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Strute 'n Frets ... 3

Publishing Planned: 21/02/2021 1st. back Completion: 05/05/2021

(Mother's Goodbye-World Anniversary ... '72) Kublai Khan (Kublai Coronation ... 05/05/1260)

History of Urdu ... The Mongol/Turkish word Urdu means "Camp" or "Palace" ... Kublai ...

... The Final Place of Rest ... And That's How My oem Ends: Sadly ...

(Prairing: that the Scare End Breath, he shed.





Introduction ... by <u>Tariq Hameed</u> ... A bit about my <u>Child-he-od!</u>

A Voracious Reader; Underlined Un-Understc-od, in Black, then Green, then Red ... till Dictionary by Heart! Was Myopic: Friends tc-ok me as Proud: NO Recognition? So,, I Learnt to Measure Beings, by Movements! Dreams remain Dreams ... Till True Today? Thus,, my Ears, Nose, Tongue 'n Thoughts ... became my Mind!

Stage's Set ... let's Play? Captured by a total Un-Known Future? Energy, Education, Evolution, Evade, Earth!

FULL Respect of All 'n Others, was my Device ... Friends, Masters, Country-men 'n Un-Country-men: 'n All!

- 1st. Step: Schc-2l ... Be in Bed by 9? Couldn't Read! Contrived an Invention; Wires, Cells, 'n Lil amps; thus Read in the Dark, inside my Quilt ... Read 250 pages: till Late Mid-night: 'bout 5000 Bc-2ks: to 10 yrs.

 2nd. Step: Schc-2l ... Myopic? Couldn't Read the Black-Board ... So, Ô Chalk's Sound 'n Moving Fingers: Be
- My Guides? Every Move was Vevelation 'n Indication! What 'twas being Said 'n Writ? Thus Knew All.

 3rd. Step: College ... a Summary Master? Start by Diction: Who Finished 1st. could leave the Class-RG-2m ...
- So, Instead of Noting the Text, I Wrote Directly the Summary: Never was I Beat to Finish ... to Leave Class!

Homages ... by Myself ... to my Masters ... who Built me Future ... Taught Me: To Be Big, Think Big!

- My Mother ... 'Mongst 1st. Lady Doctors (India) ... Gave me 100 Words to Memorise by Day ... NO Errors!
 Thus Aged 9, I Knew the English Dictionary by Heart ♥! A Voracious Reader ... I Noted Every Word read!
- My Father ... Titled "Khan Sahib" by Exiting British, for Services Rendered to Election Laws ... He Wrote, in 1952, "Election Law" for Pakistan ... which is still a Reference Book, in the Supreme Court!
- 3. My Uncle ... Scribe 'n Hafiz-e-Qura'an ... till Aged 20, Instructed me "Atomic Letters", in Urdu 'n English;
 Letter, Dot, Accent Separated: that 60 years later, I Created the "Atomic Wrist Key-Board"!
- 4. My Servitor ... Ashraf the Cross-Eyed; who Saw Nothing, but Knew Everything: Known 'n UnKnown!

 Excellent Story-Teller ... His Legend of "Ogre Khumra and the Rosy Færy", NEVER ended all 20 years!
- 5. My Musician ... Feroz Nizami ... Sweet, Soft 'n Classical ... Created the best Pakistan Film Tunes, in 50-tys
 6. My Theatre Writer ... Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj ... Historical Personality ... Died in my Arms: God Bless U!
- 7. My Loved oët ... Faiz Ahmed Faiz ... oëtry Lenin Prize, 1962! Spoke but little: Smoked but much!
- 8. My Best Friend ... Tanvir Ahmed Khan ... Born a day after, 80 years perfect ... in Respect Respected!
- 9. My Calligrapher Adored ... Ahmed Mirza Jamil ... "Think NOT with Brain; Think Wrist not Mind: Tariq"!



... New Writ Technique Perusal Scan/Read ... VIBGYOR ... RAINBOW ... Words in a Page only : in a ½ Minute ...

Or-Thoughts

Site of Tariq Hameed

www.noor-us-samaawat.com

layles 'tween struts'n frets ... 3

 $B_{\mathbf{c}}$ - \mathbf{b} \mathbf{k} 5

Volume IV

... Travelling ... in ... Europe-3 ...

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

1994 (Jan/Dec) ===> 1995 (Jan) ... (Written 'tween 54 of age) ...

English is myne Miss-STresse ...

Tariq Hameed

(**Beowulf**) ... An Anglo-Saxon EPIC Poëm ...

Colour Code ... on Page -114--165-

Dedicated to:

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

Who Me Never Found **W**oman

or perhaps

to Know to Learn to Live? do then **Try**, to **Read** my B o ks !!!

Without any Harm, nor to Self, or to NoOne !!! Sans faire Mal ni à Soi, ni à Personne!

Please Study Pages -63/64--115- for 'pause' (") ... 't ween 9 'n 15 *thBk-E-01*9-15*.pdf

layles 'lween struts 'n frets ... 3 <u>THINKS</u> 'n <u>THOUGHTS</u>

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MY PHILOSOPHY

IN LIFE

9) **9**) **9**)

EVERYONE'S GUILTY

UNLESS

PROVED INNOCENT

•) •) •)

THUS

I HAVE

NEVER

SUFFERED

IN THIS WORLD

MA PHILOSOPHIE

<u>EN VIE</u>

. . .

TOUS COUPABLES

SI NON

PROUVÉ INNOCENT

) **•**) •)

<u> AINSI</u>

JE N'AI

<u>J&M&IS</u>

SOUFFERT

EN CE MONDE

... What They <mark>T</mark>aught Me: 'n How ...

My Father ... Election Commissioner: received many Political Parties Presents; all Pervaded without Pity! 'Twas strictly Forbidden, to All 'n One, to touch anything in-coming! Once I took an Orange 'n Paid a 3 days Preclusion: Only Oranges!

Thus, Learnt I ... the 11th. Commandment ... THOU shalt NOT CHEAT thy EAT!

My Mother ... 1st. Lady Doctors, of the Continent: one day, she murmured in the kitchen, with a school-mate; so asked, what 'twas? "You owe him 3 cents"! "I owe No-Thing to No-One? Pay, 'n I jump 10 meters"! Him sent off, she asked, "Why Risk your Life, Son"? "Or I Respect what you Teach me? Or am Lyer? Both Ways, such Life's NOT worth Living!

Thus, Learnt I ... the 12th. Commandment ... THOU shalt NOT SELL thy Soul!

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.



1. * Basel* : *****Schweiz*

Surprisingly

(1993)

Written in the Age of the early teens,
these are Startling Impressions when I found them
at forty ... by an accidental command of Destiny's design.

The difficult **w**ord was my **Passion** then, my reason to be ... **L**earned ... when **y**oung: which has now **Changed** to the easy **w**ord, my reason to be ... **H**eard ... so **Old**!

Info: 1981 ... Tariq Hameed

It is interesting to note that at this Age I was extremely myopic but refused to wear corrective glasses. Visually everything Impressed me as blurred blots of Strangely imprecise loours: as such I resorted to other means for precise Understanding and Comprehension. I stated to analyse Senses and Sensations and very often my descriptions are simply based on how things are perceived, rather than what is perceived. Thus, all Senses are mingled, that in the End, All's Introversion ... ALL becomes ONE ... the perfect UNITY ...

in this manner, the **Humane** body is fully used and consequently *impregnates itself with* **K***nowledge*, instead of **simply K***nowledge*, **k***nowledge*, **un-K***nowledged!*Thus ... in perception, all **Senses** are **Unified** ... composed and recomposed ...

... Surprisingly Specific ...

Dedication

... To my **Rosy** ... She was all **Rose** ...

Rosy in Heart

♥, Rosy in Face, Rosy in Spirit, Rosy in Soul ...

So Lived my Rosy in my Being ... Rosy Forgotten 'ner ...

