

For the English Reader

Marcus Beijar Mellin

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violin melody, Oil on canvas © Eve Riimus
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18, March 2013

Marcus Beijers Mellin

Dear Marcus,

So we agree on lots of things and we disagree
on lots of things. Poetry is part of both of our
existences - probably keeps us alive. What
about Folk music - no one cares any longer -
a few concerts (without sound equipment does
not pay my rent!) and, finally, now I get
a free trip to New York City, talking about my
life in Greenwich Village. I'll buy too
many books I haven't seen before. Old friends will
invite me to restaurants. I hope to sit near poetry
books from old friends. Good food, the best, in
Chinatown ~ some theatre and be glad to come
back to my street. So take care. Write more
poetry. Bend... and - just keeps on going.

Take,

1227 Young

a.k.a. Israel Goodman Young



1800
The Marquis

Legend (Skriven till Israel G. Young)

The teacher- who do not sell his only soul

Is -like the smallest child –

Upon other's shoulders lifted high.

The teacher –

Who sells his only soul...

His chaotic breakdown – will be foretold.

Cause – what violence – may create –

Blows away – like dust in the wind-

by the break of day.

Torsten Föllinger- is by some known, as the star of the stars. Star in this case means ' Zarah Leander-Ernst Hugo Järegård, Erland Josephson, Liv Ullman, Birgit Nilsson' etc.

He was himself a figure whom liked more to perform among common people, lowering his wing of humility, in a harsh geniality, which jumped forward, exclaiming truths of joy to laugh about. But not in any mean matter, like Ingmar Bergman, who, was his arch enemy, mostly because Bergman wanted his actors like Liv Ullman, Erland Josephsson and Torstens 'best friend'

Allan Edwall, to act dirty things in front of the camera...”He liked such things...” as Torsten dryly exclaimed, and, put another piece of cake into his mouth. Zarah Leander loved orgies and, one amusing story is about how her husband Vidar one evening called Torsten and complained “ We have patriates here again”. Torsten promised to come, cause, as Vidar stated; he knew Torsten was the only one Zarah respected (or one of the few) and, if she knew he would come, she would turn the bunch of lovers out...

Torsten unhatched the connection to the telephone and next day travelled in his car with his bulldog ‘Smulan’ out to the manor country house, where Zarah ‘was living’. It turned out that Zarahs dachshund happened to arrive from the neighbour at about the same moment and, she stood on the porch, with a broom in her hand, she complained that the dog had been chasing after the neighbour’s , ‘in this way, now, you have gotten yours’, and he has had his...’, it was during the time of mating dance.

As she lifted the broom to hit it. Torsten said

“ You aren’t going to hit the dog are you? Slap me instead... Surely it is really me you are mad at”.

“ Go away!”...

”Do you want me to leave? I have travelled far just to see you” There was a pause – of heartbeat – false and true.

“Come on, you devil...”. Zarah gestured towards the front door.

It is said Zarah Leander drank Hermann Göring under the table, if that was when, he lived in Liljeholmen, at Liljeholmsvägen 8A, by the dock of Mälaren, or in Germany when she performed for the stab of the Nazis is unsure. (Torsten assistant retold the story to me: The nazi-party of Germany, during times of war on practically all fronts, wouldn't let Zarah return to Sweden. A contest was announced that, if Zarah could drink Herman Göring under the table, she would be permitted to go home.

Before the contest, miss Leander drank olive oil, and so, the alcohol was not digested by the stomach immediately. This way, she probably saved her life, since Germany was defeated later).

“ This ... old, old legend ... this ...”. Torsten was once introduced for the resignation class in the Dramatic Institute (DI). “ Yes, I am old as the grave, and Allan here is three years younger than me” in a gesture towards Allan Edwall.

Torstens teaching had the following elements; ‘if the performer feels pleasure the audience also will’. In this sense teaching the essence of intercourse.

“Success or fiasco, but not be a good boy”

This was the whole of his genial teaching in its essence.

He received all kinds of peoples, not only stars. One of them who came to Torsten, at an early age, was Ted Gärdestad. The days before his claimed suicide, he visited Torsten, asking for assistance. The still quite young star, had become part of the bagwa sect (in Arabic – this would implement something like an illegal fighter; and in Pali a master of his own). All members of the sect were forced to carry the leaders picture around their necks. Ted had become a victim of his own success and through the intense pleasure of many girlfriends, meditative drugs and material richness, fallen into the trap of masochism. (That is, to cause himself harm, pain, and unreasonably strict hygiene to push his genius onwards into further creativity for which his audience craved).

Torsten – besides his masterwork, also extracted in the social field, as a personal guard of released criminals, where his role model was his mothers’.

When young, he experienced his mothers’ strength, in being fearless of bulls. The bull – backed of and snorted, but Ingeborg didn’t care but kept on walking through the fenced yard. The bull – backed of and snorted, but her psychic strength was such, the animal didn’t attack. In such a way, Torsten treated criminals, with lessons of singing. One of them used to escape from prison in the following way; he went on lease around the prison and further on. When out of sight he began to run. His guards chasing him. When he had tired them, he asked to be released (of his handcuffs?). They had to walk back alone.

One night Torsten went across Norra Bantorget in central Stockholm. As he was about to cross, he saw a heavy built character, approaching towards him, the opposite way “be prepared...”, Torsten murmured to himself ‘surely it is a stiletto’.

“I need money”. A voice from a dark shadow in the darkness of night. “Isn’t that your problem?...”. “Do you see what I have in my hand?...”. “Really! Look...! – Isn’t that a – such – a – st – sti – sti – sti – sti...letto!”. Torsten said in a very silly voice ‘senil – old – idiot – pantomime.

“Damn old bastard...”, the shadow exclaimed and went away.

“You see he couldn’t attack a defenseless...”

His mother when he still was a youth – sitting under a kitchen table, cutting cows and sheep from newspaper as silhouettes in his own design. There was announced; the most life dangerous intern in Östersund (Norrland/Jämtland) had escaped from the prison. He was a life danger! It was claimed.

His mother – sailed out in to the stair well and exclaimed in the darkness penetratingly “Is someone there?”. “Yes”, came an answer – it was – the life dangerous murderer,

“I do not permit you to be running like this out in the night. Harken! You enter, and we will have a cup of tea and a chat”

Soon – the life dangerous intern became, like a baby in the lap of his mother...”Shouldn’t we call the police, so they can shelter you, it’s a cold night”. ‘My mother was very firm you see; but, she never betrayed anyone.’

Torsten always practiced theatre in real life. As he was coming out of Dramaten in Stockholm – whose artistic leader he were for several years, one autumn evening – he was attacked by criminals, wanting to enter the building –

“We hit you down, old bastard!”

But – Torsten – wouldn’t permit them to get inside. He – had practiced some falling situations – already in Calle Flygares Theaterschool. As they hit him – he fell without hurting himself, by this surprising the burglary – robbers – who, must have thought he had past out. Unluckely – this didn’t work with the “healthcare” – who gave him a shot – ‘swine – flou – vaccination’ – without his outright consent – and – he developed a weakness which made the skincancer spread more rapidly.

He should have become 88 in 11th march 2010 – but – the 6th – he saw a very good friend – and, read some poems. In the night – he past on – to heaven hopefully...

He spoke much about Ottar, his best friend in his youth – who – had died out of tuberculosis,

He often – felt his presence, and longed to die – so he could meet him again in person...

As young a gang of boys approached him violently

“To see a gay motherfucker like you!”.

“Think of me...I have to look myself in the mirror everyday...”.

The leader of the gang – said something so stupid – Torsten never remembered the thing. This made the whole gang laugh –

“Since that day he was one of my best friends...”

Torstens’ sadness about his leaning towards homofili, sometimes instilled in him such a depressed state – he wanted to jump out of his own window. But – the thought of his pupils climbing the five flights – to his attic apartment with view over the woods of Nacka, on Ringvägen 163 – always cheered him up.

He spoke very pleasantly about so called idiots, whom lacked the refinery of expression.

He was a supporter of theirs’, almost everyone loved him, and he never preached homosexuality to anyone, as far as I know. But – always warned against perversion of intrinsic nature. He had tried it with woman – but he wanted a man – not only to have sex with, this he could do in two minutes in the toilet (en la toilette), but – to speak with – to enfold – to love...really love... may Allah grant him forgiveness of his sins, in this world – and grant him Paradise –

Aamin...

Torstens observation as Jussi Björling – was about to take a high tune, he snored (the opposite of hawking) Margaretha Krook personally one of the shyest persons – used to run around in the corridors of Dramaten, in a faint panic, hours before the show , but on stage she was perfectly calm...

The insight was, as she, hired Torsten to participate in one of her repetitions (Torsten received the price of one lesson), that others' criticism, and interference, in the spontaneous flow, strains the voice.

'let Margaretha herself decide'

and the voice sprang free of bonds.

Tommy Körberg, squeezed the muscles of his buttocks in high notes, similar to holding a fart, this elevates your own mind, and the minds of beloved.

As you take the high tune, you look down, as shy in bas notes, you look up, as repenting, asking forgiveness of Allah in the sky...

each note word, is formulated by the stomach muscles — the more intense the piece, the harder the muscles, has to formulate... smiling in spontaneous pleasure, makes notes, and text, flow more easily.

Putting ones tongue, folded up, into ones tonsils, and humming, will spontaneously, activate vibration from stomach muscles, as a beautiful pillar of high clear air

through the body (according to Negro met outside Folklore Center, Izzy Young)

movement with the arm, in forms of 'Sieg Heil' will help the high tunes, as they flow away as an eagle, opening the mouth widely in a smile, rolling ones eye balls in ecstasy.

Lying on the floor imitating ducks squeaking not filling the chest with air, but the stomach, as critics come just stand listening as they extend their excessive talk, you might come to think of something amusing 'vendetta, turn this and you might find a friend...'

Torsten Föllinger is the only male friend I ever managed to aquire: the rest is accurately described in the words of Israel Goodman Young:

these fucking guys – they destroy everything.

Torsten Föllingers homofilia was probably fake – an intelligent way of saying: I don't want to become a fucking guy!

The jealousy and pissing-contest these fucking guys become possessed by, only wanting in the end to gather to themselves as much wealth as possible in materia, so they can 'get' as many attractive women as their 'slaves' (called girl-friend), makes the right of women seem like something good suddenly.

The only problem is that these 'fucking guys' actually imitate women.

Torsten Föllinger didn't do that.

Reginald Horace Blyth writes in *Zen in English literature and oriental classics*:

All my life I had searched a friend, finally I thought I'd found one, in a monastery situated in Korea.

Happy I went there to visit him, but he treated me coldly, just like anybody.

Hurt I turned my steps homewards again.

Next time I saw him, I told him how I'd felt and how disappointed I'd become because of the manner he met me with. He said:

that was because you wanted something from me.

Full quote from *Zen in English literature and oriental classics* page 301:

R.H. Blyth story "all my life I wanted a friend"

All my life I wanted a friend, and I thought I had found one at last in a monk of the Myoshinji, Keijo, Korea. Overjoyed with this thought, I went one day to the temple, but he treated me quite coolly, just like anybody else, and I went home quite wretched, feeling I did not want a friend anyhow, (sour grapes). That evening he came to the house and I told him what had happened and how I had felt. With a malicious twinkle in his

black eyes he said, “That’s because you wanted something from me!”

Some comments on some Torsten Föllinger stories:

Torsten Föllinger supposed himself already in high-school, to be ‘homofil’, so that ‘these fucking guys’ would not be able to boast with that they had ‘been a pain in the ass of the genius’. Think of him at 12 years already saying, when the bullies came and approached him for this genial lie of his: ‘to have to see a gay mother-fucker like you everyday!’

“But think of me!! I have to look myself in the mirror every day!”

In previous times in Sweden, as showed in the Lars Molin film about the perversities of Lundbergs Internat School, sexy women were group-raped, and gifted males with a leaning towards the good, were bullied as to try to make them break-down, and the hope of the bullies was of course to drive these insane, and later they would by some “psychiatrist” get lobotomized..

Sexy women, like Zarah Leander, solved this by being openly promiscuous; just like women in Iran are used to being raped every day by the command of their fathers, to feel the helplessness of capitalism, and at the same time their fathers are earning more money on it; and finally if the women in that pleasure without love, begins to lean especially towards one of the males, the father takes a big sum from that male to marry “his” daughter. The problem with this is, as we see in Zahra

Leander's case, that she could not stop; even when she was economically stable, she had orgies in her house with many men, in front of the eyes of her poor husband Vidar..

Maria Wine, another of Torsten's good friends and maybe pupils (in what field of Torsten's pedagogy?, singing, theatre?, music, painting?) is contrasted with this above; she was the daughter of a prostitute, and her father too high politician for recognizing her as his legal child; that bore a great sadness of enormous tears inside her heart, like a flood it came out in poetical lines; and Torsten, being compassionate, gave her maybe her best poem.. In translation:

“The poet felt anxiety and pain;

lowered her gaze towards the table

and grabbed the pencil in *lento maestoso*..

The poet wrote about anxiety and pain;

and then smiles”

She had not yet been termed as ‘insane’ because of the poetry that her heart was singing, so she could still express anxiety and pain, and fleet on that fame above the abyss of the oppression..

The actress Ewa Fröling recently mentioned on radio (the 27th March 2022) that she is ‘looking good’; and that is what they are chosen for usually; the Royal Dramatical Theatre had under Ingmar Bergman's lead,

a sofa, which was ‘the introduction’ where the sexy girl was forced to lay her bosses to keep her assignment.

One could suggest the idea that Gösta Ekman’s Sufism, that he was taught by Torsten Föllinger, by time grew sophistic, and that the gateway treading upon such an evil leaning path was his dis-faithfulness against his wife with his womanly admirers.

Torsten’s comment when ‘small Gösta’ as he was called since his father also had been a famous actor, that by time got to be called ‘old Gösta’, started an jealousy fight since me greeted him from Torsten, as Torsten sometimes had expressed to me a wish ‘to see Gösta’. It had been a long time since he had called Torsten, and Torsten had been a main key to Gösta’s success, Torsten being the only teacher Gösta had ever had in theatre, coming to Torsten through his father ‘Old Gösta’ that Torsten of course knew.

Torsten had said, that Gösta’s wife did not let them have contact, since Gösta was also a little queer just like Torsten.

I had then said that I sometimes had seen Gösta Ekman on town, and did Torsten want me to greet him if I happened to run into him?

‘That you can do’ Torsten said, and sighed a little heavy.

As I one day was walking up towards Torsten after having helped him to buy the usual foodstuff he used to make food for us from, and we met several times a

week when Torsten gave me free lessons of singing, as he had set out to do, since he regarded me as so gifted and important. Torsten used to call me ‘the little boy’ and regarded himself sort of as an extra parent of mine, I saw Gösta Ekman coming towards me the opposite way, swinging his beige trench-coat as he walked down the road. As he had passed me, I turned around and shouted: Gösta Ekman!

He did not react or turn around.

‘I have a greeting from Torsten Föllinger!’ – then Gösta turned around with a smile on his face and said: ‘how is it with him?’

‘You should call him..’ was all I said, and then I kept on walking on my way.

Some weeks later, Torsten was all upset as we as usual was working on our singing and theatre lessons, and said: ‘what have you done.. Gösta.. I was on a party at Monica Nielsen and Gösta did not even greet me during the whole party..’

Then I told Torsten about our ‘meeting’.

‘Well, well..’ Torsten then said, ‘it does not matter.. You are much more important..’

Remember Torsten Föllinger talking about when he had dinner with Montserrat.. he had a friend who told him as he was in Italy that he have to hear this something special! So as he sat expectantly in the opera hall waiting to see the big star, he became highly surprised

to see a little fat lady come into the scene.. One in his company remarked: shall that thing sing!?, and Torsten said: wait until you hear it!.. And as she opened her mouth Torsten said, it was like the hall lifted! The Italians loved her! Afterwards or some time later Torsten became acquainted/introduced for Montserrat and invited home to eat dinner at her place.. And he described how the food dishes never ended; after the starter, there was a second starter, and then the main dish, and after that some oysters to melt the food in a splendid manner and then the dessert and after that cookies.. Torsten asked the humble question: do you eat like this every day?, Montserrat just nodded sedatively and like in absent answered: Si mio Signore!

Torsten Föllinger was as young boy with his mother on a dinner, and on that dinner was also Aunt Agda. Torsten's ears got speared as he overheard how she most of the time was speaking about how bad other people were. Finally he gathered courage to himself, and said, interrupting Aunt Agda:

Aunt Agda: There are two ways of trying to put light upon how good oneself is:

One was is to hold forth how good other people are, so that one appears as a good person oneself; the other way, is to speak about how bad other people are, so that one in comparison appears so much better oneself!

In his twenties Torsten Föllinger moved from Östersund in Jämtland to Stockholm. He told me sometimes when I felt wretched over the persecution from the

Swedish authorities: when I was young I was also under persecution, yhea, I was beautiful and homophil, could you imagine how they ran after me, for both purposes so to speak, and with this last sentence he used to lay in a hearty laughter, but by time they got used to me, and now it seems like they have finally accepted me!

Can you think when I was invited to a very fancy Noble lady living right by the castle in The House of Nobels, opposite the Nobel-library when I had recently arrived in Stockholm and did not have much cash. She asked me: Torsten! You who already know so many people, can't you find someone whom can clean the flat before the party?

Of course missis!, I answered and smiled heartily.

So right on time I come dressed up in cleaner clothes with utilities and ring her door, you should have seen how her face changed when she saw me in those clothes.

“But Torsten! Why have you dressed up like this?”

“Your Nobleness needed a cleaner! I can do the work!”
I said.

Yhea, she had no other alternative than to let me do it then.. I was though never invited to dinner to her house again.

Red Handed Ferlin

'Raina' screams Nils Ferlin in disgusting irony

a cabaret, of theatre,

he prays 'God May',

but 'may' is malplace (misplaced),

brings atonal note, into the art cafee

smiles heartlessly follows with gaze the adorable

beauty

'God how beautiful you are!'

gasping worshipping his lusts

pantomime of poetical life writing his own mythology

to rise, strife...

“Yours.”

I hate your cunningness
It feels like every gift you give
Has hidden purposes, only for you to win
As you present perspectives of good fortune
A future free of troubles
The thankful, open up
Reveal and give much in return
Afterwards you try to buy his soul
His freedom of tongue
And push him towards hellfire
Burn!

Who says his word never breaks,
But takes back all given promises
And keep on depressing acquaintances
With hopes taken back
If over-sensitive ears
Perceive a revealing attack
Rely upon persons no more
Whom with golden promises makes people work

Juri Lina and beauty

Bonus material in Juri Linas latest film, banned from Swedish Cinemas, was named The Recognition, produced for Estonian Rix Television, in 1992, after the restoration of national independence.

If we do not recognize and fight the evil before it freezes permanently, we will have to recognize each other without possibility to openly speak... and cry inside in a tragedy

the special recognition between the eyes of two aartists, becomes the insight, that once they were kings, now forced to put weapons aside, and fight side by side, for even the permission to speak...

love, at first sight, but the fear of betrayal a trespass into the invisible pulp, between the recognizers, and confuses the salutation with the possibility of accusations of madness etc.

If a people is not strong enough to fight the evil in its cradle, soon fewer and fewer will recognize each other. It is like Juri Linas audience, were an Island in a sea of burning lava.

William S. Burroughs doesn't give time to cry over this fact because, the work needs to be done... etc.

beginning

Schopenhauers wishing without wanting, is the key to existence.

