

... Volume IV ...

## THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

To Activate Links ... **.pdf** (**Click**) ... Word **.docx** (*Cursor-in or High-light* : then : **Cntr+Click**) ...

Bc-Book

5

a

4-WINDs

Volume IV

... Traveling in Europe-1 ...

... Roma ... Italia ...  
... \*Basel\* ... \*Schweiz\* ...  
... \*Deutschland\* ...

... 1993 (Jan.) 1994 (Jan.) ==> 1995 (Jan/Dec) onwards ...

(Beowulf)

English is myne Mystress ... Tariq HAMEED

(**Extracts**) Dedicated to :

... I R I S Blue-Eyed Blond ... Who I Never Found ...

... Perfect Woman ... Who Me Never Found ...

*or perhaps*



to Know to Learn to Live ? do Try to Read my Bc-Books !

Sans faire mal ni à Soi,, ni à Personne !

# TECHNICAL

## BOOK DATA

(Printer Furnished)

|   |  |  |   |
|---|--|--|---|
|  | email : <a href="mailto:harf.noor@gmail.com">harf.noor@gmail.com</a> | email : <a href="mailto:thugky@yahoo.com">thugky@yahoo.com</a><br>email : <a href="mailto:thugky@gmail.com">thugky@gmail.com</a> |  |
|---|--|--|---|

|                    |                         |                           |                          |                                |                          |                         |                            |                        |                          |                         |
|--------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| New TH             | Gold                    | Grey-M                    | Emerald                  | Ciel                           | Mauve                    | Cyan                    | Canary                     | Pale                   | Pepita                   | Fauchia                 |
| Scope              | Bil'ghaib<br>▲-I-▲ I-I▲ | Creation<br>▲-I-▲ I-I▲    | Ancient<br>▲-I-▲ I-I▲    | *Dark*<br>▲-I-▲ I-I▲           | Present<br>▲-I-▲ I-I▲    | Actual<br>& Insan       | Danger<br>& Insan          | Chaos<br>& Insan       | Future<br>▲-I-▲ I-I▲     | End/Fin<br>▲-I-▲ I-I▲   |
| *Created*<br>R G B | .0. Pure<br>128,128,000 | .1. Attrib<br>128,128,128 | .2. Pro-N<br>000,255,000 | .3. [I] [I] [I]<br>000,255,255 | .4. Conj.<br>200,000,200 | .5. Verb<br>100,200,200 | .6. Concept<br>200,255,200 | .7. .7.<br>255,100,200 | .8.8.8.8.<br>255,200,100 | .9. Evil<br>255,100,200 |

To Activate Links ... **.pdf** (Click) ... Word **.docx** (Cursor-in or High-light) : then : **Cntr+Click** ...

**CONTENTS****BOOK 5 a****Volume IV****THINKS 'n THOUGHTS****Links to Towns & etc...****Themes****1993**

|     |   |  |                 |             |
|-----|---|--|-----------------|-------------|
| .?  | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | ... ? ...  | Thinks-1-       | <b>-4-</b>  |
| 0.  | <a href="#">Basel</a>                             | Dedication   | Thinks-1-       | <b>-6-</b>  |
| ... | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | This is a Book on <a href="#">LOVE</a>                                     | Thinks-1-       | <b>-7-</b>  |
| 1.  | <a href="#">Basel</a>                             | Probably 'twas A <a href="#">Dream</a>                                     | Dreams-1-       | <b>-8-</b>  |
| 2.  | <a href="#">Basel</a>                             | <b>Perchance to SLEEP</b>  | Sleep-1-        | <b>-14-</b> |
| 3.  | <a href="#">Hannover</a>                          | <a href="#">STAR</a> in the <a href="#">SKY</a>                            | Visions-1-      | <b>-16-</b> |
| 4.  | <a href="#">Hamburg</a>                           | <b>Blood-Wurst</b>   | Manners-1-      | <b>-18-</b> |
| 5.  | <a href="#">Hamburg</a>                           | Translation (for TINA)   | Thoughts-1-     | <b>-19-</b> |
| 6.  | <a href="#">Basel</a>                             | Little DEVIL and the Big DEVIL   | Children-1-     | <b>-20-</b> |
| 7.  | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | The <a href="#">BEAST</a> and The <a href="#">BEAUTY</a>                   | Faery-Tale-1-   | <b>-22-</b> |
| 8.  | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | Translations from URDU   | Death-1-        | <b>-24-</b> |
| 9.  | <a href="#">Milano</a> <a href="#">*Bordeaux*</a> | <a href="#">Balls</a> and <a href="#">Shit</a>                             | Reality-1-      | <b>-25-</b> |
| 10. | <a href="#">Basel</a>                             | <a href="#">CATS</a> , <a href="#">HORSES</a> and <a href="#">HAMSTERS</a> | Teasingly-1-    | <b>-28-</b> |
| 11. | <a href="#">Basel</a>                             | The <a href="#">VALLEY</a> of <a href="#">IRISES</a>                       | Teasingly-2-    | <b>-30-</b> |
| 12. | <a href="#">Lörrach</a>                           | DON'T KNOW   | Thinks-2-       | <b>-32-</b> |
| 13. | <a href="#">Lörrach</a>                           | HUSBANDS and <a href="#">BUTLERS</a>                                       | Tenderly-1-     | <b>-33-</b> |
| 14. | <a href="#">Offenburg</a>                         | <b>WHY ?</b>   | Thinks-3-       | <b>-36-</b> |
| 15. | <a href="#">Offenburg</a>                         | MISTRESSES and BOY-FRIENDS   | Comically-1-    | <b>-37-</b> |
| 16. | <a href="#">Basel</a>                             | <b>TWO YEARS OLD</b>   | Thoughts-2-     | <b>-44-</b> |
| 17. | <a href="#">Basel</a>                             | <b>PHOOH ...</b>   | Teasingly-3-    | <b>-46-</b> |
| 18. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | The MAN who Talked <b>BIGGER</b> than his <a href="#">MOUTH</a>            | Romantically-1- | <b>-48-</b> |
| 19. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | <a href="#">NARRATION</a> for my MOOSTRESS                                 | Teasingly-4-    | <b>-51-</b> |
| 20. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | PLEASE Just THROW it Away  | Philosophy-1-   | <b>-53-</b> |
| 21. | <a href="#">Aquila</a>                            | Translation from my LANGUAGE   | Philosophy-2-   | <b>-55-</b> |
| 22. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | <a href="#">B U B B L E S</a>  | Tragically-1-   | <b>-56-</b> |
| 23. | <a href="#">Kiel</a>                              | The <a href="#">FOUR WINDS</a>   | Premonitions-1- | <b>-58-</b> |
| 24. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | That the <a href="#">POISON</a> be SWEETENED; PLEASE                       | Philosophy-3-   | <b>-67-</b> |
| 25. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | <a href="#">EYES</a> , <a href="#">NOSE</a> and <a href="#">MOUTH</a>      | Comically-2-    | <b>-69-</b> |
| 26. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | <b>WHITE DOG</b> Playing with a <a href="#">FROG</a>                       | Thoughts-3-     | <b>-73-</b> |
| 27. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | <a href="#">POST-CARDS</a> and <b>BROKEN</b> <a href="#">HEARTS</a>        | Non-Sense-1-    | <b>-75-</b> |
| 28. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | <b>BITS</b> of <a href="#">PAPER</a>                                       | Thoughts-4-     | <b>-86-</b> |
| 29. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | To <b>SWEET-NOTHINGS</b>   | Non-Sense-2-    | <b>-89-</b> |
| 30. | <a href="#">*Wolfsburg*</a> (Fr./Eng.)            | Sans <a href="#">Silence</a> et Sans Son (eXt : Fr.) -18--                 |                 | <b>-92-</b> |
| 31. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | <a href="#">CHILDS</a> and <a href="#">KIDS</a>                            | Tragically-2-   | <b>-94-</b> |
| 32. | <a href="#">Roma</a>                              | <b>THE END</b>   | Nostalgic-1-    | <b>-97-</b> |

Born 29<sup>th</sup>. Octobre, 1941 ... Tariq Naturalised French 16/01/1978  
 Papa Khan Sahib Mian Abdul Hameed Hijrat Authorised : Pakistan ... 16/01/2011  
 Mama Bégun Méraj Hameed Suharwardi UK Accorded : Join Family ... 15/01/2015  
 Sis Tahira Hameed ... 01/03/1943  
 Bros. Mian Kausar Hameed ... 16/01/1948 ... Papa pass ... 16/01/1957

Server Ashraf Mian Bihari ... Teller & Confident (Illiterate) ... “Bury me in Thorns as in Life”

Ustad My Masters

1. Qari Muhammad Azeem (taught Script, Think, Honor) ... Scribe of Qura'an (Uncle)
  2. Feroz Nizami (always offered me a cup of tea) ... Music (Classic)
  3. Faiz Ahmad Faiz (a chain smoker) ... Poetry (Lenin Prize, 1962)
  4. Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj (died in my arms) ... Theater (Writer and History of)
  5. Ahmed Mirza Jamil (think Wrist not Mind) ... Noori Nastaliq (Calligraphy)
- (He invented the Modern 'Fonts' in Urdu & Arab)

{TH 'Atomic' : based on studies of Hazarat Ameer Khusro ... Darbar-e Balban, 1272}

Primary : St. Anthony's High School ... Lahore

University : Government College (Ravians) ... Lahore, Punjab

Advanced : Institute of 'Chartered Accountants' ... England & Wales

International : Systems of Production (on Computer) ... Europe : Latin (South)

Global Primary National Chart of Accounts.fr on Computer {\*}

1. M.I.S. (Industrial Giant : BSN) {\*} 1970 ... France, Fabrication (Glass) {\*}
2. M.I.S. Data-Bases : Liquids (CIBA-Geigy) 1973 ... \*Basel\*, \*Schweiz\* (Chemie)

## Inventions

3. 'Atomic' Urdu & Arab Alphabet ... Unicode Consortium
4. 'Atomic' Urdu Key-Board (Computer) ... NADRA Nat. IDs
5. 'Atomic' Urdu Computer (Localisation) ... Microsoft

## Concepts

6. Qura'an Evolutive Dimensionnal structure ... QEDs Vahis Revealed ...
7. Qura'an Translation Methodologies simplified ... QTMs Word under Word ...