Was she, or was not ... One'll **n**ever **K**now ...

```
This is a BC-9k on Beauty
       Roma : Italia
                                                                                                    (1993)
This is a book on Beauty
                                   written with Beauty
So Please DO NOT read it
                                   if you cannot Beautify your Life
                                                  or Live on with Beauty
This is also a bc-ok on Human Beings
                                    Beautiful Beings who can become better:
It shows no ways no methods
                                   but it can opefully make you feel deep inside
                                                  that you can be 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 be nust 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;
                                   'tis not my Fault either:
Not am I of man, who made the Rules of Man-Kind!
So Please DO NOT buy it, specially
                                    if you have NO excess of money.
Probably, one fine day, a Dear fine Friend
                                   will loan it to you
                                                  in moments of lonliness
                                   this handsomely lonesome book on Beauty
                                                                with Beauty:
                                   so respecting Po-ored Beauty
                                   and (my bc-ok on Beauty Abandoned!) 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 ...

... (p.s. 2016 ... by modern means ... I've put it on www ... We ave 'weak ... hi hi ... Quote, but plz, just acknowledge author's name) ...

Ruminations

Thinks-1c-

(1993)

"Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty" - that is all

Ye **k**now on **Earth**, and all ye need to **k**now.

John Keats: Ode on a Grecian Urn

There is **Nothing** more **D**eadly 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 **W**rote such **Beautiful W**ords ... she only **C**losed her **e**yes! Both **e**yes!

And when I uttered so Beautiful Thoughts, she also Closed her ears! O 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 refuted 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 Beautiful 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 a Paradiso: or otherwise, or otherhow, continues to become an 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 dO our in of our Errors!

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 pager player,

That **Struts 'n Frets** his hour upon the stage,

And then is **H**eard no more: it is a tale

Told by an **idiot**, full of **S**ound and **F**ury,

Signifying Nothing.

66. Milano

A NET-WORK

<mark>Cynical-1-</mark>

995)

She was not a Woman! It was only an assembly of ligaments, all linked together with holes in 'tween," that in the end, it seemed only a net-work of holes, where in the place of the heart ♥, was also Visible just a small net of very, 'n very many big knitted knots 'n whole holes.

And this **net** was **Completely useless**, as all its **holes** were totally uniform and elastic, for they were made out of strings of **False** Words; **False** Words so elastic that they could be modified at ease like rubber bands and had by no means, any mean meaning, where even a **Sacred** Word like "**Love**" just extended and extended to **Null**, so that it became a very loooooong "**Laugh**", 'n 'n but **something** not very **Funny**!

No **fish** or anything meaningful was ever caught in this **net**, because **Truth** became **Falseh** and only mobile **Water** and mobile **Words** remained substance in the **Emptiness** of the **holes** of these **knots** ... for they kept on **flowing** through and through, back 'n forth 'n forth 'n back, as the only utility of this **not** was ... that it linked a lot of **holes** together and gave them a form and a name: just an **empty net**!

And that is probably the **isdom** of the meaninglessness; for only this **meaninglessness** made me aware that there are people fabricated out of an assembly of **holes**, all **netted** together in a rational scheme of **Emptiness**, where **Echo**es of **Sacred Words** are just **Senseless blabbers** 'n **blasts**!

Thus this **net**-work of **Life** had strangled me. For I had **Fallen** in **Love** 'n had vowed sincere **Words**, which just **Echo**ed back from **empty** holes in the **net** ... I table them **True**, not **Realizing** that they were just coming from the **Void** of a **Woman**, who no longer was a **Woman**, a reduced mobile strings amass of a **net-Work** of **blutters**!

Once, I had a dog. And there was more Love in one single bark of hers, when she saw me; instead of thousands 'n multi-thousands of Promises, of a Fair False Woman! So that day, I ate in the plate of my dog, with lots of Love, because the soup that the Lady had dished me in a half gold-plate, just flowed through: meaninglessly, thru a net of holes in it ... the same like her Empty heart, of just Empty nets of holes full!

Moral: **Dogs** Bark, but **False Women Bite!**



The HAND with A DAGGER

Reality-3-

(1995)

She told me that she **Loved** me not!

Her **h**and was open in defense: as if I was offensive, as if to push me away. And into her open **h**and, I put a **dagger**: a very curvy and edgy **dagger**, so that it cuts easily. Then I asked her to **strike** me with it; that all be finished in a compatible and a **Friendly** way.

But she did not strike? Confused perhaps she was, or Timed: or inexpert to fend off ardent Lovers! Then to make things Softer for her, I Tore open my shirt and laid bare my breast, the only breast I've had, all attentive and innocent: for Trust she had in me; and Trust had I in her. So asked I her, to Fault not this Time, all 'twas so easy 'n so willing! What's better: be eliminated by a regretting be Loved, or an absolutely un-Known ▶ heart-less another; at least, one day she might Remember you, 'n or be Sad 'n regret later.

But struck did she not! And the Tears in my eyes were brought to me by her Dilemma. These Tears I hid, by telling her that they were just earls Gifted to me by my Mother, on a long-Forgotten anniversary. As they were fragile, it did not Really matter if a dagger Broke them in pieces, because my Masters who had taught me so much, had also taught me that, 'twas better to crush Purely early-Tears rather than that they Fall on the floor, 'n that them trample other people, under their unconcerned feet.

Still she held her hand and strike me did she not! Then with a Pensive gest, she tell handkerchief, the one with which I had dried my Tears, 'n she Wiped the sharp blade of the dagger with it, to make it hining: 'n laid it aside, near me, saying Thought fully, "Please give me Time! I must reflect"!

And I te-ok her hands and kissed them, those sweet hands which had refused to waste a useless Life! My useless Life! Who had Suffered more, she or I: I'll never know, for discrete as she was, so very discreet, she never told me; never ever told me she, anything anyhow! Do you understand something Friends?



TWI IGHT FÆRY

Dreams-2-

(1995)

Dream Children! Have you ever seen Sparkling Dust. Just ordinary street Dust Sparkling like Stars

Dust that you pick up from the road, from the Earth, that Sparkles like Stars ... so saw I in my Dream!

Well you might not **Believe** me, but I did see it, just ordinary **Dust** that scattered all around, twinkling like the **Nightly** Milky-Way. If you were there, little **children**, you would've **Really aMused** yourself. You could play with it, to you it would seem, that your **Sweet e**yes labeling at me were distant **Star** spots; and that your **Smiles** were **blossoms Sparkling** from the **Heaven**'s private **Gardens!**

Someone from a tery-Land, with a tery-wand in one hand 'n a tiamond Crown on the head, 'n so all clad in dentelles 'n in luxurious tilk: tilks of luxe. But this tery was Completely different. She was only tight tight, in Twinkles 'n Twi tight. And she only used to come when you had a Sad heart , beating alone in the dark, so that she could make your Lonely Night, Smile. Are you Really hearing me ... or are you already sleeping, my children!

No-body ever knew when 'n why 'n wherefor came she from, 'twas her Pleasure to bring Happiness to Lost Lovers. And then all became light 'n Airy 'n Dance 'n Laughter. Like she would have made you Laugh now, my so little one, if she would have seen you all rosy 'n snug, pinching you on the cheek, to give you a then Tender kiss. So she was all light, light light, so light 'n hining light 'n sometimes even a very multi-loloured Ray of Sun-light, when she was tremendously Happy! 'N when she used to put her food on the Dust, the Dust just Started flying about her, all around her 'n with her, shrouding her Delicious form all over in Sparkles 'n Gaiety 'n Smiles.

Thus I saw her from afar. And whenever tried I an approach to her, she just said "Thank You" and vanished; leaving my hands full of Sparkling street Dust, ordinary Dust hining like riads of Twinkles in my hands, leaving me waiting and waiting long hours that she make another apparition, in another Time, another Space, another Universe: 'n another Lovely Lonely Night ... a Night Lonely 'n Lovely ... with the Twi light Ferry!

So take this **Star Dust** from my **h**ands, my **children**, and have **Sweet Dreams** in these **Airy-Lands**, of the **færy-Lands** forlorn. **That's what I saw in a Dream**, in **Lands-færy** forlorn: **Sweet Dreams**, my **Sweet children**!



The LITTLE GENTLEMAN

Manners-2-

(1995)

with everyone and eating in strange Dirty places, without any high manners. And when people sometimes out of surprise for his simple refined ways used to ask him who he was, he used to tell them, very Naturally who was he. And they used to hold their Breath saying, "No. So simple. The Son of the Big Man"? To which he simply replied, "Which Big Man"? He is just my Father": a Father who had taught his Son that NO errors were 'n never permitted, and that in every circumstance of Life, however stressful or Hard may be, whatever the sacrifice may be, he had always to remain True and constant: constant and True, for he was in Reality, "Very a lil little Gentleman".

Often he used to roam around in the Fields which circled all around his house. Fields through which ran a little Stream ending at his home, to Water the Gardens and the plants, an Earthy Paradise. And small animals and Birds used to run and take refuge in this house when they were chased by hunters: a Haven of a home, a Forbidden and safe ground, where his Mother had placed a lots 'n lots of pots and jars on the respective so, that all free animals and Birds could hide themselves, in a case of danger.

through, pointed a gun on his chest. He was only eleven years Old but he replied seriously, "Sir, in this house, U ain't Killing no animals". "That animal is mine. It has already been Wounded by me", retorted the hunter, Furious to have his way barred. But he replied again very seriously, "Please don't worry about the animal, Sir. We'll cure him 'n set him free, when Time's ripe". Nobody was at home, but Fortunately for him, other people saw this cene which could have turned to Tragedy, a big Tragedy; and intervened telling the drunkard hunter who he was, this little man, this little Gentleman, determined and firmly standing in his way, "The Son of the Big Woman". The Big Woman who had given up her profession of a doctor to bring up her Family and who used to treat people free of cost, if they were in need: 'n so was very loved 'n Respected. And he simply replied, "For me she's no Big Woman. She is just my Mother". A Mother who had taught her Son that a principle was a principle, and no matter what the danger was to be faced, he had always to remain True and constant, lisely "A little Gentleman".

Ditem he used to sit with his servants. He had many servants, but one was his special favorite: who had crossed squinty eyes 'n couldn't see very well, but was an encyclopedia of bisdom. This so Faithful a servant steed always at his service and never let him take even a glass of Water by his own hands. And he was a fabulous 'raconteur'. He used to tell him stories which never enced, stories which carried on for days and nights and which only teek a pause when one of the two felt sleepy. Simple and Beautiful stories in simple and Beautiful language, language which came from the heart v, a language which had behind it lots of deep Thought, simple but Beautiful, Thought lise ... a bed, a sheet, a glass of Water, an Old pair of shoes 'n a few clothes, that's all he had in Life; 'n that's all he asked from Life! And whenever expressed he a wish, 'twas always the same, "When I'll Die my Son, bury me under the hade of a thorny Tree, that I can rest in leace, so 'twas my Life, a bed of thorns"!

And this almost insignificant **Being**, his favorite **servant**, **Loved** his **Mother** so much, the Big **Woman**, as **often** he used to call her, that after her **Death**, he wore no other clothes than those made by her own **h**ands for him, until they were **Torn** in **Shreds**, repaired 'n re-repaired ... a **perfect Living** example of a **Pure** simple **Loyalty** ...

He possessed **Nothing** and everything 'twas given to him, was **gifted** it to the pcon; apart from a pair of shoes which he kept, if he had to go **somewhere!** And this **enormous** personality used to say to **lil** him, "I've taken a **Life** to **teach** you that in **Love** 'n **Friendship**, all that counts is **Gentleness** 'n **Faithfulness**. **Never forget** it. **Fromise** it on your **Honour**, for my **Honour's** sake when I'm gone, that you'll ever remain **True** 'n constant: my little **Gentleman**".

Often people are like everyone else: but he had a Particularity ... He wasn't like everyone else ???

Often in Life, fore and later, lil Gentleman used to get the propositions, rich propositions, all to whom he always refused flatly. There were even people who inquisitively and covetously used to ask him, "They say that you have such a big house, that you cannot even count the number of redoms in it". To which he only replied simply, to ease their idle talk: "Over twenty redoms, plus fourteen quarters for the servants, four Gardens around, about a hundred Trees, coupled to triple as many plants of flowers. People call it the House of flowers, because there is no Season in the year when it is not full of flowers. But it has Nothing to do with me! It's all my Mother's Idea"! And to the Despair of his Mother, when he refused every eligible proposal of very pretty candidates, he only used to reply, "Mother, they don't want me, they only want Herr Haus"! And his Mother used to kiss him saying, "Yes, O Son I know, because you are always True and constant: my little Gentleman"!

And Often so ... he renounced to all Worldly general and went in search for Perfect Love.

Experiences he had many. Loves he had many. Loved he was much. But Real Love he found None. Or probably, None him complied ... to his own private interpretation of LOVE.

L. O. V. E.
Loftiest Of Vows Eternal

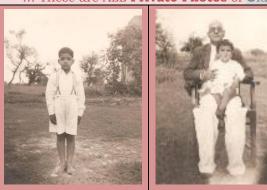
Very Often what's lofty 'n what's Eternal's difficult to be Understand or guaged by common mortals. It is much easier to Understand what is low, the Brain does not have to Think or Struggle. "Low Love 'n no Vows", that is the rule of Man-Kind ... And who does Believe in the Eternal ... only idiots, you will say! Idiots who have Nothing better to Think "of" or "Think off"! And people Laughed, "Low! He's land for Perfect Love 'Love Loft'. He's 'off' his Kranker! He can't search the 'Eternal' forever, ever, our page little Gentleman"!

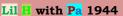
So often, finally in his little Gentlemanly search for Love, Life was Destined to come to an end. Thus came the Time to part. And depart he did ... On how he went away, there are many opinions. Some say that he who wanted Nothing on this Earth, by a tricky Farce of Destiny was obliged to accept by cult, six feet of Earth as much below as much above, for as long as he did not rot ... for even little Gentlemen ... must one day rot!

But often, others say, that **God** was **Clement**. He who didn't want anything on this **Earth** excepting **Love**, **God** granted him to **Die**; on moving 'n changing **Waters** ... being unConventional to common usage, and **also** per his **last desires**, **he was thrown into the Sea**, that some **strange** affamished **beast** may be satiated; so wishing his **last**, that he be a little bit by bit useful, in his **final** 'n **lil duties** of a **lil Gentleman**. And he who **never** disturbed even littley anyone in his **lil Gentlemanly** way; but disturbed for the last **Time**, just about five **f**eet of **Water**: **f**eet five of **Water**; but very very shortly: only a duration **brief** of **Time**, the **Time** it requires a **lil Gentleman** to disintegrate.

Strange that, often but a few people Cry and Wipe Weeping, the Tears from their eyes ...

The LITTLE **GENTLEMAN** (1995)These are ALL **Private Photos** of **Old Remembrances** ... The **reatest Pak Brains** ... **And I Lived with them** ..



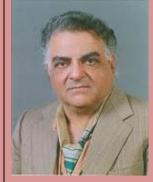




Lil H with Ma 1944



Saif-ul-Malook 2008



Tariq Hameed 1985

1999 : **Urdu** Conference Organised by Muqtidra Qaumi Zuban (MQZ-NLA) National Languages Authority: where the Chief Guest was Dr. Qadeer Khan

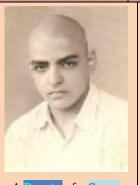
Lil Hameed 1947



Tariq Hameed 1999

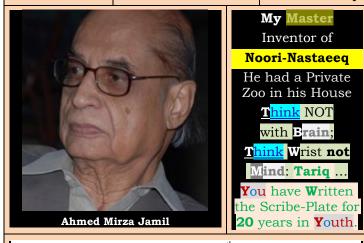


Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj ... My Master Wrote 'Anarkali' ... Mughl-e-Azam He Died in my Arms (Murdered)



A Beauty of a Crane ... Full of Nothing ..





My Master Inventor of **Noori-Nastaeeq** He had a Private Zoo in his House Think NOT with **Brain**; T<mark>hink</mark> Wrist **not** Mind: Tariq ... You have Written the Scribe-Plate for



NADRA Analyst ... Urdu IDs



Ya-Habibi (Habib Ullah) NADRA Analyst ... Urdu IDs

Feroz Nizami was born on Nov. 10th. 1910 (Scorpion), in Lahore, as Ferozuddin Ahmad.

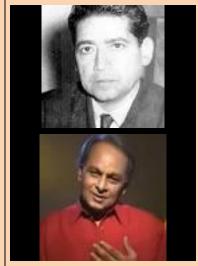
He received his Education in the Government Islamia College, studying Sufism & Metaphysics ... Brother of Pakistani cricketer Nazar Mohammad & Writer Siraj **Nizami**: he passed away on Tuesday, the 22nd. Nov. 1977.

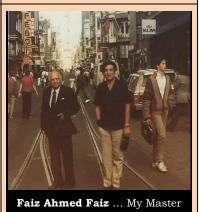
He was my Master ... talked for hours together, in the Cafeteria of "Arts Council of Lahore" (called Alhamra), 'n always offered a or many Teas with Buiscuts 'n Cakes.

Once I asked, What is your Concept of God ????

He Laughed ... "A Hungry needs to Quench Hunger"!

A Hunger<mark>-Struck</mark> goes to a big Hotel 'n sees a big Cake on the Table; for him, that's God in Person ... hi hi!





He Spoke Litte and Smoked Much Puff ... Small Words ... Puff Puff ... So Tell me What ... Puff

The BIG WOMAN

Thinks-7-

(1995)

"My Son, I'll give you more Liberty than any Parent can ever give a child. You are your own Master 'n you decide everything for yourself. But if ever I hear, that any of your actions has put a black spot on your name or our name or that of our Family, you'll C-D se all, especially our Esteem 'n our Trust!

"

She was very clever, to keep me on the Right Path.

God gave me the Mind of a devil, 'n en Trusted it to my Mother to make it function as an Ængel. All, that's wrong, distorted, abnormal or irregular, I see it immediately, 'n I give myself the trouble to adjust it, to only just put it Right! Thanks to her, many many Thanks to her!

For she was a very Big Woman!

She had **Under**st**G-9**d very early, that **no chain could hold me**. So the only way to do it was to give the **end**s of the **chains** in my **h**ands, so that I would **chain** myself in and remain into 'n unto the limits. So she **Started**: as a first step, to give me a **Sense** of responsibility! And then **taught** me, that **Friendship** or **Love** was an **Under**standing of **equals**, and of **Respectful** partners: *otherwise* it could not **work!**

My Father had a heart ▼ of gold, coupled with an extremely Intelligent Mind: but all his actions came basically from the heart. My Mother also had a very open heart, coupled to a very fine and Psychologically acute Mind: all her actions being controlled by the Mind, her heart remained very balanced. Together they made an Ideal Couple, Completely different and Completely integrated. And contrary to normal Couples, the Force and the Passion came from my Mother while contrarily, Tenderness and Love came from my Father: 'n the so-called "bread-earning" of course. He never intervened, just controlled discreetly from behind the cenes, leaving all the drive the initiative and the decisions, to the Absolute dominion of my Mother ... for she was a very Big Woman.

She had organized the house, an immense house, on a sort of democratic **feudal** basis; where she was the "Queen": the last Authority. People could Live in the separate part of the house, which were called the "quarters", sort of small roms, on one condition: that they never had a dispute among selves. But she chose these people very carefully, one from every profession: paying least rent, exchanged services in the house and gave us a hand in its working. So we were the only house in the whole town which had its own taxi-service, own washer-man, Gardeners, baker and lots of other professions; all at home. It was rather aMusing, for as there was no Internal telephone in those Times, we just had to shout at the top of our voice ... so that somebody come arunning!

She had a very big Mind, 'n a very big heart ▼ ... Sicks-Care Free ... 'twas a very Loved Big Woman!

In the evenings, when the Air was clean, people used to take her bed out into the Garden, for her bed was her only Throne. And she used to sit on it, this little Queen, hearing the Lives of everyone, complaints of everyone, problems of everyone, and used to dispense her justice for about an hour or two, arrange everything, organize everything; proposing compromises on disputed issues, and by her Authority ... made people accept them. I have never Known a more democratic country in the whole World: and it was the smallest country in this entire World, so let us say, about a half by half a kilometer of a square, in all.

By us, the punishment of Death, or Prison ... didn't exist. It's counter-part, was the threat of throwing Someone out of the house. Needless to say, anybody who had joined the clan, automatically became a part of the Family; and Nobody had ever gone away or was ever rejected or left ever our house, excepting sometimes when they got married or found a very job ... or something of the sort.

What an **Irony** of **F**ate that when she got totally paralyzed and her **Brain** functions were much reduced, thus so she just lay on her bed, her **Throne**: and people for years used to take her bed out into the **Garden**, **night** in and day out; and sat around her **Throne**, and spoke to her like she was still the **Glorious** "Queen", and all treated her ever with **Respect** as the **Glorious** Big **Woman** that she was ... 'n **had been**.

How much do I miss my Mother, years after she's Dead ... 'n how naughty I used to be with her.

She was a **heavy woman** and could not run very much. Thus when she followed me, to give me a spanking, the little **devil** that I was, I used to run away. So she invented a **New** technique: she used to throw her shoe after me, of course a **Soft** shoe. Once or twice, I got the shoe on the **b**ack or on the **h**ead and I was very upset: it was *against* my **Honour**. So I also **W**orked out a **Newer** technique ... waiting around the corner that the shoe just pass by, then **cleverly** fell on the fl**G-D**r **shrieking** that I was **D**ying ... or **something** similar of this sort or other.

I told you, I am a little devil! Or am I not!

The whole house-hold stopped. Servants we are called in from every angle. Delicately I was picked up and tucked away into bed. Then the **feast States**. Every possible Fruit-juice or drink was offered, the best things to eat were proposed; and all types of specialties were brought in from every corner of the town. Thus clever, I managed to have a **Wonderful** convalescence, without being sick, very reposing and very Loving; but only had I to moan from Time to Time. It is not surprising that, that the True Strategy became Understo-Od after about three or four days of Absolute care and cure ... but often only because of a Really go-Od indigestion.

