to the waist, wearing gray shorts, white socks, and running shoes on my feet. Wrapped around the forearm, near the left hand's wrist, is a green scarf. That's all I'm wearing.

I feel the rays as they warm and connect me to the Sun. It seems to me that the Sun has come very close, right next to me. And literally, from second to second, the heat is increasing. And I haven't even started, I'm still stretching, thoroughly, meticulously, so that every part of my muscles gets its desired stretch.

The Sun is relentlessly scorching the whole time. But even though it's burdensome, it doesn't bother me since I accepted the Sun as a friend, whom the Creator has

appointed to provide me with what I need and for which I am grateful. Then the Sun cannot harm me, and I don't feel any negative effects, only goodness coming from it.

Interestingly, before, when I was under the influence of terrestrial propaganda, in ignorance and naivety, I believed that the Sun was harmful, that the Sun was dangerous and my enemy, and that I needed to coat my body with products from the cosmetic industry. My white skin used to get burnt, unnaturally red and sunburned. Just a little exposure to the Sun during the day was enough for me to suffer from the pain of sunburned skin and all the discomfort that goes with it in the evening.

However, as soon as I realized the lies of this world and the intention that they want me to think that the Sun is my enemy and that it is not good, which also means that the Creator did not create it well, as soon as I realized that, I never had any problems with the Sun again, and my white skin could be exposed to the summer Sun all day without any creams or coatings, and there were no sunburns.

Miraculous transformation! It only took accepting the sun's rays as something that benefits me because the Creator intended it. Of course, moderation and humility are necessary, and one should not go to the extreme of testing God by thinking that, for example, here in Croatia, on the Adriatic coast or inland, it would be the same to expose oneself to the sun in the Sahara or the Simpson Desert in Australia without any consequences for fair skin lacking melanin. Aboriginal people can do that because they have adapted to those conditions over generations and have transformed their relationship with the sun to produce the necessary amount of melanin. Friends exchange gifts, and the longer the friendship, the more gifts they give each other.

One should behave as a possessor of reason, not a fool. In some situations, white people have advantages, and in others, black people have advantages. The sun equally warms all of us, as the Creator intended, and we are all here for each other with all our strengths and weaknesses. We should not hide from these realizations; we should be aware of them, and then there should be no problems. In essence, it is similar to the relationship with the sun and the awareness that it is good for us because the Creator gave it to us. The same goes for the awareness of differences in racial characteristics and the uniqueness of each individual with their own purpose and mission, according to their nature and qualities. To whom much is given, much is expected. This, too, is part of the test of life.

It does not concern just whites and blacks, but also yellows and reds and all possible

variations and combinations. The only true difference among people is in their fear of God. Nothing else matters in the end because in the Other World, if we deserve it, we clothe ourselves in the colorless color of light. In essence, the colorless color of light is the all-encompassing color, it would be more accurate to say. We are then clothed in all colors, if God allows.

While doing stretching and bending exercises, I'm thinking about how last night I watched a movie about a dead man who doesn't yet know he's dead. He doesn't even know he's a great writer, a master of the pen born rarely. With a bullet in his heart, he is lost in the space of limbo, purgatory, indeterminacy, where his afterlife fate is weighed. And he still thinks he's in this world and refuses to accept his mortality.

And as if from that world of imagination and fiction of the human mind, the figure of an Indian named Nobody addressed me. The red-skinned man seemed to address me when he spoke to that lost writer who replaced the pen with a revolver and started killing the white demons of the world between heaven and hell where he ended up. He found himself on the path to one of those two final destinations. Pursued by merciless white demons, but also guided and directed by a red angel. How fitting, how fitting...

And so, after eating the sacred plant peyote, by the fire and round stones from the depths of the earth that spoke of ancient times, Nobody addressed me from the screen in my room as I drunkenly watched moving images and listened to the words and music that accompanied them in perfect harmony. And as if stepping out of the two-dimensional screen into the third dimension of space and approaching me, while speaking directly to me and looking me straight in the eyes, he said: *"The quest for vision is a great blessing, William Blake. In order to attain it, one must go without food and water. For all these sacred spirits recognize those who fast. It is good to prepare oneself for the journey in this way."*⁴

I decided to listen to Nobody. I don't know why, but something primal inside me told me it should be so. My whole body, my whole being spoke it and would not stop until I agreed for it to be so.

And so, on the already usual running exercise on the embankment in the scorching heat, I have now added fasting. From dawn until dusk, without food and without water.

⁴"Nobody: 'The quest for vision is a great blessing, William Blake. To achieve it, one must go without food and water. For all the sacred spirits recognize those who fast. It is good to prepare for a journey in this manner.'" (Jim Jarmusch, *Dead Man*, 1995.)

Not a crumb of food, not a drop of water. The fast must be like that to be correct. Here I am now, in fasting, in the sun, limber and stretched, at the beginning of the path of the Sava embankment where I am pushing the boundaries of spiritual effort with a new way of exercising. In search of a vision, I risk entering the unknown and dangerous. I surrender to the Lord and embark on a journey...