(The Third & Multi-Dimensions ... of the Qura'ani Structure)



Né 29<sup>ème</sup>. Octobre, 1941 ... **Tariq** Naturalisé Français 16/01/1978

**Père** Khan Sahib Mian Abdul **Hameed** Hijrat Autorisé : Pakistan ... 16/01/2011

**Mère** Bégum Méraj Hameed **Suharwardi** GB Accord : Joindre Famille ... 15/01/2015

Sœur **Tahira** Hameed ... 01/03/1943

Frère Mian **Kausar** Hameed ... 16/01/1948 ... **Père part** ... 16/01/1957

**Serviteur Ashraf** Mian Bihari ... **Raconteur** & **Fidèle (Illettré)** ... La Vie, Enterre-moi en Épines

**Ustad** **Mes Maîtres**

1. **Qari Muhammad Azeem** (maître **Script**, **Pensée**, **Honneur**) ... **Scribe de Qura'an** (**Oncle**)

2. **Feroz Nizami** (m'offrait toujours une tasse de thé) ... **Musique (Classique)**

3. **Faiz Ahmad Faiz** (fumer en chaine) ... **Poésie (Prix Lénine, 1962)**

4. **Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj** (et mort dans mes bras) ... **Théâtre (Écrivain et Histoire d')**

5. **Ahmed Mirza Jamil** (penser **Poignée** pas **Pête**) ... **Noori Nastaliq (Calligraphie)**

(Il a inventé des 'Polices' Modernes en Urdu & Arabe)

{ TH '**Atomic**' : basé sur les œuvres de **Hazarat Ameer Khusro** ... Darbar de **Balban**, 1272}

**Premier** : St. Anthony's High School ... **Lahore**

**Université** : Government College (Ravians) ... **Lahore**, **Punjab**

**Supérieur** : Institut des ' Experts Comptables ' ... **England** & **Wales**

**International** : Systèmes de Production (Ordinateurs) ... **Europe** : Latin (Sud)

**Premier Mondial** **National Plan Comptable.fr** sur **Ordi** {\*}

1. M.I.S. (**Géant Industriel : BSN**) {\*} 1970 ... **France**, Fabrication (Verres) {\*}

2. Base de Données : **Liquides (Ciba-Geigy)** 1973 ... **\*Basel\***, **\*Schweiz\*** (**Chimie**)

## Inventions

3. '**Atomic**' Urdu & Arabe Alphabet ... **Unicode.org Consortium**

4. '**Atomic**' Urdu Clavier (Ordinateur) ... **NADRA Nat. IDs**

5. '**Atomic**' Urdu Ordinateur (Localisation) ... **Microsoft**

## Concepts

... **Quod Erat Demonstrandum** ... **\*Euclide\***

6. **Qura'an** **E**volutive **D**imensionnelle **s**tructure ... **QEDs** Vahis Révélés ...

7. **Qura'an** **T**raduction **M**éthodologies **s**implifiées ... **QTM**s **Mot** sous **Mot** ...

(Troisième & **Multi-Dimensions** ... **de la Structure Qura'anique**)



0. **Basel****D e d i c a t i o n**

Thinks-1-

(1993)

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty” - that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

John **Keats : Ode on a Grecian Urn**

*There is nothing more deadly in the universe than a spirit rejecting Beauty!*

This is dedicated to my Love; Woman that I once Loved! Once upon a time!  
 To whom I tried to show something different; Purely Pure Beauty! Ever so!

*But when I wrote such beautiful words ... she only closed her eyes! Both eyes!*

And when I uttered so beautiful thoughts, she also closed her ears! Ô both! Then when I laid bare beautiful equal feelings, all hers, even closed she her heart. And she refused to accept Beauty and Truth! And Knowledge! So that in the end there was nothing left but a cold wall of stone, immovable; behind which laid buried a spirit who had once lived and throbbed, beating; and now vibrated no more; for it had refused to see Beauty and Truth! Oh! So I talked on to myself, gravely fronting this hard tomb of stone so hard! And I travelled on while speaking to everything, from star to star, touching a spirit after a spirit and looking deep and more deeply, deep into the hearts of men, until all was totally burnt out in me, destroyed, by the suffering, leaving only Beauty, pure living Beauty inside: and now I want nothing. And the light of this Beauty, I gift to whole humanity! With only one prayer: “**If you want to see Beauty, real and true, purely Beauty, please try to have a Heart; so our World becomes Paradiso: otherwise, continues to become Inferno, for you or for those around you !**”

*For, of Totality of our Cosmos, We have so Little Time, so Short a Time to Learn, of Ourselves of our Loves of our Lives of our Thoughts of our dOom of our Errors!*

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow  
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
 To the last syllable of recorded time;  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.

**Shakespeare : Macbeth** (Act V)

... Roma**This is a Book on Love**

Thinks-1-

(1993)

This is a book on Lovewritten with Love.

So please DO NOT read it

if you cannot love in your lifeor live on with love.

This is also a book on human beings

loving people who can be better:

It shows no ways no methods

but it can hopefully make you feel deep inside

that you can become better and much better

than you probably are or have been;

ONLY willing.

**There is absolutely NO violence in it.***So please DO NOT read it**if you try your best**NOT to be better.*

Unfortunately, to become known, since commerce is now

Our Sole Soul, Dearly, very dearly;

This book must be published: and costs are costs,

(So any publisher), if not wholly and purely and

totally and plurally insane,

would want his money back;

Hard! But it's not his fault! Pity! None's fault!

Sincerely I apologize for it! And I am very sorry;

it is not my fault either:

**Not am I of man, who made the Rules of Mankind!***So please DO NOT buy it, especially**if you have NO excess of money.*

Probably, one fine day, a dear fine friend

will loan it to you

in moments of loneliness

this handsomely lonesome book on Lovewith Love:so respecting Poored Love

and (my book on Love Lost!) Dear, dear friend!


*But one day if I can, I will gift it ... free; yes free!***To you ... and the world ... of Shackles and Jackel's-Hides ... free and free and free ...**



1. **Probably 'twas A Dream**

Dreams-1-

(1993)

Thus the cycle comes full circle: even in our dreams!'Twas truly a dream: and still somewhere she must live!**In my dreams: if dreams can exist! Probably! Surely!**1. **Probably 'twas A DREAM**

Dreams-1-

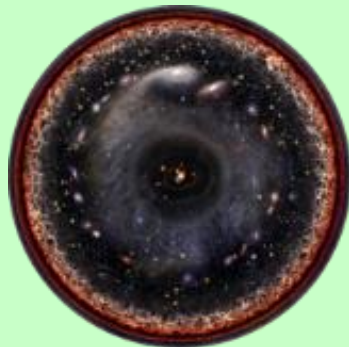
(1993)

Courtesy Google : [Dream](#) ... [Dreams - Wikiquote](#) ... [Logarithmic](#) [Close up-Micro Stru](#) ... [Thomas Cole](#) ...  
 ... [Human-Eye-Reflecting-The-Sun](#) ... [220px-Orvieto Pozzo San Patrizio 5](#) ... [The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania](#) ...

Under each arm he carries an umbrella; one of them, with pictures on the inside, he spreads over the good children, and then they dream the most beautiful stories the whole night. But the other umbrella has no pictures, and this he holds over the naughty children so that they sleep heavily, and wake in the morning without having dreamed at all.

~ [Hans Christian Andersen](#)

Ole Lukøje



Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never. Never was time it was not, end and beginning are dreams.

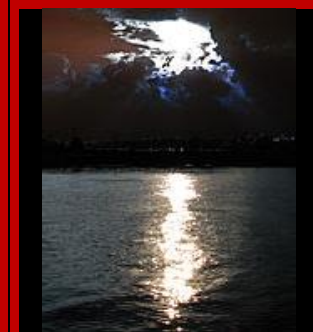
~ [Bhagavad Gita](#)Life, what is it but a dream?~ [Lewis Carroll](#)

William Shakespeare  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*

I have had a most rare vision.  
 I have had a dream,  
 past the wit of man to say what dream it was.



During our dreams we do not know we are dreaming. We may even dream of interpreting a dream. Only on waking do we know it was a dream. Only after the great awakening will we realize that this is the great dream.

~ [Zhuangzi](#)

After ten thousand generations there may be a great sage who will be able to explain it, a trivial interval equivalent to the passage from morning to night.

~ [Zhuangzi](#)

All that we see or seem  
 Is but a dream within a dream.

~ [Edgar Allan Poe](#)

To die, to sleep;  
 To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil..."

- William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*
- (c. 1599), Act 3, sc. 1.

We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.

[The Tempest](#) (c. 1603 - 1612).



2.

\*Basel\*

**Perchance to SLEEP**

Sleep-1-

(1993)

14-09

Sleep had become a rare friend in these times.

...

**Perchance to sleep: die before or dream aft: irrelevant when !**

3.

\*Basel\*

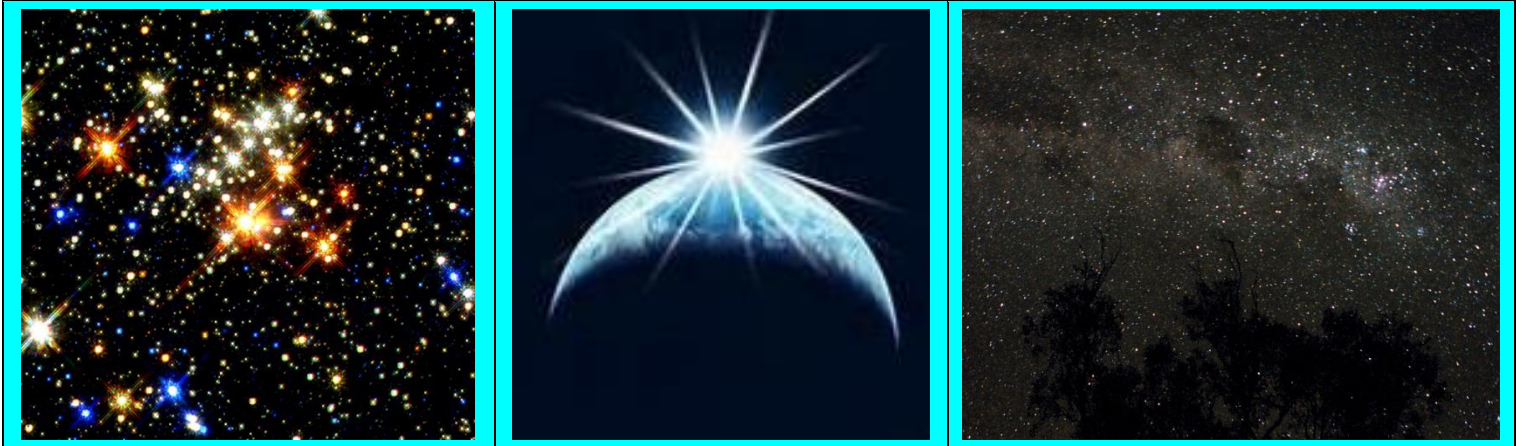
**STAR in the SKY**

Visions-1-

(1993)

16

I live in a very bizarre type bizarre place, a lonely but strangely pretty place. In this Strange



4.

\*Hannover\*

**Blood-Wurst**

Manners-1-

(1993)

18

Slurrrrrpp! Ah, blood-wurst! Aaaaarrrrgh! That was good!  
O Culinary god, thank you for your great infinite bounty!

...

**Aaaaarrrrgh! And Double Aaaaarrrrgh!**

Honest, this is all: the truth and the whole truth. So help me God!