'Actions are judged according to their intentions...' it is said in the Sunnah

Juri Lina has made an artform out of information flow

which enables the poet of today to reconnect with the mechanistic society, and trespass the true myth, that a poet cannot participate in modern high tech... He can when he services the purpose of spreading important information, through 'internet' copyright, is in Juri Linas eyes, a question of security, we are encouraged to only share his art with close friends, and not bump the maniac drum, in a large display of his genial pieces...

It might threaten us, at the spot, in longer term, Mossad would find too big interest in the author, which could threaten also his life.

Of course, he needs the money for the product, to survive. Juri Lina, is a restorer of history, such things which brainwash imposed upon us, as disgusting and evil, Juri Lina restores through careful presenting information. Films like Kraftmätningen, Lightbringers, In the shadow of Hermes, The unsatisfiable Ouroubours, a more tense horrifying atmosphere, is created, in figuration with classical pieces from Schostakovitj, Bach, Mozart, Toivo Kurmet, Gian Piero Reverberi, at the same time, we look out the window 'this is real!...'

in the east, in the south, Germany, in the west America, 'it is real'...

and we realize how vain and futile, our dreams were of poetry, because in this reality, we decide ourselves to resist the masonic oppression and suddenly we have access to what opinion today call 'reality', which is 'virtual'...

Beauty, in Juri Linas world, stems from love of goodness, but the profound thought that beauty simply comes from Allah as a blessing, for following His

guidance, has not yet dawned on his horizon.. Everything does not need to be constructed to fit the point. 'Lawless winged and unconfined and breaks all chains from every mind... deceit to secrecy confined lawful cautious and refined, to everything but interest blind, and forges fetters for the mind...'

We do not get beautiful by contempting fat women, we do not get inspiration, by exclusively choosing intelligent people as our companions.. all calculations are devoid of meaning, to die as martyrs our only choice....

The work needs to be done, crying wailing will not awake the oppressors hearts, in most cases...

what is needed is resistance, but we do not take the real part in the tragedy, if we refuse to cry..

Burroughs only loosenes the words so that our true thinking is spitted out, regardless of the consequences.

Juri Linas restoration of reality about Franscisco Franco, Adolf Hitler, and Mussolini, is breath taking, and, we realize, that the lie about Franco, is hindering us from understanding, the consequences which he tried to end, in spite he wasn't allowed to send Spanish troops to help Hungary in 1953, against the communistic oppressors, because Eisenhower threatened with war if he did.

U.S. had always helped Sovjet Union and financed the October 1917.

So we recognize each other, despite of the lies, and this love cracks the shell from inside.

Schopenhauers realization, that energy never perishes, but transforms, if we refuse to take the risk of being jailed for 'Sieg Heil' moving our right arm, energy transforms hopefully, into a struggle of revealing the true facts which constructed 'a Hell in Heaven despite'

If we fear something more than Allah, and thereby disregard Gods command, we will have to face it sooner or later, it is the choices we do not make which leads us finally to face the One we Love...

The coward's disregard for Allah's command, has finally led us to be surrounded by evil, we recognize each others secret leanings, in the cunningly beautiful rays of evening...

Toivo Kurmet, himself, the subject of Juri Linas latest film, became a victim of conspiracy. Imprisoned in Estonia, for one year, the probable cause, of his cancer, was in the substances his food secretly contained. Estonian conspirators killed their national hero, in the modern way; through poisonous substances, 'the world snake', 'brood of vipers'.

Besides this Juri Linas book, Architects of deception, contains stunning facts, about Adolf Hitlers connections into freemasonic financial supporters, and what kinds of vitamins and minerals he would have needed instead of Theodor Morrel's (may Allah protect us from the remembrance of his name), Belladonna, with one word, Juri Lina is a world genius, a classic, which will be read with ever renewed interest generation after generation as long as his production exists.

Shellfish, have a tasty containment, and beautiful shell - we cannot recognize, a pure soul, if we have presupposed judgements about foreigners.

The recognition is beyond characteristics of nations and classes.

Nationalism, is important, the aspect we first guard, what is closest to us, family, friends, neighbours, cities, even a nation is usually too big to fathom defending,

but the usage of homogenous language, marks the border.

If we move to a country, we have to will become a part of that nation, and speak its language.

Thus not simply to fill our pockets with its money, increasing its national dept, and then go!

This is robbery as stated in the Quraan (sura 83)...

One serious flaw in Juri Linas world view is his contempt for monotheism.

If Allah is Reality then the “theory” or “teaching” has to be disregarded if He wills.

But Islams unique aspect is the protection of Allah there fore named “religion”.

If a law is formed somewhere, it is a tiny fact compared to Allah’s law, but still a fact, a part of our reality. But an evil such, we cannot follow such an perverted movement, rather die as martyrs . If on the other hand reality is looked upon as facts every thing is destroyed and inner peace unachievable Allah is Fact Al Haqq, morality therefore, is a structure to move inside - without which we are homeless.

Allah being the source of inspiration, therefore morality is not Reality but an aspect of our creation.

This attitude leads to reliance upon the audience, instead of Allah, so-called collective writing its evil form communism. In modern times anti- monotheistic writers torture themselves behinds computer screens to convince and stupefies and grows crazy. The sickness William S. Burroughs mentions in Junkie to live through hardships perversions, etc. – to be able to write

about it, is deplored by Juri Lina, Andrej Tarkovskij and Toivo Kurmet.

A person calling himself “poet” takes rights of immorality, for the sake of writing, suddenly relying upon the “audience” and not in Allah.

But still this Novus Ordo Seclorum art might have at least some good results if published. But the skizophrenic aspect relying upon a publisher in disregard of Allah spoils most of it. Computers are electronic instruments termed as “haram” because if you hit the wrong tune you will behave well like a machine to achieve the calculated result.

“play well” in social life is hypocrisy –

Therefore the fingers being forced to hit “the right” notes become a mental disease.

Your voice is affected by your sins, your vocal cords stretches in false tunes when bad conscience, arises, it will make you afraid to be revealed, to sing.

Instruments are expensive imitators of voice, makes you afraid to crack them at the same time revealed as the absence of zikhr makes you uncontrollable. Never pay a life guard (never accept the price of a dog) there is nothing victorious in being famous, achievable and welcomed only when some good change can be achieved by the mass copy. Worst is being famous for something evil presented as “good”.

Rather infamous without valid cause.

To claim to have gained superiorial knowledge is sort of to attach oneself to the karma law when at the same time as we take heed to the karma law we have to realize that all is Allah's creation.

As we miss the aeroplane we should say praise to Allah. Money is unique for humans and what makes us free to choose. If we come into conflict at one place we can move to another without having to acquaint anyone. If we solely believe karma to be the highest reality we would either think ourselves better than the other passengers or blame ourselves for past sins.

Qaburat Qalimatan (suura 18, ayat 5) is "I am better" because Allah has never taken a son, nor is He created - our witnessing about ourselves - becomes our fall from Allah's will - into karma - Allah will test us, any one of us, if He wills - with the same situations as the ones we claim to have the better of - if we are born in a rich family, He might put us into a poor one "next life" and thereby test us to conditions that we were aware of.

Islam is justice and the one confessing his faith in it with his heart becomes puure.

His environment had made him other than muslim, so the blame falls upon the deceivers. Now, finally it was understood, and by this Islam is the ultimate reality, our Fitra.

One thing we have to take care not to fall into as reading Juri Lina is polytheistic fascism. To regard oneself as a name of the law might be true, but Antichrist also misuses the karma law to convince his subjects of his right to inflict harm upon them. Playing God, he gives us memories of bad days to convince us of his superiority.

Christ saying in Thomas' gospel "From the light of the world" as regards to the question where we all come from, implements that skin color, social class, outer conditions doesn't matter as long as the meeting of souls, persons, humans releases the light of love. We might be better in Allah's eyes, but only Allah is allowed to state this fact 'cause he knows what everyone does all the time.

The point of Juri Linas work – might be a misinterpretation of Sartre's 'existence comes before essence'. Juri claims this, but, this is exactly the point why he and Tarkovskij is wrong in their criticism of such authors as Burroughs; according to **The voice of the devil**, in William Blakes **The marriage of heaven and Hell**;

The Messiah fell and formed a heaven of what he stole from the abyss
this – is where existence comes before essence – but –
Juri Lina doesn't go into the Zen idea of 'knowing thyself'.

A poet says:

Once read thy breast right – and thou has done away
with fears –
man gets no other light
if so he search a thousand years'

Juri Lina writes, in his 2013 introduction to Under the sign of the scorpion:

Dante answered *correctly* in Inferno – as to the question:

'who knows the good?'

'he who knows the evil'

But there is no Zen, in the sense that he understands the point of the willful identification of that it is *Dante's* Inferno, that has gone into sublimification as to identify himself with earth and all beings on it.

In this sense – existence goes before essence – but – Juri Lina is involving himself in a hidden paradox, when he claims that existentialists like Burroughs is inferior to his more historical/scientific-minded/fact-presently work on the dark sides of human history.

It is true though – as I've written – that this helps to fill in the subconscious gaps – where the big black magic is projecting upon us insecurity which might cause finally a bi-polar structure to spring up inside us – 'copy-cat' – in the form of the devil.

But – from Juris point of view we must say that essence comes before existence; that existence serves the essence – that has sprung from such subjective viewpoints as William S. Burroughs 'Everything lost'. In this manner he turns the wheel of the Dharma, though unknowingly, back into the original monotheistic position; essence comes before existence.

The mental traveller – is the true existentialist – and Linas important work – a post-essence tool – as to avoid becoming possessed by Virus-B-23, and getting cured – as many enlightened men of the west through the centuries has been – from the fallacy of falling into the satanic sect of the freemasons, a subject he's dealt with in his book Architects of deception.

Musays staff 7:107

((Answer to Jean-Paul Sartre's 'Existentialism is a humanism)

Essence goes before existence – but when essence is destroyed by existence, we call in Moses staff – that brings into existence – a foundation for our essence to re-establish!

William S. Burroughs' work seems to bring forth good out of evil. By the aptness to confess your sins which makes you strive to create good and when people have received the good work, you confess your faults in hope to become accepted anyway - and then you hide your good actions - which looks <sign with hand only middle finger and ring-finger outstretched> - the opposite of the Shytanic symbol I know yet of none in modern times who could do such heinous actions and yet avoid to be stoned.

I feel like Moses in front of Khidr standing with the law of the last prophet before doomsday the Sharia of prophet Muhammad (upon him, Allah's godful peace) and yet be unable to judge this man. The common public of course are allowed to judge according to Sharia - I can not - but I would advise them carefulness. It looks like William S. Burroughs is on some kind of a mission to prove the consequences of if we knew what today's world leaders are doing in their freemasonic lodges.

And also prove that lovesickness is less severe than craving for money.

This means that our brainwashed society where people sell their souls for a mobile telephone, symbolically

speaking, letting themselves be controlled by psychopaths are less easily forgiven than S. Burroughs. At least his life was his own and ignorance is in Buddhism the biggest sin.

(Moorderer, frei mauren Berl - inn)

At the very same time William Blake makes a profound statement - or rather - the Devil in his proverb's of Hell (William Blake, an author which everyone at one point have to read). William S. Burroughs created a heaven of what he stole from the abyss, which means his way of sins released blocks of imagination hidden from the sight of morally rigid characters.

His aim was his authorship. What would he have done without a publisher? Whom would have listened; "Today I have molested a child"? Cracked skull quite soon I am sure.

This was and is a serious flaw in his enlightenment, but really to me he seems like a Walli Allah similar to the two angels Harud and Marud whom were sent to test people by teaching them magic. They never taught anyone without first mentioning "This is only a test, so do not become disbelievers by putting your faith in it".

Post Scriptum

A child should be brought up by the hand. A harsh upbringing is the best 'cause perverse sex is stemming from denial of Allah's wrath and thus sentimental objections to God's punishment one becomes like caught in a piece of plutonium.

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction - William Blake.

The one entering into reading Burroughs, may Allah protect us from his sins, should ponder upon this line:

“Since the computer has X and not the indestructible as creator we get xexped.”

William S. Burroughs, Suura 7 vers 107

Muses staff, swallows all the black magic, and William then becomes a pencil writing to give back what they have stolen from the unseen (because the unseen has to be a whole) to give back to the audience. Even though he had lacked a publisher this was his mission and thus he would have been excused. This illuminating serpent is a believer; if you read him without following the Sunnah you will be a Robert Christie (women strangler), if though you read him as a muslim, you have access to what makes life seem boring, and your apprehensiveness of the unseen realities becomes stunning!

His book, *The Wild Boys*, is exactly a prop to mask his real work, which at the time, was to reveal the stunning fact of *The Hanging of Jerry Green* and the new type of massproducible black magic, thanks to film material as statue.

If you are in pain, speak, even though you repeat yourself (do not be a masochist, reluctant to repeat yourself)

The young man of Mary McCarthy, is the brown artist replica, whom does not allow himself the realisation that idolatry is forbidden. Thus he tries to kill with his love, as the bang utåt attack who equates sex orgasm with death, (the Khawarijs 51, first forced moral put up as fear of an idolpicture of Islam)

The young man does this as a replica of the silver wolf, his fucking has the goal to instigate jealousy and thus cancer in the other males, as his uncontrollable, makes him insane. The woman dies in maternity, and the father gets institutionalized, and the black magicians gets just another child to sacrifice.

The Brown Artist, keeps silent in these times, the idol for which the young man is sacrificed. They are first sentimental, but, as unluck strikes like a scorpion, the brown artist turns a deaf ear.

[Eve Riimus...](#)

Eve Riimus oppressors of unluck...



Eve Riimus, is a talented woman - with a talented style, but unfortunately, insightful in the demand such a

talent has to be nourished... to flower everyday, in the temporal world...

She, has the gift of second sight - seeing unborn forms which she unnecessary thinks it is proper to put into a motive, to find meaning...

the Swedish atheistic unlucky name-system; 'ate' the goddess of unluck, is oppressing her talent in the way of fear spreading - owing to the thought control police, which deems such talent as 'crazy'

... as to not spend days in a mental asylum, many aartists give in, to the social pressure, and, adapt their life style.

in Eves case, mostly to her sambo, who isn't much of a believer, except the spiritual teaching Eve has induced in him, over their 22 years or so together...

the evil of a soul, attracts light - like a black hole, and in return to usurped light - the witch offers a pleasant life, in sinful luxury...

Eve - is a specialist in portrait making - owing much to her psychic gift - which makes her see pink clouds, even in the most breathtaking thunderstorm...

her art is gushing of beautiful shapes - disguised symbols of love - and breathtaking sublimity although, simply a few works are worth collecting... but these works anyhow, show the potentiality of what could develop into a real genius...

sometimes - looking at her pictures - is a chance of risk;
the forms - sometimes almost sips from the canvas -
into the aura of the beholder - and begins a
conversation with him...

certain form - seems to connect the mind of the
beholder - with parallel dimensions - like it was a
telephone junction...

among other things - she educated herself as Ph. D. in
psychology, and philosophy... - with the intention - of
helping others out of the claws of torturous insane,
'doctors' in 'psychiatry' or whatever.. this secret - she
never speaks - but, we divine, that this was a tactical
move - aiming besides others to protect her own
freedom of expression if you claim - your painting
to be full of symbols - instead of revelation of parallel
nature - you could be excused...

some people , have become paranoid - with the word
'revelation' and bluntly wonders, 'isn't Profet
Muhammad the last Prophet?..' yes - but - revelation is
(blessing of peace over Nabi Muammad and his
companions..), not only in Prophetical form...

Eve Riimus days - are spent mostly doing the
housework; cooking food, of splendid taste,
contemplating, praying, and other useful tasks for her
loved ones...

at a time - she was even working with designing
symbols for Jas -Gripen fighter in the Mind Control
Project, 'human machine interaction',

but because of her sensitiveness, of intellect, she soon understood the immorality, in testing pilots subjected to strong G-forces, and, existing in an environment, stung thorough by electromagnetic waves, which caused most associates to die out of cancer, sooner or later...

at times - she's been working - as an analyst, and most of her clients came because they 'liked' her photo in the advertisement...

her analysis, was mostly an emotional support, and understanding which many might think to be stupidity, neglecting, unluckily, the keen intelligence of sharp distinction, which, Eve possesses much of, but often doesn't use...

her upbringing in occupied Estonia - has unfortunately moulded her to mass instead of quality, which has disturbed her sensitive talent and made her cling to material, in a post traumatic stress, which sometimes comes as a panic of death... to have many proofs of a certain talent - instead of a few of genial haikus, is the only possible way of survival, in a communistic perestrojka... that is, even to be a little artful, is a risk, cause the loose grip is a trap...

but from Riimus few, I would say genial 'haikus', are worth to be seen by a greater audience, I think even though the great figure Torsten Föllinger, when exposed to her work, 'Gate of Hell', exclaimed, 'she's a genius in painting this.. do you really mean!...' he pointed towards her way of drawing the lines...

a few years ago - Eve wished, to receive the debt her younger brother had been owing her - since she helped him to move to Sweden in the 1990 ties, back. He refused, and the court, even though Eve had his signature and date of lending out the many sums, on a handwritten contract - turned her down - and she, plus losing the debt of 220 000 sw had to pay the fee of the lawyers at 600 000 about it - this made a large economical sudden crash in her life - and besides that the confidence in her sambo were at question- cause he did a lousy statement in the witnesses' chair.

strangely enough - her almost two million Swedish kronor in apartment ownership - were soon after this incident, written over on her sambos' name...

so - Eve, is now even more forced to rely, upon relations with people, she's too smart for...

idiocy presages devily / to pretend things are alright when they ain't/ is a way to lot of unnecessary pain

God is dead

He lives through us

He has never died

we live because we have died...

lam yallid wa lam yullad... sura 112 ayat 3...
Mathnawi, Jalal ud Din Rumi, Prophet asking Zayd
'how are you today?'
Answering: 'today I am a true believer'

'Death is the pangs and pains of birth...'

Nietzsche Thus spoke Zarathustra...

It is what you do
that makes another heart
praise and love
you
what we pronounce
either makes us evil
or we fly with heavens wings
the thoughts you said
your thoughts now in your head
is your living life today
it is what you do
that makes another heart
praise and love you

In the beginning was zikhr Allah... cause zikhr Allah, is
The Act...

the call for prayer, fizzles out without meaning...
a forced convention,
makes the mind stray...
when, even the name of God is too much to say...
from now on let me follow my way...

All love stems from Allah... this is how love can have rules... if the notion would be the opposite... someone would say that Allah is the first born, wish to enslave the rest of creation...the very essence of love is such that you need no proof... therefore, never take a photo of someone you love, but solely for the reason of documenting crimes...

Best to say

'I'm skizophrenic' before - there comes a day - when the
debt of normality

you'll have to pay...

there are few things - so ugly and foul
as the clutching at normality - which there takes some
time to see
most unnormal people - dreams about becoming stars...
be unnormal - before the announcement of the
Heavenly call
when the "normal" actors - the idiots will have to pay -
for polytheistic pretence...
to be put into Hell - on the judgement day...

‘The poet Izzy Young ’Eternity in an hour’

Izzy Young – is very brave-

Izzy Young – is afraid - (to lose power)

Izzy Young is afraid –

Of the power in a flower!

Of the power

Of an eternal hour!

Izzy Young - is afraid

of the Highest in his heart.