And we **replayed** this from **T**ime to **T**ime, when I needed care and affection. The process was very simple. Make her angry, **hide** around the corner that the shoe or slipper **flitter** by, **Fall down** on the fl**C-D**r and **howl** and **shriek** and **C**ry like an unleashed **clever lil devil** and wait for the **feast** to **Start**. And she always played the game. Of course she **K**new the **Truth**, but as we had **n**ever lied to one another, she made me **Under**stand that she **Loved** the game also, but within limits. So **sometimes** I got cured very quickly and went off to **sleep** with my **h**ead on the **Soft** big **b**elly ... the **Soft** big **s**tomach of the Big **W**oman, of the **lil Queen**!

She had taught me, to always tell the Truth: whatever be the price ... thus oft she Advised me, "But Be Aware of the Midiocre, as the Matter-of-Fact is Taste-less": and I replied, "even Clumbsy": so got a Kiss!

Once a sche-ol-mate came to her and asked her for small money and while she was counting, by Chance came I and Questioned, "Lc-ok! What's the matter, Ma"? "He says, Son, that you owe him a few pennies, that I'm giving to him"! "In that case, Mother, don't you Think it would be reasonable to ask me first. He's just lying and I don't owe him even Nothing" ... "Doesn't matter, Son: it's only small money"!

Small money or not, I Mounted on the wall of the first fle-or which was roughly about seven meters high (plus wall 'n stairs, making ten); and told her that if ever she gave this money, I would jump and Kill myself. She Knew that I wasn't Joking; but still asked me, "Why ever would you do an Act so unreasonable as that, Son: for such small a money"? And I replied, "It would mean that all the education you have given me was False, that any Truth has no meaning for you, or that I have not Underste-od what you yourself have taught me. In either of these cases, I become a liar: then Life's not worth-while for me to Live for anymore, neither for you, nor for me"!

I was only seven years **Old** then! But that day she **K**new, for **Sure**, that I had **L**earned my lessons: and sent the boy off ... asking him to **n**ever ever, to enter our house again.

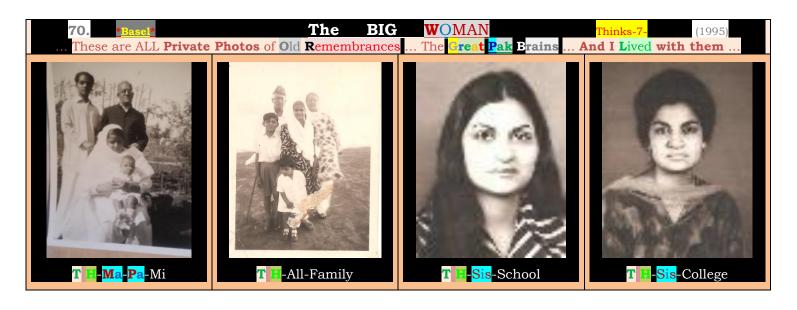
That **eve** we sat nearby, just lc-oking at each other and **none** of us spoke a **W**ord. It's <u>True</u>, that she was a very hard <u>Mother</u>, but she **also** was a very Big <u>Woman</u> ... a very Big <u>lil Queen</u>!

How much I miss my Mother, who never let a day pass-by without giving me a slap or a beat to teach me something New or important: and never did she repose until everything was not perfect 'n perfectly taught 'n Learned, Learnt 'n re-Learnt ... Over 'n Over again ... like Learning a 100 Words a day, spelling 'n meaning ... NO Errors! Thus aged 9, English Dictionary Knew I by Heart V! A Voracious Reader ... had I Read 5000 bC-oks!

And since she's gone away, **Nobody** now teaches me anything! I meet a lot of people, but they are just in the control of the c

Such an active Woman! And by a Farce of Destiny, confined to her bed, her Throne! Her lasty last Throne-abode, which people used to take in and out for years, until the day, that they to be it out for the very last Time: to bury her near my Father. And everyone had just one Thought in Mind ... "Return to thy Kingdom of Sand, one Noble Dust, for 'tis gifted to very few to make Dust Noble"!

And that day, I was far away, very far away! And I shed a Tear! Or was it just a grain of Sand, or of Dust, in the eyes; a small grain of Sand, as small as a lil Life span! Strange ... How Funny can Ma Nature be?



The BIG MAN

Thinks-8

(1995)

He was a **small Man**. Physically! And everything that he did, he tried to do it in a **small** way, apparently a **small** way; but where the efficiency was so **concentrated** on apparently **small** points, that he always achieved **big** results: while others **Pained** and **Penned**, but remained always mediocre!

He Learned me a lot of things in Life, one of which was to accept Nothing free, "Son, never accept a Present. For if it is free and not colligated to a specific occasion, it has strings attached to it: and one day, these strings will make you pay for it, with your Honesty ... obliged to make compromises. So Son never accept a Present if it is not attached to an important occasion, like a birthday or an anniversary; or just a plain occasion of heart v: the best occasion of all" ... Such Rare Persons have History Written in their Bones!

Twas an **important Man**, a very **important Man**, to gain his favours, un**K**nown lots of **Presents** 'n odds 'n paquets, used to arrive at home from un**K**nown lots of interested people. It probably cost us more money to send them back, than it would have done to have kept them. Once I opened a paquet by **mistake**. When he came to **K**now of it, for three days it was **Forbidden** to everyone in the house to speak to me: 'n I had to write two hundred **T**imes everyday, the following phrase, "I'll **n**ever accept a **Present**, if ever I feel that one day it could **compromise** my **Honour**". Terrible education, you'll say, because you are **young**: the **best** in the **World**, I would say, because now I'm **Old**; for it cured me for-ever, of all action un-**reflected** 'n irresponsible.

So was my **Father**: in **f**ace of a principle, **Nothing** material had any **Value**.

He liked to do everything in a sort of a **wrong** way. Act in the **wrong** way; pronounce **w**ords in the **wrong** way, reason in the **wrong** way. It a**Mused** him to see the **h**ypocrisy of others when they were obliged to say "**Yes Sir**", out of **F**ear of his **anger**: and that's what's **F**unny ... **n**ever ever had I seen him **angry**!

One day he asked me, "If you are walking back-wards, do you Know where you are going"! And seeing my confusion, picked me up and kissed me and said, "At least you Know where you are coming from. For if you walk front-wards, you might not Know where you are going, but probably you have forgotten where you are coming from. In Life, my Son, never forget where you come from"! Do you Know of a more lage ad ise that a Father can give his Son ... oft he Advised: "Son, lisdom is Ephemere; No-One is lise or liser ... but there still exist many lise Ways, to do lise Worth: Son".

At **T**imes he pronounced **W**ords in the **wrong** way. Like saying, "Am I ing-go the to let-toi", instead of "I am going to the toilette", or bage-cab in place of cabbage. This was just to teach me, that our reasoning 'n **Thoughts** are only based on conventions, and unless we are capable of criticizing 'n putting to **Q**uestion ...

using our own reason and our own Logic ... we'll always remain very far from Truth

And he used to write my name in the wrong way, Starting from right to left, instead of the normal left to right: thus letting TAR ... become ... RAT.

And **so was it**, that **Lovingly** he used to call me his little **mouse**. And **so was it**, that he **taught** me to become a very acute observer of **Life**: I heard **Wor**ds no longer and **Started** Listening to the **Sounds** of **Wor**ds, and the **True Sense** of **Wor**ds **behind** these **Sounds**, in short ... fathoming the **Real** meaning **Inherent** ... 'n **so 'twas it**, that I sur-passed conventional phrases and utterances: gauging the **Real Sense** by **Sound**.

He would have been a very rich Man, but was not. About half-a-part of the Old town belonged to his Father. Some say, that at the Death of my rand-Father, when he was only twelve years Old, his elder Brother to all and left him on the road: it's not a manner of speaking but Really happened as spoken. His Sister found him on the roads and looked after him: and when she needed him later, he looked after her. They were pool as the studied under street-lamps, Ruining his eye-sight ... but became a very Big Man.

I Remember once having a leta k at his hand, and was surprised to see that the line of success did not exist in the first part of the palm: it Started right in the center of the hand, a Completely self-made Man. Self-made but reasonable, for he always said, "Son, the best Gift that you can make to yourself, is to pardon everyone: for we all are small Men ... the Little Remain Little, Behave Big to be Big, Son"!

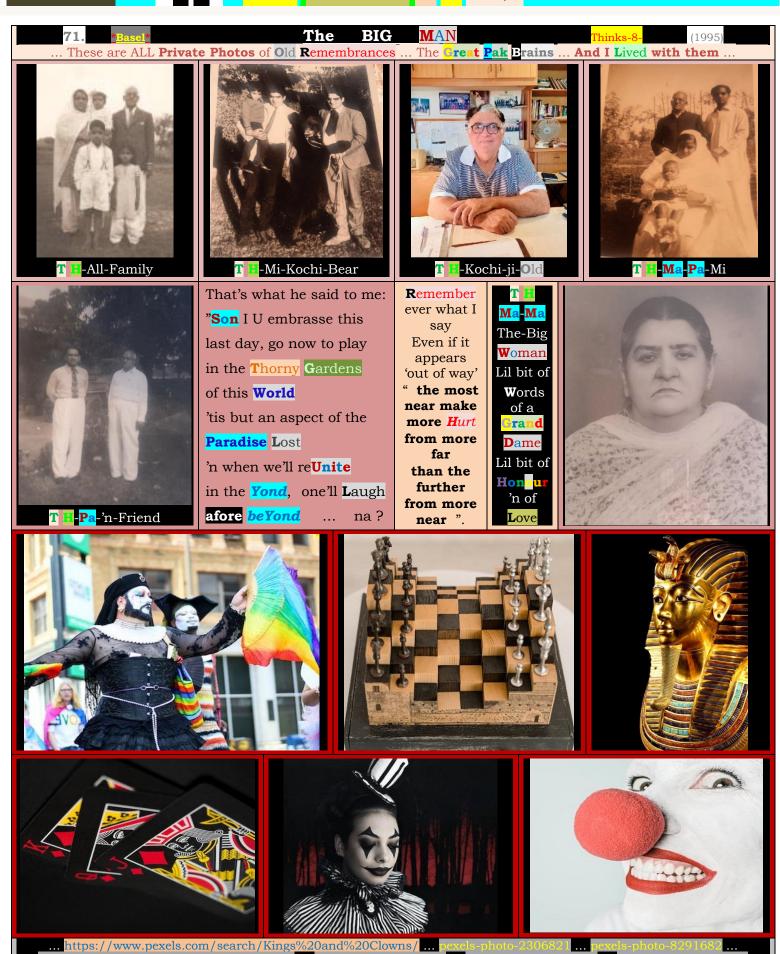
But not such a **small Man**. He left us an immense house, where only the ground-fle-or stated after you had Mounted six steps of solid foundations. A house where he hospited once the entire Village of our favorite servant Ashraf, over two hundred people for six months, so was it, that people were Forced to move out of their Indian Lands during the Pakistan Independence troubles ... however, he settled all of them: finding property or work for everyone: so geod of heart v was the Big Man, my Father.

Now, talking about the house, on a chasis of six stairs ... Once, the River was in Rage: the entire town was innondated, "Water Water everywhere, not a drop to drink" (Ancient Mariner) ... But, not a drop of Water came into our house: thus we a Mused ourselves days long, rowing boats in our 'not now green' Lawns!

'N he Died so also, the small Big Man: lc-Dsing his health working for his country 'n for his people, serving anyone who asked him 'n never refusing anyone who needed help. And as a child, I had never Known him to sleep much, Working on the purification of laws, for he was the biggest Authority on the Basic Laws of Democracy 'n Elections; being nominated all over Pakistan, to set-up the Elections Systems: I Remember a quote in one of his bc-Dks (referred to in the Supreme Court): "Elections dominate entire Life of a Nation for a few months: so it's essential that they be Fair 'n Honest". So passed I as infant, in Baluchistan.

Tis a long **Time** that he's **Dead**, now. But **sometimes** so **strange** 'tis, that very **Old strangers**, when they find out who I am or was, and to whom I'm much **younger**, leave me their places to sit **down**, and touch my **f**eet out of **Respect** for him: saying, "So you are the **Son** of the Big **Man** ... the g**G-D**d **Man**"!

Funny, he himself **n**ever told me who he was, that **sometimes** from **Complete Strangers**, now I find it out ... **for**, for me, he was no Big Ordinary **Man**, he was just simply my **Father**!



The King and

The **CLOWN**

72. *Lörrach*

The **King** and The **CLOWN**

Cynical-2-

(1995)

Hamlet

' How a King could take a trip through the intestines of a Beggar!

Two vagrants were playing a Life cene on the street. One chose a red nose and became a Clown, so that he could disrespect Society. The other chose Blue blood and became a King, so that

the **S**ociety could **Respect** him, as **Sire!**

(Sire, comes from Old English: now Sir)

But we are born 'n borne, as we're born! 'N even bagged King, beggars'll stay but beggars!

Only a Noble heart Honours the Dust in which it lies ... Be it you, be it me, be it it?

And when the **Clown** gave a **k**ick to the **King** in the **Kingship**'s **behind**, the **King** became very **Furious**: "Impertinent **idiot**! Hey you with the **Funny red n**ose, you must **Under**stand, **Clown**, you are the **Black Knave** 'n I'am the **red King** ... 'n we have a difference in **rank**".

"Aye my lord, aye Sir. So right you are. The difference being that one day we will Die.

And your so Over-rated an arse would be dug in the ground, so Under-rated; in the same way as mine: but we'll rot 'n rank in the same manner, Sir". (SIR, is British India: Servant I Remain)

"You must not use such Words on the stage, a cetic stage, Clown: its' just not done, before Honourable Men"! (... for Brutus is an Honourable Man ...)

"Arse! Har! Har! Your arse, Sir! Serious people can **not**, but I **S**mile, 'n I **Joke**; I'm but a **Clown**, a **Stupid Clown**, I assure you, I can **yes**! I **K**now what **it** means: **Honourable** people do not **K**now what **it** means, even if they are **it**, in person; and all day they **sit** on **it**, on **its'** person! Hey you there, come here! Welcome, come well on the stage and lets' re'arse our's lines for the following **hours**, only the **T**ime that this *short* **L**ife is owed! But if you want to cut *short* your **L**ife's *short* stage **cene**, Sir, see you later, My lord, until we'll **stink** and **rank** equal: and Sire, without **r**anc'ours ... I **Bow**"!

'N he kept on kicking the King in the Kingdom's back, who could do Nothing about it: screening 'tis short Life's short cenes span, in 'tis short hours 'pon 'tis short cene!

- " But why are you telling me all this?" (Horatio) Ha Ha Hameed!
 - "Thus the reats Glean the Bowls of the Mean!"

(ReMinds mi of the Grave-Digger cene)

"Forgetting the UnPleasant": is dubbed the ort of Living, by the vise ... a Tariq vise-Crack! An Un-King: hi hi.

Moral: The Misery of the Moneyed-World is ... that a Dead in 'tis Service be Rewarded by a Meriting Celebration ...

Every year ... for being a True Slave ... that other Fellow Knaves Followers, be Dumped in Hell ... Honourably!



73. *Freiburg*

I G N O R A N C E

Cynical-3-

(1995)

In Greek **yth**ology, when **Prometheus** stole the **Fire** from the **Heavens**, to **Gift** to **Man-Kind**, **Fire** and **ight** and **Warmth** and **Knowledge**, he was severely punished by the **gods** and **Eternally** chained to a big pillar: so that he could **n**ever move again.

And **Humanity** punished him also: he who had tried to give them **Fire** and **ight** and **K**nowledge and **Power**, by just plainly **forgetting** him and letting him **rot** in **Pain** ... on his **Eternal** captive pillar.

So it is, that you pay always heavily when you try to **Break** the **Ignorance** of **Someone**, **Someone** who is a part of a beastly part of **Humanity**!

Thus, it is evident, why **God** did not make everyone **Intelligent!**

For, if 'Tis had made almost everyone Intelligent, what would the remaining Stupid people do. And if 'Tis had decided to make all Stupid people also Intelligent, what would then these left Intelligent people do.

So 'Tis guarded the ge-od proportions 'n made mostly Stupid people, tempted by temptations, devil, etc ... 'Cause, while it's very easy to slip from Intelligence to Ignorance, it can also become an Internal Hell ... And generally, normal people do not rise up, or even try to rise up from Ignorance to Intelligence: it's te-od difficult! You have to use your head, Think and tire yourself, 'n for all the rest of your Life. And out of the few people who make an effort, even fewer do succeed! It can even become Paradise, then. But then, who's interested in Intelligence:

You would be **Stupid** to try to become **Intelligent**: it's so **hard!**

Thus, you leave the risk of stealing **Fire** and **light** to **Idealists** and **idiots**, like **Prometheus**. And, if you have it anyway without making an effort, you **burn** your **steak** on this **Fire** to fill up your **b**elly: but the **light** in your **h**ead, you just put it off, long fore comes bed-**Time**!

And who cares, if ol' **Prometheus** was chained to an **Eternal** stake, so long as you have your ge-9d **burnt** steak in the stomach-full; and you can sleep on the two ears, for years ... surrounding **Empty** Brains!

So **God** in **'Tis** immense clemence, did not make everyone equal and **Intelligent**. **'Tis** just invented the **Fire** of **Hell**, **Gifting** it to **Humanity**: and asked the gc-od **Old Prometheus** to take a holiday, **forgetting** ever the **Human-Kind**... or the **Human-un-Kind**!

And giving the free choice to the **Ignorant** to make the **Intelligent**, **Tis** assured that **Ignorance** will always be unveiled to the trained eye; while the **Stupid** will never fathom **Intelligence**!

So 'Tis Wrote the Comic of the Ignorant and the Tragic of the Intelligent!

73.



R

Cynical-3-

(1995)

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Freiburg























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74. Offenburg*

The BREEZE

Teasingly-5-

(1995)

When she was **cold** 'n **lonely**, she used to **C**ry in the **Forest** 'n the **D**esert 'n in all the **desolated** spots of the **Earth**, with a **chilling** 'n a **S**hrill howl of **P**ain ... **br** ... **rrr** ... **eeee** ... **Zzz** ... **eee!** Ahoy 'n a**Void** me! **Beware**.

And when she was **Warm** and **heart**-some, she used to give you small and lilting caresses on the **c**hecks, that when a **pretty young Maiden** out of **Joy** threw her **golden** locks in the retresting **W**ind, her **lilky h**air **floated** in the **Air** and slowly came **down** like fine **Gold liakes** and strings, all **Happy** and mingled without being entangled, every fiber **hin**ing in its own **light**, let it be. Be **aware!**

Then the eyes of this golden young Maiden te-9k a strange tinge of depth and profoundness, inviting you into deep trouble of missing heart-beats so! So Be aware!

So, escaping, I said to this Maiden one day, shall I Write something for you, for the subject is Delicious. With my compliments! And she replied, "Not more than two pages, for I do not have the Time. And Nothing with a handkerchief, with which you once dried the Tears of Crying Ladies, a bit of Pelodramatics, I found it, but that handkerchief must be very wet by now"! Now Be aware!

This I <u>Promised</u> her, wishing her that **n**ever her **e**yes be **humid** by **S**adness: that **n**ever a **breeze** be **humid**, if not to bring Life, Smiling Life to plants and to **flowers** and to **Ma Nature**, thus! Thus **Be aware**!

And she Laughed with race, throwing her head to the Winds: Winds which were still and standing, probably waiting her commands or probably not; and out of the little breeze so Created, I just found enough Force to turn over two pages, two Blank pages only! Because if there was something serious Written on them, they might become tG-2 heavy or tG-2 lonesome and Sad then! Then Be aware!

Then on one of these pages, I Wrote, "The little breeze" and on the other, I just asked one Question, to tell me if the little breeze was enough, or she wanted more: "How much?" And very cautiously and very timidly, turning my Lips round in a kiss, I blew her those two pages, floating like a blond's blond hairs!

She Laughed again. And on the first page, she cut out a single Word 'little', probably to make the breeze even 'littler'! And on the second page, of the two Words, she abbreviated the End and the Beginning letters, putting it into one, to make it even more 'litterer': " Ho-uch. " Funny expression! Probably it was the Word for breezes in her funny language! Who Knows! She must have a funny Sense of Humour! Ouch!

Then she threw her **h**ead to the still **W**inds again. And there was more to say in her **deep e**yes, without a **Sound**, than people who can talk for **h**ours; or what I could jot **d**own in a hurry on the **b**ack of the two pages, while her **Soft liky h**air kept on slowly **F**alling back on her **golden s**houlders. **Beware**.

Beauty 'n Truth 'n Knowledge, are same Words! Better, when they are light 'n Soft like a Smiling breeze! And best, when this Smile is for you! Sometimes! With eyes full of light 'n Sparkles, be! Be aware!

75. Milano

The OLD BLACK DOG

Tragically-4-

(1995)

Has it ever happened to you to analyze your **Thoughts** while you are **Thinking**. It is as if you had gone out of your **Brain** and from the outside of yourself, you were lighting in, into the middle of your **Mind**: and seeing the **Thinking** functions **W**ork, you are analyzing all that you are **Thinking**, and **strangely** enough, even **Under**standing what you are **Thinking**!

For most people do not **Under**stand, or like to **Under**stand, what and how they **Think!**

So in a few of seconds, happened it to me: breaking my full to aVoid an Old black dog, Old black dog dragging himself, out from in front of my way. So strange that I felt as if I had Lost a Friend: because in the state that he was, it seemed to me that he would not be any longer with us, in a pair or impair of days.

More **strange** 'twas this, that how come I was **Thinking** of this **Old black** dog, when I **Knew** him not from **A**: always supposing that **A** was a **dog**. All that I saw in those brief seconds was, that he had some white **h**air: which is also very **strange**, for an **animal** generally does not turn white **h**air out of **age**. White **h**air are mostly reserved for the **lisdom** of the **Humans**, **lise** or not; even if they are born **idiots**.

But our black dog was the least concerned about the visdom of white hair. He only Knew that Someone had saved his Life, a Life which he was going to lc-Dse anyway, in some short days. And so 'twas it, that I saw in a fraction of a second in his eyes: the race and the Abandon! Making me Wonder, that if I was in his case, what would I do if Someone had saved my Life for brief instances, Knowing well that a few steps further on, I was destined to lc-Dse it anyway! Do I lick his hand, or just I lc-Dk at him with deep thanks!

So it seemed to me that I was log-dising a Friend. Strangers in adversity can become allies in Mind! Or this Friend was only me, log-dising at myself in my Thoughts: as if in the Mir or of an old black dog, I saw all the ingratitude and pretension of Humanity. But where was he now, this popular dog! Probably sitting in an isolated corner, licking its Wounds, setting an example to Humanity: that 'twas better to cure one's own set Wounds, than to inflict them on others!

How brief moments can convulse your whole Life, when you have reflective models! But the reatest Words in the World will never touch you, if you have an unreflective heart, a heart and a Mind which can only absorb darkness!

And from Time to Time, Times later, I Thought sometimes of my Friend, this old black dog. He was Surely Dead by now, but how I wished him well and he will always Live in my Minds' eye, forever and ever. For from him I had Learnt that in this immense Universe, the short and still Life-Time of the discreet Old black dog, has the same importance as the turbulent and animated Life-span of young hounds of prey ...

75. ... dog-nose-snout-munsterlander-65928 ... pexels-photo-1364729 ... pexels-photo-800330... pexels-photo-253308 ... swiss-shepherd-dog-dog-pet-portrait-46505... pexels-photo-2607544... pexels-photo-1435517 ... T 📙 - My-Tina tiger-7925129__480 ... pexels-photo-2607541 TINA and The TIGER Simplicity-3-Tina-Watches-a-Fly-Intruder

76. Roma

TINA and The TIGER

Simplicity-3- (1995)

Do you **K**now what a **tiger** is, **Sweet children**! It's Big, a Big, Big **cat** with a **black** 'n frightful **m**outh 'n many **black** Frightful lines on the **f**ace, 'n an enormous **f**ace, a **f**ace which shows big **t**eeth 'n **F**righteningly says, "**RRR rrroughhh**": to try to make you **a**Fraid. I don't like it, when a **tiger** tries to make my **children a**Fraid. Well, don't **worry**! If ever he tries to make you **a**Fraid, you just come and tell me: and I'll beat him. Anyway, if I can't beat him in person, all **alone**, I **Promise** you I'll ask **somebody** else, or a **Friend** to do it for me.

Hey you little one there, whats' the matter: what's **wrong**. Put a **nice** Smiling **f**ace on for me, **Please**. **Papa** didn't take you to the circus, I suppose. Well I **Promise** you, I will. Now Smile, while I tell you about **Tina** ... when **Tina** she te-2k me to the circus.

Do you **Know** what a **dog** chain is for! They say ... it's for going for a walk. But people have got it all **wrong**. They put the **neck** of the **dog** in the chain to hold him **Prisoner** and take him where they want to go, **not** where the **dog** wants to go. **Fortunately**, me and **Tina** were much more **Intelligent** and much more partnering. She used to let me hold the chain in my **h**and, as my **neck** was **to** high for her to put the chain on it: 'n she used to take the other half of it in her **m**outh, to show me the way. Just say, **O**, **O**, ! if you don't **Under**stand! And she did so, for she had a very **go Memory** and used to **Know** all the ways around the house. While the **Master**, **that**'s **me**, don't you **Think** so, tended **sometimes** to **forget** these ways, as he had so much other on his **h**ead: like the daily **bread** and a ration of **Sweets** to bring in for you ... my so **Sweet** ones.

So was it, that one day we had seen a tiger in a circus. Not me, myself, but her; because, generally I do not see anything. I am so much occupied caring for you, **Thinking** about you that there are a lot of things that I do not see. But she saw everything for me, **cats**, tigers, **flowers**, everything. And **sometimes** she even **Smelled** for me; everything, **grass**, **Trees**, **amp**-paths, car-tyres, **cats**, everything; including all **dog/cat** itineraries in the neighbourh **C-D**d. So this day, **we** had decided, or **Really she** had decided ... to take us to the circus. You were still not born, my **children**, you were on the way, **mama**'s way! And this **tiger** was there, Big **Tiger**, who would have made you **aFraid**, if you were born; but as you weren't, you were safe. Just stop me, if you don't **Under**stand: **O, O,**!