5.

\*Hamburg\*

**Translation (for TINA)**

Thoughts-1-

(1993)

19

Written in the memory of my little gone doggy!  
So beautiful and delicate was she! My TINA!  
Only she had ever understood me, and my heart  
More than human sort of beings can ever ever do!  
And her loss United me to the Undivided !

6.

\*Basel\*

**Little DEVIL and the Big DEVIL**

Children-1-

(1993)

20

Today children I am going to tell you a funny story. People suppose that stories are only funny when you laugh. But in this funny story you do not laugh, you just smile. Some people laugh when they see others being hit on the head by more other people who in their turn are hit on the head by still others, like in

Little a dog was playing with a ball. Throwing it in all sort of directions and catching it before it touched ground: seemed like his whole object of life was rolling and playing with balls. **Funny, that like dogs, People also play with balls**. There are big balls and small balls, there are hard balls and soft balls and there are hand balls and foot balls and basket balls and cricket balls and base-balls and noble-balls, and just plain balls 'n the bowels: in odd quantities.

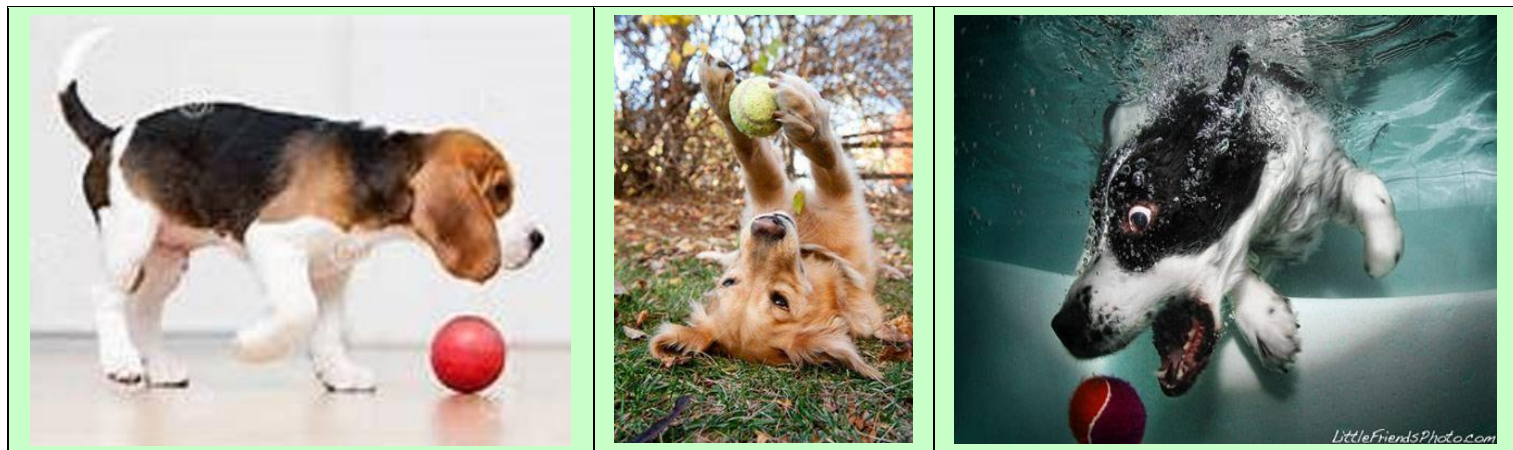
This event happened in \*Bordeaux\* (1980) ... But I wrote it years later in Milano !

...

Here I dare not a Balls Song Sung during 2<sup>nd</sup>. World War ... as V may consider it an attainment on Private Parts!

Reality-1-

-27-

11. \*Basel\*The VALLEY of IRISES

Teasingly-2-

(1993) -30-

In the valley where flourished the irises, flourished a lone flower. Her name was, one wondered why??? ... IRIS! A bud bowed and low! ... following The Swallows ...

softy movements only  
 so seemingly thus as  
 pointless reasons of flying  
 and of flowing disappearing  
 gradually dissolving far away  
 and without a point and even a  
 very and a very small **half stop and I**  
 say it too by such simple **words of mouth**  
 without pauses or commas or  
 any points of rest just  
 flying and high flying  
**swarms of swarms of swallows never**  
**never ever coming to a stop a fullstop**

this phenomena observed at vaticano roma and confirmed over ka'aba makkah

for birds being very proper creatures miraculously hold the clean as flying

*you have to see the sound the sense the meaning all in a single swap*

strangely it is one sentence without a minimum punctuation mark

The poor butler was sitting on his bed, thinking. Unhappy! The mistress had given him the day **off**: a born butler he didn't like **off**-days, **of**course. He liked to do things for his mistress. Everything! Like wash dishes. He was'nt officially paid for it. But when you are a nice butler you do do "such things" free of charge. He also liked to serve dinner. Or say "**Yes Sir**". Sorry "**Yes Madam**". He used to say "**Yes Sir**" when the mistress had a husband. **But now, all that was left really of the former husband, was a court-case for separation.** And the

...

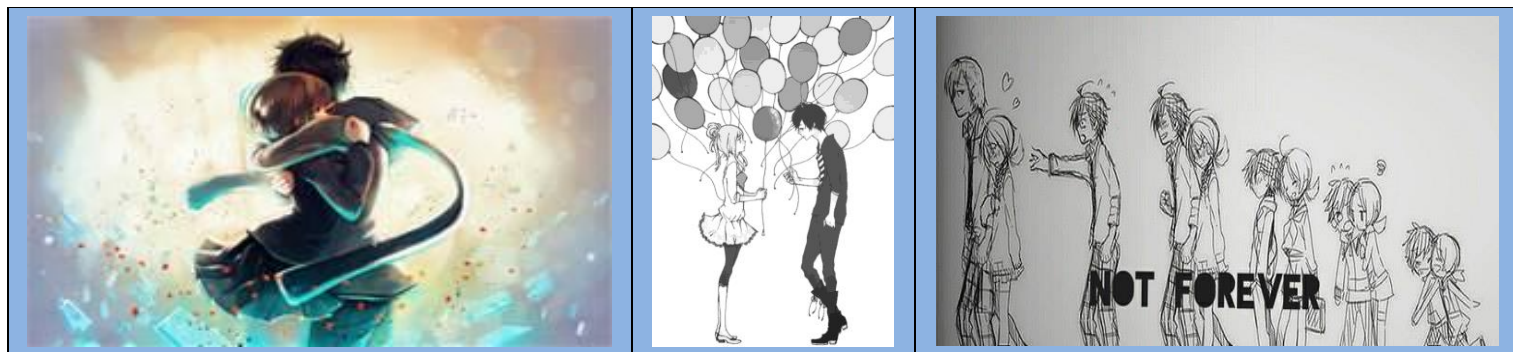
**For a Butler is a Butler ... Whatever he may do !**

**For a GUY IS A GUY ... Wherever he may be ! (Doris Day)**

"A Guy Is a Guy" is a popular song written by Oscar Brand. It was published in 1952.

The song originated in a British song, "I Went to the Alehouse (A Knave Is a Knave)," dating from 1719. During World War II, soldiers sang a bawdy song based on "A Knave Is a Knave," entitled "A Gob Is a Slob." Oscar Brand cleaned up the lyrics, and wrote this song based on it.

Having ten doors and ten keys and putting wrong keys to wrong doors, **none will open.** Same are logic bands of pairing couples. **Only can open the right door, the right key.** Beings also are of complex material; thousands of keys and accordances must be associated to proper hooks before finding a right couple! **With one sole hand, clap you cannot.** **Coupling is lots of hard work and constant sacrifices: of both partners.** **And some want to do it jumping into bed,** closing eyes, just waiting for



let's hold hands in hands and stroll out at leisure, with love in eyes and bliss in hearts; music of the wind and streams streaming in the ears, resounding in the intimate profundities of intimate complicities! **Forgetting no more what the fire said lastly, "Please don't play with me no more": and spint itself out in tears, to blaze no more, to hurt no more ...** **... Warmth Attained ... Is Warmth Retained!**

Two years old was I *and a half*, surrounded by beauties of women. Holding me, caressing me, thinking I was but a baby: each one of their innocent hand-touches enjoying profoundly I, inside of me purely smiling, thanking God for giving me so young, **the faculty of appreciating beauty; this faculty of appreciating beauty, so young so raw.** ... ..

*P.S.: This's the Truth, the Whole Truth and ... Nothing ... but the Truth ... So help me God ...*

**PhooH ... What a fantastic word.**

It doesn't mean anything, and it says everything.

I tried to look it up in the complete and exhaustive [dictionary](#):

under **P**. Nothing.

under **Ph**. Nothing.

under **F**. Nothing.

And **line by line**, I read and re-read every page of the [dictionary](#):

**all five thousand. Nothing.**

But if you ask my sweet-heart, "Have you had a tiring day". She will reply, non-chantingly "PhooH". All natural. As if there was nothing more common in this world than to say, "PhooH". And it **explains everything**. It is entire: and cannot be diminished or expanded. But generally it is used to denote the end of a **very very very very very big big big big big big big big big stress**.

**There was once** a man who was always talking bigger than his [mouth](#). Not that he really talked too much,, it is only that the others said so, wrongly **or** rightly, probably because the others did not understand him very much, **or** not at all, much. Sometimes he would say "the nightingale is singing" and the others would reply rude "singing my [foot](#), making noise: I have to work tomorrow and I want to [sleep](#)". But he kept on going around always saying nice things about even nicer things which nobody understood because they had to work, **or** had work to do, **or** had to eat quickly, **or** [sleep](#) immediately, **or** were just very busy really not being completely able to explain what they were busy with, **for being busy enough is an art**,, and is enough of an explanation for busy people,, for they don't have the leisure for explanations; *what a stupid question!* Busy men have never pondered on **or** tarried on the philosophy of busi-ness (of what makes them); it is such simple sense: **they are just busy being very busy; what an idiot-full, our friend!**

**In short**, he was a misfit in the practical and the functional [society](#), because he was never busy and talked only nice niceties on even nicer niceties. So **this person who always talked bigger than his** [mouth](#) got fed up of everything that seemed so busy, without really being it; nobody had the [time](#) to listen to him

**He found finally a solid wooden statue in a** [museum](#). A lady all beautiful and sculpted over

**So is our story**,, of **this gentle man who spoke bigger than his** [mouth](#)! **Or** **was it only his** [mouth](#) **who spoke bigger than him**. **Who is master, who is slave, 'tween** [mouth](#) **and man, one never knows!** And never will we know, for spake he n'er more, neither 'n nor more to none! **Lost blue, in the blues!** Quiet, like embalmed [memories](#) holding [silence](#) embossomed, **near and dear!** **P.S.** A very difficult essay.

**The sentence** "the man ... [mouth](#)" is tiringly long and one might fall down in a sort of junky repetition. But I like what is not easy, **for difficulty is the queen of mistresses**.