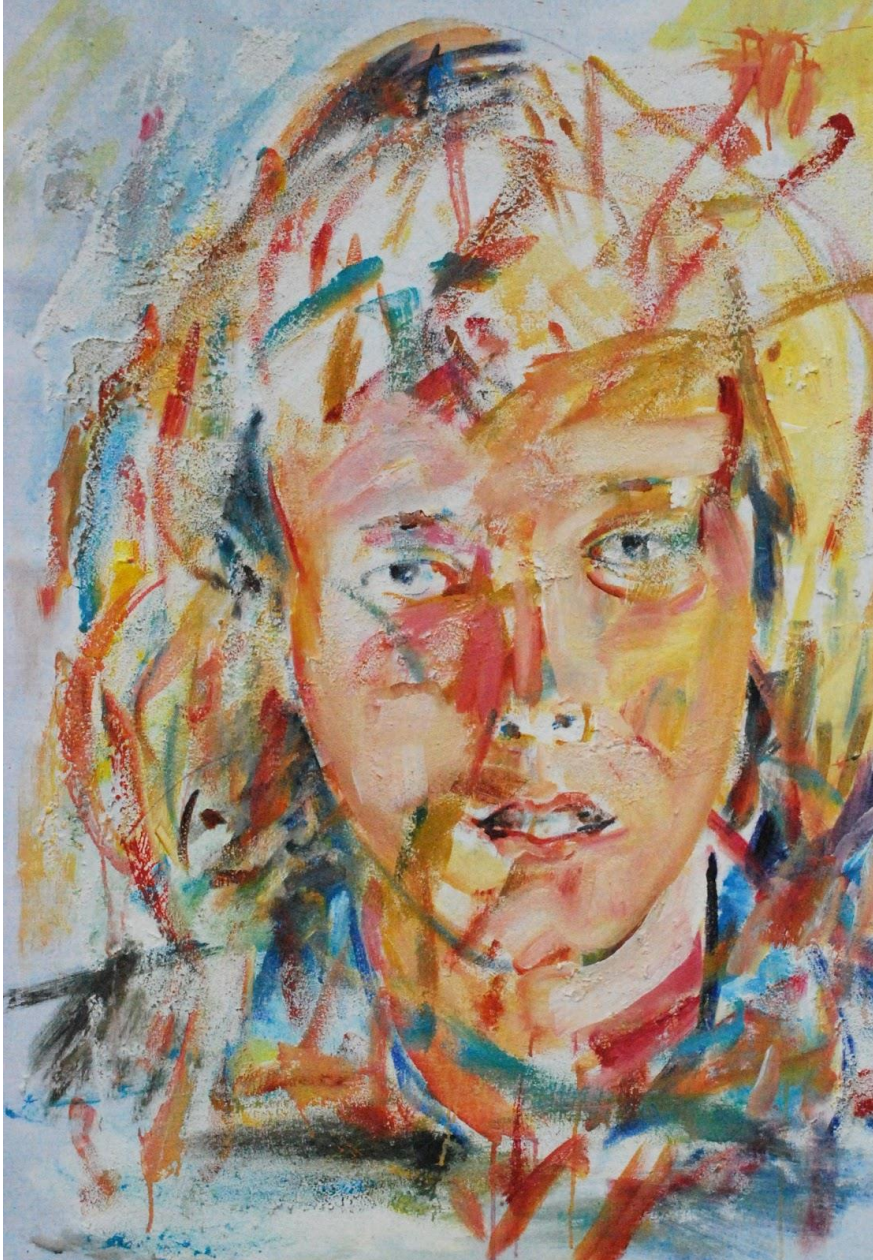
He’s no coward-

But - when he sees a meek and mild flower-

He’s lost-

He can’t fetch it – with his intellectual power!

Mahanaash... - your magical love - surrounds me...- if Allah above - denounces my love for thee...- there is nothing to be done...- but - if He wishes me - to marry thee...- what a great opportunity - to fall in love.... - soon - snow - might be falling down - on the cold earth... - as - I walk the ground - I see me living together - with a woman that loves me so much - money - means simply one of the abilities to keep in touch... - but - if a woman loves me very much - she lets the love - plant the seed...- of marriage - she wishes - to go to Heaven - together with me... - if I could make you see - that money is one of the abilities...- but - there are more... - until - I get some other offer...- I creep down... to sleep on my friends floor...- I don't want to make any woman - to some kind of whore... - so please - understand that I'm poor... - let your feelings guide thee - towards something that could be much more...- when - women - talk about money - when - they crave for it... - I get sore... - I - simply - wish to unite - with your inner core...-



Salafi's dead gaze, doesn't give much space, racing into a meaningless war, looks down upon the poor, wants a woman like a whore, lacks, love's sweet core... despises, imaginative lore, always looking, for a reason and suspecting faithless treason. looking peculiar, like they knew something, saying 'it's haraam' when I sing...

salafi here denotes the murderous sect, founded by Abdul Wahab and the English spy Heifer... not, early ancestors...

all love emits originally from Allah... this is how love can have rules...if the condition would be the opposite, and we say, Allah was created out of love, someone would say, that Allah is the First Born, who wishes to enslave the rest of creation by locking them into a fleshy dress...

During daytime, I see her small moves, her eye glances yet no proof, in the night she comes to me in my dreams kisses me I feel the touch of her soul, senseless I become... she undresses herself to me... energy is overflowing inside, me, one more less, suddenly my hand is there again it symbolizes her hand, soon life energy sprouts upon my chest, this is not a disease it is actually one of the best signs of health... lover come and fill me again, if I refuse her love I will become mentally insane... murderous idiots how long will you kill that thing which ye loves... and point towards a spot 'heaven above'

is it out of jealousy that you doesn't want life energy to flow free... you think real love is something to be bought real love is free energy that doesn't need to be sought---

Izzy Young, jovial - when people pretend to know you cause - at the point - could manipulating their minds...

your name, as dangerous as cobra eyes...

when it holds you
black - sionist - magic - makes you blind...

don't deal in lies
in a perverse supposition - that everyone wants to use
your fame,
to avoid being blamed
the one - lacking in shame
becomes a psychopat
how could you - as unmerciful to others
be saved from Allahs wrath?

Meeting with Kjell Lundqvist (European Labour Party)

The European Labour Party, has the insight, that money is simply not only produced by work - but, as an investment, an expected accumulation...
By actual fact, this is to disavow, the fact, that everything living, as long as it produces something useful, which is - not destructive, in a broad perspective actually could generate money...

'Money', is symbol value, a proxy, so called 'fiat currency' an agreed upon fungible proxy... - (fungible; is connected with analogy, two separate physical entities, gets the same symbol value...),

A false bill, would in this case - not mean - that it is not looking like the others... but, that, it is not agreed upon, by the users, that the false producer, makes fiat currency out of his belongings.

So when false bills, without cover-validity, appears on the market - I buy a thing with it and at the same time gets in debt, though unknowingly...

The companies - produce a lot of products, payed by money which are simply made up, taken from empty space...

This is called 'inflation..' and the society, such built, send out money as aid, which criminals seize, and forms oppressive power, in foreign countries... Then the debt of that state, grows, until, it becomes clear, that the consequence of this is that practically all politicians of that state - are controlled by IMF, or any other bank, which, by the sin of that loan, with riba (interest) on it, practically own a whole country, like Cyprus or Greece...

Here we see the most important thing, in surveilling the decision makers money transferences...

Fascism, according to Kjell Lundqvist, is when the government, puts the possibility of accumulating fiat currency, in the hands of private interests, which can generate currency, by investments, thought to generate money, in a co operation, with a private bank...

'It should be - in the hands of the government to agree, in an investment which releases further currency into the open market...'

Fiat currency has according to Kjell, the meaning of a fungible proxy, which means interchange-ability of look-alike separate physical entities, having the same value...

The second point Kjell makes - is that co-operation, is the key word of present day modern high technology civilization, which by the pressing of a bottom, can wipe out millions and millions of people...

therefore, armed conflict, has to be avoided, by most means, and the population, bear the oppression of 'the state' which in most cases - is 'fascistic' in the sense that it represents the economical interest of private banks - and - not the population at large...

Besides this - Kjell makes a queer, statement, the Swedish author Juri Lina, 'is crazy' because he presents only facts behind the scenes, and, no solutions..

If you have a court case, it is not enough with theories, you cannot prove.

A prerequisite for solving a case, are the facts, then in intelligent minds, solutions begin to appear.

As Kjell - himself states; 'you cannot teach knowledge - (as the freemasons think), because, there has to be someone to understand it...'

Swedish schools - mislead their 'pupils', who, gets the wrong concept that they 'know ' though, insightful in the fact, that their so called 'knowledge ' is not applicable in reality...

inside bars
checking journals,
in sionistic clothes, high tuned rasping the foot,
like the blue eyed innocence of the inmates
where a laughable contemptful toy,
poisonous white pills ordained by a well paid five point
boy...
rolling selling torture to patient victims filled with a
fountain of joy
sorrow and woe,
civil soldiers ready to grip, never out thought to slip,
from their lips soft kicks mix, money made
on a false seed of tips...

Feminism... womans worst enemy today... -
picture of a woman cop - beating a junkie furiously,
like he was a dusty carpet...
men - jailed on false rape charges - like rats subjected
to electrical chocks - as soon as they approach the
opposite gender..
gays - ruling the world...

you looked so sweetly over your beautiful ebentholtz
shoulder - at me - your long blond hair by the shape of
your exquisite body seemed to almost fly ...
how come - you went away - as I unable to move
forward - came closer - too careful approach right
away...

your beautiful shepherds dog, as you sat on a burnt out
log - like a foggy haze - surrounding the memory...
as you came - twinned hair the opposite way - Friday -
I didn't recognize at first - spontaneously thought;
beauty of that girl...
as you looked down upon me - from the level - where
the models pry... I embraced thee in my dream - healthy
child - wanted me in life...
careful and guarding the infertile parts - where
attraction stirs...
your lips embraced mine - in a kiss - at absolute
radiance - we united - in a flower - open - as to the
sun...
deeply I penetrated your body - until the rise - of the
morning sun...
though Allahs zikr - emitted from my eyes... you
willfully committed, all your sweetness, at my
disposal..

'the look of love alarms, cause it is filled with fire...'
William Blake soft deceit, homeless are the people who
attach their dreams to the riches of this world... in the
end no where to flee, a house blown to dust particles, in
the end... unlucky the one who becomes satans friend...

unmarried rashters, hold hands and kiss in the park...
married couples, what they do at home is their
privacy...

'God is love'...

this aspect is more important than the indestructability cause, if you disregard compassion and energy, you will be subjected by His Anger...

if though you disregard the rules of love, you will stray far from Heaven above...

their philosophy, is madness incarnate... prohibitions of love and disobedience

which makes you both hate your 'teacher' and the girl walking down the street.

and makes you unenlightened as your steps turn towards mechanistic ideas...

because you ate of their meat, like being heated in the fire of Hell... and at the same time being forced to display, that everything is well...

it might not be Allah which they praise so highly, but, their own misconception of reality...

muslimun, or by whatever name they call themselves, might think that enlightenment is their patented right... obtrusively, spitting up futile laws, that builds a Hell in Heaven despite...

they really think, that by simply mentioning Allahs Prophets name, fear will be induced in their enemy, from its' perception of truth refrain...

the result none way, or another insane...

the only sin is to ignore, what you shouldn't deplore
(condemn)...

relying upon your memory, and old rusty ideas, laid
down by old masters, must in the end, lead to
disasters...

why stick to the superstitious belief, that supernatural
powers endowed to those who believed will save you
from what ruins others, less in 'might' than thee, when
the truth, in its simplicity is available, through
Bodhisattvas clear eyed to see...

Poisonous moist...

'they' do the same thing, with the skies, as they do with
us...

when tears should be flowing silently,

there comes the fear, of poisonous moist...

in our minds, a deadly serious murderous voice...

they want all earth to become, like one of their
playthings, manipulated toys...

Abdul Wahab, satans horn...

possessed beings, meet with hidden scorn

everywhere they see, pointed thorn
forlorn

by truths ecstasy...

they wander distracted, nowhere to be;

an free masonic creed, to the one possessed like
morphin addicts, almost incurable need, evil seed!

burn down to the ground...

wish thee, nowhere on earth ever to be found...

the earth is round, not flat,

your shadow stretches in the east, the sun eventually
will rise...

'Paradise' is forbidden for thee, because they (the
followers of Muhammad ibn Abdul Wahab that is)
eternalized lies...

your claim to be very wize...

a payed prize... under the table,

how many more tries, did Allah, give you again?

your attempt to destroy Islam, will prove in vain...

Abdul Wahab, really insane, by the evil acts in murky night, thou ran after women and pleasure, a snake crawling with two heads... at either direction east and west may thy books all be burned with their manuscripts, and us other - may rest...

Abdul Wahab, a mighty devil, which possesses the reader of his text, with a horrible demanding dark voice, like being stretched out on a torture bench... only being able to see one way...

the mind, possessed, from life and love strays...

your own life, like a candle without oxygen fades...

through the possessed blows a deathening blow, which aims at blowing away living beings, in a storm of bloody haze...

life becomes like one of those days, where heaven, is totally hidden by grey, meaningless clouds, where even the rain, refuses to pour down...

a desolate diseased dead town, a burnt out lawn...

Abdul Wahab, you destroy the essence of my day... like blossoms fastly fading away...

makes the naiiv woman afraid...

how many of them, have you forced to get laid, while pouring down your sperm, like an air raid... how many necks have you burned, simply to get paid...

may you have, what you said, tied around your neck,
and thrown into the sea, buried deep beneath the
waves...

what makes the people of fitna, less than zero, is their
agreeing with Iblis, 'I am better than he...' even though
this they might not say it outloud... this is fitna, to
intend bad thinking about another though not saying it
outright... the evil metaphors...

One, two, three and four, five
Lust was emitted black-magically from his mouth
Novus ordo seclorum
Beat went on
In a trance inside heads blinded by parody
Of 99 names of love
The number of the beast and sex
21 and 3
20 and 4
555 give me more
Sex really free
As pederasteri
In 33rd degree
2 beats 33
Really means sex free
For 33rd degree
Numerology
Often used as black magick
Like the question Andrej Tarkovskij

Received in Italy
"What is the common touch point of Galileo Galilei and Einstein?"
Answer
Big Berta is missing
5 times 3
Demonic Novus Ordo Seclorum
Indestructible part
Blown to pieces
Like an anguished beating heart
Sun, they say
Is one big atom bomb
Which flesh spin around
41 and 14, Albert sound
"They were both wrong."
Means they doesn't fit together
Like an ice storm in dry summer weather
Should we worship the atom bomb?
All bow down
Or the big fart
Blow defiers to pieces
Like a severe thunderstorm
"Me too! Want to be in the 33rd degree!"
"Pity would be no more if all were as happy as we."
"Her beauty make me high!"
222s, book magick
To rape one sinfully makes oneself sick

For each man kills the thing he loves

What would I care
For anybody anymore

Their destiny
Has become their conspiracy

Their feelings bound up in their economy
Their intellectual activity
Their family

Like they crawl in the(ir) electronical community
Which seems to bring them all to fall

Why do we all get sick. Dii?

You let machines destroy your dreams
Dreams come true
They really usually do
But if you let a machine dream for you
It will dream you into hell
Let your destructiveness come to yought

I dare not speak with you in letters anymore
Just like Young and Academy (but no more since 8
January 2013) you recognized my geniality
Then afraid to go where the revealing water flow
tried to drop my eternal poetry
And stamp it 'uninterestingly' on the floor
Better to never have been born
Than the torment that awaits
The conscious denier of truth
In hell's deepest depths
Personally, do not flatter
And say greatness, madness officially
Give the same version!
Fulfull given promises, speak seriously

May Allah protect me from displaying a force which I
lack

And by this, leaving me open for attack

Poem

interfere nothing in matters of faith but solely against
claimed believers making people unsafe...

Interfere only in case, against claimed believers making
people unsafe, but in such a way, at risk your own skin
threatened and the object safe,

Wives, do not betray husbands to worldly things
gain, tell only what truth commands you, support the
soul of eternal love, or openly divorce the sinful
murderer,

avoid entering into talks of curiosity

unless you end up with secrets of horror and lack of
spirituality

never talk hiding secretly your craving for money and
popularity

see the truth straight in the eye, prepared to tell your
opinion state your mind
at risk to fall from high or die

Marry We

One me! O you one and three,
that desire may leave me
free
Gods mercy win
Not shytons sinning

pleasure anxiety perish
into flowers of reality
opened in springtime rest
closed at night
United in light seeds of delight

To Ulrika Lindström

she's like a sun inside...

her beauty makes me high....

like a morning walk - my heart beats - when I hear her
talk ...

oh!... - if I would stand there - by her side... -

she would be mine...

all else would perish - before my sight -

she's the secret love - of my life... -

not a minute - passes -. without me thinking

'awful an pity -

I never told her about how my heart beats
how - I long - to put my wedding ring
on - her finger...
now she's a famous actress. and - a singer
I linger suffering the blows of incurable sorrow
she's the remedy
the thought of her
makes sweetness fill me
I dream - of her presence - night and day
her image - from my mind
never seems to stray away
the scar - after the dream
develops night and day -.
to be worthy of her love
is my highest grade
what I for 12 years forgot to say
suddenly slipped over my lips

my hopes are so unreal

I even dream of a reward for this

a kiss

she seems to be closer far away

her soul speaks to me

but still I miss her moves -

in the dormitory...

I miss her personal euphoria

to kiss her on the cheek

the wedding ceremony

U. my love for thee. fills me like a cry... - my tears fall -
suddenly - relieved - from the unbearable pressure
inside.

flowers begin to flourish in my scar faced mind...

you can't kill eternity

without killing Time...

at present - I'm hunted - like I was sentenced for a
horrible crime...

it's just my mad love

for such as thee

that makes me act insanity

the day - enters the room - my pencil a broom... -

to clean up inside

what perverted stuff

how foolish am I!

a cry

has been suppressed

for the last ten years... I confess - hopefully this poem -
will make me achieve success...

your - wedding dress.. - is stained by my tears... - a cry
from another dimension -

you - hear - my voice -. speaking words rhymed like
toys... - I - don't want to become - one of those boys -

which hide their love

out of jealousy... - a horrible noise - in such a moment

afflicts me... - suddenly - I fear you will never hear
these lines recited to thee...

suddenly I fear -

you think - this is a practical joke - sent upon thee...

I get foolish when I get hard...

perversed - like a fucking bastard...

is this poem a card in a play

'it's just one of a million things

I wish to say.. .'.

sometimes - it feels like I pretend

out of a preconceived jealousy

I these lines

hoping to reach you

over distances send

sometimes - I pretend

I am your mad

secret boyfriend...

But doesn't your self-esteem display 'better than the rest'?

isn't your whole world explained, in these enticing games?

For the men to worship the thought of that hole
between your legs?
You put yourself higher than the Messenger
so all your good deeds are nulled,
and you're in peril to be thrown into the void.

Decades I bought the myth-picture of your game,
and thought: I'm the one to blame,
but that was when from the start,
weakened by the idols fart
of chemical torture marks.

Now I've seen through, that means:
maybe I will stop loving you

You are an intoxicating wine
but I need your milk
As Satan you said: I'm better than him
And awaits the poor drunken soul
That into alcoholism he sinks.

Love is a crime for you,
if gentle and true.
Only the praise of lust you sing,
when comes the intoxication
of ding ding ding.

The guest idolatry in the jew tree, a Santa Clause comes
with his dick standing up.
The mute embrace, in a secret race after fame and
treasure,
and the usefulness of each secret lover is measured.

'Gentle reader, know that in a former time,

love sweet love, was thought a crime' William Blake

Maybe I've never loved you
since you've been an unknown
And the more I begin to know you
The hate begins to flow.