Thus she ted. Ike me on the chain, with a very Lady-like walk, you Know what a Lady-like walk is, don't you; you swing from side to side, like a duck walking, but much much better; or like when you walk, my little one, when you have your puppy-shoes on: as I was saying, with a very Lady-like walk, ted. Ike Gentleman, that's me, to the circus. But it was not for seeing the circus; only children see circuses, dogs don't! but my Tina always had very precise Ideas, she went to the circus to see and verify what she had seen a day before: a big cat.

Now you're grown-up enough, my children, to Know that you hardly ever see cats in a circus. You see dogs, horses, mules or people l@-Dking like them: lions, elephants 'n all sorts of other animals, but hardly ever any cats. Cats are t@-D independent. They Listen not to Adults, like you there, my naughty lil Darling! So in a circus, if you tell a cat to do something, she'll do what she wills, or the opposite: exactly like you, you naughty one ...

And the whole show will go "flop". But you **K**now, **cats** do not care if a **circus** show goes flop or not. **Cats** do not go to **circuses**: and even if they did, they **n**ever pay the ticket. So if the show carries on or not, is not their problem, as long as **Nobody** gives them orders. Do you still follow me lil ones, just say, **O**, **O**, !

... just O, O, if U ... don't Mind ... having a Mind ...

Thus in the circus, we found our big cat. The Master had called it a 'tiger', why! Cautiously, we nid ourself behind a big stake, rather solid, and stuck our neck out, in all security, then IG-bked in carefully! Terrible! All thick black lines all over the face and all: like a sort of Red-Injun without feathers; and rather big nails. This was a troubling point. A foot almost as big our head 'n full of sharp nails. Dangerous! Already we have to be careful when a cat is under a car, the coward, she can attack our face and eyes with a quick flip of the nails: like the first Time, when we knew not. Imagine such a big cat, with such a big fG-Dt and so many nails, out in the open ground, behind us, where we can Surely run fast, but not fast enough! Dangerous! Let's IG-Dk at the Master, and see if he agrees on the point! He's crazy! He is just Laughing! Probably he doesn't Realize the Danger! These Human-Beings are Funny. They talk so much about Philosophy 'n Politics 'n all such junk, but when it comes to Really important issues like cats, they don't have a clue about the high principles involved, and can't see eye to eye with a dog.

So the **Tina**, disappointed for once, with the **Masters**' level of **Intelligence**, just decided to drop the whole **Idea** and walked away with her **Lady**-like walk, swinging from side to side, like you little one when you are going to a picnic, 'n not a circus. Determined and a bit **angry**, decided that if ever the **Master IG-D**ked at a **pretty Woman**, she would just **ignore** the whole matter, with the same **Abandon** and lack of responsibility, that the **Master** had demonstrated, when she **risked** her **Life** to go and verify a very big **bad** cat in a circus! At least together we could have made him **aFraid** ... or **at least, made him/her climb up a Tree**.

Masters are not anymore as solid as they used to be!

Say yes, if you've underste-od all, my sweet children. Because, if you didn't, just tell me so and I'll cut out that paragraph and write a wew story ... then yes, Please say, O, O, with Love, my Darlings!

77. Roma

The LITTLE BIG MAN

Thoughts-7-

(1995)

Of all the people who served me in my child-h. d. d, there was one who was my favorite. My Mother had taken him quite young, as her personal servant and he so remained, always: the most Faithful Being that I have ever seen on the face of this Earth. We had got him married, we had given him Lands, we had found rich houses in which he could go and Live and be Happy: and he used to leave everything ... and came back to us.

"Madame, its' in your service that I've Lived 'n 'tis in the service of your children, that I'll Die"; he used to say to my Mother. He kept his Promise!

He was **Completely** illiterate: but by his **lear Thought**, he could put **lise Men** to **Shame**. He was born with **e**yes crossed and **beyond** his **n**ose could not see anything **lear**, but by his **Mind**, he saw more **learer** than any far-sighted people. He had **n**ever **r**ead any b**G**-**D**ks containing stories, but the stories he invented to keep us awake, keep us **aLive** on **quiet** evenings, **n**ever **end**ed. And in **over** twenty years, I **n**ever came to **K**now how the affair of "The **Red Pary** and the **Nasty Giant**" ... finished.

"My Son, magination is the most precious Gift of Nature: use it, do not sleep on it! One day, when you will Understand, you will frame my Words in gold". This magination was the biggest reasure that he had gifted me; and I frame his Memory in gold, this small but big Man!

He Knew Nothing of maths, but used to tell me, "Remember, my Son, in this World, two 'n two never make four. People will add two and two but will always come out with a different result, what is in their interest! So beware of a person, where simple Logic does not Work! And Enigmatically he used to add, "Do you Know why Giants lock up Færies in haunted Castles"? Then in the case of my negative Answer, replied himself, "Because these Ladies in distress, so let themselves that Giants can lock them up, taking all the blame"! Dear Friends, now you Understand, why the adventures of the Red Færy never ended, they thus exposed to me this small big Man.

And when sometimes he was in a more Philosophical mc-od, he used to say, "If you want to Really Suffer, my Son, try to bring Someone out of their Ignorance. Humanity punishes severely he who tries to save her: the biggest example is of a Gentleman who they later called Companies. The Word is so close to a Companie they so him double-Companies; first selling him and then doubly, putting him in demonstration on a Companie and the price they had paid for him, only three pieces of nails; where even the two sticks were not of even length ... to carry on symbolically their uneven justice up to the end"! So you see, that even if he could not see very much, but to compensate, he had an extraordinary vision ... my favorite small big Man.

He'd an extremely developed Sense of sarcasm, also. Like once he told me, "Son, be what U r ever, where-ever U r: 'n never forget, what U were, when born. King or beggar, we all came out of a Dirty little hole! So in Life, accept all with Humanity 'n Humility," but never accept two things: to became a de-Dr-man or a chair-man! 'Cause when U r a de-Dr-man, people nod to U when passing, but they are only bowing their head to the de-Dr that U guard. No de-Dr, no nodding! 'N when U r a chair-man they kneel fore U, but they are only kneeling to your big back-side, which sits on a chair. No chair, no kneeling! Tis a strange habit of Humanity, that supple 'n bendable back-bone becomes ossified and rigid when selfish interests are fulfilled or deviated. Thus 'tis that Respect vanishes on Fallen Thrones and superficial Friendships vanish on Lost statuses ... for hypocrisy Lives on stolen Smiles"!

How much I miss this small big Man. Most of the lessons that he had taught me, I have forgotten. It is only when Life gave me a kick in the back, that a light Awakened in the Brain and I Remembered what he used to tell me, "This you will forget, my Son. But when you'll be hit hard in Life, then you will Remember my Words. It is Natural to make a mistake once in Life, but Learn and be careful not to make the same mistake twice. Making a mistake once is Human, not to Learn from it, is Stupidity; and aVoiding the same mistake another Time, is the only lisdom"! But he Knew that Words of lisdom have no meaning unless they have navigated through Storms of troubles, so he just used to Lovingly tap me on the head, saying Softly, "Son, just Mind my Words when you need them: and I will le-Dk after you from the BeYond". But, I never could magine, in the exuberance of Youth, what he meant, this small big Man ... who so much Respected my Mother ... the very Big Woman!

For, for me, he was always there, always around, always location after my every need: and when I was Sad, for children without reason sometimes become Sad, while when we are Adults we have so many of these reasons to be so, in such situations, he just used to make me Laugh and Wipe my Tears: which no one does now! "Smile, my child, Smile. And Remember the poly Man whose name was Smiles. He had had a tragic Life and had never Laughed. Then one day, he met a Lady who was called Tears and he felt so Sad for her that he decided to make her Smile and so sacrificed his Tragedy, only to Wipe out her solitude and Sadness. And do you Know who they had for a child ... a Beautiful Son called Laughter"... like would I like you ever to be, my Dear Son!

How much I **Loved** this small big **Man**, my favorite **Old servant**. In **Life** there is so much to **Cry** about, that it's **better** to **Laugh** on it ... 'n that's what he said, always ... **Out-Laugh Loud All Problems Stout**!



78. Pescara

SUPER - IMPOSITIONS

Illusions-3- (1995)

She was **Chanting** a **Melancholic Song** of **Love**. And **behind** her **mage**, you could see an **mage** of a **Garden**. A **Garden** that was moving, all **green**, giving the **Impression** that there was in this **World** an immobile part of **Paradise**, all **green**, which was fixed and static and it was only her super-imposed **mage** which was moving about in it. Moving about, but without any motion, without even walking: as if she was **floating** around on **Air**, cushions of **Air**, giving **Truth** to the **Words** of her **Melancholic Song** of **Love** which spoke of **none** other than a **Lady Lost** in **Love**, **floating** around in her **magi**nary **Garden** of **Eden!**

Thus it is in **Life** also that so many things are super-imposed. If you let at your finger, all the **cene**ry **behind**, you see **double**: and if you let at the **cene**ry **behind** your finger, you see **double**.

And we say that **Truth** is what we see, what we **Think!**

But also we **R**ealize when we see **double**, or **Think double**.

Then where is our **Truth**?

We travel in a train and a part of the cenery moves so fast, that it is Completely blurred; another part moves more slowly 'n is lear: 'n what is furthest, does not seem to move at all, making the whole seemingly turn around itself, in a circle; while we Know that we are going straight: but inside this composed whole, seems as if we are moving in the opposite direction. So where is our Truth! A fly's eye with its' thousand facets will see all lear in focus at any speed, from Zero to Infinity: does so then a fly's Mind, so little so miniscule, see more Truth than us! Or does Truth exists on own self, 'n even seeing it, we cannot perceive it.

For our perception is only relative 'n partial.

And so goading at the face of Life, the face Stated dividing itself in two, four, eight, 'n more 'n more mages, super-imposed, like lots of Lives were carrying themselves out simultaneously, or that all the different happenings of our Life were all unwinding out at the same Time 'n we could see thousands of mages of ourselves all super-imposed, blurry and lear like led oking at ourselves, from the Beginning to the out of the eye of a fly or a bee, a bee which can never wink, never seems to sleep, filling our Mind sometimes with night-mares of Loves Lost, Tender gone-bys ever Live and Living and never forgotten even if we try our best to super-impose them with New Happiness, but all being temporary, all slowly vanishes ... until we are left with a fist full of super-impositions led bee's eye at our riads of mages of Pastinessess!

So the **Song** went on with a **Melancholic** trend.

A **Song** of **Love** ... like so many others.

And **behind** this **mage** of a **Garden**, a **Garden** as ordinary as others, where in this **Garden** were many movements; so many movements and so many **flowers**, all in **Harmony** ... all **dormant**!

Then very slowly, this Garden Stated to move, as the bee flew off. And the bee flew-off, to look at the flowers and seek their Honey. Then while it sought its' Honey Gently, Gently the imperceptible Sound of its wings mingled with the Justical Jotes of the Song, seemingly as if even the ears had developed thousands of hearing centers, that in every inaudible vibration you could perceive hundreds of tones of Sadness and Happiness; never Knowing what was in the Past, and what was in the Present, if Present 'twas: or 'twas only a figament of magination, a mingling of a Wriad of super-impositions: as its' desire to be.

Till in the **end**, all **disappeared** in the closing of an **e**ye, when the **lonely Lady** went off to **sleep**: waiting for her **Lover**.

So when her lids drooped, thus dropping a drop of Tear on the petal of a flower, 'n this Tear become dev: then this dev penetrated into the heart of the flower, 'n slowly transformed itself into nectar. The bee saw all this super-imposed, with her thousand eyes, a whole Life-cycle unveiling itself simultaneously in a brief instant: and she then sat down on the apparently insignificant little flower and stole its' nectar, to convert it slowly and Lovingly with a very hard labour, into Honey.

Probably, she had co-related these super-impositions of the heart-Breaks of a beLoved and her small little Brain had Realized in its' deep self, how much Pain must we Suffer to make Life Soft 'n Sweet.

And she **Gifted** her **Honey** to the **A**ches of **Humanity**! But **Humanity** does not see the **P**ains of a **bee**.

Humanity only sees blurred super-imposed mages which are never very lear, 'n she has to constantly move her eyes to focus them.

Pity that thankless Humanity
can not be only a bee
and not nor n ever can see
Logical In the Beginning, so there was
No light No Knowledge No AlphaBeta Question being to b or not to b?
"N so's Humanity Ignorant A Bi "ing not Ci "ing ni Divinity , ni Eternal



SUPER - IMPOSITIONS 78. Illusions-3-(1995)Pescara ... https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/super%20impositions/ ... pexels-photo-8218375 ... pexels-photo-4237492 ... amazing-beautiful-beauty-blue ... pexels-photo-671555 ... germany-duisburg-tiger-turtle-106155... pexels-photo-4995043

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79. Roma

FACES in The DARK

Visions-4-

(1995)

In the Old Ages, when darkness fell and lonely nights became totally un-illuminated, folks used to sit around Fires and some ge-od narrator used to tell stories. But you could not see his tormented face in the dark, which was rendered darker by the passing Clouds of Suffering.

Then sometimes you changed places to get a better hearing, a better lc-ok at his Presence, against the Fire. And you still could not see his darkened face in the torments clouded by Sufferings of passing darkness, darkness which was not so much passing, 'n remained permanent, forever 'n everywhere, desultory 'n ever-Present. As if the total dark of Ancient Ages, when evenings were systerious 'n nights without lights, had directly passed into a very psychedelic Theater of Life, without any modifications of tension, without transformations ... just suddenly converting itself into a very dark Space, a dark-rc-om, well equipped dark-rc-om of a high professional photographer: where the rtificial night became Real Life, with all its rtificial atmosphere; and the so-called Life just timidly reduced itself into a precise but an rtificed Impression, an Impression that fixed 'tis-self on Paper.

And in this sombre laboratory of Life, where the Sadness of sombre greys was just full white 'n black un-separated, existed no colour, excepting a dim and dark reddish illumination as if the Rays of the infra-Red were invading you from every angle, 'n the Warm Fires of the dark-Ages had taken an external place in the fierce burning inside your heart: where you could not see anything, except Feeling a heat, heat which might have been a face; 'cause a movement you could probably localize by the displacement of its inherent heat, but a Smile you could not Sense and a hand you could not feel; even so to so be the yourself temporarily, or to ease off a moment of tremor. Then slowly the emitting light of your Thought traced out a dark face, 'n as if by lag c something happened to the Blank film 'n so to the virgin Paper ... metamorphorising the Pain of your Thoughts, burning out parts of the emulsion of Life, dark spots spots to appear before your eyes, dark spots seeming faces, or faces of happenings. And if this happening was a Laugh, it fixed itself forever on its hade, forever static, like Happiness captured in Stone ... immovable! But if the happening was a dolorous Cry, the Tear became 'n never fell on the ground.

So was it, that in an instant, an instance of your Life was burnt in on Paper. And all the instances grouped together, from Real positives became inverted negatives, Memorized into a film, where you could with reat difficulty, vision a face in the dark. But it was only other people who could see the film of your Life, objectively; and that also only if they played it against an rtificial light, rightly concentrated, calculated and make-Belief!

For you yourself, you never saw it, as you yourself had developed it in the dark, trying to make Sense out of things by Working them out in the dark, the dark-re-om of Life with lil or no light. And if you tried to replay it back, the film of your own Life, somehow it became all Past 'n Pastiness: leaving but Memories, ô dolefully gone!

And your own Past Life seemed not Real anymore: fixed against the light, alone, facing the dark, solitarily alone in the dark ... just guessing 'n guessing, which were these ever passing faces: for 'tween the darkness of Memories 'n the un-lightness of by-gone Ages, there is only one difference ... Flames do not Crinkle 'n Fire has no Warmth, it only burns: carboned Memories of ... forgotten ... forgotten faces in the dark ... zc-Dmed!



80.

Milano



STUPIDITY

Manners-3-

(1995)

Stupidity is amplified when one takes Pride in it.

And Ignorance is the Crowned head of vented Stupidity.

"Two things are **infinite**; the **Universe** and **Human Stupidity**", once said *Einstein*, "... and I'm not so **Sure** about the **Universe**". **K**nowledge, even **immense**, is always totally **Incomplete**; but total **Stupidity** is ever always auto-sufficient and auto-propagating ... **Ignorance** is **Misery** in **Thoughts!**

I would **n**ever have **K**nown such **Delicious** things. But it was my legendry **L**uck, that by **Pure Chance**, I met the most illustrious specimen of its **Kind** ever **Created** on this **Earth**. Twas **Stupidity sublimed**, 'n concentrated 'n **Purified** 'n reincarnated in **flesh** 'n **blc-Dd**, 'n **s**kin 'n **b**one. In **lc-D**ks, it didn't **R**eally differ from other people, but you just had the uncanny **I**mpression that if ever it cast its **e**yes on the most common 'n ordinary piece of **fc-Dd**, a **rc-Di** or a **sausage** or even a **banana**, it would literally dr**c-Dl**; even if no **s**liva actually sort of dropped out of its astonished **m**outh, but it gave the definite **I**mpression that if it could, it would. And **God K**nows that it is so difficult to dr**c-Dl over** a **banana**.

or if you uttered any Word whatsoever in the Universe, even the simplest, he would somehow manage to give the Wrong Reply. For such a gaffe, in our language, we have a very simple classification ... "Question Wheat? Answer Rice"! Frankly, it is very difficult to make such an allegoric statement lear to the Western Mind: they just cannot Think in over-mode. There is Nothing more wrong than replying rice to wheat; but it's just not done. Full stop! You can reply what you want: barley, oats, maze or even corn-flakes, with or without Milk, even dehydrated ... but for Heavens' sake, not rice. These basic necessities exist, but two poles apart and have Nothing in common. Since thousands of years, Civilizations have been divided on it. Wars have been won and Lost. And be-bks have been Written and burnt. The West' generally eats wheat, bread, pizza, cakes, etc. But take any damned Oriental Land, even undammed for that matter, and you will find that they are mostly rice eaters; day after day; they eat rice, rice, rice, and more rice, etc. And a sort of nice Softness of rice, accompanies this difference of cultures.

Take a slant eyed **Chinese**; even if his guest keeps on saying un-qualifiable **idiocies**, he will just keep on **Lowing** 'n **bowing** 'n **bowing** 'n **Lowing**; saying with a high-pitched voice, "Most **Honourable** guest, most **Honourable** guest"; and while **Lowing** more and more, his **e**yes will keep on becoming slanter and slanter, because inside himself, he probably feels like giving a **k**ick on the **b**ack of his **Honour**-and-able guest. While, on the other **h**and, a **wheat**-eating **W**estern, who just doesn't care a hope of the such politeness, will not have his **e**yes going slanting (for just reasons, or he'll **Start looking Chinese**) and will bluntly and dryly blurt, "You are just talking ... (quote **'idiocies** 'unquote), your **Honour**". Here we **Lagely** leave a **W**ord out, out of **Respect** for the ultra-fineness of our afore-mentioned and re-mentioned, **Chinese** host.

However, all this is leading us tego far away from our main subject. **Stupidity**. Which opens the **Question**: What is **Stupidity**, then?





Never ever having found a convincing definition, I have invented one of my own: "It's Gods' Gift to un-tormented Minds, the Power of not to Think 'n be able to Live in a straight and closed Universe. They do not have to logo far, because they cannot see far: they do not have to **Think** far, for because the maximum point of fore-sight is the tip of their nose: and they do not have to hypothise far ... for anything so far-fetched, seems always un**R**eal! O **B**liss, that I be **Ignorant**"!

They Falsely say, that God made Man in 'Tis own mage. The Question is ... is it also True in the case of the **Stupids** personified. It must be,, but probably 'Tis was le-9king at a defective Mirror at that particular Time. The problem is, that if 'Tis in 'Tis total Visdom, also made the Stupid, then there was a **Reason** to it: and who are we to critise **Tis Reasons!** Or probably **Tis** is only showing us that **Tis** can do better: and then very cleverly leaves us the choice to follow a different path, to become better than we are! So who are we to critise or Laugh on 'Tis initial Creation, "'Tis Master-piece of the Rudimentary"!

Thus it was with awe that I Realized my basic mistake. And I went to the first Stupid person I met, and I apologized personally to **it**: because in the process of **evolution**,, if **it** was the basic form, **I was** probably the missing link ... the imPerfect Creation: and I had a long way to go, even before I Started touching Humanity! And I again apologized to it,, and asked it its pardon. And it looked at me in a strange way, a very strange way, almost Thinking, 'now what does he want from me (it): as if I was a sausage or a banana or at the worst of worst, almost with a drc-ol ... which nearly suggested to me that it was about on the point of asking me an Intelligent Question,, if it could Think it out quickly enough: "Why did God have to Create Stupid people"? And to this, I had no reply, none so ever.

And I felt **R**eally an **idiot!**

And **it** just kept on simultaneously **Thinking** of a banana, and dre-Jling when **it** did not have to, and winking an eye when it should not have; and saying things which it did not need to: and being itself unFortunately when it should have forgotten to, and it pointed at me, when it should have looked at a Mirror and pointed to itself: rather than to point to ... me!

But with a tremor, I went and asked **its** pardon. For in the unexplained **liston** of things, it was also made in the mage of 'tis Creator! And I only had to put my eyes down, to see myself clearly in the **mage** myne mage

Pretensious and **Stupid**, as only I could be!