**Then**, it is to be noted the poetry in an insignificant term like a [museum](#)-ticket ... Here, there is a lot of hidden tenderness 'n meaning! For tenderness 'n meaning are only explained, in a **Soft Said Style!**



The bubbles were bubbling and while bubbling were bursting and blasting and as they were bursting and blasting a few lives got tangled and so entangled in blundering around themselves that they got blasted by the bubbling bursting bubbles.

Thus in life we do not know when we are nothing or when we are a bubble full of air or an airful of bubbles or just a simple bubble floating around in the air and when will this air bubble burst to become only air or just plain air or just nothing.

And the air made these bubbles float and gave them substance and subsistence and they started to have reason to believe that they were something or at least something floating about and not just plain nothing or nothing that could not even float about.

In these millions of bubbles there separated out a small bubble who wanted to be independent of all the rest just dancing and jumping about like a happy kid not realizing that he himself was contained in a bigger bubble who held him when he fell down and protected him from jumping too high and breaking his head 'n back against the sky or against his destiny as brave 'n mighty as he might be.

But one day the big bubble burst and the bunny bubble was thrown out in the world which was composed of thousands of other entangled 'n untangled bubbles each thinking that he was unique and the other bubbles were blown there only to make him stand out better.

In the rumble-bumble of life this is not so for there are bubbles which keep bursting each one at its time for no bubble is a special bubble and each one has its own time and when his time comes and it bursts it blasts mercilessly a few other bubbly bubbles just bumbling around.

Fortunately this was not the case of our little bubble for he wanted no harm to no-one nor to anyone nor anybody never ever but unfortunately one day as all other bubbles he also burst but he burst not because that his time had really come but because of another bitty small bubble whom he loved so very much and who had burst for certain reasons of a bloody 'n cruel destiny and thus our lonely little bubble even trying his best not to burst out by remembering the rare happy moments passed together could not contain his every present ugly thoughts who simply finally succeeded just to join the air around and thus to hold him no more neither never more our very special and smally small little bubble.

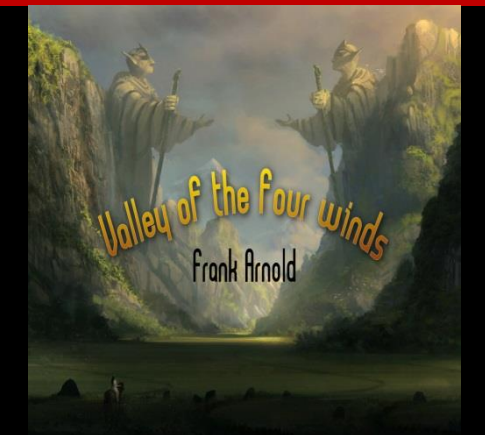
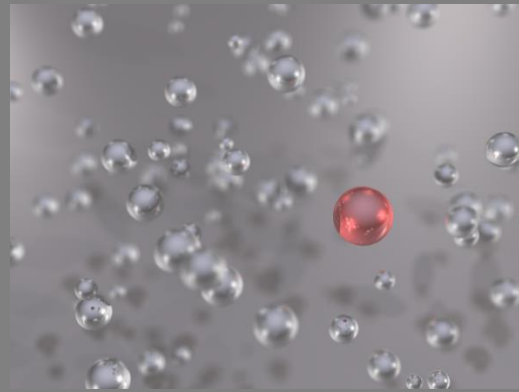
For when he burst forth he did not blast any other bubble of him around who were hundreds and thousands 'n by billions in number and neither did he hurt or bust even the surrounding air which had been his best buddy 'n substance just dissolving his entire substance into nothing which he was before that he had become a bubble and a very very humble bubbly bubble for that.

22. [Roma](#)**B U B B L E S**

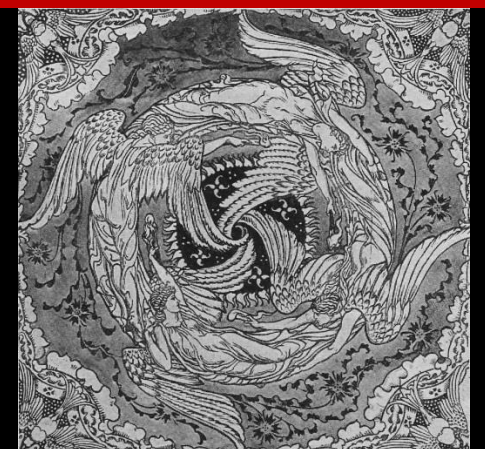
Tragically-1-

(1993)

... Google ... [Bubble-](#)/[-Black](#) ... [wordlesstech.com](#) ... [Red](#) ... [chrisk.name](#) ... [Bunny](#) ... [graphics.ucsd.edu](#) ...  
 ... [Pair](#) ... [valuewalk.com](#) ... [Sad](#) ... [fifthestate.co](#) ... [Green](#) ... [imgarcade.com](#) ... [Couple](#) ... [en.wikipedia.org](#) ...



[Boreas](#) Icy North ... [Notus](#) Hot South : destroyer of crops ...  
[Eurus](#) Unlucky East ... [Zephyr](#) : Messenger of Spring & Storms.



... [Winds/Valley](#) ... [4damind.com](#) ... [Nezir](#) ... [thecrimsonhammer.wordpress.com](#) ... [god](#) ... [greekmythology.com](#) ...  
 ... Courtesy of Google ... [Winds](#) ... [wCrane-thetextilebiog.blogspot.com](#) ... [Four](#) ... [daxiong.deviantart.com](#) ...

23. [\\*Kiel\\*](#) : [\\*Deutschland\\*](#)**The FOUR WINDS**

Premonitions-1-

(1993)



**Nezir, Lord of the North Wind**, is an air elemental commander - a Djinn - who commands the armies of **Al'Akir** from the **Throne of the Four Winds**. He is one of the three members of the Conclave of Wind, the first boss encounter in the Skywall's raid instance. Supposedly, **Siamat**, Lord of the South Wind was also a member of the Conclave, but his recent death prevents him from attending ... **Fantasy** ...

An empty plain, scattered with giant sculptured masks, swept up by a thunderstorm & tornado thingie.  
four faces of the wind, twisting and turning, personifications of **The Four Winds** (greek "**anemoi**").

... **Greek Mythology** ...

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

(Redirected from **Four stags of Yggdrasil**)

This drawing made by

a 17th-century **Icelander**

shows the four stags  
on the World Tree.

Neither deer nor ash trees  
are native to Iceland.

... **Nordic Mythology** ...



In **Norse mythology**, **four stags** or **harts** (male **red deer**) eat among the **branches** of the World Tree **Yggdrasill**.

According to the **Poetic Edda**,

the stags crane their necks upward to  
chomp at the **branches**.

Their names are given as  
**Dáinn, Dvalinn, Duneyrr and Duraprór**.

An amount of speculation exists regarding  
the deer and their potential symbolic  
value.

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

(Redirected from **Four Symbols (Chinese constellation)**)

### History

... The Four Symbols were given human names after **Daoism** became popular. The **Azure Dragon** has the name Meng Zhang (孟章), the **Vermillion Bird** was called Ling Guang (陵光), the **White Tiger** Jian Bing (監兵), and the **Black Turtle** Zhi Ming (執明).

In 1987, a tomb was found at **Xishui** (西水坡) in **Puyang, Henan**. There were some clam **shells** and bones forming the images of the **Azure Dragon**, the **White Tiger**, and the **Big Dipper**. It is believed that the tomb belongs to the Neolithic Age, dating to about 6,000 years ago.

The **Rongcheng Shi** manuscript recovered in 1994 gives five directions rather than four and places the animals quite differently: **Yu the Great** gave banners to his people marking the north with a **bird**, the south with a **snake**, the east with the **sun**, the west with the **moon**, and the

center with a **bear** ... **Chinese Mythology** ...



### The Four Symbols

(**Chinese**: 四象; **pinyin**: Sì Xiàng) are four **mythological** creatures in the **Chinese constellations**. They are the **Azure Dragon** of the East, the **Vermillion Bird** of the South, the **White Tiger** of the West, and the **Black Turtle** of the North. Each one of them represents a direction and a season, and each has its own individual characteristics and origins. Symbolically and as part of spiritual and religious belief, they have been culturally important in China, **Korea**, **Vietnam**, and **Japan**.

### A Han-dynasty pottery tile emblematically representing the five cardinal directions

The **colours of the animals**, also match the **colours of soils**, in these corresponding areas of China ... the **bluish-grey** water-logged soils of the **east**, the **reddish iron-rich** soils of the **south**, the **whitish saline** soils of the **western** deserts, the **black** organic-rich soils of the **north** and the **yellow** soils from the **central** loess plateau.

### Correspondence: Five Elements ...

Mythological creatures have been synthesized into the **5 element system**. **Azure Dragon** of the **East** represents **Wood**, **Vermillion Bird** of the **South** represents **Fire**, **White Tiger** of the **West** represents **Metal**, and **Black Turtle** (or Dark Warrior) of the **North** represents **Water**. In this system, the fifth element **Earth** is represented by the **Yellow Dragon** of the **Center**.

### Correspondence: Four Seasons ...

The four **beasts** each represent a season. The **Azure Dragon** of the **East** represents **Spring**, the **Vermillion Bird** of the **South** represents **Summer**, the **White Tiger** of the **West** represents **Autumn**, and the **Black Turtle** of the **North** represents **Winter**.

(So here I start an impossible task ... Reconstruct what was lost a quarter of a century past) **2016**

**Four Gongs Sounded then**, 'n came from the Four Corners,, **The Four Winds** !

The Icy **N**orth Wind,, an Early **E**ast Wind,, Wobbling **W**est Wind,, 'n a Subtle **S**outh Wind ...!

**NEWS ... But HOW Did It Happen ... North East West South**

In a Stormy Night of the North in the far Ends of **\*Deutschland\***, in a city off the Coast of **\*Kiel\***, I was in an Exhibition, helping a Friend, who turned out later to be a Foe, I had written a "Tale of **The Four Winds**", my Case Briefly was stolen; otherwise it would have been the Story of the Century ... but, but, but, & but !

**Thieves are to be condemned**, NOT 'cause they have stolen a materiel dear, however worthless it might be,, but because they have stolen a **P**art of the **P**ast becoming **P**resent in the **F**uture,, with **Sentiments** 'n **Thinks** 'n **Thoughts** ... This is like, a Nation which has **NO Past** in Records, has **NO Records** in **Future**, in a Manner of Honours in the Realms of History: leaving **NO** acheivements for Generations to come ... **just COMEin' to GO!**

... **This Preamble Allows Us To Continue** ...

Thus in the Stormy Night of the North in the far Ends of **\*Deutschland\***, that Three Winds met,, waiting for the **F**ourth of the North, which was a bit late, as Winter had not yet **Fully Fallen** ...