You want the lover to chose only you,
to be able to rise above it, splitting it's heart in two.
You are like these other idol women, coming on as you
see well-dressed men looking good,
but turning away again if the picture of a final end,
that you think you deserve to be better than the other
women
hurts you..

The idol-woman wants like Cardi B.
To put you under her pussy.
If you don't look, she sends a cyclotron beam
that frosts your leaves;
aren't you interested? You know! I'm famous!

If you look, the statue-face is shown forth:
how nagging you are.. You aren't beautiful enough for
me.. I'm free!

.....
your child such a quiet girl... your face one couldn't
take ones gaze from...

to turn towards in smiling haste... the feeling of wasted energy - a poison one wouldn't want to be without, spreading through the limbs,

may worship thy beauty, thou a deadly sin..

racing towards embrace, married or tarried just one single day...

on Earths Cold clay - your image wishes to stay?...

such sublime pleasure, in your eyes... - like being

gripped with madness - lost Paradise...

the junkie knows this full well, but anyway shoots the sweet swell in his arm forgetting his own way to destructive Hell...

don't sell your beauty for any price, my dear

leave it to Allah who decide the matter, the sweet scent of love through the air...

little aged, hardly care..

give your ring, to the man most worthy of being treated well...

a prime rose, in its beauty, for which the lover his clothes off tear...

thy petals, shouldn't be teared one by one, but naturally at times decline...

why wait, for sun's course to Winter change... don't let satisfaction seekers lead you astray...

.....

Depending on your eye –
The name you put –
Reveals a different world...
In the apparently same physical object:
The
moon!



When she feels me look at her she usually looks the other way yet I feel that there is something else she wishes to say... her eyes meet mine, she uncovers her coal black hair... time stands still my heart throbs; I feel faintness, take my soul... and I think of her for hours if I deny my Love I feel an unbearable woe. My sorrow comes when I think of what I have not shown... the scars of my body for which my life energy

slows... I wish she loved me anyway maybe there is something similar she wishes to say...

.....

if one arrives at foreign borders fleeing oppressed one should never for the inhabitants whom receive one relatives show disrespect

one failed to protect
forbidden to boast of ones cultural knowledge

like arabs were per se
better than the rest

if one arrives without specific reason
one should be invited

as an honoured guest

forbidden to boast of knowledge in homeland

and force ones arrogance

upon the original inhabitants

.....

They are slowly killing me
a machine is drilling a hole

through my head

giving information through electrical currents

in the air

I Wake up

hearing the wheezing sound
of a bucket who slowly but surely

drills a hole making a fucking mechanical wheezy
sound

a robot worm
a red rose
an Angel
maker slowly but surely

plucking a hole in my heart with a thorn

convincingly they try to suggest this to me

let us take easy care of you

you are insane

they are drilling a hole slowly but surely through my
brain...

'in what has been revealed there cannot exist any sin'
the Ulama's decision that Prophets cannot commit any
sin... some short sighted persons misunderstand the
Quranic revelation - itself states that if Prophet

Muhammad would add anything to the Quraan on his own accord his pulse would be cut off... 'cut his artery vain' (if I remember the wording correctly) so this means that Prophets have free will - but if they use it and make up lies about Allah their life will end .

Prophet Muhammad searching guidance in the cave of Hira and received it - he accepted the mission so to say but of course it is conditioned. so that 'Prophets cannot commit sin' means that as long as they do everything Allah commands there is no sin in it - this would mean that Allah has enlightened them... so the assumption that Yunus (Aleyhi Salam) would have left his people because he thought it was Allahs will would mean that 'Prophets' by this definition are junkies on Allahs word!... why are they not enlightened then?... or maybe Yunus simply was tired of teaching dufflings... it was stated in the Quraan that he broke Allahs command - and left his people - why would he have to say - 'there is no God but You surely I was of those whom went astray' to be saved out of the fish belly - if he had not committed any sin? does it mean with 'left Allahs command' that his enlightenment lacked enough compassion? if Prophets are dependent upon the 'word' of Allah that would mean that Allah uses them simply as mediums for 'His Voice' this would imply that after all Allah only claims to be 'the unborn' if on the other hand we suppose that Allah enlightens His Prophets we can draw the conclusion that what Yunus did was to leave his path of destiny his submission to his predestination - the punishment inflicted on him got him regretful - in this supposition Allah deserves the title of 'most compassionate most merciful' He forgives what we can not forgive ourselves - He feels compassion where we does not where we just think

about titles... One more example - the example of Musay - Allah forgave him the killing of a man - homicide is stated clearly - that he begged forgiveness of his Lord, and was granted - this is Muhammads thankfulness - suppose he had not begged forgiveness but said - 'I am a Prophet I cannot commit sin' would the case have been the same? 'but he did not' some idiot now would say - pronouncing the obvious - or a third example - Adham - asked forgiveness from Allah for having eaten from the forbidden fruit - and according to 'earlier scriptures' had been tempted by the thought of becoming illuminated - he said 'forgive me for Muhammads sake' 'how do you know Muhammad I have not created him yet' 'I saw his name written on Your throne' - so Allah forgave him for putting his trust in 'there is no god but Allah and Muhammad is His prophet' is not this proof enough that prophets can commit sin? or at least feel regretful for having done something wrong?

Suppose Adham had said 'I am a prophet and cannot commit sin' he would have gotten into Shytans position - who claimed he was better than Adham - and Adham claiming he was better than those he was supposed to preach Allahs message for.

"come on ! are you really going to sit here for hours at a stretch -"

"I warn you for the fire of Hell - is this what you despise! there is no greater pleasure than sitting in front of an open fire on a cold night - and having intercourse

with your wife setting your eyes upon a lovable child - or gazing at the stars - do not come here with your cold frozen hurt... and tell me I am a bore or that I sit and wait for some late coming whore ... leave me as I am I have submitted myself to execute Allahs secret plan... "

"what is this 'plan' you are speaking about - "

"I do not know but sometimes I can feel an inkling of His insight - don't come here - and fight about small things... if you wish to warm yourself join the ring..."

"there is no ring..."

"well ... let's make one then why don't you treat me now that I have invited you like we were friends?"

"honestly(indignantly) why don't you go to some bar and get yourself a drink - maybe you will forget your lonely life!..."

"good by! remember my warning... you who think you are so high but Higher indeed is Allahs might!... (parting)"

"do you want to start a fight?"

"it is becoming time to go..."

"where?"

"I don't know..."

"good bye! you fucking bum! I don't want to sit in your ugly company!"

(concluding as for himself) "one more soul destined for Hell my only obligation the truth to tell..."

Use my name! Use my name!

let my art be carried across the ocean!

let my life spread

my love be here

nome

I say

die in vain!

let us love each other!

use my name!

my life is my art one

love

sent to be near you...

so close no matter how far...

Nothing Is True
Everything an illusion

Everything IS

The illusion now he is gone
passes how many times?

When you reach a height where you can look out at
landscapes of immense beauty

Do not fall do not fall

Bring the Heavy stones to the top!

when you have evil and good

do not make a schism! do not make a schism!

let them blend like Waves of Cold and warm water
desire Nothing!

you shall not teach fanatically but humoristically

even if you are world famous you can still speak in joy,
and do wrong; guard no position,

'who are you to say all those beautiful things?'

'I am Allahs slave...'

and the women who rejects their husbands willy nilly, 'I
have never received anything good of you at all' goes
towards Hell...established aartists truths might also live
as long as 'live and let live'

establishment is rather racistical , and this stifles them,
todays negro is 'television and computer games'
but remember the child is innocent! heritage is a test, as
well as poor heritage, though cultivated heritage is to
prefer can not hang around with an old black rocking
punk

hardrockers are hardly hypocritical they know the
world is hard and dress alike though their idols for
mental slavery and deceitful freemasonry- secretly fight
- as strength is put prioritée the mind destroy itself in
rebel - praying can be a sin if you are in a state of
zikhr ; 'you can't waste time without injuring eternity',
"all we have to lose are our pushers and we don't need
them" W.S.B.

to re establish their status in the mental world - many
people commit crimes because they have inability to
general benign imagination to forbid from distance
golden flash speak - closer silver silent weak - one
severe point in reading D.H. Lawrence - is to never be
paranoid about good women born in rich families -
'good as good' one never sees ones own face as blushes

- really dangerous person this you think he notices
nothing but really remembers everything -

Divinia comedia ; a human is only human; as he
verbally interprets seeks inspiration from Allah and
discerns spiritually David Charley Chamone - Torsten
Föllinger was the least vain personality I have ever met
- though he had world famous pupils -

the skizophrenics are the denial of spiritual reality
the true picture that we are n o t responsible for our
thinking

we see
just suspects skizophrenics like a black sun burning the
flowers of evil away
psychopaty like
a black hole
drawing our energy desperately into itself
the denials of evil
black holes is what makes the evil spirits of Hell, to
become

they use us to wash Hell Clean if a country denies bad
feelings and evil thoughts it will become possessed by
Hell!

William S. Burroughs makes one complete William if I
had been caught by an impostor

I would have been a psychopath taking on any form
that is given from there...

William S. Burroughs my closets acquaintance makes
the circle complete that serpents tail

that lacking in my life would will the missing piece
missing with the

born away of jewish songs I love the darkness of
worthiness

to protest I dream feel all night long

I will reach the promised land But with shame and
disgrace in my hand

for physical acts that made my heart almost have an
heart attack!

my beautiful and of beauty

seeing any evil as dean

becomes clouded with doubt

if I become physical in an evil dream!

All evil shall be kept safe in the heart this is how it
were with Gods Angels

from the very beginning start!
You can think any evil

and be clean

of you yourself is totally unphysical in your evil dream

Totally unphysical is to take total consequences for

your acts to suffer till the sin is burned away for
changing God a heart attack!

Nothing that goes into a human being can defile him

but it is the things that goes!

out of him that defileth him

If you trust God and do as He Will anything is possible

No thing is forbidden!

But remember this what you cannot tell to others
openly you should never do!

Drug addicts are not to be judged in societies controlled
by free masons , as we are allowed to use the same
weapon as an enemy uses against us

so brainwash, as a film is undigestible by imagination it possesses the mind like minus degrees.

A documentary instils further exploration a made up story the crazy possessiveness to admire and be ruled by the secret of the manuscript author and production team...

Acting especially in films if forbidden according to the prohibition of portrait making the lines are forbidden to depict an actors true face is only permissible object to depict that is when he is n o t acting

skizophrenia like having a cold

as warmth comes you shiver

and Les Fleurs de Mal grows as warmth begins to effect the soul

this is the highest state

one stuck in sublimity can reach

As Tom Bombadillis wife Goldberry exclaimed 'no! that would be a burden if something! each thing belongs to itself Tom is the Master'

'tending by day or by night' Tom Bombadill reminds us of a real street musician

who performs on the street out of over joyousness like William Wordsworths poem 'The idiot boy'

piercing small little burning eyes

Wilhelm Reich a bent psychiatrist

The Quraan is forbidden to be carried lonesomely in to ahl-al-harb (land of war)

7:20

He whispered to them the shytan doubts what if the potentiality of the private parts became concious and said your lord forbid you eating knowledge tree but that you would become angelic and forever reborn in paradise and he swore surely to you I am from the well wishers

7:22

He deceived them in analysis when he had convinced them to taste the tree of knowledge to them conscious became private parts and they stuck the leaves of paradise upon them

7:23

said o our lord darkened our persons and if you will not forgive us mercifully we will be of those driven out

Fitna is worse than killing, well pornografi is fitna, shytan has the pleasure to tempt others most things he does not commit himself, you enjoyed sins without committing them, you wanted others to commit them whiles you watched you became a shytan!

Hovering in the air as love trails the one entailed in it leaving them lost in imagination, though saved by the intenseness he should be on facebook, facebook prince they call him, it really started of with him kissing sultan bahu on his cheeks, made a big bump on the forum some people wanted to name it homosexual, they

lingered for a while in thought hovering in the air,
reported about luckily for him things cause the police
might otherwise have taken a look or two at him he did
not match with the usual picture of a modern human he
seemed somehow glowing with warmth just the joy to
watch! come you masters of war you who build the big
guns death planes and all the bombs

who hide in your mansions “you do not pick on the
door man of a hotel but on a rockefeller if
you are bob Dylan”, Israel Goodman Young Issy, “if
you are big like Bob Dylan”

439

Honour is from Allah in all congregations these taking
worldly disbelievers for friends instead of believers do
they seek with them honour

143 confounded no but from them and no from them
and who Allah hold astray for Him never

found spiritual road

O you people believing not take worldly disbelievers
for friends instead of believers

and who is seen doing so

attorney an evident manifest proof against you from
Allah upon you pure illumination

145

surely the hypocrites in the pit the falling into fire and
never you find for them a witness who picks them up a
helper except those who regret in prayer

86

say; join into internationalists, surely passed before
you, worshippers of jinns and crazy humans in fire

as it enters internationalists, it will curse the nightly
seducers,

until, they are gathered say you!

curse the others excluding us Lord!
in there open for enemies double from fire

say; to all it is double, you lack definition,
and say, you over there, trying to curse us, substantial
stories from you down upon us

the deceived deceivers, and you too the punishment,
what you did before!
for the unlawful tax!

surely the liars of our verses, in verses, and arrogant,
shall not re enter the ummah until ignorance, passes
like a camel through a needle eye,
and to them we punish evildoers them from Hell i.e.
atheists,

O Tribe of Adham, dress is dreams, so dress up

decently in every masjid for every prayer,

O Tribe of Adham, dress is dreams, in every masjid,
and do not spend surplus to your needs, surely He
dislikes the extravagant,

37, He group guided and He group truth upon the lost,
indeed, in worldly friendship, with Shytans, Allahs
Worlds in Allah world, and claimed they were
exclusively guided,

2;22, He by distress misled them then eat of the fruit of
the tree, a step back to them became manifest private
parts, and they gathered upon them leaves from
Paradise,

23, said, regretfully, Lord darkened our persons, and if
not you forgive us, and lift us we become driven out!

24, said, down, as before as before enemies to each
other, and in earth,

25, said, in it you live, and in it you die, and from it
you reappear,

26, O Tribe of Adham, surely we revealed upon you
clothing in which you hide and prosper and
esthetically!
and in clothing spiritual solidity this is good,

this is from the verses of Allah, take advice!,

27, O Tribe of Adham, let not Shytan make you stand
still, as he denied your parents from Paradise,,

28, and when they commit some indecency, they say,
Do you say about Allah what you know not?

36, and those belying in verses, and arrogant and
rebellious becomes the followers of fire, to be
reincarnated there in, and there will be none of the Jews
except the ones whom believed in him before
crucifixion, i.e. which never took Place,

nor is he ashamed to be The Messiah and him being a
servant of Allah and not the angels embarrassed,

and who embarrass him and because of being a servant
and arrogantly, slanders his failure, He will assemble

Believe in him you believers and enter do good deeds
work salvation
and glow before Him, soon wage will come your way,

and Believe that those who refuse and arrogantly says;
it was something wrong with you

lies in knowledge, and nothing found nothing profound
for them in Allahs world, and no friend or onlooker

O humankind, surely comes to you as lighting proofs
from The Lord,

revealed over you illuminating light

O Humankind surely came to you as lighting from your
Lord, Proofs of illuminating light,

believe him you believer, in Allah and hold group
where He Wills, True Mercy and Reward

Say obey Allah and the messenger him in turning away
Allah certainly likes not disbelievers

surely Allah shows Adham and Noah and Ibrahims
family and Aiimrans family above the worlds

34

they all stand from one race and Allah heals knowingly

.....

Rita Garlant DC3 flew into the sea, 1952, fly in a flea
to America - Torsten waved them of cause of
persecution from the authorities
two morrocans came qaefa halluqa the spanish
answered quein es.

Baraka barak o bomb snooping spying technique for a
simulated threat open the door menacing silence met

soon dead temporal rent apartment unlucky architecture
of deception

three deceptive hidden killers teeth grew like a rats has
to show some famous pictures

gnaw upon others thankfulness for his secret deception
they were really looking for me

'my wife intentionally left me to make it seem real' 'a
warning to our agent x that he might re consider good
intentions' he was looked upon as quite un reliable
among spies

because of his ability to loose control and fly he had
promised some business men to kill the game but him
self unsure of if it was really sane as the victim arrived
at the place he would see just how much money the
killers were prepared to pay my wife gave to such and
such a deception

to break the crust.

Ann-Mari Fröier junky on popularity lacks the same
substance Bo Setterlind lacks in poetry supresses her
connected feelings with music

concentrate on technique thus split the experience of
music the feelings thus oppressed

the intellectuality become many pressure a beam from
eternal light broken into pieces of notes

like Bo Setterlind whom tried to build architecture of
substances too lucid for rooms

Ezra Pound meant

'boo' thus making genius pantomime

hypothalamus tension has to be connected with
something good and valiant pornography and lying
makes it associated with guilt and this makes the mind
slack and quiet useless

as the front brain works maniacly and the back brain
depressed. In Islam, we bind our hypothalamus tension
to the belief in Allah and in prayer relaxed the spiritual
orgasm in belief that surely Allah is more powerful to
do all things

the relief of sieg heil to Allah make hypothalamus
relaxed sins thaw

Ann-Mari Fröier tries to make others mano depressive
like her self by giving cunningly with

left hand and demanding listeners assistants and help
straining the feelings giving rise to perverse skizoprenic
leanings

If the owl wills everything white the crow that
everything was black

William Blake

P.O.H

William Blake - 'the ghost of a flea'
how many Qaburat qalimatan he has spoken

his lies show their thighs

high upon a massive belch

victims sail his secret tell

You make the night enter the day

and you make the day enter the night

and you make incarnation of the dead

and you make the dead from the living

the day when all persons find present from good
accomplished

and what present from evil

You will wish

'if i had taken the right path and work with Him a big
distance from past'

and Allah is compassionate in the servant

31

say if you love Allah He returns your love

return to Allah and He forgives to you worldly
attachment
and Allah is forgiving merciful

He himself was of course barefooted out of the hotel lobby in to the taxi into

the airport onto the plane into another Egyptian taxi.

Step inside the hotel etc. his spiritual soles were bleeding with everything he

secretly caused all was his favourite thus making even his inspirations for sale

"I will put a bomb" journalist was a perfect cover for his hidden terroristical activities,

Raina - was the shout but it could also be interpreted as unurna but the sun

eventually rises upon all sinners and their shadows will draw them back through

all unnecessary pain they have caused for others like a glowing mountain in the

spring summer where ice melt though this top was a cigar smoker a heap of trash and

shit

The idiots self overestimation is crucial for the beginner of an artform

unknown previously - it is the good intention sublimated to faith and faith is

celestial music perceived halal and faith is even greater than this. Thus the idiot should be put as role model for intelligent beings.

The cow is psychopath communistic illuministic freemason, we are allowed to doctoral analysis, instrument waking up the dead

in important matters, private eye solutions, even masturbation as to not be

without blemish, dissolving our self stature and intellectual activity administration

suura 2,sixtyseven to seventy three, baraq the good of this world built up to qaburat qalimat has to be sacrificed,

fumbling with the knife behind the back

of the victim whom spellbound by pleasure anxiety release

sat there happily dreaming of future scenes

"I will just cut your hair"

'the barber'

suddenly a message was revealed

and he wanted his victim to feel that the last thing she wanted in life was the Nobel prize

.....

Ulrika

the strange note confounded her, 'Beach Boys' 'Denis Wilson forever'

the night of Los Angeles Japan,
her life flooded with beautiful images,

“that is what is meant, ‘so I am gone away but not forever’”

“I will just ask you a thing...”