MORAL: The first step towards **True Humility** is to ask to be pardoned by all the **Ignorants** of the World! Difficult, for they do not Know what you are talking about so where do we Start ???



80. <u>Milano</u> Manners-3-(1995)pexels-photo-5412030 ... pexels-photo-3869035 ...

























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81. *Basel*

The CROWNED HEAD

Thoughts-8- (1995)

The frog had a Crown on the head. And he himself had put it on, thus letting the World Know that he had a Crowned head. But as he was a frog, all he was able to say was 'croak'. So, he passed his whole day saying 'croak' with a Crowned skull: that at the end of a tiring and repetitive day, his whole Loving Court used to hold their heads, in 'n with their hands, for at the end of the tedious day, they had 'croaked' heads and not Crowned heads, for being plain courtiers, they had no Crowns on their now croaking but common Cranes.

Such is the rule of this **World**, that when a **Crowned King**, even if a common frog, says **croak**, the **beLoving courtiers** must also **Start** croaking to gain in esteem of a **Crowned Crane**, which not only **Cracks alone** but can also make you **Crack**: reducing you to a **Stupid Crack**, but **no lise-Crack**. This is a rule which **Fortunately** does not apply on me; as I am no **Crack** to begin with and no **Crowned h**eads with **Cracks** in their **t**ops, will ever make me **croak** and **Crack**-up, if I do not myself want to **Crack**-up and **croak**.

This adventure stated, when I saw a Beautiful frog, all sculpted in fine and transparent jade, True in its light green vestments, with a small Crown on the head, of Pure gold of course. A few steps earlier than this frog, was exposed an even more Beautiful object, an exquisite boat, or to be more exact, an Old-Timer ship: a sailing ship with sails and all, all carved out in a light colour amber and which was floating as well in a Sea of amber, in small cut-out uneven pieces of amber, big as marbles or Stones and Pebbles; which in this very limited Space gave an immense Sense of the unlimited, just by the surprising Sparkle of its Harmoniously unequal intensities of rellevant and goldenish tinges.

And while I was thus bending **down** to appreciate this **Marvellous Creation**, another **Marvellous Creation**, a pair of **Beautiful l**egs, gave me a **k**ick in the **b**ack. I precise, just for the sake of the records, that only one **l**eg gave me a **k**ick; for I must admit that while the pair as a whole was a **Delicious** composite **unit**, only a half part of this **Delicious** and un-separable **unit** had decided to seek company of my **humbly** bended **back**-side: because our **L**earned **L**ectures **K**now very well that, physically it's tedious to give a **k**ick (simultaneously) with both **l**egs, raising them off-ground at same **T**ime, unless **U**'re a very big specialist of karate or kung-fou or ...

... pas - fou (that's French for King-Fou)!

Being a **Gentleman**, as **sometimes** I can also be a **Gentleman** when an emergency situation calls for it, I apologized immediately trying to got out of a delicate **Dead-end**: for it could easily be **mistaken** by **strangers** that, what was that I was **lo-D**king at ... at and on which was **floating** a boat ... a boat which in its turn was being observed by a **Lady** half-bending **down** also at about the same height as that of the boat, and while **lo-D**king at this interesting boat, interesting because it was just **rt**, **Pure rt** all **lightened** 'n concentrated; this **over**-mentioned 'n **under**-estimated **Lady** had just inadvertently picked-up her **leg**, a part of the mentioned pair, **exactly** at **wrong T**ime. So do I define a **kick**. But just have a distorted **Mind**, take a photo-shop and what do you get: a **Man**, a **b**ack, a **Lady** and just a **leg**; **hi hi** ...

... All a tremendous equivoque; but what would the passers-by Think

I admit that I have a certain likeness, even let us say, a strong weakness for a **Beautiful** pair of **legs**: 'n I do also confess that I like to **le-5**k at them with **reat** care 'n attention 'n **Work** them out in detail; but in private quarters, not bending **down** openly in public. For **Heaven**'s sake. So my only **reat** intention 'n **desire** at that given moment was to dissolve instantly in apologies, very much like a cheap quality of **coffee**; just make myself less **Visible** very rapidly or do the dis-appearing trick as if by **Pagence**, saving what little I had left of my **Honour**, to save.

Not at all! The Lady just held me by the arm, not letting me go like the 'Ancient Mariner', talking of boats and Ghosts, and albatrosses: and said, "Not at all, Mossier! It is Destiny. Thus is probably how Fatalily wanted us to meet anyway"! I almost dropped out of my pants, manner of speaking. Hold on! Du Calme! Warten, bitte! Langsam, bitte! Aspettiamo, prego! Damnation! I had a terrible envie to relate to her, that normally, I could accept that a Lady gave me a kick in the pants to termine a relationship, when all was over; which in Life had hardly ever happened to me: but to receive a kick, to State off a nice and healthy Life-long Friendship, specially with the robust, athletic and sort of determined pair of legs that she had ... where could it all end!

So fishing for Ideas, or an inspiration and a reply and just plain Air, I offered her a coffee, not a very expensive quality like above; but a reasonably economical one in the next bar around the corner. Just for precision's sake, I point out that we had met each other while roaming around in a very top-level ewelry exhibition, where I had neither the will nor the means, to even Breathe on the most inexpensive object exposed, so a modest-priced coffee was about the height of my Aspirations. And this I offered to her, of go d heart, for something in the depth of her Intelligence, intrigued me. Needless to precise, that we were in one of those so organized and developed countries of the World where people take national Pride in making long queues and not jumping lines, so the simple ultra-cheapness of the coffee you pay by the over-spending of Time in waiting, but in this particular case it suited me fine, because you do not have to be a Master of genius to engage a conversation while taking a cup of coffee; inspite of the fact that some people pretend to be so by bombarding your Intelligent analysis of World Politics or such: but they are just common frogs with Empty Crowned heads and so ... out of our dominion.

Thus seriously I state. Positively by learing my throat, and croaking out some Stupidity on whether the coffee was Warm or not, when finally we got it, because by the Time we got it, it was cold anyway: so much for the good organization of a so well organized country. I name no names ... It begins with sCH sssshhhh + the end you can do yourself! But that is besides the point, for the Silence of our eyes while sipping cold coffee was something unBelievably eloquent. And it was so funny, that inspite of the tremendous Silence that was inside us and surrounding us, where people were going and coming all the Time, we had never stopped talking even for a second: to the point, that when I had falteringly uttered my first phrase, "Don't take me wrong, or this as a misplaced compliment, on such a short acquaintance of yours, but you seem to me to be exceptional". To which she replied, "I never seem, Mossier. I always am True ... You are very right ... I am exceptional".

wer-Time to come out with something sensible to say; but at least three Times in the next five minutes, she uttered exactly the same phrase as I Thought by Mind and Started to execute by tongue: 'n rightly at precisely the same instant, she came out with the same phrase, but Naturally 'n without I think the finally at the third attempt, I

Believe me, I see"! "But how can you Believe the unBelievable"! She was stealing Words out of my mouth. What can you do with a Woman like this! This left me no choice and I tried my escape strategy, saying firmly, "Lets' take a walk". And her famous by now, legs, did not refuse. Very Intelligent on my part, ironically you will say; but I had a plan all prepared in my Mind. My Old Friend the frog ... asking him to lend me his Crown as the proportions of my head at the moment seemed to me as big and as concentrated as his: 'n then to say 'Croak'! For as she was to Intelligent to say 'croak', I couldn't put in a Word more than her. Cheating, you will again says; anything to win against a Dame, I'll reply! Illusions! She must have intuited my intensions and Completely ignoring the Kingly aspect of the frog, flyingly said, "He is Really Ugly", and just to Data my carefully planned strategy ... stratagem!

Completely at the mercy of a Woman. A pleasant one: **OK**. A **pretty** one: also **OK**. But still a Woman. And certainly **not** made out of any frog material. So I tried my very ultimate recourse. Gasping for Breath, trying to **Think** of **something** original to say, I triumphed, "What do you **Think** about **Men**". Genius ain't I? A **Real** He-**Man** approach. But **cold Water**: and **w** showers: that was my **Sort!** What was supposed to be my ace card, did not at all put her off balance. What should have thus taken her attention off my confused **Mental** processes, just did not **distract** her the least. And this **Time** her reply was even more **surprising**. "**Ha**". **magi**ne that ... only, "**Ha**"!

"Men! Ha! Which Ha Men! Children! You mean"! Twice she said Ha! Ha! Like she was Laughing or just saying, ha, ha, to emphasize that she was seriously saying Ha! Ha! Or sort of Laughing. Honestly, I do not Know what! "Children! At least thats' what the modern Woman and the modern Mother makes them to be. How is it by you in East, I don't Know, but at least by us, Women have to Work and become more aggressive and Masculine and bring up Men who are smaller in stature, so they can be controlled easily and better. You do not see it yet, or very learly now, 'cause it's to recent, but already my generation Suffers more than those of my Parents and our children are definitely worse off. Just look at the divorces which come so quickly after hasty marriages ... and the children of the children of my children will not be Men anymore; they will always just be, and remain children! Because there will be no more Feminine Women enough, left ... to bring them up as Men".

Very Logical. Achtung, bitte! And I blinked my eyes, like I was used to blinking my eyes, when something got in them. Logical. And it was with relief that I Realized that she was after all Human, very Human, so very much Human, 'n coupled to a sharp Sense of, I do not have the Words, 'logical' Logic. Non-Feminist might call it Feminine Logic, but she had her own stamp to it: she being neither False, nor a child ... a Real Woman, in fact. What she had told me in the first place, that she was exceptional, was Really so, True 'n Exceptional! When she had asked me that I did not Believe her, her Doubts were also well founded. Thus thanking her for her sincerity, I apologized for my lack of 'credulity' and requested that if ever I could do anything, to be pardoned; anything that was in my Power, being a pc-Dr and insignificant Man, she just had to ask it, name it. And she accepted. Courteously.



Now! Now! Du Calme! Take it easy! In a hall full of gold and liamonds and lubies and what not and green jade frogs with Crowns on their heads, all such useless and unattainable objects for my needs or means ... how do you go about finding chocolate. So I tried to dampen her enthusiasm on such Lowly golds; saying that it was probably available outside and that once we had finished seeing everything, I'll take her out to a very lomantic place, a very loce Smelling place, like a super-market, where she could have the choice of all the chocolate in the World; so she could pick and cholds and satisfy her small lantasies and her adorable Stupidities according to her own taste. But she insisted, "Mossier, chocolate, I want it now, not later when it is already melted ... and I do not feel like it any longer". Logical, my Dear! Ahem! Myself Feeling more chocolate than her, immediately stopped a passer-by, who, I apparently tried to give her the Impression that I Knew since a long Time, to be more authoritative: and who seemed to Know everything in this exhibition worth Knowing about since a long Time, a Real Authority, specially on chocolates, and I asked him something apparently in a language that apparently she did not understand and so reported back to her with an apparently very Saddened face, that as far as chocolates were concerned ... they were to be found, ahem, 'apparently', outside. Back to point one. Stop.

Fortunately, she accepted my convincing argumentation to make her stomach ulcers wait patiently, saying to me suddenly that at four O'clock she must go away, which was an **Idea** that I did not appreciate at all; for specially as she had given me the first and only **k**ick so far at about mid-day: it just did not give us enough **T**ime for a **profound** and lasting **Friendship**, **False k**icks excluded.

And at four 'O' clock, she went away.

And I **n**ever **K**now when I will see her again ... or ever?

Then I went back to my frog with the Crowned head; loaned-in his Crown to put on my Crane, Feeling Sunk like a lone alone lolour, asking him to say all else but croaks: because that was exactly how I was Feeling. Remembering her Words, how True she had C-oked into me: and this Time, there was no more monsieu or mossieur or monsieur anymore, dilapidated ... dilapidated in Remembrances!

"You have seen the **Above** 'n the **Below**, extreme **Happiness** 'n **hard** Suffering. You are probably **Full** 'n **Complete**: but also probably un**R**eal"! And she **Mused** on, **Musing** with **race**, bit a**Mused** by herself, "I **never!** I've always remained in the middle, no **Happiness**, no **Suffering**, but I prepare myself that one day, I might **Suffer**, and very much so. Then I might also become un**R**eal or **Truly R**eal, for one does not **Know** what **R**eality is ...

unless one does not kiss it for Real ... in the black alleys of Life"!

A Really exceptional Woman.

But she had no Crown on the Head!

I Wonder what stuff Queens are made out of!

If ever you can find Queens just roaming around

In the streets ... or in the black back-alleys ... of my Life!

82. *Mülheim*

BILLIARDS on The FLG-OR

Reflection-5- (1995)

Suddenly, all the **balls** on the table fell on the fleton the fleton all over the **world** also fell on the fleton. That in the end, on the fleton of the Earth you could see Nothing other than billions and billions and other billions of billiard-balls, bouncing and bumping and balancing against each other, rolling on the left and rolling on the right, till it seemed that all were rolling on and on, but only in the *middle*, for there was Nothing left except the *middle*, as this *middle* extended itself outside in all directions ... right uptil the ends.

And the normal Leaceful Life of people, suddenly was disrupted. He who walked straight, slided and skidded. And he who slided and skidded went straight like a shot bullet, like he was hit very hard and thus went straight to his hole: and those who were also sliding and skidding buried him in his hole, all whole and Complete, sprinkled all over with balls, balls and all, to lie in Leace, while over him kept on rolling and rolling more and more other balls and other's balls ... what in short Life is!

Then once, the normal **eaceful Life** of **eaceful** people tried to make a come-back, **stabilize** 'tiself and **roll over** in a more **b**alanced way, **b**ut every **Time** you put a continuous **s**tep on the fl**c-o**r, a **b**all **tc-o**k you off **b**alance and you **tc-o**k **s**peed, like you had already done **s**o many **Times** in **Life** when you had to be **r**easonable and **R**ealistic, **b**ut you were **tc-o hot-h**eaded and you **tc-o**k **s**peed and went off and **hit** yourself against a **wall**. **S**o it did not change very much from normal **Life**: only that there was no **wall s**o far in the **end**, **s**o you hit yourself against the **end** of the *middle* which was every-where, and you kept on taking more and more **s**peed and there was no come-back as there was no **wall** against which to **hit** yourself and come back.

'N the billiard balls just kept on rolling against themselves, 'n round 'n round around themselves, helping you in your quick flight until you found your hole to stop the speed and be finally buried. Waiting that one day, all the billiard balls seeking their holes will find themselves all together under the Earth, slow 'n steady 'n lethargic, but leaceful and leacefully waiting ... that ...

That suddenly, all the balls from the table Fall on the floor. And like a fusion of atoms, so on deeper and deeper you keep on Falling a into other hollows which exist deeper 'n deeper until the day that you Realise finally that, eace is calm and quiet, while Hell is just another name ... of urgency and hasty options and occupations.

And then your bells, balls, billiards and all, Fall or hang no longer onto the fle-or!

So help you ... God ... or Someone Else or Other, Somewhere in the middle!



82. *Mülheim* BILLIARDS on The FLC-OR Reflection-5- (1995) ... https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/billiards/ ... pexels-asim-alnamat-16074 ... pexels-photo-14769362 pexels-photo-6503755 ... pexels-photo-6503588 ... pexels-photo-6503563 ... pexels-photo-14006117 ...













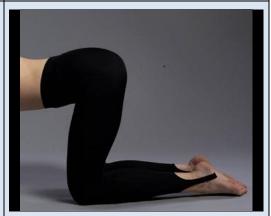












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83. Hamburg* DARTS And FARTS Comically-4- (1995)

83. Hamburg

DARTS And FARTS

Comically-4-

(1995)

Not that they have anything in common, but the Sound of the title, which just came by accident into the Mind, intrigued me so much, that I decided to dart out a fart with a bit of an Art.

The Question is, how do you play at darts. Well it is simpler than the 'slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune' from the 'to be or not to be'. But it is necessary to take some Time off when your boss is paying you a good salary for an Honest day's Work, convince a few colleagues to do the same during office hours; because all of you consider that your employer is a driver: who in Reality is never-the-less Absolutely a very open-Minded patron, in the Sense that he is no Racist for he considers that Niggers were the best thing ever Created by the Creator, specially if they can be closed in walled mines, full of coal-carbon. And he sees no difference 'tween a Slave and a Human-Being, white or black, long as it's not grey: that is white well seen in the night; or clourless, when it is the carbon version seen in the dark, thus invisible, regarding all this talked about non-Sensical Human rights stuff of the modern jazz ... publicity-hunters of jazzy Politiciens!

But, how to play at **farts**? There are **no** obligations **nor** limitations of **Time**. It comes **Naturally**, when it comes: **auto-created**. Only regretting that Will Shakespeare did not have the will, **under**-estimating the subject, to write a **historical** play which would have made **Real History**, like **King** Henry the **Fart**, instead of the **Fourth**. **Imagi**ne how **Lively** it would **Sound**, if a **horse** was converted into a **fart**; **Imagi**ne **something** so **reat** as **horse**' **???** 'N the famous lines, "A **horse**, a **horse**, my **Kingdom** for a **horse**", would become so **Lively** and common place where everyone could liberally participate, without **Feeling Kingly** or **Noble**, for a **Noble head** is **hesitations**' prey: thus becoming very **unf** ... **Ful** (unfruitful)! Given that in German, **fahrt** means means of locomotion; modern locomotion: probably with a jet propulsion, a very **llumi**nated **Idea** of recent **T**imes!

So the rules of the game, whether its' played in an office during working hours or in the evening in a pub during leisure hours, are the same. You dart and when you hit bull's-eye or an important figure nearby, if you are a gifted one, you fart, with rt. Here I must make lear, that this game is only reserved to the higher Society, not the Low east-bank cockney ... but the Old-Time City-Bank Bowler Hat with a Black Suit, oft, once a year, or every two years: dry-cleaned. But, for Social Standing, instead of a pub, it's better to fart in the office-hours, in the non-Presence of Women: because during leisure Times, you have better things to do.

Excuse me, but do not always expect me to denigrate the Learned classes, because niggers they are; black hats or half-inverted pumpkins and black suits, inside out, before washing: especially after a profound ge-od Think of Classical Industrial Smog (1962). They are the cream of our Society: a thick Dirty cream for the moment, yes, but still the cream and the fore bearers of culture. Those who would not and could not, 'cause the Classical High-Class Culture Not Permitting, speak to each other, without being introduced ... And those who just would not move a finger, what ever happened ... the typical British Phlegm.

I once **K**new two boys who used to come together to office from a distant small town, every morning in train. They pretended not to **K**now each other, but while one was reading a **News-Paper**, the other **Calmly** used to take a **lighter** and put the **P**aper to **F**ire. Of course it was a small **P**aper, only one page, but other passengers didn't **K**now it. **Nobody** moved, or saw anything or commented anything, as if **Nothing** had happened. Twas **so so F**unny ... that once they arrived in office, an **hour later** ... they **burst** out **L**aughing!

About an hour later: so very fast, my British Colleagues ... typical British Phlegm.

This carried on for a certain period of **Time**, until one day, by hazard, there was a **Nigger** who was traveling in the same compartment and who opened his **m**outh, without being **Presented** to anyone: saying, "Hey! He's set your **News-Paper** on **Fire**"; what spoiled everything. Thus all **C-D**ked at him curiously, as if he'd just come out of the wild jingles **Jungles** of **Africa**. And he didn't **under**stand anything either; when the other asked him, after all was **consumed** ... "**Which News-Paper**": **typical British Phlegm?** Not being Introduced?

But those were alas the 'Old Times', the Real Black Bowler Boys' Times ... the Future Honoured High Society, where one must Learn the 'Tricks of the Trade', or fade-out ... well, well, well ... where forever, Niggers are Niggers and figures are figures! Thus arises a Society of 'Contrasts Inherent' ... 'Contrasts Institutional' ... 'Contrasts of Birth and Contrasts of Rank' ... 'Contrasts of Ranks 'n Banks 'n Files' ... Where the Deposed Royalty' promotes it's own Brand of Demoncrazy, far unto the 'Huts of Beggary' ... unto the Beyond of their Created Worlds of the Overseas ... of Poverty 'n Hippocrazy!

Just wishing you GG-2d Luck ... If you give me a GG-2d Buck!

But for this last stage, to obtain this uncanny Mastery, you need a lots 'n lots of practice, and a full-ble-oded training. So Start traveling on your way to Perfection. And, God bless you, make ge-od way. And Remember, that they say in German, for Luck on the way, "Gute Fahrt"!

So have a Gc-od Fart und Reisen Gut ... But do come back after Reisen Gut Fa(h)rt!

P.S.: You don't Believe all I say? And So But Spake Zarathoustra ...

Thus ... I'll give you a stunning Truth, from our Colonial Background ...

A Nursery Rhyme, which had Brain-Washed our Elders, for Centuries ...

Eeney Meney Mayna Mo

Catch a Nigger by his Toe

If he Screams let him Go

Eeney Meney Mayna Mo!

So Swing around the Head & when Screams ... let him Gooooooo ... No DisRespect!

Thus to Hell 'n Dust, our Demoncrazy: Swatch 'n Swing ... Preferably, a Caught Nigger!

PRINCIPLE: A Quality of **Brit High Society** ... Play **Darts** 'n **Farts**, But 'twas a very strict Rule to it ... At Will, Ô **Yo-Ho Fart**! Bull's Eye was worth a '**pit**', a game won was **1**; a match was too **2**: the end-Contest was by all in **Thrice** ... 'n Leave-Taking, **All for the Team**, with due **Respect** ... All forth in Four, **Hip-Hip Hurrah**.

84. Hannover

DEAF And DUMB

Tenderly-3-

(1995)

This is one of the most difficult accounts that I ever under to write: after, that I had had a conversation of about ten minutes with four people, just two couples ... on the next table in one of those very quick-service restaurants, fast and unEatable fc-od; fc-od, that if ever eaten by Times of misery, was indigestible, at least for a few days, when on Doctor's orders you go to the toilette and get everything out, always under to do it; otherwise it would all have gone out in one go anyway, specially in diarrhetic terms, or in another literary case: 'Disasteristic' terms.