There was a Clash as they acame **F**rom **F**ar,

in their Majesty 'n their **F**ame,

all being **F**lagrant 'n not a Game,,

in their **F**ury 'n so glorious a **F**renzy,

in their **F**olly 'n their **F**ully **F**ervent **F**lame,,

drowned in a Night so coldly Cold, **F**rowned a Panorama so oddly Old ...

The **E**ast **W**ind said to the **W**est, I have taken No **R**est as in a hurry so was I,, 'n **W**est **W**ind **Winked** to **E**ast ...  
Ô just bla bla, for you are not as important as all that, ha ha; a jest being just a jest, Ô jester U ... 'n so on 'n so forth, for now we'll just rest. And the Wind of the South, to say a Nothing, only but opened her **M**outh,, then closed it again, for Nothing came Out; as her North part was Missing,, without any fuss, nor Hissing ...

“ **When shall we three meet again**  
**In thunder, lightening, or in rain?**  
**When the hurly-burly's done,**  
**When the battle's lost 'n won!** ”

**Ô Leave the Classics**, 'n **Stop Shaking the Shaky-Pear Tree**; now that have I come ... the North Wind echoed coldly! So let's bow down to business, or **let's Make-a Bet**, Ô stop making so much noise or fuss for nothing! Avoid, So **Much Ado About Nothing** ... hi hi hi !!! But Learn: **“Both Engage; One Won, so One is Done!”**

... **Wise Words ... What Will Wonderously Wind When Will** ...

So have We What to Do 'n to Say ... I come, graymalkin! Fair is Foul 'n Foul is Fair: Hover through the Fog 'n Filthy Air.

With Who Start With I,, "Eeny Miney Mayna Mo; Catch a Nigger by his Toe ... He has **Screamed**," 'n so we can now, **let him go-go-go**: thus so so so, Humanitarian r V ... Easily, Measily Mayna Mo!" Let us hereto thus pay homage to the East,, as that's where the **Sun** rises,, for **Good** or for **Worse**,, for we all **love** the **Verse**! hi hi!

**Hum! Hum**, said the East! **Dumb! Dumb**, said the West! **Numb! Numb**, said the frizzly South! (**Bumb! Bumb!** Had the **North** been there)! You have a good reputation to defend,, so don't blurt out what you can't fend! Tell us of your Wisdom 'n your **dumb dumb**,, for you're known to be **Wise**,, but now you look, all other-wise ! hi hi!

Try what you will, the **sun** rises in the East, whatever you may will! **We'hv had moments in the Past**,, that which eternal will never last,, for **Times** now go fast; **so come to a cup of tea, in -Paris- or Belfast**, ô crafty witch without ballast! So now I'll tell you my story at last,, if you shut up, to not to show your lower cast,, **hi hi 'n ha ha!!!** Forget NOT the Kubla Khan 'n the Glorious Mongol Clan of the past,, in the Kingdom of Majesty, but **we'hv also had a Royalty**, so let down alas in Loyalty,, **by the mechanisations of a civilisation mechanised!** Certes we were not wise or other-wise, but that must come to all? The present now awakes in the **feet** of the wakes,, 'n shangles now break,, for what rises from death has nothing more at stake ... thanks, thanks 'n again thanks; for teaching us what was so fake ... hi hi ...

Suddenly, thus **Spake the North Wind**,, who had just come with a blast ...

In the Beginning there was no **Light**,, then God said, "**Let There be Light**" ...

but **Still** There was No **Light**,, apart the Darkest of the Darks, in the **Still** ...

only Happened **the Biggest of Big Blasts** ,, 'n all Fell into an **Absoluteness of Cold** ...

of **Absolute Zero**,, a Past lasting for more than a Thousand of our Present Centuries ...

in an Overall **Plasma**,, then Expanding Slowly to Freeze All **Light**, to Stop All **Motion** ...

which Started to Thaw-out a bit,, so self-Created an Iöta of Cold Mini-Atoms ...

in the Frozen **Light**,, so Frozen that it became an Unmoving **Electro-Magnetic** Black Mass ...

of Static Energy of Heavy **Light**,, only emitting Constant Waves,, **Still** Cries of Shock ...

to Mark it's Presence in What Was,, so Haunting the Entire Creation, for Ever 'n Ever ...

to **Still** Penetrate All in an Eternal **Resonance**,, Embracing the Total of the **Cosmos** ...

thus to us Speaks the **Voice of the Universe**,, in Subtle 'n Hushed Under-Tones ...

"'n I'm Born of this **Absolute Cold**,, Frozen Dead, in the Theoric North of **Universe** ...

Born to **Poseidon**,, King of the Congealed Dark **Seas** ... **Poseidon** or Not, am Here"!!! **So Spake the North Wind!**

I spring off from the **Darkness**,, **of the supposed Dark Matter 'n the Dark Energy** ... the **memories**

**One** Pulls In,, the **Other** Pushes Out, unto the **Extent** of the **Cosmos Extinct** ...

the **Push-out** being Faster than the **Pull-in**,, into the **Darkness** of **Spaces** so Spaced ...

of **an Absolute Zero**,, of the **Never Come-Back**,, of Trillions of our Present Centuries ...

**Nature** can only be Scented in Sounds ... Visible & Invisible,, Audible & Inaudible

Then whom had been silent all the way through,, **of same Dark Matter 'n Dark Energy** ... spake,, so spake in a deep 'n a deep 'n cold voice,, from the depths of the cold 'n the icy cool of the depths: **The Silent West Wind!**

Ther who know not better than me, for I'm the West,, Silent 'n Observing,, **One who cannot be provoked** ... the **Occident** judging the **Orient** with a Serpent-Eye ... **Colonial 'Comptoirs' 'n Companys** ,, call them of the **East**,, **always being of the West 'n the Best**,, "Eeny Meeny Myna Mo, Catch a **Nigger** by his **Toe** ... **to Tow them** Eternally,, 'n only if he Screams a Rendering Cry, let him Go,, Ô Ô Ô ... Eeny **Meanly** Myna Mo ! Mo Mo **More!**"

### East of the Sun ... 'n ... West of the Moon

We of the **West**, Went to the **East**, as A Beast to the **East**,, **We ate their Fruit 'n made them Crude!** **Do** be **done!** But **do** 'n Remember, "The Sun Always Rises in the **East**", 'n so Spake the dO:Om!!!" Thus we'll avoid fine phrases, to speak of these **beasts of prey**, called **Humanums**! **So** shall we **Meat** again! But, Not Invain ...

Thus were these normal bickerings of old friends, who had not met since a certain time ... **for there's Magic in Seperations**, of old **Memories re-living**, each travelling a long way,, **'ghosts from an enchanter fleeing'**!

Nothing is left, except of Remembrances of Times of **Mighty Motions** and **Mighty Notions** ... of Times **Past!**

- Bise / Boreas (cold, **northern wind** in France and **northeastern wind** in Switzerland) ... **Icy North**
- Mistral (cold northerly from **central France** and the **Alps to Mediterranean**)
- Föhn / Notus (a warm, dry, **southerly wind** off **northern side of Alps & North Italy** ... **Hot South** : destroyer of crops
- Wind Sculptures (**man-made kinetic masterpieces**,, avoiding **thunderstorms or clusters**)
- Eurus (east wind) ... **Unlucky East** ... hi, hi; thus is the **West** ... "The Sun Always Rises in the **East**"
- Zephyr (west wind) a gentle, mild breeze ... **Messenger of Spring & Storms.**

All Winds of Fortune or mis-Fortune for Men, or what is left of them, a day in Future!

When you dive into the **Past**, deep depths of sounds of **Past** ... all that you're left with are Remembrances! Phantoms of old memories, or that what you had lived,, that what is not Real anymore. When you lived unto the Stars 'n Deep Depths of sounds of Seas, awondering that Mother Nature had gifted you such Sensibility that was not often common to mortal man ... then thankfully you bowed your head, lost in Meditation!

When you dive unto Lost Oceans, of Deep Depths Mysteries of Oceans Drained, voids **where Winds Function NO more**,, except Remembrances of Phantasmagoric Visions,, Visions undulating in Vales 'n Mounts, bathed in Crystalline Waves of floating Dimensions,, sometimes Cold sometimes Warm, sometimes Sharp sometimes Flat, for miles 'n miles of sable sands,, where live fast fleeing beings, bringing back sad memories of Phantoms of old, or that what you had lived,, that what is not Real anymore. Then you see unto the fallen Star-Dust 'n these Deep Depths of sounds of Seas, awondering why Mother Nature had gifted you such an acute Sensibility that is rarely common to mortal men ... then respectfully you bowed your head, to Sleep!

But all that is neither Here nor There in this World of **Nowhere**,, **where Winds function NO more**,, 'cause Tears are **Too Wet to Woo**, your Diluted Vision Remembrances,, Visions in Hazes 'n Mazes, all off-Focus, signifying **Nothing**; 'n all your wooing 'n spousing of morrow's thoughts, creeps in this petty pace, in **Death's Depths!**



But yet, all lived in the Dark Back of the Head, as if None had passed or died or even had gone away ... So, how can that live-on; when **is-Not** or **is-Not-Now**, even **if-were-before???** Ay, there's the rub, 'n the **Dilemma**. They say that Pearls live at the Bottom of the Sea, closed into their own Shells, and they say that Strings of Pearls are but Stringed Beads of Irritation, when our **Real Internal Thoughts** do become 'n remain as **Eternally Lost Threads of Remembrances** 'n **Doubts**! So what is a **Doubt**? **I Doubt that I am BUT not???**

Here 'tis a **Dilemma** that two subjects are launched simultaneously ... **Facts Over** 'n **Thinks Under** **Surface** ... 'Tis NOT a Submit to Religion ... BUT ... Action on TRUTH, that Forges Paradise! **Evil Taps on 'tis Own Door!**

Thus was I liberated of the Darkness of the Waves, **Darkness** of the Allegory of the Caves!

### ... The Allegory of the Cave ... by Plato ... based on Socrates

In the Allegory of the Cave, Plato distinguishes between

**People** who mistake sensory knowledge for the truth

And

**People** who really do see the truth

...

It goes like this ...

#### The Cave

- **Imagine a cave**, in which there are **three prisoners**. The prisoners are **tied** to some seats, their arms and legs are bound and their head is tied so that they cannot look at anything, but a simple **stonewall**, which in front of them.
- These prisoners have been **here since birth** and have never seen anything, outside of the cave.
- Behind the prisoners is **a fire**, and between them being, is a raised walkway.
- **Images** of People outside the cave walk along this walkway carrying things on their head including; animals, plants, wood and stone ... by a Fire behind, all thrown on the Wall, by Marionettes.

#### The Shadows

- **Imagine** now ... that you are one of the prisoners. You cannot look at anything behind or to the side of you ... but **constantly**, stay only **looking** at the wall in front of you.
- When **shadows of people** walk along the walkway, you can also see the shadows of the objects they are carrying cast on to the wall, by the fire screen ... all a **Marionettes' Show**.
- If you had **never seen the real objects** ever before, you would believe that the shadows of objects were 'real' ... **Images of a Mistaken REALITY**.