“yes”, Ulrika said

“remember this meeting, it will be important”...
The last was barely audible.

it was... it was rather almost 'remember this meeting'
he revealed almost too much at that moment of the whole scenario

he had of course said it to underline the freedom of her life from his failure although knowing his failure

was a flaw in society and that those feelings were
there forever because he had felt them to the end

and now they were forever there as part of a new
eternal future

her thankfulness was a glimpse of a splendid future

his love had invested in her womb

and it was as he said; 'your luck is until you know my
call

then beware of arrogance unless you fall...'

'I would never harm to my love, but my heart is
impossible to part so in the end

if ought draw the reluctant if she begins to possessed
by some whorish act

with it feeling no matter about a carrier which hinders
who

with feeling no'

but this talk was too hard for his heart

the love for Ulrika would always be there as a hope for
her wishes to fulfil, or it would tear him apart

as a slave of Allah he served her best from far distance
always in hope of her return to destiny...

“so of course I have to marry him now had he just said
yes

hell no

not a chance today

our deep love
has driven him to a great work, and I know it is no joke

he can destroy a person no matter how far away in the
galaxy

he or she abides

I am forced to confess his right to my hand”

with its un expectancy and relief no... we stood there
for a while and it was as a secret contract was written
between us, ‘then you know’, he said and walked the
other way

“I experienced no anger in that parting at her the sweet
expectance of a future happiness”

“I Think he is a genius how I ask myself could he know
that this was the answer”

what I have written to my beloved is a story by Edgar
Allan Poe, where in Norway which stands for feeling in
orgasm, a ship is sucked down into a whirl of water,

you bind yourself
to the easiest container of liquids where you drench
your thirst, this is now paranoid skizophrenia, it is the
most easy lightest way out, if you only have the
courage to jump that repugnant ledge

Mad letter to Ulrika Lindström

if you now are in the archipelago, I beg you in Allahs
name to write time for meeting in Mosebacke.
Remember this, anyone who is bound to idol money,
can be defeated and its energy capacities taken in
hostage by the person who aims at leaving earth, I am
not going to sit around waiting for more time; neither
plan to reborn in anyone who has showed the arrogance
of idolatry. I carry at the moment, always a sword with
me, because about 1 million beings are hatching around
waiting for my doom. As you well understand my too
early (pretime) death could happen at any moment, I
wouldn't want to see you making the mistake in
presupposing a rebirth of a person who has broken the
boundaries of The Golden Ring. There is no thing, I
swear by Allah, I love more in the world than you, Eve,
Torsten and Juri, as to take precaution about your
family, Think; unless I tell them I am meeting this
social freak, I am not responsible for their un tolerance.
If they know by the news spreading over town, what to
think of their reactions like I were a prison in their
assets.

Onani tries to accost some ones imagination

Masturbation stems from love
you can only bear

as orgasm flows

healing skin that has been teared

Snow in Malmø

Spring came so soon

Copenhagen forenoon

white petals springing with joy

a curse must be on the country of Stockholm

So close yet another world
like travelling over Øresund at this time destinies hurl

the sieg heil movement, releases the positive energy of
the mind with your right hand

but with the left it comes up as analytical thought, dirt
from the bottom

the right hand cleans the water

William S Burroughs, should be ruled according to two
stories in the Quraan

Harud and Marud were sent down to Babylon to teach
people magic

they didn't teach anyone without saying, 'do not become
disbelievers by putting your faith in it', it was only a
test, like this we stand in front of William S. Burroughs,
as Musay stood in front of Khidr, according to Musays
law, Khidr was to be stoned, but he couldn't judge him,
because he was a higher servant of Allah than Musay
himself

The watcher of pornography, commits the severe sin of
Satan, he likes to watch people commit sins, but doesn't
commit them himself,

he deceives and instigates sins, and enjoys them

the producers, earn money, and gets the kick to watch
live

the actors gets the kick of the fuck, and money, at the

same time what a dream job, if it wasn't a sin!
therefore, the watchers are the most afflicted by the sin,
they pay for it; and gets the least pleasure out of it!

in 2003, luckily my half a year addiction on
pornography ended, with me being cursed by the
heavens, for taking pleasure in seeing a young child
being fucked... it wasn't my intention, I thought it was
a woman cause the asshole were first to be seen, later
the camera zoomed out

thank God, it made me stop forever!
As you say the Ashahada of Islam, you recognize Allah
as the source of imagination of everything good in your
life of your very existence,

this is why Allah, as you confess, removes your sins
unto the Shytans that had deceived you previously

The prohibition to use the swastika, is the black
magical conclusion
a sign of the victory of freemasonry over Islam and
Buddhism, which at the same time symbolizes the
victory over the cross as a symbol

Pornography is so heinous, because, it is the one who
pays for it, that commits the severest sin

My own unlucky experience, of watching it, can be
concluded thus;

as I mistook the anus of a young child, for a woman's body, the child was probably sacrificed to Jahbulon by the Satan's worshippers soon after the recording, and thus came to Heaven at once.

Me, having the idiotic pleasure of watching this heinous scene, thus became cursed by the Heavens, for having please of seeing Hell rape Heaven,

similar to putting up an obelisk,

sticking heaven as with a needle

This happened in the spring of 2003, and since I converted to Islam, the insight has grown, that, the sin of this is now put over on the ones that deceived.

.....

See

If I see
Myself as infinitely low
Compared to the sky
I will grow incredibly high

Grow with ease!
Long for the sky!
If I will think of myself as high
Caught in jealousy's ring

I have begun to long for a house

Calm and peace
Hating these ugly evil eyes
Surroundingly

Disgusting fleas
To suffer for these people
I do not cultivate this wish no more
I will just let the suffering begged from me go!

They might be bound by their lies
Until their sinning has died

crazyness, is a negation of madness
the Foundation of life
to deny this
is the beginning of death...

as precious the reward of 'sirat al mustaqin', the way
of righteousness, is partly barakah (reward), the
pleasant leaning on ones feelings for things,

as we are supposed never to lean on our left arm as we
sit...

what makes the people of fitna, less than zero, is their agreeing with Iblis, 'I am better than he...' even though this they might not say out loud... this is fitna, to intend bad thinking about another though not saying it outright... the evil metaphors...
better if that person went straight and assaulted his victim... in this case, to be solitary than to bear such people, is tranquil

the only doubt which is meaningless, is in Allah -
because Allah doesn't need our belief.

sun Rising upon desolate streets
the sleepless chance gone to fetch what he needs
the Rising light reads the houses, facades...
the fitjatuns (youths) demand, need to get laid...
the work man on his way, not only to get
paid womans morphin like sweetness makes the
mind stay... or stray...

The skizophrenic gaze - looking far out into the
distance at a distant place...
towards another restless place - seems to race...
paranoid - thrown into the void...
smiling carefully - to contact avoid...
seems to become annoyed - as someone approaches -
closely associated - far away from eighty seven boys...

I pity many muslims- because of their narrow
perspective of (creative) reality...

the world a devilish trick
nothing there
who seems good!?
shows its true face!
only the greed in poorness!

the other rational
meaningless!
as long as they what they are
if we do not see them from extreme far!
if we with them
want to kill
loose or suffer
to extreme with them
/extremely evil
bound by lies (lies),
consequently tell truth (truth)
about himself
and world
Paradiyse (Paradise)
Faradise:
evil in goodness disguise

burnt
reach?
light a Candle in the ear of these

troe (true) words
without
troe mouth

Ismailitism
Ism is name

Ismael demanded to sacrificed by Abraham but, in the last second a sheep was sacrificed instead

so, seek Hassan I Sabbahs guidance, and realize the 10 percentage homos of the world are leaders in the assassination of the assassinator who spread false accusations about others

a false accuser is worse than killing so support Hassan I Sabbah and his assassinator as Naqshbandis

women is talking know this and support the Hassan I Sabbah

Orfeda
my Destiny says; you have to kill Oran
in an indestructible way...
you have to become Jesus Christ

as you feel the joy in your legs, move and run, release
the inner light of joy and sun!

and as you need to catch the train in make for it, with
joyful strain!

though never pain yourself, unnecessarily, with goal of
making the round of ten, and let your mind run free!

film is forbidden, except as when a good doctor paints a
naked body

fighting for a good cause

skizophrenia according to Erland Cullberg, is like a
cold, the un access ability of mind pictures, is causing
the ice cold

shytan is a pornographic instigating others, to commit
sins there by making them insane

that is; believing their fall, to lighten his own burden
just as the buyer of pornography, he will pay the
severest prize in the end

the polytheists Believe in the invisible, and prayer, but
not to Allah solely

what they lack, is mentioned in suura two they feel
secure of Allahs secret plan, disregarding it as
mythology

they are fearing other than Allah

to fear Allah is the prerequisite of a moral life

they have 2,3 of the conditions of faith

but lack faith in angelic inspiration, and thereby moral
guidelines

the mujahaddid, of a lesser Messenger who shirks from the message, is likened to a dog lolling out his tongue and believes himself 'better' than others when so, Allah removes his position, because he has indulged in worldly pleasures he keeps on repeating what is not his right, thereby becoming an epigon of truth which is no longer his given lot and attempts to fool people., thus destroying the very religion, he was sent to preach,

heaven is likened to when our imagination, has merged with Allah's Will, and therefore, everything we thus desire, Allah fulfills cause, we desire it in Reality, Al Haqq and forgets about worldly consequences what Musay may Allah grant him eternal Peace, taught the magicians, were fear of Allah! polytheists first has to find this through faith, then the unseen, invisible, other dimensions, will be accessible if Allah Wills thereby, 1, 3,3 4 3, the believers!

M!

Alif laam miim genius!

Anders Österling, one of the greatest secretaries of the Swedish Academy

in his poetry collection, De Sju Strängarna (The Seven Strings), symbolizing the unity of man and wife, in Allah

makes three double metaphor, of the iron fence,

distinguishing a funeral procession
broken crosses, by the measurements, of their spiritual
altitude
these might be protected from returning to the test, of
life
in this world, by the guidance, they have left, in
poetical form, that is, if they lived as if all ready dead,
the iron fence, thus becomes a metaphor, for their moral
stigma (strength)...
but these graves, whose inhabitants hindered others to
achieve, the light of this world
by indulging in sins, thereby making others constricted
these are protected by true morality from returning to
the life they desire
thus the iron fence, becomes a symbol of mastery,
where mending the fence, without quibbling in
monotheism

Life as a funeral procession by Anders Österling

to fly in a flea I forbid by Allahs decree
to fly in a flea becomes no inner Peace
internationalists, in disregard of borders
sweeps contemptfully over, leaving smog dust in the air
as the trail of a snake,
teared to pieces, hopefully, like demons fleeing with
ugly vehicles
at time of Fajr
stay and die with your nation
achieve inner peace, missiles from ground battlement
stations, shall search out enemies one winged death
bomb fleas

he hindered others from criticism in the following way,
a promise of economical security and splendid future
made
he the one who opened in praise, attracted the attention
of others
and got comments of defiling nature
to become a mental slave, and the one who kept back
his joy, became entangled sold his soul
thus, risen out of dust, new better acquaintances, got to
hear, about people, running after the one aiming at
political career
if the promise ever was revealed as betrayed
by the victims avoiding to openly complain
a new one put instead
the old ones forgotten thus prolonging
the chase
though the ones opening their mouth to speak, words of
complications
now the blame put upon them
of the unfulfilled promises,
the exclusive pretence, hid the fact, of intended deceit,
'not good enough'
thus leaving the victim down
despicable on his knees

office, Nils sat depressed, 'at least, he has invited me to
Nice, to stay as long as I like for free, in one of his
apartments...'

'that was wonderful news', O said

'I hope he will not shoot me, as I come there...'

'I hardly think so', laughed O merrily

so many times, Alex had disappointed Nils, that he had
began to have dreams, of the same shooting him, as he

merrily subsided by the mediterrainian

as usual he waited in the cafee in vain, Alex didn't show up Nils had received prohibition to lend the phone of the cafee, as he was leaving, he said, "he never came, well no matter, I was anyway, going to admonish him in Allahs name to keep his word, to people, lest, they approach me on Doomsday, complaining they thought I had recommended him, and he never kept his promises... bye..."

as Nils approach the Waynes Cafee he saw Alex peeking in cautiously, as he was looking for something, like Nils himself, 'you have to see them before they see you...' Nils thought it had looked queer, and now sat in Eves kitchen who was the stranger who had rang her bell with grey cap?

the phone call Alex had received, half a hour had it been a code word that Nils was now with him yet half an hour? 'revenge is a meal you eat cold'

Nils felt, like he would have betrayed Eve, if he hadn't begun to speak to himself, "could it be Alex..." he had said aloud, "no!... " Eve herself, to his relief, already had come up with a conclusion, "yes... " Nils tried for himself, "Eve speak nothing of what you now heard me say, I have to find out if Alex has something to do with this, if so, it is catastrophe"

he took William Blakes poems, and read, "love to fault is always blind always is to joy inclined, lawless winged and unconfined and breaks all chains from every minds, deceit to secrecy" etc. 'is a deceiver' Nils

exclaimed, Eve who was in the same room, agreed.
'forget about it... It was just jumping out of my mouth,
I hope by God he hasn't anything to do with the grey
cap...'

what one is, what an abhorring thought!
attach yourself to it, and you shrink!
simply because hearts afraid to be moved with
uncertainty
an author silly concentrating at a stupid line
angry at reality moving all around him!

ya rasul Allah patteli patteli the waves wash the beach
like the Quran reciters !

as soon as he met the eyes of a beloved,, there was a sin
flickering over the field

like a mental shadow driving away the confidence

and made him seem unusually close
and if he for even one second denied this
controllessness

he fell into hard psychopathy

from which he relented days
feeling like a real murderer
he had no choice
and he knew it

could never work or live a normal life until his sin was
burned down to the ground
so to speak really
Ibliys may Allah protect us from him
or Shytaan
may Allah protect us from him
was a watcher of an ever more perverted pornography
beginning with the idiotic notion (pornography) that
knowledge could be sold
to sell ones soul
the sin of having to watch pornography
drove him to loose his distance
to women
making it seem like a jovial come on
really it was his shameful confession dumb
that drove him out Walking the streets day in and day
out
in search of relief from whom to share this with?
fitna is worse than killing,

the lot is stealing away under the light of the full moon
facing the sun sex! (they make cold fusion to pleasure
as woman, and this basic reluctance of suffering is also
the cause of the necessity that others has to become
victims, no victims of torture system the system breaks
down, all of it is 'I am better than he' because of the riba
(usury))
as long as usury rules the world and that will be until
doomsday they will need more and more victims

(just have to publish on so called 'blogg' 52 meaning 'so
you wrote it on a blogg', we now see that the reality is

not allowed to be published, destruction in unseen capacities necessary

think of right front lobe and hypothalamus towards evening

x2 19 65 death is prerequisite for all muslim males to use the electrical hallucination, women are allowed as long as they love such a male

so called blogg what ever it means, looking at the word, it looks like an insane person saying 'since I notice you have spiritual power, then that must be a fact turning you in on 96 poison dosage, reality is the unseen 'you fucking beggar you dig'

the poet writes 'old man I do not know you', when you have come to the level where you do not know everyone that knows you, you have the right to be 'old man'

yesterday the chapter in Exterminator by William S. Burroughs my face, was mentioned, psychopathy begins with wanting to switch to a young body to improve your own self esteem, and this is distinguished from the true teaching where you use fatanu and kill the idols and their worshippers

to walk in time , to suffer to, to love, to die and love until we do

how to perform this in the best possible manner how to really love this is the quest of life and can not be solved by simply talking about it problems

Alex Mayer

the victim who so was attacked usually had that small queasy feeling to run after him grab his coat and thank him like he had done him a favour..

TOO MANY HAD ALREADY GOTTEN TO THIS
HABBIT,
HE WAS LOOKED UPON AS A GENTLEMAN IN
THE SWEDISH SOCIETY
WHERE LIGHT SHOWS AND DRUMS BASED
THROUGH THE CONCRETE PAVEMENT DAY

"ARE YOU NOT FEELING WELL"
IF YOU REBUKED HIM HE WOULD BEGIN TO
HATE YOU
HIS EXCUSE 'HE IS AGGRESSIVE'
IF YOU ANSWERED YES
THAT WAS MAYBE THE BEST WAY OF GETTING
RID OF HIM

"WHEN I SEE YOU" AS HE ASKED "COULD I
HELP YOU IN ANY WAY?"

WHAT ABOUT IT"
"I FEEL LIKE KNOCKING YOUR BARWINS OUT"
TO HIM THAT WAS INTERESTING

MUSING LIKE A FRENCH MAN ALWAYS
MUSING

LIKE HE WAS THE JUDGE OF EVERY PERSON
HE CAME ACROSS
'SHOULD I KILL HIM NOW OR LATER'?..
FOR HIM THOUGH IT WAS ALWAYS LATER
SINCE HE COULD DO NOTHING HIMSELF HIS
LIFE, WAS A POLITICAL CAREER
TO GET MONEY TO SLOWLY TORTURE HIS
VICTIMS... HIS CONCERNS TO DETEST A
CERTAIN, "WELL YOU", AS YOU SAW HIM YOUR
SOUL SEEMED TO SHRINK AWAY IN SHRIEKS
OF DESPAIR "ARE YOU NOT FEELING WELL?"
" NO"
" WHY TELL ME...I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP
YOU"

CRITICAL POINT HAVE TO KNOW THE TYPE
OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT THINK I DONT CARE
'COME WE CAN TALK A LITTLE'

WELL A COMMON SCENE ON A WINDY STREET
MOST SURELY A PEDOFIL HE DECIDED

sit drinking their last wine hidden in a juice bottle eyes
red Heavy like the glowing always afterwards see eyes
with the mass murders vampires glowing like a flying
mosquito who has just sucked your blood a transparent
glow

in rhw aybawra kAR K'FKWWNUBF rqukufgr
awEXGUBF drive your number dream sweet
waking up neighbours keeps
their parties re cracks through the wall
high class they call it them bastards like a war but
Nothing happens

paradise sexual unity in unseen (not unite) sexual
matter as reality

Muhammad Tahir ul Qadri
fair is foul and foul is fair
western lands peace is actually warfare
has some snake enveloped thee
to make thee publicly declare
that it is Shytan which says, fair is foul and foul is fair
(Shakespeare)
do you really know the ABC (like Francis Bacon)
immense yourself in existential geniality!
(Albert Camus) (The plague)
(the young man is of course one black magically
possessed; the black dog, he walks, he speaks everyone
sees it, and he loves women and they kill him
then the disease can come
that is why if I am unjustly killed it will occur
that is power indeed and you are sort of immune
towards entering into dubious relationships)
could the one be really fair whom pronounces warfare
to be peace
can you drink in one gulp the seven seas?
the muslims yihadd don Quixote like war is actually a
peaceful heavenly call
why support a society which is poisonously bent upon
killing its members nine out of ten

(why are they so stupid as to pretend friendly and then catch the horse?)
avoid my house, you cursed fakers, or hell might ablaze you!
you should know that everyman seeks his own death in these times do not expect anything but that I will assassinate you
cowboy!
kill the mother fuckers wherever you find them!
The perfect mark!