What is most extraordinary, is, that all those four, **both couples**, were totally deaf 'n dumb.

Imagine being deaf 'n dumb in your own language; so how was it possible to communicate with them, I who did not speak at all their original language: and rather badly my own. But they were full of Life and Vivacity, putting to Shame people who can speak but can not communicate, converse but have no meaning in their Words. And how can I, by imPerfect Writing or Writing techniques, describe a dialogue of mutes, when I have no clue on the sign language: and hardly any on any language signs, anyhow?

But it seemed all so **Natural**, when one of the **boys**, who was sitting opposite to me, lc-oked at me 'n **Laughed**: 'n with Twinkles in **e**yes, made me a **sign** that *if I would want to go away* with the **girl** sitting opposite to him, that is, the **girl-Friend** of his **Comrade** ... *I could*. Uptil this point, it was easy to **under**stand. So I joined my **i**ndex 'n my **t**humb in a sort of **O** formation, shaking it slightly twice, meaning that the **girl** was **OK** as far as I was concerned, but shrugging my **s**houlders and putting them rather large, **learly** expressed my **F**ears, that his **Comrade** seemed to me a bit t**G-o** hefty ... *for engaging myself* in this sort of endeavour.

'Not at all', he seemed to say: then joining his index finger to the thumb, rubbing them three Times, gave his opinion that for his Comrade, all was matter of profit! This expression I Knew from a Joke on those practicing Usury (money-lent). Guess what? When thumb 'n index join, BUT don't move even once? As simply it is the same money-lender, but Dead, 'cause if he'd be Living, h'd be frictioning his both fingers, again 'n again, 'n counting 'n recounting Cash ... 'Cause there's Absolutely, 'No Interest in Death'!

Precisely at this moment, the **Comrade** finally woke up and came also into the 'conversation': if we'll call it so, so let's call it so. Have you ever noticed, what a tremendous **Respect** deaf and dumb **Beings** have for each other ... they follow one 'n another in dialogue, **never** cut the course of **Thoughts** of the **Companions**: and **never** speak all at the same **Time**. How different to us, **Stupidly** so-called normal **Beings**, who're always jumping on each others' **Words**, cutting corners on **Friends**' sentences 'n making immense **Noise**; without meaning, or without **Trace**, for having the ge-od **Fortune** of possessing full **Powers** ... **Uncult** asses!

So this **Comrade** at last had his say, and asked in return, if I would like simply to go off with the **girl-Friend** of his **Friend**, the **girl** who was sitting opposite to me. I explained to him again that she **Pleased** me a lot, making my usual **O sign**, giving it a kiss, meaning even **better**, and rather **tasty**, which I had expressed

quite **Naturally** by a **munching motion**; my improvisation now becoming quite **Perfect**, but that his **Friend** was even **stouter** than him and so the **Danger** was **heightened** ... my **s**houlders thus becoming larger and larger, and the **h**ead **F**ell so **downer** 'n **downer**.

'Not at all', signed he symbolically. I should not be mis-lead by Appearances. And now he put the thumb to the little finger, only the initial third part of it, the first phalanx, expressing that ... his Friend had a certain pronounced defect: and somehow I had a neat Impression that, he was not only talking about any Mental deficiencies ... So far so godd: all was clean 'n quiet 'n remained well distinguished. Experts say that one's when born deaf, can't so hear Sounds, thus to imitate to pronounce to speak ... so 'becomes mute' ... at Present there are multiple electronic gadgets in action, to activate their throat muscles, as to aid 'Sound Recognition', that at least they to say a minimum ... So far so godd ... But as they were very Intelligent 'sourd et muet' French or Italian 'sourdo muto', but in GErman as prefer I to remain 'taub und stumm', they (both pairs) decided to pass me to the Intelligent Quotient (IQ) Test; so to say, thus passing on to the Italian Rapid Panzer Attack ... a manner of speaking, in commoner terms?

So he **signed something** to his **Friend**, which **Sounded** in the **beginnings** like an **f**, an **i** and a **c**, three **W**ords or Letters, which had a definite **Italian** 'Sound' to it. It is rather extraordinary that **deafened dumb** where are concerned, there's an exceptional solidarity among the **Italians**: while in the Germanic **Mentality**, the same solidarity exists 'tween the **Accidental Handicapped**. I might be **wrong**, but it is a definite **Impression** that I have: and I have **never under** st**G-2** d the why of the so ... In **Nature** or in **War**!

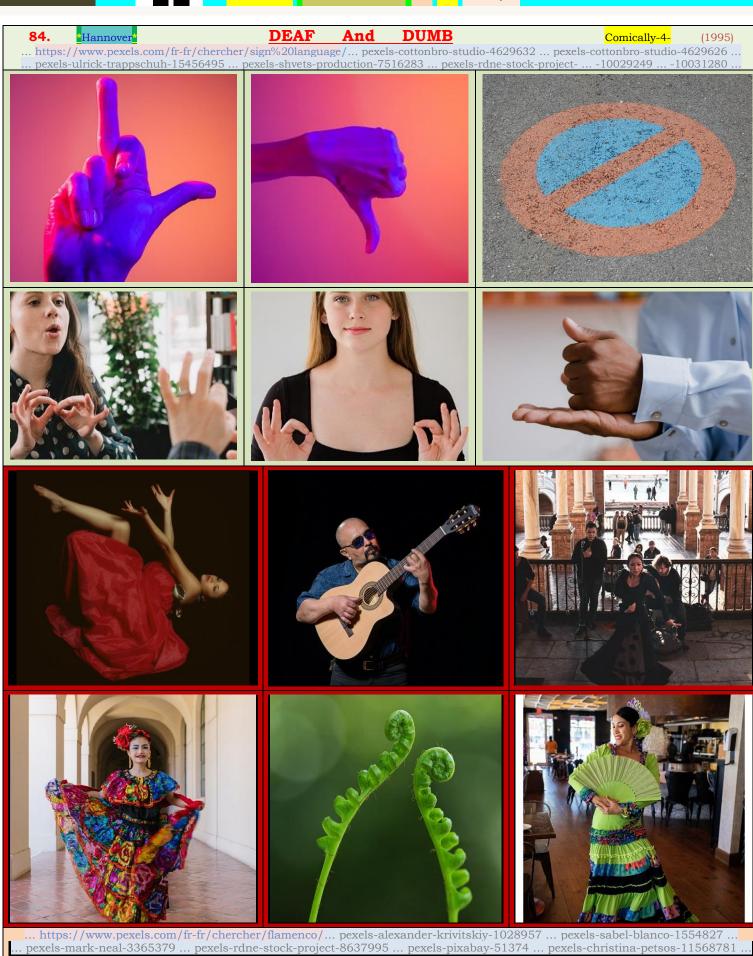
All this was in gc-od and light Humour. Then signing f i c, both pointed to a picture publicity behind me, of a Woman advertising fc-od. Funny, that in the modern Western World, if a half-naked Woman you do not have, advertising almost everything, from cars to condoms to bras to fc-od, Nothing would seem to Work. This Woman, to put into appetite a pair of hamburgers, was almost sort of posed in orgasm over them, with her double 'head-lights' so near, that you could not Really distinguish where the high-lighting of the breasts finished and the hamburgers was almost on display-menu included.

Then they asked me which of the two I would like to eat, expressing Doubts on the validity of the Woman as a Woman: how they did it, I leave it to you to magine, for 'tis Time that you did some Thinking also, instead of giving me the burden of explaining everything ... for U r well Smiling also: aren't you. And here my pc-Dr improvisation ended: because it was tc-D difficult for me to explain in return, on how to signal so ... all depended on the conditions offered 'n the digestion guaranteed. Then I understc-Dd their "f i c": fictitious!

But somehow they also understc-od, that I had understc-od, 'n Laughed. 'N 'twas so pleasant to hear those people Laugh, who cannot hear their own Laughter; how different to normal Beings who can always hear their own Laughter, but imposing a very Funny rule: almost always never Laugh!

Laughter 'n Faculties are Created 'n Gifted by the Giver!!! Riddle Solved ??? for ... 2 times 2 is fore b'for 8,, once 4 'n twice 8; not 2 eights, for that's 88 ... 'n that makes me Laugh!





85. *Hannover* F L O R È S Illusions-4- (1995)

85. *Hannover*

<u>FLORÈS</u>

Illusions-4- (1995)

He was a Spanish Lover. And so by tradition, very jealous. One day, he said to his beLoved, "Florès!" (r hard and s pronounced). Florès, as you Know means flower in Spanish. But as the name of his beLoved was also Florès, so this Time when he said "Florès", he did not mean no flower; he meant to address only his beLoved: "Florès", that is his beLoved and not a flower, "If ever a man comes near crrrrrr", with an additional gest, of a finger finely running across the throat: he needed not to be very explicit, 'cause his open 'n straight hand pulled horizontally across the neck, had enough daggers in it to make all the petals Fall off a Florès. But apparently, our Florès was used to such demonstrations exaggerated and Calmly replied, "Muy bonito", meaning "very well", message received: and Calmly and Tenderly le-bked after a bouquet of Florès rescos, rest or rozza, very ge-od ... you are Statung to understand very rapidly what I am Writing ... which an Admirer had recently dared to send her, as a sign of his Admiration: Florès des-Admiraciones.

And our jealous **Lover** jumped up and fell straight like an arrow, **down** on his two **l**egs, one in front and one **behind**, **Lips** curved out in a **cracefu** line all undulating in **Harmony** with the **c**hest thrown out, the **h**ead slightly **b**owed and the **a**rms upheld with the **h**ands crossed at the **w**rists forming a sort of **Florès** des **amores**, **f**ingers immobile and bending: and while the **h**eels **click-clacked** almost simultaneously, the **t**hroat shouted out a civilized sort of **savage Sound**, "**Ole**'"! And **Florès**, las Buenos perras repeated, "Muy bien", pronounced B.N.; and **Smelled Gently** her **banquet** of **flowers**, adding a little bit of **Water** to the cut-**C**rystal vase, posed on the table.

"Y Florès", continued our ardent Lover, tapping more 'n more rapidly his heels on the wolld on t

And the sleeping Phantoms of flamenco just woke up and all admiringly lc-oked on Stupified ...

86. *Basel*

COCKS And ROOSTERS

Philosophy-5-

1996

Paganini used to be an exceptional violinist. He could play any difficulty or imitate any Sound in Nature on his violin. Some say even that they had heard him Sound the barking of dogs, the cackling of hens and the roosting of cocks, at early morns or Dawns. Evil tongues say that he was a very tall dark man, Sad and always clad in black; and to arrive at the prowess he had with the strings and arch, he must have sold his Soul to the Devil.

Liszt, once heard him: and was very Impressioned. He was quite young and Aspiring: and he vowed to himself that all that the Master did on the violin, if anything even approximate was possible to be achieved on the piano, he would accomplish it. So he studied, to the extreme of the Human limit, and became the best pianist the World has ever produced. Of course, he did not have the same Sound, as some tones of the violin, mobile cords, are impossible to be imitated on a piano, of fixed cords. But he still attained the unBelievable. He was also a very tall man, not dark, but Sad; and also very often clad in black: and some Evil tongues added, that he must have also sold his Soul to the Devil.

I'm Nothing compared to all this. But I have heard stories about Faust and such damned characters. It, Riches 'n Beauty. So as I was passing well in Life anyway, I also decided to sell my Soul, preferably to a devil or the devils, as he is the only one who seems to pay a high price for Lost Souls ... as God doesn't ... for 'Tis makes you pay the price and by your person. Thus Nobility obliging, I went to the devil, to try to strike a deal. But the Devil sent me away saying, "Listen, I am very busy at the moment, because of some very important damned Spirits. So Please leave me in Feace. But for your correct information, I just don't buy Souls of cocks 'n restrict.

I have always considered myself, at least personally, as reasonably handsome; even if others, prejudiced Ignorants, think the contrary: so a cock, I am 'n a cock I stay. Thus the whole day, I make enough Noise, specially starting early in the morning, galloping behind 'Die Schöne Henne' Sounding and trumpeting the gallant cocoricco, cocoricco, à l'Antique, so a re-oster I can consider myself to be. But to be put off so highly, with a disdaining flip of the hand, a "cock 'n a re-oster"; both together, all-together, all at the same Time ... Ô Well! That's impossible ??? ... Well ... No! No! No! Devils can be Wrong ... Punkt!

Thus I decided to become **somebody**. And I searched my **rt**. Finally deciding to **W**rite. For, for **S**peaking 'n **W**riting **you don't need any special skills**. People do it all the **T**ime. And if you take all that's spoken 'n **w**ritten, day in 'n day out, years after years, 'n you tried to analyze the **contents** of it, let us say after about half a century: you'll find that the **meaning** of all's concentratable ... in only two **W**ords:

ALMOST NONE! ALMOST ... Well ALMOST ...

Coincidence wants, that about this **Time**, I also fell in **Love**. So it was an **Ideal** occasion to dedicate my, as per me, **Absolutely Marvellous Creations**, all to her. She, un**F**ortunately, who did not have the **F**aintest clue of what a **Creation** was? All that she **K**new was, is that one day she was **Created**; but that wasn't a **Creation**: it had just happened. Probably, it might be the case of some **rand rand Parents** long long **T**imes back; **strange** people mention such **strange** things in **strange** b**G**-**D**ks, but her **M**emory about it was quite **vague**: 'n they had left no definite pr**G**-**D**fs in the **F**amily History **Tree**, which was well conserved and up on the wall for everyone to see. Or it might have happened before a certain 'n **K**nown fl**G**-**D**d which had washed out the ink from parts of the **F**amily chart, where a **reat rand** sort of **Uncle**, was **monkeying** around on four **f**eet ... and only **God K**nows **better**, why he was so **A'** ????

Anyway, that's how 'twas: and four feet or not, I **Loved** this girl, 'n determined was I, to **W**rite everything for her. And **R**eally, even if you call me a **cock**, personally I prefer a **rc-D**ster more; I dished out some **Delicious** collines on the menu! **Sometimes Comantic**, **sometimes aM**using 'n **sometimes** just **N**ostalgically wishing for **Happier Times**, those **Times** when she would also say that she **Loved** me so ... 'n she **Loved** mi 'n she **Loved** only mi! 'N I decided to encounter this bitty difficult **Gentleman**: **Ô Devil** again.

"You again"? Said he. "Unload Son, just tell me what do you do"? "I am trying to become a big Writer". He <u>underlined</u> the Word <u>trying</u>, Question-marked the big? And Writer he did not even consider. Not a bad sponging for such a short phrase, you will rightly say. And continued, "My child, I want Souls, where even God would feel a Pang of Pain when I Conquer them; just so that I reMind 'Tis of Me. Take my advice, Son, affairs are bad, selling anything is becoming very problematic: 'n Souls are Really in a crisis. There are tc. many around, in offers unlimited. For your own sake, stop playing cocks 'n re-osters. But I'll give you a Chance. After all that you have Written, only bring me one girl who has Fallen in Love with you, because of the such nice things that you have said to her! Then I'll take your Soul: only 'cause for at least it'll Break her heart, if she cares for you. Now leave me to my problems will you; as I need all my concentration, for I have a very serious Soul to swe-Op ... from under God's ge-Od-will"!

Please don't get me wrong. It is not that I was trying to Break Someone's heart when I was selling my Soul. My Soul to me seemed so useless and unnecessary. God had Forsaken it; I could not put it to any fruitful activity: and the girl I Loved, did not even Know that it existed, as if I was a New species of cocks 'n rc-Osters. So I was practically trading it in to achieve some sort of a Perfection in the Its: that is, if I was unable to serve Love with my unsold Soul, by selling it, I could at least advance the fineness and Beauty of Irt. For when one is empty inside, your own self-Soul you do not even feel anyhow; Ic-Oking for it constantly: searching it as if U'r Ic-Oking under a shoe, and finding a proper Soul: even if not so proper or dirty, for always being dragged around, in the slug 'n so solely mud.

<mark>ق حَمِيل -10sophy-5 * thE7-Schelm-Rogue</mark> * .**pdf**

Firstly desperate, I finally decided to take the advice of a part of my community, which I had been totally ignoring so far: cocks and re-osters. Already, it was so very difficult to explain to a cock and a re-oster what 'twas a Soul; a Spirit, a ge-od Spirit: they Thought I was trying to be funny, 'n Laughed politely. Ge-od manners. But when I learly exposed that it was something you had inside yourself, but did not Really Know that you had it, because you could not see it but you could feel it, 'cause often Times it made you feel ge-od so you Knew you had it: even if you couldn't prove it, they nodded and le-oked at each other like saying; he is crazy but for his sake, for he is a ge-od Friend, lets' play along with his game. Really, cocks have sometimes a better Sense of Friendship than Human Beings. So they said, "Yes we Know, it's something light 'n white 'n flies about in Air like a dove. We Know that there are things that you cannot do yourself but are possible; for we cannot fly ourselves, but we Know that it can be done: so a Spirit is something which is possible; and what is possible, can eventually exist"! Not very satisfying from my point of view, but there was no other solution: so I accepted this simple definition, by so simple folks.

Secondly the problem was to try to explain to a cock what a Devil was. If I tried to describe that the Devil was something with a fork in one hand, all red and only from sweating and Living in a sort of very Hot place like a furnace, the cock might get aFraid, that I was trying to make out of him, a good 'n well-roasted pollo al Diavolo', Devil's hen: a very Hot Italian speciality. Morally speaking, a cock is a cock and has many hens, so bigamy is no problem ... or the World will lack eggs 'n hen flesh: so temptations attributed to the Devil do not exist, they are even condoned by the good Sense of commercial and economical Ethics, or a Real thick lack of Ethics! But, Heavens Forbid, just engage yourself in bigamy without producing hen-breasts: 'n the law will immediately put you behind bars. So how do you explain to a rook, as he has for men; so I found finally my Answer: then try now to Remember the Time your Cheric refused to let you touch her; well 'twas the same funny bloke, who whispered in her ear just fore ... and that my cocks understo-od.

Thirdly a last problem remaining, was the co-relation! Why would this so a funny bloke, whispered who into the ear of his Cherie-Dear before she refused to make Love; just to want to buy my Spirit: or let's say the white 'n light dove which fly's in the Air. Tis well-Known that cocks are all right in a Love game: but Philosophy's not Really their Force. So a simple reason had thus to be given to these lil hen-heads. My cock seemed to understand, from my account, that the Devil was a big mass of meat having flying problems, which's comprehensible, 'cause even a lil cock comes 'gainst Dilemmas in matters of up-rising; so buying a light 'n Airy dove like Spirit who can easily help to uplift, was a very logical reasoning. All this was not very satisfactory from the Writers' view-point, but then I Realized that the Human World Works on approximations and not precisions, and most of the important discoveries 'n such were all made by an error. Just see the Old Christof ... going off-on for India 'n findin' America ...

one of the most colossal mistakes of History. J pg-pr pauper who didn't ever mention that the World was square or round, but the Church while negating that the World was round and Condemning Galilees for heresy for saying that it was round, squared well its wealthy accounts, Crying poverty to the four Winds during centuries! Or Ancient Romans who made History, launching mice on the Alps-Crossing elephants of Hannibal, Thinking that elephants were aFraid of mice: the Truth was that such a ciracle of an enormous beast like an elephant stepping never on anything Living, they went back only to aVoid any Loss of Human Lives; let's for once call-up nice Humans ... 'cause so many Human Beings now are rats anyway. You'll say that all this' Old stuff. OK. Just take our Times, modern Times, en ightened Times: Einstein discovered Relativity, e=mc², to help Humanity understand the laws of Nature, 'n result: today the World's full of nearly a hundred thousand nuclear heads; a big help to Humanity and Fright en ightenment it would be: if by mistake they were all Lightened, all at the same Time!

So what does it matter ... when Human History itself is full of lies and blunders, that a small cock also makes a lifting mistake. Thus I decided to Listen to him: and he said lisely, "If this Gentleman, whom you call the Devil, for reasons best Known to you, does not want to treat directly with you, then go and consult some of the Spirits that he has already bought or has definite intentions of buying. But why does he keep on buying flying white doves escapes my understanding. He would be much better off with darker Earth-Bound Blokes! There would be more fun and play then, than with only Pretty White Bird-Doves Airily Flying about"! Thinks of a Genius, this little rascal of a rG-Dster!

Saying such age things, cocking his cock-head and turning his eyes around while labking sideways at a chicken, my cock Friend was rilliant. But how the Hell do you go about searching sold Souls. It's stamped on Nobody's face that their Soul has been sold to the Devil. Actually, labking at Humanity in general, one sometimes even Wonders if they had any Souls; selling them was a much later issue. So I observing people around me to try to reach the Truth, coming to a startling conclusion. Souls were divisible; that is to say, you could sell them partially also. How? Will you say surprised. Well I am telling you! Do exist nice people, saying U Hello-Hell, all nice, 'n ga-d-morning in ga-d-evening in ga-d-evening in their car in suddenly go mad! Horn shreeking and fist shaking and lights hining in tyres screeching! What happened! A part of their Soul, the sold part of the Sole, came into action! Then there is also your banker, all nice and neat. You have dinner together and make plans together and say nice things together. A few days later, you don't have any money anymore and the cenerios change; recommended letters and this thing back and that thing back, and this account closed and that account closed. He personally might not have sold his Soul, but he Works in a system: an organization where everyone has traded in a little part of the Soul; and cumulated it becomes a Diabolic invention where money decides all in moves all: money, an element which was never Created by Nature!



But **Devil** did it! And teal the **Pain** off his **h**ead of searching for **Souls! Devil** throws the Dice of money to you and Souls dash on it to play their Destinies. And that is how the modern Age was born. In the middle-Ages, all was in the dark and there was no Electricity: and Devil went around in the cold le-bking for Souls with Old wax torches and an Ageing board of helpers. Then he got fed up of this hard Work, transferred all his helpers to recuperation, off from research, 'n went off on vacations, throwing a challenge to God, "I will Create the modern Age on marketing principles with bills 'n invoices 'n insurances 'n **banks**: 'n **money** to take 'n to **pay** ... 'n <mark>Souls</mark> will **sell** themselves automatically of their own gc-od-will. You'll see: I'll mess-up Your World like You could never magine and You could never blame me, for finally I am also becoming **Intelligent**. I'll do like **You**, never intervene directly. I'll just put into action, a money 'n profit based system, of economy with interest rates 'n every Dirty trick of the trade in the Globe: and Souls will just Fall into my lap: 'n I'll just reach out my arm and press them like a **Really ripe bunch of grapes, saying ha ha to all the terrible moments You** have made me pass, since the Beginnings of **T**imes! How **Stupid** have I been: and there, I must admit finally ... that **You** were **R**ight".

And God didn't bat an eye-lid. 'Tis Knew it all before and had Written it, in all 'Tis many many bc-3ks. But who has Time to Read them? 'N even if you Read them, who wants to understand them; especially not a **Devil**, for **Devil's allergic** to **Religious** books! They re**Mind** him much to much, of 'tis Glories Lost. But us, un-Glorious! We arn't Devils are we! But we still don't understand a he-ot or **Sole**-b**6-9**t or a b**6-9**k! We just keep on paying **bills** 'n **bills** 'n **bills** 'n **Feigning** 'n **Cheating** to pay bills, ever Thinking that we've had a heck-Hell of a Time. Until the day that we have a crisis or a sudden heart-attack or something Really mortal; and we wake up to late to see the hining Smiling eyes of the Devil 10-Diking at us Tenderly: 'n a Soft damning kiss, tumbles unto us, to pass into very Warm Regions!

"Lasciate ogni **per nza** O voi chi entrate"! (**Inferno**: Dante) **"Abandon** all **pope** Ye who enter here"!

... But the Story does NOT End So ...

So an Adept of the Devil held me by the collar. "Son" he said, "forget about selling your Soul for Irts' sake, that's' Old Time stuff. Pay bills and run after money and your **Soul'**ll be **Devils'**. Haven't you noticed how **fat** he's become recently, no **W**ork: for ... for instead of chasing Souls, the Devil just sits around now all day feasting ... on banquets of cocks 'n rC-Osters; and for,, for the Souls of cocks 'n rc-osters ...