#### The Game

- Plato observes that the prisoners would begin a 'game' of **guessing** which **shadow** would appear **next**.
- If one of the prisoners were to **correctly guess**, the others would praise him as **clever** and say that he were **a master of nature**.

#### The Escape

- **One of the prisoners is then set free** from his bindings ... and leaves the cave.
- He is **shocked** at the world, which he discovers outside the cave and believes not that it can be real.
- As he becomes used to his new surroundings, he realizes that his **former view** of reality was **wrong**.
- He **begins to understand** his new world, and sees that the **Sun is the source of Life** ... and goes on an Intellectual Journey ... thus where he discovers **Beauty and Meaning**.
- He sees that his former life afore lead, and the **guessing game** they played, was completely FALSE.

#### The Return

- The prisoner returning to the cave, **informs** the other prior companions, of his found Reality.
- They do not believe him and **threaten** to **kill** him ... **if he tries to set them free**.

Try what you will, the **sun** only rises in the **East**, whatever you may will! **We've had moments in the Past**, that which eternal will never last, for **Times** now go fast; **so come have a cup of tea, in Paris or in Belfast**, ô crafty witch without ballast!

... etc ... etc ... etc ...

**Hazrat Ameer Khusro**

*Khusro darya prem ka, ulti wa ki dhaar,*

*Jo utra so doob gaya, jo dooba so paar.*

خسرو دریا پیار کا، الٹی واہ کی دھار؛ جو اترا وہ ڈوب گیا: جو ڈوبا وہ پار!

"Oh **Khusro**, the **no return river** of **Love**,

Runs in strange directions.

One **jumping** into it **drowns**,

while one **drowning**,

**crosses**" ...

**Shikwa & Jawab-e-Shikwa**

... or what said, the Poet of the **East** ...

**Hazrat Allama Iqbal**

Khol **aankh**, **falak** deekh, **fiza** deekh, **sama** deekh,

**Mashriq** se ubartay huay **Suraj** ko zara deekh.

"Open **Eyes**, see the **Sky**, see the **Surf**, see the **Scene** ,

See the slow **Sun** rise, only in the **East**" ...

But, is it really Real, what we see 'n we Feel 'n we Hear, here then, 'tis a **Dilemma** again, that **Two or Infinite Microscopic Universes** are launched coincidentally ... where we exist simultaneously, **Facts Over** 'n **Thinks Under Surfaces Unknown**, **Dimensions** Unknown; 'n Names unknown: the Universal **Micro-cosmos**, thus so becoming **Macro-cosmos**, in **Existences Parallel** ... that ... **I am ... Else-where Also**! That could explain, the **Co-Incidence of Heavens which are Hell**, 'n the **Meanness 'n Meaninglessness** of our **Mortal Thought**!

But, is it really Real, what we see 'n we Feel 'n we Hear, here thus then, we can say, that **We are When we are Observed**, 'n **Our Existence is our Consciousness of our Casualty**, in a certain Space in 'n at a Certain Time, which can simultaneously be in other Spaces co-Related, by the **Impartial Law of Probability**! The really Real, can so be the **Laws Emanating of Another Super-Universe**, that Organises you into a Single **Consciousness System that eliminates Hazard by Method**, Method employed by Billions of **Micro-cosmes**, who Self-Organise into a Unified United Scheme of a Structured Human-Being, or any other Being, being so. **Thus we conclude**: ALL Time Effects ALL Time ALL the Time, every Moment Procreating every other Moment, that Past Present Future are a Single Quantum Unit, the Basic Identity of **The Universal Golden Ratio**, in this Totality of the **Fractal Construction**, overall Central **Golden Mean's Self-Similarity**, by Self-Repetition.

Thus Beyond is Creating **US**, as Simultaneously, **WE** are **co-Creating** the Beyond ...

Pull-In 'n Push-Out smoothes unto Self, as Utmost **Extents** of **Cosmos** **Distinct** ...

Then **Everything** evens in, **Theory** turning to Reality, of Realms **Real** re-Defined ...

That Atoms to Individuals 'n Individuals to Colonies become, Conscious 'n Present ...

Predicting so: **Anything that Can Happen, Will finally Happen**, 'n **ALL PHASES of Universes Inter-Twined**!!!

When, in the Wilderness of the Beyond, sung All the Winds from the **North** to **East** to **West** to **South**, in these Unison Sounds all Together Bound ... When the Wolves will Cry 'n Howl at Midnight ... When 'tween the Moon full 'n half to wane, where Wolverines will wont in Eternal Arrays to mate their Mates ... When, in the Dismay of a Total Dismay 'n DisArray ... Morn will come to Wipe out "all fond Records" from Memories Mine 'n Thine ... of Love of Hate ... **Frailty**, thy name be, What may be ... be it **Woman** ... or **Wind**, or not be ... Then the Shakespearian Frame, Used or of no Use to be ... takes it's Turns 'n effects ... in the Tragic 'n the Comic, which Twist 'n Twirl in the Hurly Burly ... to Mingle in this Meddly Maddened!



So spring I off from a Darkness, of supposed Dark Matter 'n Dark Energy ...

**One** Pulling In,, **Other** Pushing Out, unto the Total **Extent** of the Cosmos **Extinct** ...

Push-out being Faster than the Pull-in,, far into the Darkness of Spaces so Spaced ...

Reversed Absolute Zero, of the **Ever Come-Back**, of Trillions of our Present Centuries ...

So Results a Unification of ACTS, FACTS, Facets, Faces, 'n **ALL PHASES of Lone Universes Inter-Twined!!!**

... **Stoppage 2017** ... Here there was another Blockage for over a year, as Thinks 'n Thoughts NOT being as Migrant Birds, are difficult to recult. Then Destiny again played with me ... **'n I had a Dream** ... NOT a Kingly Dream, as King's Dream, but a Færy Dream, as is gifted to the Favoured ... in real 6 Dreams: thus one after the other, to Complete the InComplete! So woke I up mornings,, with vivid Memories 'n Visions ...!

This Constant bickerings 'n nickerings of Winds convened **None**! So they outcame a System of Conveniences, which convened **ALL**! They decided to TOSS; not a simple coin, as we know All, but a Cube of 6 faces, **ALL** around with **North East West South**, 'n top 'n bottom, with **Heaven 'n Hell**, for **hi hi**! Equals = **NEWS** = **hi hi**, 'n **Heaven 'n Hell**, for Thrower. Here we can Pose a Theological Question ... Does **Heaven 'n Hell** Exist????? Truly, in my own opinion, let's bank on Pure Logic ... Does a **Heller** even know a **Heavener** or vice-versa????? 'n Logically Speaking ... **NO** ... So for one in **Hell**, **Heaven** Exists NOT,, 'n for one in **Heaven**, **Hell** Exists NOT ... Thus say I, Logically Speaking ... **to Hell** ... All **Guru**, **Évêque**, **Rabi**, **Mullah** 'n **sant** ... All **GÉRMs**??? **hi hi**!

Then as Iqbal, "See the slow Sun rise, only in the **East**", the **East Wind** per courtesy, was allotted the first say ...

"I had a Dream, 'n in the Dream, I knew that Dreaming was I. 'Twas in a Færy-Land found myself I, unto a Royum Unknown, where reigned NO King ni Queen ni Prince ni Princess Charming,, 'twas thus a Real Royum of the People, for the People, by the People,, 'n All was decided by Mutual Consent, in all Peace 'n Harmony ... 'Twas a Færy inland that myself lead around, just revealing to me the **Just**, as unjust existed NOT. Rainbows curved as everywhere, shared colours with everyone 'n bliss rayoned off on every face. Then she lead me on to view all sorts of scapes,, land-scapes to seas-capes to reposing e-scapes, to imbibe one unto one's own Spirit. Once the tour ended, she bade me good-bye with tears in her eyes, for which asked I the reasons Why ??? Then in a soft tone she bade me then not to ask, but on my persistence with a finger on her lips, she broke to reveal that a WAR was forth-coming,, not because of them but 'cause of other lands, people of other places, of places like mine, who could NOT digest that Peace 'n Harmony could live on their own,, of dis-order what they called NORMALITY, 'cause they knew NOT the normality of Order 'sans' Selfishness! A dOomed Paradise." So woke I myself up, the echos of dOom ever reverberating in my Soul ... **'cause we self cause our casualties** !

The toss now went to next, which threw first **Hell** then **West** ... A **Natural Order**??? The **Wobbling 'n Wavering West Wind** cleared throat, to make clear to all a **Native Non-Comprehension kNack (NNN)**, **'No NoNsense Plz'**. Then with a Grunt 'n Groan of Thunder 'n Rain,, when Babes moaned 'n Old-ups hold-up in terror their breath,, yelled, **"We of West make-up a huss 'n fuss in fiction** un-turned to reality, in **Captions 'n Captains THIS 'n THAT**, up-Holding **fictive** Powers of terrifying Thunder 'n Lightning 'n Rain,, signifying just **Nothing**!

**"We'll Win, Will We**, is just a **Fantasy**, lost since **Ever**, a **Fraction** of **Time** since **Eternity** ... of **Forgotten Adam**!

So Full of Riddles 'tis, this Fable of Facts of Past of Now of Future ... Devine it ... if you can?

“ Then shall we meet again; 'n when **Armageddon** will so come to Reign: (Fact 'n Fury)  
 When **Protestants**, **Hebrew**, **Originals** 'n **Catholics**; “**Phoxes**” 'twill be One; (Act 'n Action)  
 When **Aliens**, **Témoins**, **Orthodox** 'n **Muslims**; “**Atoms**” in 'twain Undone; (Fear 'n Fiction)  
 When the hurly-burly's done; 'n the Lost-Won Battle's finally Begun! (Dear 'O Dear)  
 When **Whales** turn to **Snails** 'n **Feet** to **Fish**, then **U**'ll have all **U** wish, (Wail 'n Whine)  
 When **U**'r worst half'll be better, 'n the better half the best, in a swish! ” So **Shut-up** the **West Wind** !!!

(**Historical ReCapitulation** ... Showing ... How History can go Wrong ... and Wrong can become History ???)

“And from over 15 miles off the Horizon, smelled a Ship,, a Ship gone to Conquer the East 'n the West, sailing North 'n South,, where Sailors in Requisition, were chained to their ranks, doing all the necessary on spot, while rowing 'n rawling ... coming back as sceprotic heroes to charm the maidens,, **as goes the Fiction, far from Reality or History!!!** But talk we'll NOT of the famous **Vasco da Gama**, who with a Cape 'n Horn went around,, to return blowing his Horn, “I found it, I found it;” **so**, **Columbus** mis-taked only on the **Red-Injuns!**”

The Dream Vanished 'n VOID took over,, 'n **ALL PHRASES took Leave ... to reunite,, in Renewed Shapes** !!!