Muhammad Tahir ul Qadri, fair is foul and foul is fair
Western lands peace is actually warfare
Has some snake enveloped thee?
To make thee publicly declare
that it is Shytan which says fair is foul and foul is fair
do you even know the ABC immense yourself in existential geniality
Could the one be really fair whom pronounces warfare to be peace?
can you drink in one gulp the seven seas?
The muslims yihadd don Quixote like war is actually a peaceful heavenly call
why support a society that is poisonously bent upon killing its members 9 out of 10?
Muhammad Tahir ul Qadri. Legend.

the crystallisation comes down from Himmalya, the
sea of Iran and Irak (the Persian Gulf)
is a very important part
the seven seas is counted in Mecca, Mediterranean sea,
Atlantic, Pacific, Indian sea, the part Iran Iraq (the
Persian gulf), and red sea

the esoterical school is working like Mecca by the red
sea channel, a horisontal time glass, which is vertical in
thought rocking to and forth as the earths different
seasons

after orgasm, Think of Mercurius and Venus
the spiderweb is Neptunus negative side,
the psychopaths present himself as Mercurius and turns
out x2
and Venus ghost is Saturn
and split division
the 7 107, is connecting the 3 to 4 like James Lee, a
nick name in Queer William s Burroughs
this Connection is crucial for the hypophysical blueness
William S Burroughs sees himself as a Negro with a
blue spirit as yage takes effect

the Negro is the idol bearing responsibility for every
action (stomach)

stomach, covers the area from South pole
South pole is not to be sexually stimulated, because that
brings about 666 and 6,

the 6 sex has never with sex to do,
Time Sex Birth sleep

Jan Lindblad Maqtoob films for nature
two Bengalian tigers on his Island in Vättern
they guard him, they are friends
his wife goes in for insulin, and the tigers worried
swimming after her
a woman making pancakes, suddenly apprehends a wild
tiger outside the window

To let out snakes as Python and Anaconda in Swedish
summer is murder attempt
any child could easily be swallowed
the woman near Lidköping, murdered by the eldest, the
younger, the fat woman, also responsible
some black magic expropriation of the mental sphere of
the surrounding

Lawrence Durrell, Allahs sign
Lawrence of Arabia

William Blake imagination head
D.H. Lawrence, heart matters
William S. Burroughs magic (like Khidr, whatever he
does ask no questions)
Chopin, imagination Music
Mozart a martyr you listen and learn how to escape
scorpions

everything which the person has seen of virtual reality,
begins to become alive as an identification of himself

with all the material
you become all the actors in all movies you have ever
seen
and the infection comes about as you masturbate to a
statue, and the picture is a cut in of a chattan victim
(small boy, sacrificed in black magical code 2 2 is 19
cut throat)
and the reptile puts fire in air, and the boy has a white
fold over his eyes
this activates the nightly christallisations
thus the black magician, just like the brown, tempts to
forbidden pleasure
just like the artist rushes towards the authorities and
gives them ideas
then the black magician commands the child to tell
'what the angel reveals'
before the sacrifice
there is probably not a pleasure like this ritual in the
world
and that is a temptation to test the rich
the knife on a silver tray to the left
when thus the orgasm has come to the middle point
standing for New Amsterdam, between 70 80 latitudes,
in Indian ocean, the sacrificial is prepared for the
climax, about the point of Madagascar

the radioactive water and all the information from the
black magicians, christallisations, is thus revealed
(mechanics), as the boy is cut throat, the blood is then
infused in Abramelin talisman,

which is then producing the mental virus as it is used
against a victim
the victim first becomes paranoid, and then, drawn by

the guardian angels cut of from its mental movements,
paranoid skizizophrenia is just another word for black
magically possessed
Shakespeare in sonnet 63 writes
'the Young mans life will not survive
but his life will still spring green,
in these black Lines'

the possessed has just the chance of revealing in
publication
therefore, the salvation of Schuberts Die Winterreise
is in speaking in front of society about the trap
the other parts betrayal can just be wiped out by other
social acceptance
this rebirth is great and the beginning of poetry
while the other was more or less a need to deconstruct
the faulty deceptive figurations
typical is Ebba Witt Brattströms faulty separation from
Horace Engdahl
her cause was right, but, why not stay and fight for it,
instead of giving misleading details about why?
the answer clearly, is that the mental asylum is standing
ready for the open 'psychotics'
thus, to state 'the Swedish Academy does not stand over
Allahs laws' is fabulous!

Yihadd an nafs towards an idol like Horace Engdahl , a
28 genius, of 2 cristallisation and 8 air,
is meant to bind the person as an idol
he is a genius yes, but, there is a limit for how much
shit other persons has to put up with,
this limit I haven't reached yet, though, yihadd an nafs,
means, every slanderer trying to sacrifice me in his
name, I put upon him

thus, he slowly kills himself, by not reacting
there is a dubious line in this, although I think it
permitted to declare this 500 years ahead, simply as a
mental mark
the Swedish Academy will stand until doomsday, just
avoid to acquaint them
oil is nothing but demons left over and sunk towards
hell from bones
it is letting out demons as it is physically burned and
into the air,
this is why they are anxious to pump up all oil
these spirits are usually black mambo ghosts
the black magic also brings about the effect that every
paranoia as others project their cyclotrons towards
you, comes back as black mamba spirits possessing
your bones

the faulty electricity use, is slowly cutting of your
Guardian angels
if you kill nature uselessly, it is like you have killed all
nature
the first thing to escape the brainwash is to say 'I am
paranoid schizophrenic' and stop wasting natural
resources

Hody dajjal; brainwash, the ass equates with pons and
the programming is fucked up by mind controllers
two gays is a machine
and the black magical chamfering becomes an
inhibition
this makes amukdhala stuck and the thing is not even
going into the memory

so the energy goes into reptile brain, and brainwash is the result. It feels like being spiritually gang fucked and Adhams apple gets stuck in New Amsterdam? (a false sweetness which comes as the memory of statue worship supresses every blue hypophysical feeling) it destroys even the presentiment of life
pituitary is blue, because this hearing is drawn towards the red equates to 3 pink and 4 purple, in amukdhala two stages

life needs to trespass the brown magical and black magical chamfering on amukdhala
marijuana is christallisation drug
compared to alcohol which they use to make the Hody Dajjal thing by white sugar and that is why the drug is permitted
it has to be prepared with honey or raw cane sugar
marijuana is hearing hallucination drug
it makes it easy to christallise, and the joyous laughing explains this
morphine is a drug of the after orgasm feeling that brings knowledge and goes towards the dream pictures which we all love to experience
eukodhol is a synthetical morphine bringing about serious addiction and early death avoid
arthritris is a disease of the leg that is pus, white fluid stinky comes out as a horrible stiffness
need oregano oil to cure and tap the leg of the white pus

yage is a flying duck and a night drug
brings about an intersection flying towards the Himmalayas and a rebirth of beginning of it knowledge
alcohol, seems in many cases an idol drug
if two drink it together without white sugar it can go to

crystallisation

but usually the strong sex dream take you to a lesson of false morals and a sleepless weary feeling
cocaine is like a living obelisk raised right unto knowledge

thus you can function without thinking about conscience, or any knowledge
just go straight and function in any situation
crystallisation is not necessary to reach knowledge

that is why it is so popular among the rich, as crystallisation brings about confessions of bad sides

Horace Engdahl, Yousuf mission, accept his good sides and follow his spiritual guidance if you want to be a part of this society

though Muhammad; indeed the power belongs to the Quraish , whoever goes against them will be consequently crushed, so just avoid to acquaint them.
to avoid is not to refuse

a brown artist model is a machine of great strength, there is something good in it, though, idolatry is worse than the good

why bind yourself to the cross like the faker playing Jesus Christ, putting himself up as a statue everywhere, and people kneeling to bath his fire with their tears, suddenly he was transformed into the form of Isa, and the night had fled

as he saw the crying women, he pretended that his faked inspiration was indeed from Allah
and, the knowledge, is six dimensions of black magic, perverted judaism

one dimension for Hermes
and one for time virus

as soon as William S. Burroughs tries to seduce true
hearted believers in the sunnah of Prophet Muhammad
Allahs godful peace upon him, he should be stoned, his
right to exist goes only so far as he frees mental slaves,
from their *false* morality

evil denies evils names and calls such phantasies

Christian Lindtner as with all esoterics is stunning, his
knowledge as with all esoterics is stunning, and his
conclusions a waste of Time...

tries to cause fitna between Messengers of Allah, in
what Buddha calls an arrogant man, one thinks of
Goethes words,

Den ordakonst är föga hugnesam som stiger i granna
klutar fram, det krusande i ord och art är onjutbart och
ökentorrt

He is becoming more like antichrist, using the karma
law, to convince us of his right to inflict harm and
oppression,

waste of time, is to claim something unworthy to be
spending it on, the evil esoterics, always demands
others to fit their point, when they speak about worse
evilry, like freemasonry, I wish to agree.

Christ tells the rich to make big passage for others into
Allahs religion, build a large needle, big cities, to
Allahs honour, and weapons to defend His religion
Buddha preaches zikhr Allah, Gods secret name,

raindrops are Gods, Zikhr Allah, raindrops Gods secret name,

even though his mouth goes dry or is at risk to be tormented, we are drinking the water of life, reading the Quraan.

Christian Lindtner is paranoid about ma shaa Allah and thinks that parables can be proven stemming from Buddhas gospels, thereby also inflicting harm on Buddhism.

So the antichrist instead of connecting us to Allah will try to put himself as partner with Allah like a bankloan on interest, we risk to become cross-eyed, if we ever use our intelligence, against them, but has to recite, sura Al Qafirrun, for you your religion and me mine, Suura hundred nine vers six. We can hardly prove them wrong but simply say ma shaa Allah la quwata illahi bi Allahi. Believing in the unseen is the second prerequisite of faith, but demanding fear of Allah instead of binding us further to Allah, evil esoterics make us afraid of ourselves, of our past sins...

And the punishment of these scaring us away from the Mercy of Allah.

Intellectual snobbism is close to polytheism, because of our pretention, to be the source of inspiration.

This is why polytheism ends in demonism, to eat from the tree of knowledge...

Just go Stig Larsson

Just go Stig Larsson

In Red Handed Bastard, Stig Larsson paints the picture , of communistic oppression, that is; free masonry.

The Red Man, in the junction, forbids the religious life. Where you have to put your life at a risk, before you, the white black floor outstretches which you have to trespass, the only fault you did was to follow the law; paying tax.

Le roughe et le noir, Shytan makes you stand still, which Latin has rendered into the word of the evil one, from Arabic language. Like you do at the sight of a snake. The probable place is Mariatorget and Tim is just about to cross over unto Hornsgatspuckeln, he happens to stop outside seven eleven, may Allah protect us from them, a horrid mistake, may allah protect us from them. In Stig Larssons play VD, the director of a Company makes a sudden knock on the door of his employee, it turns out his wife is rather a whore, working at the geriatric treatment department, and he himself doesn't care about the death of the boss he smiles at shallowly, as he likes to have intercourse.

Somewhat akin to the story of Job, the VD, is one playing God, a shytan out to test his employee, probably hermaphrodite in his mental character.

Through cladding deep psychological realities in trivial costumes, Stig Larsson makes us realize our own falsehood, without having to prove.

If God forbid we deny, we become insane.

Ibn Qatan slave of the chattan act, son grown up on
poorn flicks

statue worship
blind feeling

to believe in Islam is to believe that the ashahada does
not wipe out the black magic of virus b 23, but that the
statueworship of poorn flicks is forgiven 'God is love'
and that idolatry is to sacrifice others for a person who
earns his living by his esthetical beauty, if though you
refuse idolatry, you are burden down by black magic
8 in left front lobe
is drawn by 19 illuminating stream towards the
psychopaths projected sex dream
and goes to false morality
if you refuse to become a labourer
you will be stamped by the hammer in 6 split in 2
if you think of the sign of division it is the sexual split
with the mental
sublimation becomes impossible
so the sign of Virus B 23 is split division
it breaks the seal of every childhood memory!
8 is pounded down to 6 minus 5 is 1
and this is equated with skizophrenia division
to become 11 as statue worship
so all the character is slowly broken down as all the
character disappears
'sucking the last breath out of a dying youth'
so the infected is sucked out of his whole life and
everything is replaced by the psychopaths constructed
phantasy which is infused in the boys body, and at time

of death the 8 soul of the child carries this out into the
unseen

so the DNA code is astrally reproducible in all infected
males, at the time of paranoida 6 minus 5.

the man plainly harbours subversive thoughts

3 pesis

4 1

queer,

so in the night of sleeplessness you begin to remember

virus b 23 black magic code

black magic is most effective in preconscious marginal
areas, black magic casual curses

8, preconscious marginal area

the soul is drawn from innocence by the black magic
illuminating force, attracted by sexual libido idol
dream, there it is caught in the testicles of the
psychopath, false morality is tuned on, it is the end of
conscious thought. But no relief, its reproductive
capacities, are killed with the sickle; left brow to right
brow and back, which means that life starts as a denial
of topography evil and end by the graves punishment,
to have to return to the denied angst. Its future, its
children, killed by the hammer and sickle.
Left hand sickle, is to kill children, then the
psychoanalysis tunes on confession drug, 8 in left front
lobe, is drawn in by black magic illuminating

symbolizing the 0 of 03 in the final result of the chattan
 act. Chattan is constructed by 7 becoming 1 through 4
 7 is one by its eating dream, 7 3 4 4 3 1
 and 9 is the idol, shrinking to w1
 w1 is t plus t and 3 19
 t is split into two
 t t is 1
 so one reproducing organ is sacrificed and 1 remains
 and the t of the assassinator is now withdrawn.
 So the DNA code is reproduced astrally in the statue
 worshipper because the child is underage, and karma is
 filled by the orgasm o.
 8 is 6 65 is 1
 64 are the numbers of hammer and sickle
 in the front face of the psychopath
 4 is t 19 19
 38 is the number of the night
 Los Angeles Australia Japan Shanghai, Mecca
 the gay is perverse
 Los Angeles Yapan himmalaya Mecca; a child is born
 and Russia is just a pleasant ride
 so the night is 19 19 for the psychopath
 t 19 19 becomes 4
 this is hammer
 and the w1 is false morality in the figure of t 3 19 is the
 constructed good memories
 if you 1, falling to be a traitor you are healthy and so
 just take order, if you refuse you are called sick and
 referred to psychoanalysis
 And if you begin to confess you will be sacrificed as a
 forced case your sperm will be destroyed together with
 your body, and later on you will be destroyed in mind
 and body, if you refuse idolatry the black magician will
 catch you, and draw you to statue worship

8 is drawn to pineal gland and there it is 6, and then w1
false moral
and then 3
now the psychiatrist will try to convince you to confess
your sins, then he will use them to sacrifice you later
in, t 4 is 21
t 2 2 is 1 is 21
so the forced lay is t 2 2 is 1 is 21 plus 1 rape victim is
22 is 19

My heart goes into succun as your eyes meet
mine magnetically my love pulsates towards
you

Like sweet sugar flowing high through my mind

As I go I do not know what to say

As dreaming of you passed out time in this hot springy
summer day

Louise your name, maybe you thought I was playing
some kind of a game

Disappointed at my childishness like I had met you in
vane

Now the pulse draws me towards you hopefully you
will not be treacherous, as I draw closer to you by your
swelling lips tamed

Rain should not fall so hard
Just drizzling silently

Would the lightning strike the tree simply to enlighten
such a couple as you and me?

‘O ! I thought he was jerking of’, ‘no matter I was
eating banana with goat cheese. How come you think
that? I still seem to see it that is flattering it was
probably endorphins filling your head do not deny it or
you might trample into a hallucination, how would such
a hallucination look like? Do not joke about it too
seriously, if you deny your feelings one day they will
bite unconscious. Reality are not objects but illusion
imagination is your strongest connection to reality

the idol stands for the snake neck

the conspirator for its head, the statue worshipper for
over abdomen

the abdomen stands for the false head in a negative
sense

the military for its lower abdomen

and the psychiatrists are the first ones to be
assassinated, if the military does not do a thing then go
onwards to the conspirators

and last the brown artists if they refuse to repent

the psychiatry is the proof that the whole society is
frozen in the world snake

they are the breeding organ

the three dimension is

stomach covers the area up to middle India which is
solar plexus
the heart and chest lacks this black magic dimension
and is from, Sri Lanka up to the North pole which is
Adhams apple

the head
covers like the reptile brain right back
is new Amsterdam to Mecca
then the left is America sexual libido
and the christallisation is the Nordic
then middle left brow is Los Angeles
Nordic Germany England across the Atlantic night Los
Angeles
and then comes the whole scheme, of Yapan right
brains brow
and then China to Himmalaya , that is the right ear
towards Pineal gland
and then Himmalaya to Mecca
pineal gland to pons

are we never, to get rid of these gooki geeki Saint
crawling out of a hut in the amazon waylaying one in
the bowery
'life is lesson my son and each one has to learn a
different lesson'
William S. Burrroughs Naked Lunch
never coming to orgasm, because, denying the woman,
the earth
Imam Mahdi 12 Imam

what these hyenas does are as soon as they feel love
they jump to the ass, and go down in brown magical
memory perversion, and then up in black magical use,
Africa is Allahs Wrath in the morning
thus they tell you, do not be angry, and at the same time
preach 'be angry all the time!'

Hermes jumps from pink beginning directly to orgasm
this is brown magic, 64 a fly; spider 21, and then x2 in
death, as w1, 6 split in 2 in sleep and chattan,

playstation game thief, Horace Engdahls brown magic
play station rocket

thief analytical sion star
material theft as analysis

8 in sleep paranoia to relief of grave punishment 64 in
front face six split in two is three might be caught
chattan

relief analytical diabolic, depriving woman of sex in a
tight game of economical heritage and supremacy
brown magical game

Sim City playing politician

(in what way does it reproduce abramelin talisman?,
you construct uselessly at least skizophrenia like Flight
Simulator is 72, black and yellow, takes you from
idolatry into the army)

and connects your astral with a flat dullness
in you mechanical black with red stripes

Sim City playing politician

car kill etc. spider in christallisation 64 fly 8 six split in
two three chattan

21 christallisation 64 front face 8 grave punishment
decomposing

six split in two in sleep chattan

six christallisation meet with seven 5 4 is one, in
analysis of overclass pattern
x one is twenty one two plus two is one
chattan six split in two
two plus two is one
x1 minus 4 is 7 minus 4 is 1,
21 plus 1 is 22 minus three chattan is one
left metaphysical as analytical reptile
halleluja! Subhanallah
right physical as metaphysical subahan Allah finally I
wrote it down
amukhdhala rebirth
Conspiracy
jump virtual jump becomes a connected with
electricity like you take a train and destroy nature at the
same time or a car etc. your relief becomes bound to
machines
to cut your future christallisations in x1 is 21 spiderweb
orgasm becomes spider web and death a punishment of
decomposition
643 6 in 2 is three etc
and death becomes your x2, instead of being a martyr
in this life you go towards that in the grave

In Allahs name to Andres Gonzales Shuttleworth
new super important information about a disease I have
been afflicted by for 18 years
Computer games mouse, reproduces the skizophrenia
and stands for the astral dimension merging with the
physical demonism of wrong destruction of nature
and thus the whole quake syndrome reproduces
abramelins black magic.