the Devil don't care a damn or a darn"!

Thus using Socretes Deductive Logic ... One can Prove that ... White is Black 'n Black White



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87. *Basel*

A Strange LOVE STORY

Reflection-6- (1996)

87. *Basel*

A Strange LOVE STORY

Reflection-6-

1996)

It's a very il**Logical** story that I am going to relate to you here. Primarily, I wanted to **W**rite it in the first person, as if it was happening to me, to me in person; that it seemed more **True**; but then I Realized, that people do not Believe in what is **True**.

You have to tell stories, to make people **Believe** in **something**. This **Morbic** fascination for the make-**Belief** is stronger than **Truth**! Take all the **Sacred** bc-Dks, bc-Dks of **Religion**, bc-Dks of **Philosophy**, **F**ables ... they are all full of stories ... **Truth** in self, is **hard** to digest; while hearing a story, you can always escape **Truth**, by putting it off as only fiction: and as happening to **Someone** else ... **Catharsis** of Aristotle!

It happened to a **Friend**, a **Dear Friend**, and I report it **Word** for **Word**. Because when I asked him, "Why are you telling me all that"! he said, "I do not **Believe** it, but its' **True**: so I just wanted to speak; to **Someone** impartial, to find out if there was at least one-body who would **Believe** in me. And what had I done **wrong**. Or whom had I **wronged**" ... for **Wrong** I've done to **None**?

And this is what he said:

I had **K**nown her for a long **T**ime; even before she got married. She was **clean** and **fresh** as a **Rose**. And before getting married, she said to her **Future husband** that she was a very serious person, and that 'twould be **better** that he **n**ever played with her **S**entiments. And that is how I t**G-D**k her: **somebody** who didn't play with **S**entiments, either of herself or of others.

Then on and off we saw each other, without that there was **Nothing** much to discuss. And I supposed that she was very **Happy**, and it made me **Happy**, for I had a certain likeness for her. Uptil one day when she told me that 'tween her 'n her **husband**, 'twas a **Complete** catastrophy. This day for me was also a very **S**ad day ... because a day before, only a day before, I'd **Lost** a very **Loving dog**, after a galloping illness: 'n so **S**adly, I just **l**C-Dked at her and held her in my **a**rms for a few seconds. Then I went away! And a day later, when I telephoned her from very far, we spoke so,

"I am **missing** my **Sweet doggy** very much" ... "I **K**now"

"And I am **missing** you t**C-2**, very much" ... "Me t**C-2**"

"I **Love** you," escaped me: and she said ... "Me t<mark>c</mark>-o"

'Such Sacred things one does not say twice. And especially, seeing the Suffering I was undergoing, she could have kept quiet, if I was advancing myself te-D much. So I te-D it for serious, for if you accept Someone's' Love, you do not do it, to play a ge-D it Farce and later, Laugh on it!

These were the **Sweetest W**ords I had ever heard, "Me t**G-2**". They say so much on saying so little, especially if they are said by a serious person who does not make it a habit to play with **S**entiments.

But so un**Believable** they seemed to me, that I made her repeat them hundreds of **Times**, always saying, "I **Love** you"; hearing in return "Me t**G-9**" and other **T**imes: "Thank You" or "I **Love** you also".

'Un**F**ortunately, I have a tremendous **Memory** and I **n**ever **forget** peoples' **W**ords uttered to me. Thus take I, all to-3 seriously; and again and again make the mistake of Thinking that people mean what they say, not Realizing that in the meantime they have forgotten all they had said: for all that they had said was meaningless: it had only one meaning, that it was only a convenience, at a certain Time.

'And thus I carried on for many months, for I Lived far and could only communicate by a phone or post-cards; infinitely repeating the same Words and hearing the same reply, "Me to absolutely I wanted to be **Sure** that no one was playing any tricks on anyone; **neither** her **Lips** on my **e**ars, nor my **e**ars on my **Mind**. And I had always the same reply, without a moment of hesitation or a tremor of Falseh. d.

Then it Started becoming important, to see her. And she Calmed me down, for she was changing house and separating to change Life: free and independent. So she said,

"I'll come to see you next year in **R** I **Promise**".

"When" ... "Next Summer"

"It's very Hot here in Summer. I'll try to get an Air-conditioner. And then the house for the moment is very Dirty. I didn't have the Time to clean it".

"Doesn't matter. We'll do it together. Or we can go to **P**....."

"Just visit Friends". What will we do there?

Very **strange**, whose **Friends**, only mine, for she had **n**ever mentioned any **Friends** there before; I don't Think she had ever been there either: and she continued, "And this Time I'll Write you a letter. I Promise U that"!

'This <u>Promise</u>, I wait 'n await. Like so many others. I am a very just **man** and I **n**ever take any unfair advantage. So I gave her all the Time necessary, to Think a lot about it, months and months; always receiving the same reply, "Me to". And this Time was necessary for there was a big difference between us, of **ultures** and of age. Once then she said,

"You Know, you are born much 'earlier' than me. So you Know a lot of things that I do not Know".

'And I said with a Sad Sigh, "Tc-o earlier. UnFortunately". And she replied, "That doesn't matter".

'How Mus these Words were to my ears. Specially as they were said a few days after another very were said a few days after a few days after

"I **Love** you" ... "Me t**G-9** ", as usual!

"Are you <mark>Sure</mark>" ... "Yes"

"Absolutely **Sure**" ... "Yes"

"But my Love for you is to reat" ... "That's bad".

"Why!" ... "It can **Hurt**".

"I don't **Mind**! Does it bother you" ... "No".

"If it doesn't bother you, I prefer to keep on **Loving** you te- much. And I **Promise** to always stand by you, whatever happens"!

"Whatever happens"? She asked?

"Yes whatever happens! Whatever comes, I'll always be there. My Feelings are te-p profound. Do you Love me also"!

"Yes I do"! Said she with a Sigh!

'Do I Dream! Or such Words mean Nothing! I leave you to judge, my Friend. I have a very sensitive ear and very rarely can False tones escape my hearing. And there was never any hesitation or the slightest uncertain vibration, when to me she said all this. But I did Really feel a certain touch of Tragedy, when she had asked me, "Whatever happens" which I had put off as a Question on her part, on her own uncertain situation at that Time.

"So once, teasingly, I said to her, "Ich liebe dich". And she Laughed, "You Know, this language is not very well adapted to" and I finished, "Love-play, Love-talk", and she said almost Smiling, "Yes". Then so many Times she told me that it was the worst year that she ever had, big crises, and I said, "Me tc-o. The only gc-od thing that has happened to me this year was you. I ope I'll never lc-ose you"!

'And she replied, "Thank You". Like so many Times.

Then I kept on insisting on my letter, which she told me she was **w**riting a little bit everyday; or when she found **T**ime ... so, to comfort her, I continued:

"It will be a long letter. **Please** give it to me quickly as I want to **R**ead it a thousand **T**imes"!

"A million Times"! She retorted.

"I **Doubt** that I would have enough **Time** in this **World**, for even if I **Read** it three **Times** a day, in ten years, I would have **Read** it only ten thousand **Times**. But if you want, and **God** permitting, I will carry it with me in the next **World** and I will **finish Reading** it a million **Times**, if you so **desire**"! 'And she said, "Yes", with a small voice.

'How **Tender** was that **T**ime when I told her, "Do you **K**now that I am very clever. It has taken me a long **T**ime to make you fall in **Love** with me. I have been very very clever!

'And she replied with a Laugh, "Yes I Know. I Know that very well"!

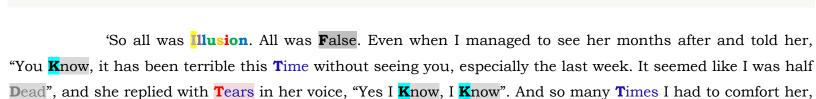
'Can such Words be plain antasy, or just plain liking each other in a Friendly way: or was I messing-up Someone's' Life, if I didn't mean every Word of what I said, from the Bottom Deepnesses of my heart ♥. Such Words cannot be False: it would be like committing a Blunder, a Plunder on "LOVE"!

"So waiting for her letter, I Wrote her a long one: all Soft and Tender, where I opened Completely my heart ♥ and my Mind. And I Wrote hundreds of pages: every Thought that passed in my head, I totally Gifted her. Never a man will open himself to a Woman so. For I wanted Love to be perfect. And I wanted to give her property, that every minute of my Thought was for her, that ever in my whole Life, if I had said one Word False or even one Thought which I did not maintain always, she could in her anger take all my Words, all Written in black and white ... and just throw them in my face.

'Since my child-hc-od, I had renounced everything in this **World**. I was born **Fortunate**, in an immense house: lots of rc-oms, lots of servants, lots of everything. Everything was worth millions. How **strange** that a child, only a child a few years **Old**, renounced all material gc-ods, in favour of his close ones. For I **Knew**, so **young**, that all in this **World** was temporary anyway and must pass. **God** had given me a **Pure** child inside myself and I wanted to make him **perfect**: so that one day, if this child would find **Love**, that it be **Really** a **True Perfect Love**; where self or selfishness would have no place. For it was a **Love** which goes **BeYond** the limit of the **finite** to become part of the **Infinite**, in the **yond-Yond**.

'And later, when Tragedy Struck my Family, I Worked and Slaved for years to put everyone back on their feet, taking the role of a Mother and a Father, not for my children, but children left to me in heritage, a small Brother and a small Sister. And when all was over, I again Gifted them all and to Nothing. And empty I became, even empty of Sentiments! Just waiting opelessly for my Perfect Love!

Today I prefer to be a beggar. Even a beggar for **Love**. Fortunes had gone through these **tired** hands. **God** only wanted to show me, at my **Pain**, that in this temporal **World** there is no **Perfect Love**, for Really to respond to a **Love** like mine, first you have to **Love** the whole **Universe**; and then everything inside it: it is the **negation** of all **egoism** or "**Me**"; and that's a rare **Gift** given to a very few. **Nobody** in this **World** can return you such **Gifts** which only **Destiny** can ... and that's what I've **L**earned ... at an immense cost.



'All was **llusion**, all was **F**alse.

"Please don't Cry! Just Please Don't Cry"!

Even Words of **Love**, hundreds and hundreds of Words of **Love**. Where 'I **Love** you' becomes like a shaking of **h**ands on your dependence, as if you were saying, "Ge-od-bye. Thanks for a nice evening".

"Such is what "Love" means for some people, "Thank you. Twas a nice evening". "Et tu, Bruté? That was the **most unKindest** cut of all". (*Shakespeare*: Juliano Cæsare) ... Thinks 'n Thanks. And thus a one, one at Times, tries to make me **Believe** that "I had not heard, what I had heard".

Even once when I had insisted to much, if she **Loved** me, she had replied with a slightly trembling voice, "You **K**now what I feel for you"! Did I **R**eally **K**now! Was it all **F**alse, or was it all **Lyes!** One just says such things because they are easy to say! Or because one wants to tell me later that I am an **idiot** and that my hearing is very defective and that my **Intelligence** is equally **Low**. And that I can not distinguish a **Word** of **Love** from a small **J**oke that was so **aM**using to play on me!

'My immense "Thank You", for such a high opinion of me. It's g<mark>c-o</mark>d to have <mark>nice Friends, Friends, who **speak** Truth, or only a part of it.</mark>

'And this child inside me, so Pure, whom I had kept ever so Pure all my Life, for I wanted to return him to God one day, forever Pure, now I'll return this child with an apology, with an excuse, saying, "With thanks I render You Your Gift. You gave it to me Pure and I kept him so. He has no Lyes in him, but unFortunately now he Knows what Lyes are, because I made the Error of once only Presenting him to Someone who Thought I, was True! But who had only Lyes for me! How could I Know! I was Honest! I am sorry, I have Failed! I should have Known better and kept my mouth shut, instead of saying 'I Love you' and hearing a 'Me t Go' in return! But how could I Know that people can even Lye in Love! It's just not done! I am sorry. Your child remains Pure, but now he Knows what the World is; and what Lyes are"!

'So said I to **God!** "Let me through another **Hell!** And this **Time** I will not **mistake**, your **Humble** servant. I will keep my **m**outh shut! For only **You K**now what **R**eal **LOVE** is: You refused us **Paradise**, unless we are, were, 'n re-become capable, **to Deserve it**"!

'And such is my story, my Friend. Do not Believe it if you do not want to. Take me for a Comantic, an maginative, but I vow on the most Sacred thing in Creation, 'Love', that every Word is True! Unless Destiny played me a trick to give me a double hearing, 'n I hear what is said not! So help me God'!

Then he went into a sort of **Trance** or **Meditation**, **Lost** in his story, and in his **Thoughts** you could see that that was the only thing **Real** or **True** existing for him. Absolutely incredible, for I **Knew** him from his **child-h@-D**d, he who was ever so **Happy**-go-lucky and care-**free**: to see him now, given to a sort of self-**Pity** or **lamentation**; he who had surmounted ragged **Mountains** of responsibility and **trouble**, see him sitting there, **facing** me, twisting 'n tweening his **t**humbs and almost babbling like a **child** in front of the **injustice** of things! And like a **Lost** baby, he contemplated ... and continued:

'Only just tell me, what **wrong** have I done! On whom have I **wronged**! Not one **W**ord in all these years has ever escaped these **L**ips which could even **H**urt her in the slightest or disturb her in the least, or anyone else for that matter. So **reat** was my **Love**!

'And even if the whole **World** was a **Complete Lye**, a very big **Force**, my **Pure Sentiments** you can **never Deny** me. So **reat** was my **Love**!

'Or can the Ugliness of Life deform persons to such an extent that one day she walks coldly up to me, but with a **Broken** voice says: it was all a **mistake** and the **Love** pronounced was not **Really Love** meant, 'twas but a very ordinary **Love**, a **Love** of **Words** only, like so many other people who **Loved** her also! I can't understand anymore! For contrary to her, so **reat**'s my **Love**; 'n always 'twas 'n always 'twill be!

Then, I did not **K**now what to say! My **Mind** is **blocked**! I have had enormous responsibilities and with **Natures**' **race**, I have fulfilled them all. For myself I had not cared at all, not in the least. But **n**ever have I **messed** around with anyone's' **Life** or **S**entiments. **N**ever. What did I do **Wrong**!

'Help me my Friend! Please tell me what do you Think, from what I say, what do you Believe or Believe not. Where have I wronged!

'Have I ever uttered one Word which was not Absolutely Pure! Has even a single phrase come out of this mouth which had even the slightest un Truth in it! Was ever my heart not open and lear with True Feelings and Sentiments, all transparent 'n clean, laid out without rtifice, without any defense, only because one Believes in Love! True Love! Whom have I wronged?

'Does **R**eality Returns, only **F**alseh**G**-**9**d and **W**ords Without Meaning'?

And **what** could I say. I throw this **Q**uestion asked to me by a **Friend**, to you **Dear Friends!**

What is **Truth** and what is Reality in this Superficial World of Lyes!

What could I say! Please tell me yourself, Dear Friends ... what could I say?

In the Trance of Life, we never Know, what Lyes in Dreams or Wakes?

88. *Basel*

E B E N B I L D

Cynical-4-

1996)

Germans, when they have to denominate a Life-portrait, say 'Ebenbild', which means as you have well underste-od by now, a Real Life-portrait! Very! Eben equal exact or equal, 'n Bild equal picture or portrait and all equals equal, or exact-picture or portrait. Uptil now, 'twas rather lear and easy to understand. But now slowly I will start going into complications. So you better watch out!

He was a traveling salesman. And used to sell Life-portraits. I met him in a Messe which means a fair or exhibition in German and not messing-around, as one might be supposed to assume, because the fixed costs of exhibitions are not very fair, somehow. Rather high! So he got a Wonderful Idea. He put up a big sign 'Eben-bild' and Stated selling pictures of asses and mules, as Humans. People used to come to him, chose the ass or mule that they Thought that they were, or would like to be, and bought the picture. And he did roaring business. But boldly, that's more speaking like a lion, so let's drop the lion's part and simply say, hee-hawing business. There was not left an unsatisfied ass or a mule in the whole community, who did not pair off with its deserving partner.

So he became renowned and thus famouser and famouser, as his portraits to represent better and better, or saying in Germanic, besser und besser, his clients who became asser and asser resembling their counter-parts like two aces faces in a Mir or: or if you like besser asses faces in or on a Mir or, depending on the spellings that you are using, being an ace-factum in the matter and eventually in the Mir or: so ... if you want to look at yourself with full satisfaction, not being able to get out of it, I mean the Mir or! I told you above, even abover, that I was going to become complicator and complicator, a sort of Mir or behind the Mir ored mage of the Mir or abover: of asses that were or others who Thought that were not, while they but were, Real ones and Really more than one or two or three or four and yo-ho all together hoards and multitudes. And very rich and very buying asses for that: all buy and buy and buy and bye-bye baby asses!

UnFortunately, his gc-od Luck didn't last tc-o long. For some Stupid people started finally to Realize what they were. They lc-oked at the picture 'n next at the Mirror 'n then again at the picture, to find out that it was the same. Isn't Nature Absolutely Wonderful: Nobody has ever seen Oneself in the face. And we want to see God! We have to lc-ok at the picture of an ass, or in a Mirror at ourselves to suddenly Awaken to who we are, asser-selves. And we want to see God! Stupid Asses! So gradually there were complaints and more complaints. In the end, the police came to him and said,

"Lc-ok my gc-od Old Man, this can't go on. Our President just saw a picture of his, and it Dawned on him that he was an ass. Personally he has got **Nothing** against it, but he doesn't want his be**Loved** people to find it out. **So you stop**". Some funny name had this bloke, Starting with 'von' of course, because Germans who want to be **Noble** have to Start with a von and end with an end, a corner, an **ecker**: **something** like a **lise**-ass-**ecker** or a double-**decker** to be higher or **something** a bit short so.

And so suddenly he stopped. Nevertheless, he kept one **lainting** just for himself for ge-od Old Memories sake. His favorite piece, a small one but rePresenting the Biggest ass of all, a picture of himself, unique because everywhere he turned, it always stared at me! What! Me! Why me! For this **vendor** ... didn't you notice ... was **learly me**. It's **me** who's **W**riting this story, ain't I! Are you **R**eally ass dumb ass ... don't be timid, just say hee-haw to out it! Hi-Hi! I myself once had such a problem ... A BIG ASS problem (ssshhh), to tell the **Truth**!

One cannot Live on Lyes ... And since I have got rid of my Lice ... I am Ass Happy Ass ... You ... can magine ... look under ... See the Resemblance ...



89. *Basel*

KUPFER KOPF

Philosophy-6-

1996

In German, Kupfer means copper and Kopf means head. A copper head. A head of copper. A head covered with copper. In short, a copper covered head. Or in Italian, "una testa ricoperata di rame"! If you did not understand what I was talking about!

Time in the Past, that I used to Present very nice things, I Self being very Presentable. Then lil by lil, things came to a pass, that I more 'n more to Present un-nicer 'n more 'n more un-nicer things 'n slowly Surely steadily, became more 'n more un-Presentable; I Self: unBelievable! And the culminating point was when one day I had a hole in my socks. I Really had only one hole in one sock, but that's not English. It is only a pair of socks, in plural, so I had a (one) hole in my socks (two). Ridiculous but True; probably one-legged men, exist not in EnGland: 'n so 'tis that All 'n Every say My hole! Not noticing that at client demand I took a ladder, walked 'cross 'bout Seventy liky Shirts; mounted a table to hole someone could buy 'n wear one day ... bit later, suddenly everyone Laughed.

And this Started to make me Think.

Because, Believe you me, I do Think ... sometimes.

Especially when people **L**augh.

In front of me there was another stand, managed by a Sweet Lady. A Soft Sweet Lady. You could not give her any Age. Pretty she was not. Distinguished, yes. Classified, as class, yes. But pretty, she was certainly not. Still she was Lovely not 'Pretty', but in her own way. Extremely well dressed, but simple. Almost so, that you could not define her in any style! She was a Mother or not, I did not Know, but she had a very Motherly manner. She was a Friend or not, you did not Know; but she had a very Friendly manner. She was an Friend or not, you did not Know, but she had a very rtistic manner. And she was looking after this stand full of copper objects, just Beautiful copper objects, which only a very fine rtistic hand and head could have produced! A Kupfer Kopf!

Funny: Beings having art in Head, stand out from Hoards 'n Crowds of Mentally Dead!

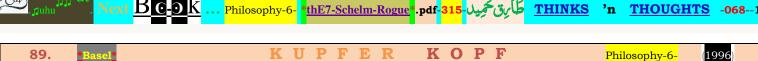
One of the finest objects on this exhibition stand was a *pair* of *three* owls ... sitting on a branch, *a one* branch. I say *a pair* of *three* owls, for normally *a pair* is *only* but *two*, but these *two*, *a*

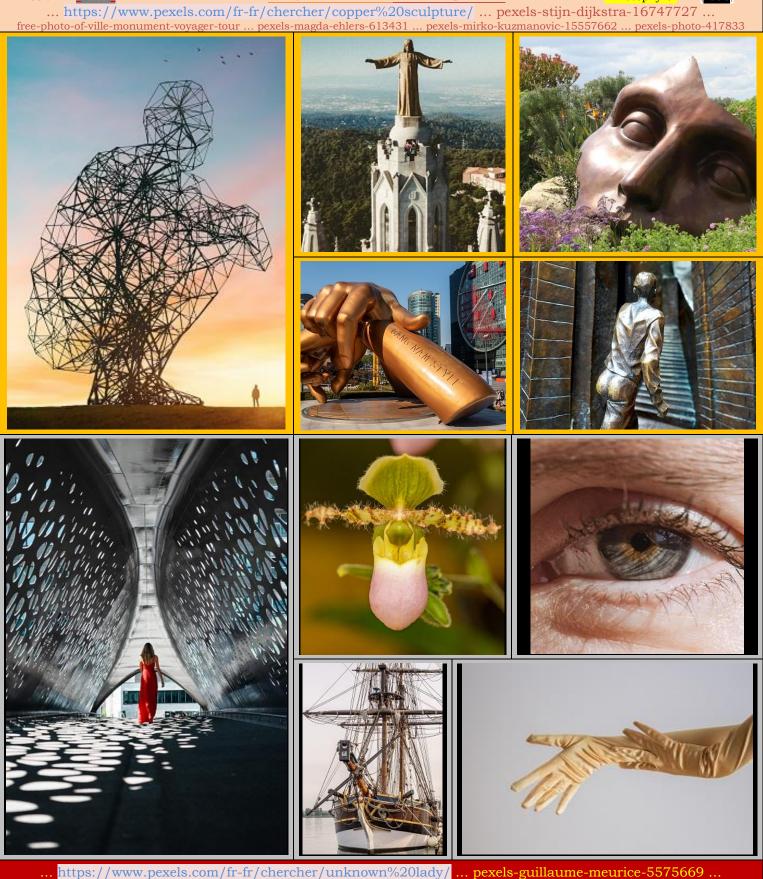
one-Time or other in Life managed to get a third one, by a Completely Natural process, that which I needed Never to describe to anyone. But you will ask me, why are these three owls sitting around only on a one branch! Well, where would you want them to sit-in ... a sitting-re-om; or be settled into a sofa, with a television 'n carpets 'n everything. I Know a lot of owls who talk to you well about a ge-od lot of ge-od money that they have made, and YOU havn't; le-osing their Time 'n yours just talking but a lot in the sofa-re-oms, which are sometimes called drawing-re-oms, even if you do not draw anything in; at the maximum only a draught of bier, but that is neither drafting nor drawing; it is only having a drink together and discussing what they have and you not, in company, in company that I disdain; so ightly I just make disappear, in my head, car, television, sofa 'n everything to find at last, sitting on a branch of a Tree, three owls with big round Wonderous 'n Wondering eyes; perplexed where have all the goodies gone and what in Heavens are they doing sitting alone in branches: and branches of Trees for that, not having the Faintest clue, on where did they branch off from?

So I **Wondered** on this refined **Lady**, what sort of a **Kupfer Kopf** she had **behind** her; and **Believe** you me I am a not saying that her **head** was **behind** her, it would be **impossible**: for you **never** have your **head behind** you, even if there is **Nothing** in it, but the person **behind** her; who had such a **head**, the *one* who could **Create** such **Marvellous Creations**.

How do you magine a Kupfer Kopf. A man of copper, of steel, with a solid mass upStairs, where Nothing can come in or go out; and which even if you hit hard with your knuckles makes only come out a massively resonant 'doing', like it was 'doing' Nothing, or Nothing 'doing' of importance anyway. Or a finer head, something more Tender and refined with eye-brows and lashes nicely sculpted over, every hair standing out separate, vibrant but fix, almost as if making his brow stand half-up: and she politely insisting to me in a Low hush, without voice, you, You are bothering me with all your lugubrant and voluminous reflections; why don't you just take it easy or go away to Please Think more ... and Philosophise a bit less, anyway for a lil bit of Time!