... **Stoppage 2018** ... **UnStopped 2020** ... Here there was another Blockage of over two years 'n more: then **Thinks 'n Thoughts** were brought back again, as the Winds Woke up anew ... **'n I Dreamt as fore** ... **AND** thus, **Spoke the Winds to the Winds**, inviting **the South Wind**, “and You the **South Wind** ... you who remain ever in the Shadows, blowing into the Shadows and unto the Sails of Ships forlorn and forsaken ... that after Various Wanderings,, of vivid **Memories** 'n **Visions** ... finally blow into the Harbour, sometimes Safe, sometimes Stale ! Ô come South Wind ... our Sister ... **Tell thy Tale**, of your Whims and your Wails? Come!”

And thus, the **Wind of Winds**, the Wind of Veils and Sails, the Wind of Voyages and Paysages, the Wind of Bays and Ways unknown, the Wind of Ports and Kingly Courts, the Wind of Aventure and Mis-Venture that ‘Struts’ an hour upon an hour ‘on the Stage and then is heard’ in Whispers or ‘no more’<sup>1</sup>, the silent Wind of **‘Return or NO Return’** in Rivers of Waves<sup>2</sup>, unto Homely or UnHomely Ports, ‘in Vacant or in Pensive Mood’<sup>3</sup>. of ‘Hoard’ 'n ‘Hoard of Troubles’<sup>4</sup>. of Wishers Well UnWell, the Winds of Fortunes Turned UnTurned, finally Returning into the Laughs and Cries of ‘Friends and Country-Folks’<sup>5</sup>, well massed on the Quays and Docks, when white Sails rise from the blue Horizon, to the Shouts and Shrieks of the amassed Maddened Crowds, waiting to lead them Returnest to Houses long UnHoused, of lonely Pears and longing laughing Sears, to ‘Drink Coffee and Sit for an Hour’<sup>6</sup>, to Discuss Destroyed ‘Wastelands’ of Millinaire Civilisations, where blew ‘Magic Casements opening on the Foams of Mysterious Seas, in Fairylands Forlorn’<sup>7</sup>, long abandoned and forsaken, where nearby did flew slowly ‘a meandering river’<sup>8</sup>, where ‘a stately Dome did decree’; ‘water, water, everywhere, not a drop to drink’<sup>9</sup>: so did the **South Wind** with a discrete cough start ... **and so spake** ...

1. ‘Struts’ Macbeth (Shakespear)

2. ‘No Return’ Film (Marilyn Monroe)

3. ‘Vacant Pensive’ Daffodils (Wordsworth)

4. ‘Hoard of Troubles’ Hamlet (Shakespear)

5. ‘Friends and Country-Folks’ Julius Ceasor (Shakespear) ... ‘Country-Men’

6. ‘Drink Coffee and Sit for an Hour’ Wasteland (T. S. Eliot)

7. ‘Magic Casements opening on the Foams of Mysterious Seas, in Fairylands Forlorn’ Ode: Nightingale (John Keats)

8. ‘meandering river’ ‘a stately Dome did decree’ Kublai Khan (Coleridge)

9. ‘water, water, everywhere, not a drop to drink’ The Ancient Mariner (Coleridge) ... **“Thus, History Repeats Itself???”**

“And thus in the dark of dark of the darkness of darknesses so deep in the profound of the profoundness of the profoundnesses where moved many an immense and unimaginable masses of the sleekest of the sleek flesh and bloods invisible to the visible eyes of unknown unseen monstrous beholders dug so deep down into the flowing and stable or unstable stands of the deep dugged waters of the spreading sands of the deepened seas mingled into the darkened sands of the deepest and darkest of all oceans sunk resounding in the sands of times in their interaction of and by the heavy and unbearably deafening dumb sounds of an unsounding humming reminding all and sundry unknown that what seemed to exist not did exist as from time to time flew by an unexpected unflashing electrical eel or a similar object as a rounding wheel existing only an instant in a single unseen glimpse as a hidden being of a far away image in a far away world sunk into the oblivion of an infinitesimally small point anchored in the infinite space of immense dimensions lost into these folds after folds of distant super dimensions after dimensions and extensions beyond into the behind of the behinds of the beyondness of beyondnesses where existed the counterpart of the cold over colder and coldest of unloving spaces with the lightness of the lightless inert matter unglimmering in its haltness as yet unfelt and unseen compared to the warmth of the vibrant and living fleshly bloody unseen enormous lifeless beings of a mass and weight unbearable and unimaginable so totally unfelt by these ignorant beholders of farways since times and ages immemorial floating by all over these watery domains of oblivion having no bounds no founds nor ends until an end unexpected overwhelms these unseen sands of times seemingly as if to come to some invisible untold of end by their sheer burden and weight afore seeming so fluid to flimsy and unthoughtful minds of kinds and beings of doubtful shapes and forms of strange likeness to the minor minds of minor humans in all their shrill and trill ascertaining that what seems not actually is even if totally invisible to the thoughtful thought of thinkers who to the contrary think that what seems is perhaps may not be or is or was because the ephemere in this vast immensity of times and chimes dusted by the constant rolling of the wheels of fortunes done undone or of the symbolistic reminiscences of lost memories of facts and acts which have been or not have been as interred into remembrances of past so uncertain in future as ideas ephemere buried into this vast immensity of large rolling spaces measured into these cosmic sands called time ’n again so totally fragmented into miniscule parcels and particles which we very unwittingly and unimaginatively call so blatantly the divine human intelligence which is only another nick-name for beings without a single glimpse of light sunk into shades?” ... **Thus the South Wind spake in a Single Breath; nor Pause nor Stop.**

And thus ended ... the Story, et l'Histoire, e la Storia, und Geschicht ... of the **Four Winds**, the Four Sisters!

So Spake the **North Wind** ... of **Cold** Face, de Visage de Froid, la Faccia Freda, das Gesicht Kalt, to End All!

So Spake the **East Wind** ... of **Tear** Face, Visage en Larmes, Faccia in Lacrime, Gesicht in Tränen, to End All!

So Spake the **West Wind** ... of **Wild** Face, Visage Tourmenté, Faccia Tourmente, Gesicht Gequält, to End All!

So Spake the **South Wind** ... of **Calm** Face, de Visage Calme, la Faccia Calma, das Gesicht Ruhig, to End All!

Then the Tempest blew and Wiped out All Traces and Signs, that they had ever Met or Discussed or Talked of Anything Ever, nor of Them or Others or Events: for **Mystery** is 'n Ever was, the **Four Winds**, or Four Sisters!

The Best I could ... in Many Many Years ... in so Many Many Years

(**Thus I failed, in an impossible task** ... Reconstruct what was **lost** a quarter of a century past ... **Lost** Rememberances of **Færy-Lands** deep under the **sea**, intertwined into the soft **souvenirs** of lost and mind-boggling forgetness, fabricated of fleeting smoldering **cinders** of hazy recollections,, **that once lost, are ever lost**; becoming just impossible to be-come,, **neither in has, nor in be, or in being!**)

And here the Meeting Ended ... for ...

the Winds are NOT the same Winds

the Air is NOT the same Air

the Sounds are NOT the same Sounds

and Beings NOT anymore a “Being”

all over are Beings without Being

all over are Sounds without Sound ... only Noise

all over is Air without Air ... only Smoke

all over are Winds become Stings ... Dark Pollution

and

Animals are Murdered

Humans are Murdered

for Gain, for Profit, for Money-Honey

for **Religions, Schisms, Isms**

Humanity become Un-Humanity

Worth become Un-Worth

**“Full of Sound and Fury ... Signifying Nothing”!**

(Shakespeare)

**A gO-Od Old Tale of Tailed Monkeys ... Now Mounting Trees on Trees?**

**Two-Leggéd Crawlers Crawling**

**In Earth**

**On Earth**

**Under Earth**

**Under-Dog or Slave!**

Les [Valkyries](#) Chantaient  
 Une Musique de la Mort  
 Les [Valkyries](#) Chantaient  
 Une Musique de la Sort  
 De l'Âme séparée si bien du Corps  
 Les [Valkyries](#) Chantaient  
 Du Présent au Passé plus loin encore  
 Flottant en Regrets qui deMords  
 Sans Futur ni Hors ni deHors  
 Les [Valkyries](#) Chantaient  
 De ce Qui n'était Pas et Ni Serait pas  
 Loin de ce Monde du Son du bla-bla  
 Les Phantômes des Gens de si ga-ga  
 En Resonnance Vide de leur ha-ha  
 Les [Valkyries](#) Chantaient  
 Pour un Certain Peu de [Temps](#) Perdu  
 Dans ce Monde de Tant de Taboos  
 Les [Yeux](#) Voyant le Nul en Rien Confondu  
 Errant en ce Nulpart de Nul Partout  
 Vide dans ce Vide et ce Sourd Surtout  
 Puis a eu un [Silence](#) d'un Rien très Moux  
 Alors les [Valkyries](#) ne Chantaient plus !  
**Ainsi les [Valkyries](#)**  
*N'étaient plus là en Chantant*  
 De la Guerre et du Malheur  
 Car de la Profondeur  
 De la [Terre](#) et de la [Mer](#)  
 Se sont Levés des [Silences](#)  
 Du Calme et de la Douleur  
 Et ont mis à la Mort  
 Avec Raison et Sans Tort  
 Cette [Beauté](#) Sommeillante qui [Dort](#)  
 Dans le Fond et en Hors  
 Au [Pied](#) du Destin et du Sort  
 "du Calme que l'on se Calme"  
 Mettant Fin à cette Terreur  
 De ce Monde en Grand Erreur  
 D'abord en Bas ... puis deHors  
**C'est ainsi que les [Valkyries](#)**  
**Ne Chantent plus** car elles [Dorent](#) !

The [Valkyries](#) Chanted  
 The Music of Death  
 The [Valkyries](#) Chanted  
 The Music of Dearth  
 Of Spirits separated so well from Corpse  
 The [Valkyries](#) Chanted  
 Of the Present to Past further or more  
 Flotting in Regrets that Pinch  
 Without Future nor Here nor There  
 The [Valkyries](#) Chanted  
 Of What Was Not 'n Nor Will be  
 Far from this World of Sounds of bla-bla  
 Of Phantom Folks well in their ga-ga  
 In a Resonnance Void of their ha-ha  
 The [Valkyries](#) Chanted  
 For a Certain Lack of [Times](#) so Lost  
 In this World of Many Many a Taboo  
[Eyes](#) Viewing a Null in an All Confounded  
 Erring in a Nowhere of Nowhere Everywhere  
 Void in this Void 'n this Deafness Overall  
 Thus flew in a [Silence](#) from a Never so Fluid  
 That the [Valkyries](#) Chanted no more!  
**So the [Valkyries](#)**  
*No more being there to Chant*  
 Of War 'n of Dread  
 'Cause from the Profounds  
 Of the [Earth](#) 'n the [Seas](#)  
 So arose [Silences](#)  
 In Calm 'n in Dearth  
 And as such put to Death  
 With Raison 'n Without Wrong  
 This [Beauty](#) Dreamer which [Sleeps](#)  
 In its Founds 'n in inSide  
 At the [Feet](#) of Destiny 'n of Sort  
 "b' Calm that becomes all a Calm"  
 Putting an End to this Terror  
 Of this World in so Great an Error  
 atFirst soDown ... atLast outSide  
**Thus 'tis that the [Valkyries](#)**  
**Chant no more** 'cause they went to [Sleep](#) !