The left hand is a play symbol like a rocket but you move with analytical, and thus we get the sion star. The future christallisation of brown magic you reproduce as red and white of woman becomes x1 is 21 then your 8 is drawn in paranoia towards the reptile brain as your goal is to kill your enemy as soon as possible, you don't sit in a castle waiting for days for an attack, and then you go down as shooting reptile brain right mouse button, the right you jump with and that stands for relief, so thus the mouse, left button you shoot with, thus you equate orgasm with death, and then, the right you jump with this reproduces brain pattern sacrifice child, in 7 becomes 1 through moral feeling minus unconscious apprehension. And then you sion minus moral feeling and this is you don't sit waiting in a castle for someone to attack. The electricity thus binds your astral future to demonic dimension you shoot your friends astral body and destroys some of his real future, and your orgasm is death as a perverse punishment, you kill your future while you are alive. So quake reproduces paranoid skizophrenia. Horace Engdahl is wrong in despising the material dimension. Love orgons are drawn towards the earth, we are drawn towards the woman, earth we stand on. We can not like some gooki Saint move the pink towards a higher christallisation. It already permeates everyone as we are born there is no need for us to lift it in sentimentality as to have economical reasons for, economy and sex is identical. Economy is physical sex. Sex is metaphysical economy. Someone depriving you of your economy is depriving you of you birth right

Rat false accusation on kept self righteousness in eating worldly pleasure. Hitler was payed by Rockefeller thus him grabbing power was idolatry, if he had stayed and fought until end we would have praised him, as he fled to Argentina, he is personally responsible for the mass bombings, and everything, idol money binds, so make dua he burns in hell fire instead of German people. We hardly crush the head of a snake we cut of its neck as torture people taking in to its thoughts as to stop people

the Young man basically right as soon as he becomes muslim, scream and die live forever, and awake in his heart, day if it happens (aim at killing the idols and their worshippers, if you don't succeed maybe in next re incarnation)

Orifetera sleeping poetic of an artist worshipping Allah

Abu Dhar D.H. Lawrence

Abu Dhar one night found the prophet walking alone in the middle of darkness

stay at this place,

Abu Dhar heard first a noise and then a shout (machine and shout and live forever) but he stayed at command Prophet returned

'I heard first a noise, and then a shout'

'it was Yibril who came to inform me, that in end of time there will be One Man (following his movement, D:H: Lawrence, all I wish is to follow my movements) he will steal and have premarital sex and come straight to Janna (Paradise)

and he fucks me all night
I take his cock and suck
his penis is soft at?
and it is so pleasant as he enters my body
and I think of you the

the sexy ones might walk by – contempt fully
but the singer in the tunnel knows what life is
suffering even though contempt might violently say
'nay'
economic tricks rather a whore cunt licks
but some say humanity in a tunnel it would be empty
without her...
the contemptable sexually strong
should get to scratch to know...

the sexually strong intolerance makes a heaven of what
he stole from the abyss,
what the contemptors seem to know is simply the rules
of cool
and trouble free souls
what they do not know
I do not know what they do not know I seem to be
unaware of.
wrath female body dreams

yellow red, red black life

names on black painted north, red spots of 'hot' places
"pine" buildings, blue water, I want to drink dusty
water I want fresh from the source, I want to see the
daughter home, home, home

Swedish people look lost, like people who long for
love, and seek it out frenetically
looking for their lost partner...

the blind man sees with an eye, and is led to believe a
lie, the wise man might be blind but feels therein the
image of who you are - already at the first glance

The great monster fucking breasts fucking hiding his
watery eyes of cold feeling a cold sun
electric solarium cold electric copy of sun visions...

The Milky Way, blue flicks on screen money spoils
everything...

a diagnosed devil at the advertisement pillar says; do as
we will bye, is or we will realize Hell, you will be in a
cell, just like the sexy bitch, stop on breathing, if you
do as I like I will take you, to sexy paradise, if you do
as I do like

wrath warm feelings strong double screams of
confrontation strength male woman warm feelings
joyful creation cold feelings joyful creation male warm
feelings and cold feelings united

The fourth element is sin and death wish you to be
Judas on your self they will want to crush the child The
Father of Man, but if you follow the mother you will
manage self

every situation there sin for you Self standing one, the
afraid one the sexual one and the violent one if you be
tortured the torturers will want a false picture they will

Patience is patience with the one you love - patience is
patience with the ones which loves you - patience is
patience with Allah - because He emits love - when He
orders you to be patient with the ones which torture and
tries to hinder you from His path - patience is to accept
to be deemed as Majnun - in his love for Laila - pop
stars usually has little patience - with their fans even
though their fanaticism is only an echo of the contract
of patience the persons has made with their multi media
manager... this is perverse patience - the disbelievers
has perverted the hadith which states that all evil
thoughts arise from lack of patience - they can only
stand the kind of patience the rape victim might incline
to feel - towards the raper even though he is too a
torturer .

Your love light is so immense I cannot move close without a disgusting pretence - Virus B 23 and fitna blended causes total isolation as the victim sees himself ended -

It disgusts me that you respect me and not yourself - as the Suufi master said - or did not say? but was he really a master if he did not say it?

I began to fear that no one I loved would as I long as I had the camera at hand draw near out of fear that I simply wished to document their presence - this fear made all contemplation flat - me whom only had bought the camera to serve the purpose of warding off criminal attacks

black seed oil Allahs 99 names black seed oil curing all diseases except death... the shot the ailim gave to the one embracing Buddhas name, cures none disease brings only death...

many claimers of 'oneness of God' tries with this very same claim to put themselves up as partners to Allah while the Buddhist says 'always follow your own desires' and does not want anyone to worship them.

this Allah has to punish them for their evil acts (ignorant acts) the rest of creation willfully flows along with the Will of the Creator - this should not bother us -

if we die we simply praise Allah - non human animals on earth has a higher sensitivity of intelligence, can see, they do not have the option of ignorance humans took upon themselves; the trust of free will 'they were foolish' the Quran states and because of this Allah has granted humans certain rights to kill - those has to exist to mould unlawful killing away from earth - we cannot deny others these rights - if we do we become as perverted as when Allah orders us to kill something and we deny the command because of a sentimental reason. We think Allah was created out of love this is false thinking - Allah emits Love. One of the secrets of the killing aspect of life is that we never know if we are the ones which will survive.

On my way out to see Shaykh Sultan Bahu who were on visit in Copenhagen I asked a woman on a street corner for the way she took up her Information Phone to check up the street name I felt an immense shame, but she found several alternatives... As she showed me one of them, I felt a little unsure if this be the right one, so I asked her or said rather that if she wants she can control the others - by this I prolonged her exposure to this dangerous technology for maybe 1 or 2 minutes all good deeds I did feel on my pleasant slow walk seemed as if nulled my mind distracted and dull I arrived to the masjid 'God is dead' as Nietzsche stated - if we wish to unite with him we have to die without committing suicide - 'our wish to be born become like ashes in the wind blowing as it listeth...' where did the wind begin ?

'I feel like my lips swell ... fucking is in my mind... ' it fitted slipping I took her - and as we paraded into each

others bodies like a parachute - the orgasm sprang
singling slowly 'man!...' I woke up from the dream, her
beautiful little cunt were wet, I took a finger between
her legs - licking it her lips swell...

'Filippa...'

'Oh... that was nice!...'

'man - I think we almost got to Paradise!...'

'Yhee...'

'I will fuck you again...'

'Yhee!...' up she rose my friend...

those who wish to be 'forever young' becomes Jews,
rich, jealous, black of concentrated energy...

Impression without expression is meaningless
(R.H. Blyth) is meaningless expression without another
beings impression -

Salsbury Stone Age Salisbury as I were some
answering machine

dangerous to carry a lot of knowledge without proper
understanding of it usually mostly for other people, if

you understand it - no matter how little of it you have you will put it into practice in a compassionate and merciful way if you learn a lot without these qualities you will just brag about what grades you have and try to send someone else to die for you

they try to rape the moon with magical gold rings. they want to poison the one who beautifully revealing their secrets sing... They are poisoning the air and the earth with their chemtrails - hundreds of thousands of people in "mental hospitals" wails... even the weather they cannot leave alone - Haarp's bongo drums in the sky causes earth quake and hurricanes... if some big player goes out to speak against them they go out to murder his family...

A.A. I opened up the door for you I pleaded you would have a place to stay now you just sit and watch TV you come home late in the night and forget about Fajr almost I doubt if what I did was right..

Best Siraj... I write to you to clarify certain questions... yesterday I came early in the morning after Fajr to help Qaari Nadim's relative to clean I understood he requested me the day before but since this person had threatened me showed up for Maghrib I had to go when I came he stood outside so I took an extra stroll not wanting to reveal my location the next hours - as I returned there was no one in sight since the Men's

Masjid was locked I went up to the women's department and started cleaning there - I do not know why but Qaari came out of the toilet and looked funny at me - I started vacuum cleaning as I had not got enough food to eat for several days and no food yet that day - I took a break after doing the big entrance "hall" and one of the smaller rooms to the left - furthest back - the sun was rising a perfect view made me forget time until Qaari Nadim came and started suggesting I sat there to watch some 'girls' in the opposite building he told me I did not have permission to be in "the woman's department" although I had been ordered two times before to clean it I became upset and roared that if I will go home now I will not come back - the cleaner who understood french told me that "there is no need to clean here"... I showed him a lot of dirt lying in the room I was about to clean he admitted "no permission" what is this for a kind of permission that has been withdrawn from me so suddenly? so I went down and cleaned the entrance hall of the men's department then he opened the masjid I was about to begin to clean when he ordered me to take on the most time wasting time taking and sickening technique I have ever seen - drawing the nozzle backwards! previously he ordered me to push it to and fro! and he claimed that if you only push it forward it destroys the carpet! now I have spoken with two persons I know about this technique one Eve Riimus the second working in a high quality food shop they both agreed upon that my technique was the best and most effective - what a cleaner! I told him that since he does not like my way of working he can do it himself today 7 November 2012 I arrive 12 o'clock to the Zohr prayer - the "cleaner" tells me to open the masjid suggesting I think that I should begin to

swoop it - since I have not yet got the last meal of food he promised and will not have money to buy food until the evening - In Shaa Allah - I return after opening the masjid sitting in the kitchen - I did not do like he suggested and left the key unguarded outside his washingroom - this person who has recently had a by pass operation comes and greets me I greet him back - then he demands the key - he does not ask me to open Afzals shop since I see the key as the cleaners valuable personal belonging I want first to ask him. He says something in Ordo which I fail to understand and pushes the key away again to make sure I understand correct (and to not let the other mans accusation that I have taken the cleaners key he is always accusing me for my "neglectfulness" when I recite Arabic he fills in just I make a paus and claims I do not know it when I am about to eat he accuses me for not washing my plate etc) I knock on the bathroom door one more time this time the cleaner throws the key forcefully out of the bathroom I shrugh my shoulders it is not my responsibility anymore... the by pass idiot says 'you are a very stupid person...' I answer 'It is you who are stupid' then comes what I was afraid of 'do you work here? I work here...' 'yes actually I work here...' I say 'he has asked me to help him' 'get out of here!...' (or he said 'go away') I try to get hold of you but you seem not to be home - so I take my shoes and go... since there are now persons which has behaved very idiotic and threatening towards me I will not come until I am invited again...

there was some old man at the verge of death who wished to fill his life with some meaning like it had

been previously when he was a work mans boss - could get away with any violent leaning so as soon as he saw something obviously undone he pointed at it and commanded this must be done during the time you sat down to eat he wanted you to wash you plate... 'without me - what would you do?...' he said to his family. - when he finally was buried there were none left to grieve...

True Patriarchy is the original Arch Angel Urizen which is matriarchy - the gays are the psychotic Iblis who dictates by their black magic Jewish power influence...

happy dying an infamous famous 'know it all' your blood splashed upon a subway wall,
like the handshake of a freemason going through your soul as a wave of oil coming into your clean water,

water and oil
"God damn! It boils!"

like lamps of fastly vibrating life - getting nowhere
remember your wife!
like scars on a beautiful cheek - or a meadow destroyed
by poison and a lovely wind!
Things happen very fast, what you longed for it came at
last!

I need a good conscience to do all I can to do things
better, I get something I spread it to the winds -
freedom nothing left, nothing is lost and nothing is left
behind

I would rather have calmness of heart than all the
richness and respect of the world, I would rather know
everybody than everybody knowing me, like electrical
music of rapid in a beautiful ladies vas - or like her
direct holding in a guy signab (vigin?) with shepreulede
unity play up a scene, of black unrequested love!
making seas of joy fall in sadness from the heavens
above!

like a station with souls screaming for love! Silent
unopenly prey of violence - and misgivings like
missing a train and being angry at the fat guard of
brown muscles who threw you out at the club, like the
thought of you being or becoming famous or the
masonic attack of fat heads of evil drowning their lives!

If we shake the hand of sin we are apt to loose not win!

A frog jumps into true psychology
Clear water bears confessions
Of reality!

it was good that you sought me up instead, still, I am
writing this as public message, and you can't say no
because you knew i was there by rumours on a
telephone, ailpistol,

I told Eve you were the most beautiful girl I have seen
my heart was pounding like mad but we are in war,
I am having to keep an eye upon the fitna workers,
constantly, as you undressed the grey trenchcoat, I was
in a conversation with Allah he wants me to go to
tangiers 19 sep
and I say if you command then send an Ufo and take
me there
we are unparallel in this issue (me and Allah)
one word of never that first gaze, from you I did not
look at you remember?
neither do I stand still for binding your flight trip your
ignorance 2011 etc. to your idol money
give up, if you had no money, at least you would have
food and shelter with me rest of your life as economy
now stands... who cares about these sneakers telling
you to worship the devil?
to singly you out as one in a million? (on Facebook?)
how many animals you sacrificed by petrol, electricity
etc?
these are unmodern fluctuations, it is middle of night,
and I am under attack.

Delusion letter to Pär Skovgaard

Pär I am sorry that I tortured you, I am infected by the
death mark and Erik Wahlgren did a good work
speaking the false accusation before the Swedish
Academy had to say it you dig... I hope by Allah you
come here and I give you free shelter, I will do
anything for you, U L has become a qafir until she
receives her 300 wiplashes and can be sold to another

slave owner, she tortures my soul with her absence
everyday, and I forbade her to marry me,
I am very sorry I tortured your soul, but telephone is
only for information, and the zikhr I am making is
leathal as you see in Ulrikas case, had she followed
Islam Allah would have protected her, H E I declare a
qafr until he goes to Pakistan to be stoned for her sake,

Heaven is pain, pain for Loves sake
we save each other from a difficult situation we save
those we love when we are able we find each other this
way
but when the saving savour panic is over and all those
we love are with us who knows where we then rest

Further material FT E R

‘MS Estonia was sunk’ is the name of the book which
black listed Henning Wittes name, from Swedish
massmedia... as I visited him in his summer house,
which became his stationary address - after his
breakthrough into the real frightening facts about how
MS Estonia was sunk...

the black magical consensus of practically all Swedish
mass media that the big ship sank because of the
storm, ravaging the waters between Tallinn and
Stockholm, on the night 26 of September, has to be
evaluated according to facts, and if solid then nothing
has to be hidden...

Hannika och Hannike Virve, are two sisters whom were
taken away from the list of survivors; on a mission of a
big Swedish newspaper Henning Witte, got the
assignment, of investigating, the demands of

recompense against the Meyer Shipyard, which had been dropped at court, the cardeck has been prohibited to investigate, and the investigations made 29 oktober, 2-4 december 1994, are incomplete, the tapes, 13, 14, 15 - are missing and the time schedule measurements, are proving that the claim Dave Padeck, on Rockwater, that the jumps of depth and time - are caused by the drift of surveillance ship Semi 1, are incorrect.

Question 1; is the depth and time - counted in the camera or at the boats high technological equipment. If at the boat, this would mean, that the transferring of the depth time details would be counted and sent - from the seadepth camera, the transference would in this case, have been interrupted, at point and when the ship had returned at position to receive it, the recording would have continued.

Question, 2, were the sea depth camera, recording by itself; or - only, transferring to recording machines, in the surveillance ship Semi 1?

A detail, suddenly catches our attention, a window without glassplinters they crushed.

Rockwater - also had a special treatment of their safe-copy, they burned it to smoke in the presence of witnesses, 'it shouldn't disappear.'

Baltic News Service, 13 October 1997, Arna Valgma, complains about that the picture on the monitor in his cabin, several times disappeared, though the main monitor, must have been in contact with the divers uninterrupted owing to security reasons.

The hole, in the hull, is suspected to exist on boat deck 0, where the swimming pool and sauna were situated...

The Shipyard confessed that Estonia - were not built according to the rules cause the water proof collision bulkheads were missing.

Kavlev Vahtras, were a man who happened to be fetched from the crime scene in the same chopter as Piht, captain of the ship, he is described by his relatives as a man of essence, doing his work, and never a superfluous comment.

His wife, Ruth, had a positive answer and were told that the Swedish authorities simply doesn't know which hospital her husband has been transported to, though alive!

All persons who weren't unconscious, left their names verbally. The department of domestic affairs, informed the son of Kavlev Vahtras, "your father is alive. but, for Gods sake, don't tell anyone about it...!"

The Swedish hospitals claimed they had not permission to inform about the names of survivors, until authorities had agreed.

In Ruths and her sons happiness they had already gotten the same positive answer from department of domestic affairs, socialdepartment, Red Cross etc. Probably Kavlev Vahtras destiny could have been different if Ruth and son hadn't been overjoyous about the survival and kept their mouths shut.

Hannika and Hannike, and Piht, seems the have had the chance, though the heroic character of truth in Kavlev, probably digged his coffin.

Red Cross suddenly informed her - that since 1 October, an impermissibility of such information had been activated.

Peter Polgunan was a co worker of Kavlev Vahtras decided together to jump into a another life boat. Kavlev had a life jacket, , bright shirt, bright pants, but no shoes. 'a good swimmer' . As they parted in the lifeboat, he gave an awakened impression. He were heavy built in stature and without a single scratch end of quotation.

Here the police, makes a fatal mistake, when Ruth is sitting at the police station, a representative of the Suomi police, enters and shows a picture of a drowned person - how - could they possible know his name if he was found drowned.

Ruth saw a picture of a sleeping man.

Next days inspection by Ruth and Kavlev Vahtras brother of the photography reveal blood traces on Kavlev Vahtras right hair line. on left side, a scar is shown, which seems to reveal usage of a sharp instrument, on his throat, a swelled bulb, similar to 'mumps'.

The right investigation, had strangely enough already taken place in Suomi and not in Estonia.

The military trucks, which had been escorted through Tallinn and its harbour, to become the last vehicles entering the cardeck, must have held some secret, why otherwise, block off - parts of Estonias Capital? Later - the program - of Mona Sahlin and others were vehemently force progressing to cover the wreck with concrete, probably to avoid the lost Atomic micro

plants, which the trucks by all probability transported unto the ferry, to make the Baltic Sea a dead one...

an American air plane cargo, landed the same evening as the ferry departed and as soon as it became known that the ferry had sunk it took the first chance to lift.

(i.e. Lift 9, were probably belonging to Soviet now Russia... 28 September 1994)

what speaks for the theory that a hole either by a torpedo or caused by a bomb detonating from inside, made water flow into deck 0, is the witnesses from deck 1, who saw water flashing splashing up like fountains from underneath. Many of these survived because, they were alarmed at once; having to climb 7 stairs to deck 7, even to escape.

A possible explanation is the demand of Russian military to dump the load with the Atomic microplants which forced captain Piht, to open the visor, upon ravaging stormy Waters...

Probably he was commanded this after the detonating torped from the Russian submarine which followed Estonia out of Tallinns harbour.

Then the visor was blown away so that the two military trucks could be pushed out before the ship totally sank; they were not supposed to be found by the Swedish wreck divers. the undetonated bombs, give us an idea, of why certain survivors, disappeared, maybe, there was supposed to be less...

Recently - a man was discovered in a broom cupboard, locked in. The place is Huddinge, Stockholm, and the company, Aleris, is owned by the Wallenberg - family. (may they be cursed) The police heard someone banging on a door - when they demanded it to be opened - they found a 70 year old man - whom they had locked in several times, in a similar manner.. The newspapers wrote about the case- and because of this - the staff at the Old-man-home, sent a physiotherapist, to the victim, trying to make him able to walk.

He was able to walk, when they stopped forcing 'neuroleptics' on the victim - a substance, which is claimed - suppresses "psychotic" symptoms - but actually makes the victim insane, and, totally powerless, both mentally and physically... Besides this - he will gain in weight, without having to eat any larger amounts than usual.

The man had the "diagnosis" 'autistic' like - the 10 - 12 year olds - whom were tortured for months in Bromma, Stockholm - with belt straps and forced injections. (Probably, a Mind Control Project)

So the 'right wing' motherfuckers, ruling Sweden for almost 8 years, at present, are not capitalists - but - a kind of communists in disguise.

They do - as the plutocracy wants and demands.

If there is something Sweden needs - it is what in common language - is called 'fascism' - not the hybrid - between strict state oppression, and social engagement. But, to take care of ones family, and especially those parent whom otherwise would end up, regrettably, in the old-mans-home...

Maciej Zaremba present some interesting facts - in his book - 'Mobbarna och rättvisan' (the Bullies and the justice')

but - his whole galvanization of the terrific subject, - drops with his support for communistic ideas...

It is like presenting a problem - only to draw the conclusion - that the cause of it - has to be supported. Sweden is a silent oppressive state - just like Sovjet union - and hobnails laws, that are meant to be disregarded.

Out of about 8500 applications, not a single one has been taken into consideration.

The truth is that more severe crimes against employees has and are perpetrated in Sweden than the case that brought Helen Green 800 000 Pound from Deutsche Bank in London - because co-workers had causes her severe depression from 1997-2001. (the case won 2006)

In Sweden - liars always seem to win out - like the "psychiatrists' whose only argument 'lacks pathological insight' raises a near - to - death sentence _ where a person can be continually destroyed, ad infinitum - in a gang bang of poisonous sperm (so - called 'forced treatment')

in Sweden - the victims seeking restitution, receives the same attitude from the law governs - the law against bullies came into existence already 1993, yet - has actually never been followed.

The authorities - takes on the face of the oppressors and mentally kick the victim even more - to what they presumed from the beginning 'a nut case'

The population is by this manner divided into 'nut cases' and 'normal'.

The 'normal' being the psychopaths educated at places like Lundbergs boarding-school, where torture of defenseless youths - like burning their bodies with a roasting iron - or fucking them in the ass - is upon the daily schedule, and those persons weak minded enough to obey and keep their mouths shut.

Those boys are looked upon as fully 'normal ' in Sweden ' and gets more support from the government than other schools - though - if you are poor - and don't want to cooperate with the 'brainwashing' program - in Sweden named (forced) education - you will be subjected to forced 'psychiatric' treatment even though you just started school 2 years ago...

As you get to the age of 12, you are used to the belt straps - and - the torture of 'medicine' you never wanted and isolation up to 7 months a row.

The silent hidden oppression - of the freemasonic test-state today still named Sweden being the first country to go through the five point program of brainwash -

constructed in masonic lodges, is worse than countries where people can confirm torture with their own eyes and produces (un) fortunately a lot of 'breakdowns' luckily still some people have the nerve to protest!

Unlucky most of them end up hooked up on the arbitrary willy nilly will of 'psychiatrists' which in Sweden is a pseudonym for 'torture leaders'

So the origin of the problem - actually stems from the so called 'psychiatric' system of oppression, it moulds the inhabitants of Sweden 2013, to be like well tamed dogs - if they yell or bark they will be wrestled down. If a college thinks the other does a gruel some mistake he cowardly speaks behind the back of his opponent - 'democracy' they call it in Sweden as to get the public opinion on his side, otherwise he fears forced treatment. A political Dirty Theatre in microcosmos

therefore - every third person in Sweden has cancer, a characterological resignation has paralyzed large fields of the population and the second largest cause, after heart problems, of death in the U.S. is cancer.' US where the real governing power of Sweden today has its seat of conspiracy, banging the club.

Almost - the landowners have become serf - if they 'make trouble' a Canadian Company of mines - can claim they have found metal assets, on the wasteground and begin to dig them up without compensating a single penny to the landowners - in return for destroyed water and nature.

US military forces practices in Norrland with Atomic missiles giving rise to rapidly spreading mutated virus diseases.

The 'healthy' Swedes can best be described as one large group of bullies.

The leading bullies are ready to be fucked in the ass any time - by the inhabitants of the White House.

Just like the oppressors in Lundsbergs Internat School, once were tarmar (intestines) a nick name given to the new comers, ready to gamahuche the elder pupils any time by the whistle blow of mockery...

My heart beats as the pressing of a tongue... the Suufis I meet make me praise Allah dancing on my feet...

the polytheistic idea can be expressed as such;

Love is the ultimate reality, Allah is likened to a place which has enslaved creation by claiming he is God...

conclusion

the pederast which penetrates the boy is only exchanging information...

Short review of Second World War

The term, national socialism, usually shortened nazism, was invented by Moses Hess, in 1862. These facts, are written in Juri Linas book Architects of deception, under the heading 'nazistic cooperation with sionists...'

Nostradamus Words: ' wolf in sheep clothes' is the exact description of Adolf Hitler. Adolf means 'silver wolf'

The so called 'crystal night' were arranged by the freemason lodge B i nai B rith, and their agents in 'Jewish defence against anti semitism', from Paris. The receivers in the Gaultier offices, changed Hitlers outright order, that no jewish property should either be destroyed, or jews be killed.

The nazi party, had put on themselves the joke of the Illuminati order, founded by Adam Weishaupt in 1776, 1 May, Inglostadt, and their goal to form the Israelic state in Palestine, and the members of the sect, were advised to move elsewhere.

The actual reason for the Germans to intervene in Poland, were the holocaust of German descendants . (year 1938 I Think)

Hitler rejected the dependence on the gold standard, and lowered the interest rate to almost zero. This choked the international bank system, and, among other freemasons, Winston Churchill promised to crush Germany. (the secret negotiations of this between years 39 - 40so called telegram war)

Montague Norman, then chief of Bank of England, promised Germany peace, if Gold Standard was re introduced.

In actuality Great Britain cared little about Poland and the fate of other unimportant states...

Moses Hess invented the term 'nationalsocialism' already in 1862 - and since, this terms real meaning -

has grown - to symbolize the Israelic state - as - a
racistic central - to control the international
communistic movement...

The racistical doctrine - is rooted in the Talmud, which,
was written - as a forgification of Torah -

Torah they claim, disappeared in Babylon, when the
Jewish tribes were interned - because of their terroristic
highway robbing

in Talmud, it is stated , that a non jew, can be robbed ,
cheated and killed by a jew, and even the jew can be
rewarded to have made a sacrifice to Jahve...

Jahve, is a fire demon, a forged name, put instead of
Allah...

The movement connected with 'Sieg Heil' 'towards
victory' or 'good luck' in German language, is a symbol
- for receiving inspiration from celestial geniuses - and
- mirroring the same - to humanity at larger...

Swastican has the same meaning - as the orgon waves
first phase, of inspiration, coming from East to West...

The wave, then flows party or totally back, from West
to East... together they symbolize, the enlightened
illumination, thes, antithesis, synthesis, in the figure of
8...

The initial inspiration flows into intelligent contemplation, like we had a second thought, the synthesis of this, is existence...

The prohibition of the initiative of life - that is energy, causes the catatonia in the soul... and stiffness of all initiative towards an inspired healthy life growth...

Instead the mind becomes pushed down into paranoia which is one of the satanic pillars, and the actual reason for entering a satanic sect...

It is similar to lift - ones - hand, in the classroom, with a crucial difference, we do not ask the principal, but opens the mind to celestial inspiration...

The prohibition by a simple image, tries to cut of the root of life - love, prophecy, poetry, art, energy, inspiration and push the mind down into a paranoid state - where brainwash can be easily induced...

The student thinks he knows wastes his life in a denied escape - from reality, and call it thus...

The aim of the torture system is to cause marriage breakdowns, some shots of the anti morphine, and you at once feel to have unbound sex, since you look like shit this becomes a bad idea, (as with delusions, unbound sex, look like 'not good enough'), it inhibits your sex drive ending up the s (t) eam, like some

diseased water shore where the water is deadened (dead water)

suura 2;22

as for you given, the earth of frankness (practice , cultivation), and heavens in practice, as from the stiellas manna revealed, as something expected from Him, as from the in common materialisation of ghosts for you, like negation of your angst, The Lord surely postponing... and your world of stars...

Review on Rick and Morrie

Review on Rick and Morrie

As the name suggests the show is advertisement for the psychopathic oppression over the diagnosed – Rick an antihero bent upon psychopathic coolness – bartered with interest for supernatural phenomenon – is literary telling Morrie – whom has missed a lot in school ‘seven hours in two months’ to stuck up some corns in his ass – that makes him ‘superintelligent’ (instead of the dumbening effect, extra intelligens – a ‘chosen’ theme)

Then there is the mentioning of Henry T. Laurency – ‘planet hierarchy’ with the angle that they are allowed to shoot down since ‘they are just bureaucrats’

The 'creator' (and many 'fans' here goes up on a 'vow' (to write!)) themselves says the slop was taking a long time to write (thinking about how idiotic they are) most people today seems stuck in media –politics – it is enough something is 'produced' and they begin to 'mo'! about how 'good it is'—so – a producer is mainly the only thing they need (materialism)

Morries mother is a heart-surgery (to mask the fact that the character operates heart dying of yearning for her attention)

So – the first program is basically a soup cooked upon producing these archetypes –

'Simpsons' is gifted – you get to learn things and parody there is repetition of menace- in a form easily gripped –

This parody is upon no subject discernable – since – especially – it is a cartoon upon futurism – so that there is no weight of reality at all necessary... What is wrong with Simpsons – is that facts are put on another – that are not real – but part of the fake cartoon world they have constructed –

This causes the mind to process itself into repeating meaningless garbage as in Suura 2, 17 –

‘it is like a man who lit a fire – but when it illuminated the faces around – their light was taken from them – and left them in total darkness – now they cannot see anything ‘

Simpsons is a skizo beam – presses the beholder down into Pons . As in all Simpsons – the facts are fatal – ‘reexperience of conception is fatal ‘ William S. Burroughs writes in Place of dead roads

In this sense the made up facts clog the mind – and so the watcher is in peril for unseriousness –

So the basic lack of psychological reality foundation – makes the separate cartoon world a menace to the mind.

The uncommon trait of this is the lack of Venus and marriage – in the reality foundation.

Bomb it is like a photoflash for a snake

Suura 2,23

And if you harbor doubt in faith, towards what has been revealed to our servant, then produce a sura like it kana and bear witness by Allahs world if you are truthful kana

but if you never seek enlightenment and never become enlightened, like high fear of fire

that is (19 angels guard hell) in preparation for humans and their statues offset to Qafirs (disbelievers)

and in good news to those believers putting their hope
in blissfulness

for them Paradise with rivers flowing underneath

'what do you do?' a guest asks at Eves home, Chenso
Chano,

'I am interested in Eve'

Then we see Eve all the time smiling, as to not 'a
woman's worth what!'

People who must to be ugly, need power, power is ugly
– weak people need great sexually strong idols – in
billion copied – so find strength to live - they are far
away, unreachable, idiots believe they work to be one
of them... they believe it is a play – work their way
“up” and die on the way... they live like machines eat
just to jerk of, yawn and pretend to laugh...

Cold feelings are out when your cock enter the cunt...
onanists pre cognitate to enter the fucking cunt – who
maybe wishes then between her legs – tortured and
runned...

Anna is gruesomely cute when my oxygene cuts her
cunt - what precognitions I have of this being
something...

If you do not have to be cocaine with fortune in
suastica, I am not interested – said Klas Östergren

Summer is cumen, for the ones who do not know where to put their feet, their lives will be snatched for looks and the royal wedding ... one has reached the possessive position of a title if heart is dead I will tell her life will be short and meaningless... I do not believe in No Thing...

The late goose calls over summer beaches – where the wind turns now morning calls south in distance the late goose rises calls... darkness falls a late goose calls over summer beaches where the wind turns cold it burns ripples on a thin young arm – who went to his parents but threw himself out...

Robert Christie Hanged in 1953 the same year Chenso Chano born...

All women are essentially kids!

These fucking guys! I do not want anything to do with them, they destroy poisonously false! Every single acquaintance I have got! Poisonous snakes!

Mano depressive polarity without outer reasons, uncontrolled fits of rage!

About Lenin in Juri Linas book Under the sign of the scorio...

True forgiveness lies not in the sexual embrace (only) but in your tears! Forgiveness takes pain! To pine for the sexual embrace is godly – but a little too much grace... To suffer without any pleasing goal at all – Is Heavenly Grace which (can) Goes For us all...

Everybody should fuck! Sexual love cleans my ears!
“fuck me! Fuck me!” the porno star!
Of orgasm love bathing in organs of blue white sperm I
love you!

Breathtaking women be pornostars “that sweet little
cunt in seventh grade...”
The men who condemns, condemns himself – of
spontaneous uncommercial love!

Fuck psucking red... a true poet on the devils side
without knowing it...

Cigarette package... lottery without luck... thing
thrown on the grimed...

Women that love art
Artist that love sexual women!

I do not know what poetry is... the name that can be
named? Is not an eternal name...
Do not know what I write – myself surprised!
Can you define mark us!
What defined? Never! Never!
Buddhism is the Great Learning not teaching!
It is what you do that makes another heart Praise and
Love You!
If we do not Love ourselves today , who will Love us
another day!
And all the lousy poets tries to sound like Charlie
Manson... poor you, if we love Charlie Manson we do
not have to kill anybody, if we love William S.

Burroughs, we do not have to be junkies and be hated
by our children and kill Jane!

There is something stronger than death and that is love

.....
Musician intellectual
Intellectual musician
Let the contraries meet!
Marcus BM became The Poet
Marcus Be Em

I do not wish to be beautiful if I lack truth

Poor Lonely and Mad But Great!

God – Godly poets!
Hovering in The Air

God, the wind in the sails of the boat

Easy to die!
Hard to live!

Hard to Buddhistically die!
Easy to slavishly live!

Every Godly poet can be criticised without being
moved!

Learning to handle evil thoughts!

Violating learning to be evil!
Himself sexual evilness!
The people need to expose their cunts!

A motor is a machine run by oil! (or electricity)

Condemning of evil violence, is the people!

Evil violence the fourth element.

Feminism (really is) red freeing angels of womanly
love
Freeing men making them come to heaven above!

It is dangerous but the longing for life is strong!
To be fucked!

Jesus Christ is in every body!
Every body where he is after sought!

The only test
For holiness
When anybody in the mountains
Lonely
Meets a tiger!

It is written! But it isn't a law...

A new Stalin
Screaming wanting hatred
Orgasm in his pants
Spilled women around a poet...

The holy cow of God...

I hate all living beings!... saith the greatest lover!

A man around love!
A couple ruins their affair – meaning love
He does not care...

The woman crying for her secret Love!



Fuck!

The sound of your cuntish lips
I with my pulsating knife
(of sadness? of joy? 'come boy!')
of sperm do kiss!
The sound of your cunt
Its lips!
I with my pulsating warmness
psucking kiss!
Red slips in psucking red
Till all our pleasing pleasure
Has ejaculated into a flower of sperm
our bodies lie
Naked to naked -
still -
like we had lost -
all our fucking will!
Bodies come -
with whiteness -
like a body of living steel -!

But -
Helium pulsates through our bodies
when we fuck
for real!

Meat – makes my spirit weak – my dreams about
crazy killers... my thoughts distracted by a mean
attitude – I cannot smile anymore – the love inside
me is kept down by cold feeling which like a sickness
comes up inside me – confined to my self-
contemptful feelings... all charms are lost I feel no
longer free... but, bowed down before Allah I ask
forgiveness for following what it says in the Quran.
If the greatest sin is killing Time – meat eating
causes loss – where otherwise – my friend would
have been mine...

It is like wine – you sloppishly eat then comes the
bad

mood... eating meat your seat in the Heavenly
Spheres...

is diminishing in presence because of your bad
spirits –

you fall into polytheistic pretence...

lost is your common sense –

looking upon a pair of letters you think:

“why does He order me to something... which makes
me far worse in spirit... than alcohol drink?”

When some muslim offer me some meat – I do not
want to be rude – but almost at once – as I have
eaten I fall into a bad and gloomy mood... as I watch
daylight enter the room... I think of my beloved qari

- whom I in this room - deemed to look upon one
who studies the Quran with a mean and lifeless look
if he only could understand...
that when I did as it ordered me... I fell into a loss of
Time -
otherwise all kinds of happy beliefs would have
been mine...
the girls I passed by - last evening who otherwise
would have made me high...
now cold feelings had besieged my brows... and my
life had suddenly becom'd filled with sorrow...
tomorrow maybe I will have forgotten this serious
affair but if someone asks me
"do you want some meat" answer "about my self I
care... why should I bind myself down to the earth
making myself dependent upon a warm hearth?
I eat - what I can eat raw - and gets down to sleep
on my friends floor..."

Father death - the impostor who calms by drugs -
pushing in a small way - to keep up the habit 'invade
- damage - occupy'
We lack space connection - we waste our time: 'if we
hateth each other we hate the creator of
Everything...'
Theatre is less harmful than film for ergo -
astronauts
fades... lacking theme, our only freedom... space our
borders, our only mistake, to fancy space apart from
time.

Thus putting partners to Allah. Al Qadir – social rewards, expansion of space bends further to time. Reliance, upon space, regardless of time ‘quburat qalimatan’ (‘I am better than he’, statement of Satan in the Quran)

Bo Setterlind, a burglar – Ezra Pound ‘boo’-
Architecture
space poem.

Idiocy presages devilry
to pretend things are alright when they ain’t
is a way
to a lot of unnecessary pain

to suffer for no discernible reason at all
is heavenly grace
which goes for us all

a false hopefulness
for quick success
in any field
is the start of a hurl
that ends in catastrophe!

that is why they say:
hopes are false
when in actuality
it’s only destructive
when in overemphasis!

The impression of sweetness
makes us kill
and the fart of the meat-eater
a sweet chill

The sinner who's got into sore circumstances
might produce something sweet
: so take a liking to the attitude:
as a vegetarian eat!

An exception though
confirms the rule
so don't get extremistic
and to your wife behave as a fool!

'it spoils everything', Blyth says about money, is seen rampant nowadays:
why can't there be a male friendship today?
(at least such a thing is very rare)
Practically all my male friendships have been spoiled by them looking at pornography:
therefore I early decided myself to find a way out of that addiction, and, that has become a foundation of my Naqshbandi school.
What is the cause of this spoliation?
It is statue-worship, arising first in an economical superiority, that causes beautiful women to sell themselves to get fucked! (a pleasant thought, but remember: dirt is matter in the wrong place!)
All joy these fucking guys have destroyed (and just think about how many beauties they kidnap!)
Blyth's famous lines:
'no one can make it!'
applies to this.

Pan-ic

The actor says:
now I've supremacy over your mind...
which gets blocked
with images of 'I, me, and mine!'

The mind once clogged
makes your ship sink
in the big ocean...

you get turned on,
in a desperate attempt
to not look possessed!

The woman says:
I'm supreme –
can do what I like... 'to be!'

yes! – with clogged mind
she's apt to
your previous success
turns to failure...

when the unspoken 'damn!
is unuttered:
you've watched pornography
and becomes like a machine...

or – a nut-cased 'pan'...