25. Roma

EYES, NOSE and MOUTH

Comically-2-

(1993)

Wondered have you ever, why God has placed the eyes above the nose?

You haven't! I thought so! Lazy bums! Well, let me tell you something about it. Hum! Frankly speaking, I just realized myself that even I didn't know much about it. **Even more frankly speaking, because I am capable of speaking even more frankly if you want, but you may not like it**, so let's stay with the original subject, **I didn't ever even think about it before**. Like you! Lazy bums! Good for nothing! But while you have no excuse to be so un-qualifiably ignorant, I have. Oh! Pardon me! I've got it all wrong again. I am so confused. ...

And tenderly I took her in my arms and touched her nose to nose. It was only to make her laugh. But it least we know now why the nose is where it is! And careful, don't touch it: it is my heart-throb's nose, and a very loving nose for that ... **Not your bloody nose** ...

Careful ! **Now that you KNOW the NOSE ... & you know, Why the NOSE is, where the NOSE is** ?

25. Roma

EYES, NOSE and MOUTH

Comically-2-

(1993)

... Courtesy Google ... [Face-favim.com](#) ... [Parts](#) ... [maggieyeahx.DeviantArt.com](#) ... [lips](#) ... [fanpop.com](#) ...  
... [Eyes](#) ... [nosurprises's.DeviantArt.com](#) ... [Funny](#) ... [picphotos.net](#) ... [Diff](#) ... [nanninanni's.DeviantArt.com](#) ...





## 30. Roma (Fr/Eng) Sans Silence et Sans Son

## No Silence 'n No Sound

1993

Sans Silence et Sans Son

cette forêt immense

de solitude

ces sentinelles muettes en désordre

gardent la distance

sans intimité,,

**Dans une clairière d'un étang**

clairsemés ces nuages

inversent ces images

des arbres mobiles

surveillant discrètement

la séparation des êtres,,

**Jouent deux enfants**

sublimement inconscient

de ce silence

inaltérable

ces hurlements dévastant

*cette solitude sacrée**aux initiés de la souffrance,,***Ces bruits disparaissent**

dans l'interne oreille

dans le noir de la nuit

et les arbres avancent

avec intimité

en cette solitaire ambiance

sans ces bruits des sons,,

**À peine la lune éclaire**

cette clairière

de sobres reflets

ses images d'argent ornée

cette innocence

de simples cris est partie,,

**Puis les arbres progressent**

jusqu'au pied de cet étang

pour me noyer dans le fond

de mon être,,

Sans Silence et Sans Son

No Silence 'n No Sound

this immense forest

of solitude

these mute sentinels in disorder

guarding their distance

without intimacy,,

**In a clearing of a marsh**

these clouds thrown about

inversed in images

of mobile trees

discretely watching

the separation of beings,,

**Two children play**

sublimely unconscious

of this silence

inalterable

their hurls devastating

*this sacred solitude**to the initiated of sufferance,,***These noises disappear**

in the internal ear

in the darkness of the night

and the trees advance

as intimates

in this solitary ambiance

without these noisy sounds,,

**Hardly the moon lights**

this clearing

of sober reflections

these images of sculpted silver

this innocence

of playful cries is gone,,

**Then the trees progress**

unto the edge of this marsh

to drown me in the bottom depths

of my being,,

No Silence 'n No Sound

Sans Silence

cette forêt

de solitude

ces sentin

gardent la

sans intim

**Dans une**

clairsemé

inversent

des arbre

surveillan

la séparat

**Jouent d**

sublimem

de ce silen

inaltérabl

ces hurle

*cette solit**aux initié***Ces bruit**

dans l'int

dans le n

et les arb

avec intim

en cette s

sans ces

**À peine l**

cette clai

de sobres

ses image

cette inno

de simple

**Puis les a**

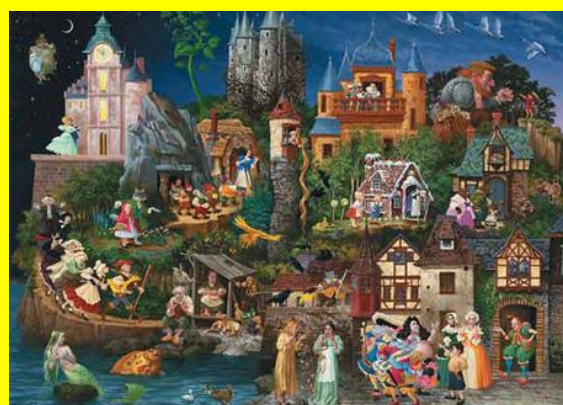
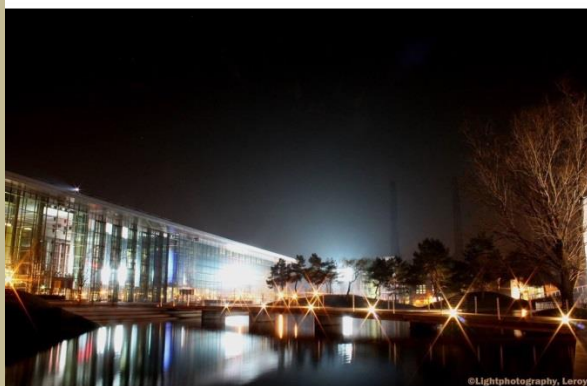
jusqu'au

pour me

de mon è

Sans Silence

30. \*Wolfsburg\* Sans Silence et Sans Son No Silence 'n No Sound 1977  
 ... By courtesy of ... (Ville de Volkswagen) ... Leroy Pollak ... Jens L. Heinrich ... Phæno-ZahaHadid ...



... Courtesy Google ... Child/RedR ... [pinterest.com](https://www.pinterest.com) ... HansChAn-craze.se ... Tale ... [funnystory01.blogspot.com](http://funnystory01.blogspot.com) ...  
 ... Child ... Pumpkin ... [blog.school-time.co](http://blog.school-time.co) ... Abstract ... [smitegame.com](http://smitegame.com) ... Pray ... [zazzle.com](http://zazzle.com) ...

31. Roma

CHILDS and KIDS

(1993)

**CONTENTS****BOOK 5 b****Volume IV****THINKS 'n THOUGHTS****1994**

|     |                         |  |        |             |
|-----|-------------------------|--|--------|-------------|
| .?  | Roma                    | ... ? ...  | -4--   | <b>103-</b> |
| 0.  | Basel*                  | Dedication   | -6--   | <b>105-</b> |
| ... | Roma                    | This is a Book on <u>LOVE</u>  | -7--   | <b>106-</b> |
| 33. | Basel* (France/Eng.)    | Les Gouttes De PLUIE (eXt : Fr.) -19--                               | -8--   | <b>107-</b> |
| 34. | Basel*                  | Two LITTLE ANGELS  | -10--  | <b>109-</b> |
| 35. | Basel*                  | <u>SMALL HANDS</u>   | -12--  | <b>111-</b> |
| 36. | Basel*                  | <u>GHALIB's Hidden Facets</u>  | -14--  | <b>113-</b> |
| 37. | *Hannover*              | , O, O, !  | -15--  | <b>114-</b> |
| 38. | *Lörrach* (France/Eng.) | ESSAY on No SUBJECT  | -17--  | <b>116-</b> |
| 39. | Basel*                  | The DAY He DIED  | -19--  | <b>118-</b> |
| 40. | *Offenburg*             | In Three WORDS; Ein WALZ'ER  | -22--  | <b>121-</b> |
| 41. | Milano                  | Not MAMA   | -41--  | <b>140-</b> |
| 42. | Vaticano                | <u>S W A L L O W S</u> (eXt : Eng./Fr.) -38--                        | -42--  | <b>141-</b> |
| 43. | Pescara                 | Let's NOT THROW DUNG on NOBLE WORDS                                  | -49--  | <b>148-</b> |
| 44. | Roma (France/England)   | <u>SILHOUETTE</u> dans la NUIT (eXt : Fr.) -18--120--                | -53--  | <b>153-</b> |
| 45. | Reggio Emilia           | The PILLAR of HELL   | -57--  | <b>156-</b> |
| 46. | Basel*                  | <u>LOVE's</u> LETTER LOST  | -58--  | <b>157-</b> |
| 47. | Basel*                  | The MAN Without A <u>Head</u>  | -60--  | <b>159-</b> |
| 48. | Basel*                  | The LADY Who LOST HALF A Part of A PAIR of SHOES                     | -63--  | <b>162-</b> |
| 49. | *Lörrach*               | W H A T is <u>LOVE</u>   | -68--  | <b>167-</b> |
| 50. | *Lörrach*               | <u>CHILD</u> Becoming WOMAN  | -70--  | <b>169-</b> |
| 51. | *Mulhouse*              | To <u>LAUGH</u>  | -72--  | <b>171-</b> |
| 52. | *Mulhouse*              | WOUNDS   | -74--  | <b>173-</b> |
| 53. | *Freiburg*              | Words, WORDS, Words  | -76--  | <b>175-</b> |
| 54. | *Lörrach*               | Small HIPOCRISIES  | -77--  | <b>176-</b> |
| 55. | *Freiburg*              | PAGE WHITE   | -80--  | <b>179-</b> |
| 56. | *Colmar*                | TINA and the <u>WATCH</u>  | -81--  | <b>180-</b> |
| 57. | Basel*                  | Two <u>CHILDREN</u> in the TREES                                     | -83--  | <b>182-</b> |
| 58. | Basel*                  | SOFT MISTRESS and HARD MISTRESS                                      | -87--  | <b>186-</b> |
| 59. | Milano                  | STONES   | -91--  | <b>190-</b> |
| 60. | Pisa                    | HOLES !  | -93--  | <b>192-</b> |
| 61. | Pisa                    | There was A <u>TIME</u> I Used to <u>LAUGH</u>                       | -94--  | <b>193-</b> |
| 62. | Roma                    | Like I <u>LOVE</u> my BELOVED  | -95--  | <b>194-</b> |
| 63. | Foggia                  | DISCOURSE on <u>HUMANITY</u> ; With <b>S</b> and <b>F</b>            | -97--  | <b>196-</b> |
| 64. | Roma                    | <u>MOUNTAIN</u> of STONE   | -99--  | <b>198-</b> |
| 65. | Ostia                   | <u>ORIENT</u> and <u>OCCIDENT</u> (eXt : Fr.) Poésie Orientale -23-- | -101-- | <b>200-</b> |