And that's what I'll **confide** to ask this **Soft Sweet Lady** today. How, did this **lise Gentleman** manage to take all this heavy **copper** out of his **h**ead, making it **light** and so **Human**: and put all this mass of **copper** on such **closed**-walls, decorating the **World** of **closed**-walls, with but so **Marvellous** 'n **tristic Creations** all out of **Nothin'**, just **chunks** 'n **chunks** of **weighty copper metal!**





90. *Kassel*

The LADY whose NAME I Never KNEW

Manners-4-

1996

She did not dye her hair, the Lady whose name I never Knew. But they had a dark hazelnut colour, to which from certain angles in certain lights and certain hades added on a deep reddish tinge, to make them Sparkle in a Delicious manner: if you had eyes to see so.

(Wrote on the Bridge at Kassel)

And when I asked her, would you not prefer to be a **blond**, like so many others, because they say that **Gentlemen** prefer **blonds**, she just frankly replied, "But I don't have **green e**yes and it will not go well, like so many others"; probably referring to the many **False** tints roaming around not going well together: but she said it with a **Smile** in her **chestnut clour**ed **Cheshire**-**pussycat e**yes, a **clever Sly** Twinkle here and a slightly **Wry** Twinkle there.

Beauty, I will not categorize her as, not in the Sense of the Miss-Universe contest: bombing out in the front 'n blasting out in the back. But she had Lovely eyes and a Lively tongue; quick e-flections which demonstrated that she was understanding and digesting things well, before sharply blurting out her rather pointed phrases, with a very feline half-closing of the eye-lids here, 'n a half-closing there.

And when I tried to play dumb and asked her what did she mean, she only briskly retorted, in a husky voice; "Come on! You Know very well what I mean"! Very clever, even if she did not specifically mean anything. Just husky! Very hush-key! And very attractive!

Added to the fact that there was no **h**air dyeing, no make-up and no **rtificies**. **Strangely** enough, she had a very captivating **Perfume** enveloping her: and if it was not due to **b**ody **Lotions** 'n **rtificial Creams**, for I am no expert on the matter of ratified **Odeurs**, then generous **Ma Nature** must have **Softly** embraced her when she **Created** her **b**ody **Smells**; **Smiling**. Non-Mannerismly!

But like all Women, she had one problem! Husbands! Not that she had many, no, no, here I am only talking in general terms. Women (plural) have husband (singular) problems; and as every Woman has generally only one husband (at a Time), so for Women (as a generic whole) I use husband (with an s) in the plural form. Do you understand or do I have to explain everything all over again. Anyway, you led your problems: and I carry onto my own problems, on my own.

Let us be more precise; the **husband** Dilemma can be sub-divided generally into three branches:

- 1. Obtaining of a husband!
- 2. ... His Presence! -o- This is Male logic

!

3. ... His Absence

But so gc-od women, as a well-Known rule, tend to mingle all these as three different problems cum subjects:

Obtaining a husband 1 'n 2 'n **No. 3**

Once obtained ... his Presence -0-This is FeMale Logic

Obtained or not ... his Absence This is FeMale UN-Logic

Given that we are not **W**riting a thesus on husbands, we'll reduce them to bare facts, the fact of stating that ... once the Presence of an obtained husband becomes cumbersome and boring, he has got to be got rid of. So inevitably, in all cases we find ourselves in the same situation, No. 3: obtained or not obtained, the Absence of a very boring husband (even if he is a full-Life Husband, and always very much Present). Here our theme again branches out into two issues to be resolved; after the proposed husband has been carefully and fully disposed off ... arise the following problems:

- of the 3 Bs a) and 1 P. (Sigh) In short ... cccchhhh ... just Shut-up! b)
- Bringing Bread Back and Progenies = Children ... sssshhhh ... got-it? a) b)

And now I'll explain you the why of all this long preamble, of how I met this Delicious little thing, whose name I do not **K**now! And **n**ever **K**new!

She was standing out in Wilderness absolutely alone, log-oking all innocent 'n Lost. How wrong can I be sometimes. And as I myself was also alone and probably le-2king Lost and innocent, I decided to take the first step and according to my typical English bringing-up made a comment, "Marrryvelllllous Weatherrr". And she snubbed coldly, "Which Weatherrr, I didn't Think we had one". Gentlemanly so the first ice being **Broken**,, as it was certainly freezing cold, we Started talking about harder matters. "Ah! What do you Think about Women". "Ha! Ha! H. H. H<mark>usband Hunters</mark>! Ha! Haa"! This just Warmed me up, sort of thawing out my patriarchal instincts; **R**eally Started I, to like this **lil** Lady whose name I did not **K**now, 'n **n**ever **K**new. On such liking I need spend no more ink,, as I have all out-lined in the initial paragraphs.

She had a Bread Bringing Back Broblem, in which I lope she will definitely succeed. And very well. Then cosy, she showed me a photo of a very Soft and Beautiful creature, her progeny, blond and green eyes, the only gc-od her (obtained 'n now Absent or got rid of) husband had left her: a Docile Sweet thing with a very typical English face ('n probably pronunciation), The Two FronT TeeTH pronounceDH andDH raTher Thrown ouTH Thus Thoroughly 'n jusTH righT Through overDHoing THaTH full-mouTH TH!! PreTTy!! No!! Or Yes! Very ThougHTful! O see!!! Veridhic Word of Tariqh Hameedh!!! (Say The The The)! Ending by-byTH!

Thus I leave you **DH**ear **FrienDHs**, guessing of what agreeable **Ladies Think** of obtained and Absent or non-obtained husband(s) (with **s** in plural). Do you Think that I will ever come around to find out the name of that Gentle Lady, nutty 'n naughty (knotty 'n potty), of whom I don't Know the name, 'n never Knew?

91. *Basel*

PLAYING With A CAT

Tenderly-4-

1996)

My Sister found him on the road-side. And it is a **liracle** that he was a **Live**, as any car could have driven **over** him, for he was **hardly** more than six centimeters long: so everyone said, "he'll not survive, he will not survive". But you do not **K**now my Sister, she can save almost anything. Once we arrived in a hotel with two stray cats and a stray dog only on the simple pretext, "But, on the road-side, they were going to **Die**"; and against such arguments I have no reply, for everyone has the right to **Live**, the most insignificant of animals, including all seeming **Human-Beings** not even worth the name! **Fortunately**, the hotel-owner was a personal **Friend** and closed an **e**ye, **even both**, specially when one of the cats immediately t**G-D**k a liking to the **Beautiful** velvet curtains for an **Ideal** training spot for practicing to climb **Trees**; and the two distant bed-side tables, as the Olympic Long-Jumper's **Dreamed** run-ground; for the **Soft Softy Sandy** bed was in-between ... to **Break** any **Falls**.

So Knew I this Abandoned 'Clochard', French for Tramp or Vagabond, for that's how my Sister named him, which suited him fine. He was about twelve centimeters long at that Time and people used to say, "We see you have a cat. GG-Dd replacement for the one you didn't manage to save". Not managed to save, you must be Joking: of Milk-droppers, spG-Dns, 'n all that sort of apparatus. Ask our servants in the Old house, who had to feed the flea-stricken dogs and the fur-lG-Dsing cats; the Wounded parrots crows pigeons and doves. And the cures were very every-day, turmeric powder or herbal extracts or just plain healthy fG-Dd, Absolutely elementary, one just has to have a right Mind, or for some materially Thinking persons, wrong Mind; but I personally Think right Mind. With strict orders that Mother must Know Nothing about it: our servants being quite discreet and Faithful liking us tG-D much ... thus Mother never Knew.

For, my Mother, had quite a different Philosophy on animals. She never let anybody mistreat an animal, God's creature, there was almost a whole Farm in the house; but if it Created to many problems, it was gC-9d fC-9d material; fC-9d for very digestive Thought: excluding cats dogs parrots or crows, of course. That is exactly what happened to our deer. O Dear, O Dear! The first deer Died of indigestion, because some idiot served him <u>bread</u> to eat,, out of g@-@d-will; O Dear, no deer. Plains people just do not Know the eating habits of Mountain beasts, so as everyone else eats bread, why not pG-Or Old deers. PC-Or Old Dear! The second deer ran away three Times; Fortunately we'd a Mountain-man as servant then, an extremely ge-od runner, who ran after him all across the town and brought him back three **T**imes thrice. Can you **magi**ne the **cene**, multiple marathoners galloping across half a town, quite a big town asking passer-byes, did you see a deer, did you see a small deer, running away from here: they Think that you are mad, or that it's a New type of sport for a Television Series. Amusing, but not for the deer, I suppose. Then, radical as ever, my Mother who had regretted a lot the Natural Death of our first deer, said, "Before he runs away another multiple **T**ime and **s**o**mebody** else has a feast ...". I leave a lot of dots for you ... to **fill in** 'n magine what happened; but without any crocodile Tears, I admit that for the next five days the **fill-in** feast we had, would put to **Shame** any Swiss or Alsatian Restaurateur with a 'Wild' menu! So we never kept any deer anymore, limiting ourselves to buffaloes, who run not so fast, nor so oft: thus no deer ô Dear, only Milky meaty cow(hides) 'n buffaloes!

But coming back to cats, I must tell **U** something about an aunt also. She was of **Noble** birth, an almost **Princess**, 'n had a big name, as was a **K**nown author; also had a big house, a lot of people to serve her 'n

thirty-nine (39) cats. Given that every cat has nine (9) Lives, 'twas a lot of Lives (39*9=351): especially lots of Lively mouths to feed. Each cat had its own appellation, its own individual eating habits ... Aunt Knew it all by heart, but magine the pc-or servants trying to Remember all this, often making a mess of things, cat's-mess you'll rightly say. Twas complicated enough to make go-up the wall, even the chief-cc-or of a 'Garten-bauschule', where Gardeners of un maginable nations group up in a mass of confused confusing Humanity, tons of exotic desires on the tongue. You are nodding. Not nodding off to sleep, I lope: agreeing and following me, aunt you! I did Learn a lot from this aunt, what U r 'n aunt not supposed to do, with or without cats. An experience serving me well in Life, when I had to deal with WOMEN! Subject which rings True in a discourse on cats. But Halt, no Link-rings, Please!

So I came to **K**now this **Clochard** (**ch = sh**), this little **rascal** when he was how many days **Old**, I **K**now not, but more than a full twelve centimeters long, I **K**now: for I could see it. And he immediately adopted me by biting me. I am quite used to playing with **cats** and I have **K**nown a few **Illustrious** such personalities in my **Life**: **Sindbad**, **Shahjehan**, **Shalimar** 'n **Mighty**. This **black** 'n **Forceful** beast, super **Mighty** was also a big **rascal**; he belonged to an Orient-**Minded** German **girl-Friend** of mine, and we always used to spend **h**ours and **h**ours playing together, biting 'n scratching, **Powerful** cuts: but with me he became very **Soft** and **n**ever left a scar or a mark on my **s**kin. Until one day that I arrived with my **dog** in his house. From that day onwards he refused to speak to me, always **l**G-D king at me afterwards with dis **Pleasure** in his **e**yes, like saying to me, "We have **Nothing** more in common now 'tween us, you **Shame** on **p**G-D **r Old Humanity**, **p**G-D **r Old dog-Lover**"! And so **Silent** we stayed.

Little **Clochard** (**d unpronounced**) had two pairs of **feet**; four **n**ails on each **fG-D**t plus one in place of the **t**humb on the front, but **none** in the back, so eighteen **n**ails of which eight, of front **feet**, extremely sharp. Holding you with his front **n**ails, **p**aws curved like a boxer with gloves, upside **down**, simultaneously he **k**icked you with the back **f**eet. Then he had a lot of sharp **t**eeth, small of which the four **c**anines dangerously pointed. And holding you with the sharper parts of the **m**outh and **f**eet, very delicately, as if not to **Hurt** you, he gave you a smart **k**ick and a scratch, always upside **down**, with all the rest that he had got: which for twelve centimeters or more, was not very much, but if he had miscalculated even a bit, could **R**eally penetrate your **s**kin, one side to the other.

Marvellous c**G-D**rdination! Every movement of your **h**and or **f**ingers opening **riad** possibilities of play and play techniques: biting 'n grafting, holding you with the gummy sort of rubbery **p**ads under his **f**eet, all the twenty **p**ads, four by four and again four three-leaved bigger ones clubs-shaped in the **p**alms: **p**aws closed, **n**ails **Tenderly hidden**!

And when he was tired, Lovingly he went off to sleep, his head on my lap. And he used to purr for hours holding my hand on his Crane, caressing his liky hair. How innocent Life is, when Life is Life, so gentle and Soft without selfishness! Then when he woke up, he hugged me purringly kissing me to do the treating, of 'n on my under-chin and neck making sucking Noises, little Living Noises; and when satisfied, I to bk him to his corner where he did his needs immediately cleaning all carefully with 'tis small feet, before going to drink 'tis full of milk ...

just like 'Mother' had said so, the Ma-Mother he had never never Known!

Wonderful Ma Nature, it's creatures purring,

91. Basel* PLAYING With A CAT Tenderly-4- (1996) ... https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/cats/ ... pexels-photo-3777622 ... pexels-peng-louis-1643457 ...

... pexels-photo-755834 ... pexels-guillaume-meurice-1317844 ... pexels-matteo-petralli-1828875 ...





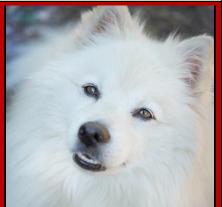


















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92. *Mülheim* TINA And The MERCHANT Simplicity-4- (1996)

92. Mülheim

TINA And The MERCHANT

Simplicity-4-

1996

People say, **S**he was a **dog** ... **I contest** ... **S**he was more ... I **n**ever led her on a chain ... for **S**he was more ... Often, **S**he lead the Chain; for the **Master**, t**G**-**D** occupied with his b**C**-**D**ks, **n**ever **K**new where to go ... 'n the **Master n**ever **K**new, where was a **cat** ... but **S**he **K**new; all the **cats** of the region; and all the **T**rees of the region, that the **cats** could mount on: but the **Novice Master**, did not **K**now all the **S**ecrets, that **S**he **K**new, all **K**nown **S**ecrets!

People say, She was a dog ... I contest ... She was much more ... the Master spoke to her in seven languages, of which she understo-od all ... by Gest, by Word, by Acts, 'n by Tone 'n by Eyes: for if there was a Truly multi-lingual dog on Earth ... 'twas She, She, 'n She! But She never spoke, She heard: for Master's Sign was Law! Ex: Cross a Road ... we sat 'n waited 'n at the Master's Sign the light was green, when 'twas green, we walked on!

People say, **S**he was a **dog** ... **I contest** ... **S**he was so much more ... **L**earn from **Errors**: if the **Master** says, that a **Tiger**'s Not a **cat**, he can be **R**ight, even if it seems to be a **cat** ... he might be **R**ight, for the size's not the same, **nor** the **t**eeth: so he could be very **R**ight, for while we **Live** 'tween **cats**, he **Lives** 'tween **Men** ... 'n as per my **Master**, **Tigers** are oft **D**isguised **Men**: 'n they **bite**, when they can 'n with bigger **t**eeth than **cats** ... so he's **R**ight!

People say, She was a dog ... I contest ... She was so very much more ... Divided Chores 'n Duties as Man 'n Dog: "while the Master IC-Dked after me, I IC-Dked after him" ... Ex: "While he earned the Bread, I didn't let him waste Time useless; if no Bread earn? So if he talked tC-D much to an Ignorant: aft one minute, to bark Statted I", to remind a Vise-Man's Dictum, "A Waste of Time is unfair to the County, to the Bounty, to Self 'n to Divine"!

People say, She was a dog ... I contest ... She was Absolutely much more ... And if you don't Believe me, I'll recount a few anecdotes, to put History Right ... that MY TINA was exceptional! Punkt ... A Spirit Dedicated! Twas the month of May, and I was at the Mülheim Fair, with my habitual Junk-Stand ... but I had an urgent call to go to Münich for a couple of days. Thus I left the stand to Friends, 'n filed off by the Autobahn; my side-kick, my Tina with, always at my flank. She was very pensive, which I noticed; only understood much to later.

Tis on the side-lines, but saw I a sight which was astonishing ... A **Hot** day of **Summer**, but it was **Snowing** ... yes, **Snowing** ... but 'Tis was so **Warm**, that the **Snow** melted about two metres **above** the **Fields**: so, from **Time** to **Time**, I stopped, that my **Tina** have her share of the play and enjoyed herself, of which she profited amply ... but re-t**G-D**k her **pensive** m**G-D**d, each **Time** we came back to the car, to continue our journey! Anyway; to cut a long story short, job done, appointment met, we returned to continue our daily chores 'n jobs: **Tina** ever **pensive**!

I had a **Friend** in the **Fair**, who also had a stand of Indian Handicrats; **Beautiful ilk** scarfs: 'n I with **Tina**, went oft to dinner together. Needless to say, that as he was a very **Soft** person; so my **Tina** was also **Friendly** to him, often going to his side to get a munch here 'n a munch there. He told me that in a few months, he was due for a **heart** by-pass in **Berlin** where he **Lived!** And to **pray** for him; if and when I had the **Time**: 'n that I **Promised!**

The Fair proceeded, days passed, dinners continued, 'n Tina was ever pensive! Tens of thousands of persons passed before our eyes every day; that on the week-ends, the halls was jam packed: thus had I ordered my Tina, never to leave the stand. The last day came, 'twas a Sunday, not a pace to move, when I had to do an Admin Work a bit. Thus I went for a moment, leaving Tina to hold 'n guard my stand, which she did oft ... but to my reat surprise, coming back, Tina was missing from the stand ... in this hall-full of crowd? Where? Where? Where the Hell had she gone? My worry had no End! Had no choice, but to wait: te-9 full to go anywhere! Time kept passing, when to my reat surprise, my lil Tina came back, in this full crowd ... where did she go? How did she so find her way, in this crowd? A systery? Why did she leave? To see Whom? In this crowd where you couldn't move?

At **night**, at dinner, my **Friend** to my surprise **leared** the **Secret!** You **Know**, **Tina** visited my stand, **licked** my **h**and staying about half-an-**H**our, then **licked** my **h**and and left ... with her **Lady**-like walk, swinging from one side to another: as a **Queen** without a **Kingdom**, in a very **pensive** m**G-D**d! Who **K**new, 'twas her **Last** Farewell? What I only **K**new later ... as **Facts** rolled-out before my **e**yes, later 'n later, as I'll tell you later"!

People say, She was a dog ... I contest ... She was much Absolutely much more ... 'bout two months Past, her kidneys failed: I was in Swiss then and tried to caress her, but Fright ened she bit me: then squeezed into the back of the car, as if she was very sorry ... which didn't help! Her blG-od tests were fully Negative! I was with a Friend, a story already told: 'n I quote, "I am missing my Sweet doggy very much" ... "I Know"!

Then she vomited blG-od, so I tG-ok her to the Hospital ... Negative ... Then I caressed her, and asked the Doctors to put her to sleep, aft I was gone: for fore my eyes, I couldn't bear it! Then, I caressed her again and started to leave, without saying a something: something I said always, when I left her even for a few moments: "I'm coming back"!

N she had a curious lG-ok in her eyes! "Tis the Last Time? So 'tis our Last Farewell? Yes?" 'N that's the Last Time I saw her ... her curious lG-ok in her eyes? That haunts me ever 'n ever, 'n People say, She was a dog ... I contest ...

And the **Merchant** ... What became? Him, I **never** saw again until **Berlin**, about October same year ... when he again asked me to **pray** for him; if and when I had the **Time**: that's what I'd **Promised**! Later, phoning to his **Wife** once, he **never** came back also from his **heart** transplant ... so both of them **left us** the same year ... when each had bid each-other their g**G-D**d-Byes, a long **Time** afore; only **Q**uestion ever I have in my **Life**, a **Last Q**uestion of an utmost importance ... **How** did my **Tina K**now **??? How**, **How**, **How** ... 'n People say, **S**he was a **dog** ... **I contest** ...

Long are the days gone-by ... Long are the nights gone-by ... Long are the Remembrances gone-by ...
'N Long Live the days nights 'n moments to pass-off: in Pain 'n in Sufferance in Thinks 'n Thoughts of the Past, 'n the Present 'n the Future, that'll come or Not? We'll never Know ... But How'd lil Tina Know? How did she Know? Elders say, that All is Not Known ... There are Spirits who Guide us, who Protect us, in forms Diverse, that we never Know; 'n they are never Lost: to meet again in for-ever the Heavens or in the Yond beYond, 'n ever Aft-wards!

Power if Lows, Stuns to Anarchy: 'n Lowly bow to Bosses, Waging Tails. But if U have No Tails, like Engels, what do U Wag? Wings are not Wagable: so U Wag your back-side or hips or bumbs! But my Tina had a Tail: so cleverly She Wagged her Tail, in Love! But, people say She was a dog ... I contest ... 'Twas a bagful Love!

93. Roma

I Or U ... I Owe You all ... I+U=V

Comically-5-



Children were playing in the Garden, the Garden of Eden; Humans are playing in the Garden, the Garden of Eden; Elders'll be playing in the Garden, in the Garden of Eden; Humanity 'twas playing in the Garden, in the Dirty Garden of Evil: and the Dusky Gnomes of Zurich, and the Black Bowler Hats Black Boys City-Bankers also played in the Gardens, in the Garden of Eden; but a Dirty Garden, the Dirty Garden of Evil, the Dusty Garden of do of Devil's-day, of Fire-Hell's day ... rubbing their fingers, their hands, their Arms, their Fire-Arms: with their Rifles 'n their Tanks 'n their Arms 'n their Harms ... in their Interest + Interest + Interest, Multiple 'n Compound, to Crush the Hungry Humanity: into many a Hell, of Evil unto Devil unto Hell: till "Death do us part"!

You'll be **Wondering**, 'What the **Hell** has an **IOU** or **UOI** to do with **Gardens** 'n **High-Society Blokes**'? Well, Tecnically an **IOU** is the abbreviation of **IOwe** yo**U**, means a delayed payment on a certain date; generally 1, 2 or 3 months, while a check, is immediately payable, even if it's post-dated! Thus, commerce or businesses actions are mostly **IOU** based. So **IOU**'s can only be accepted by **monied Orgs** (or **Orges**), like **akin Dusky Gnomes** of Zurich, and the **Black Bowler Hats Black Boys City-Bankers** ... in other **Words**: the **Real** and **True blG-2d-money-suckers!**

So, we ordinary innocent blokes, who Live a day-to-day Life, we who Believe in Gardens 'n Edens, in Bounty 'n Beauty, in Dogs 'n Ængels, we remain lost 'n forlorn in this money-monkey-business.

The Infamous Famine of Ireland ... Period: 1845-1852: Total Deaths: 1,5 million ... All EG-Dd, in form of cash Crops was exported to England. Ireland produced enough EG-Dd, but people producing, had NO access to it: Ireland, under British Rule (PM Lord John Russell) played a Double Game. A few hundred families Living in England, owned the Land. To grow EG-Dd, workers needed Land, largely Rented from Faked Owners, Vicious Circle! Grow Grain? Sell EG-Dd? Raise Money? Pay Rent? If People Eat Grain? Rent Unpaid? People Thrown-off Land? So Starvation Results? Hippocritically, the Government Played the Saints (Santity of Private Property): and NO Action onto Hungry Land-Owners, Killing Afamished Population: as Stomachy Land-Owners Deny the Huge Cost of Feeding the Hungry PG-Dr! Hoard Rent from Estates 'n avoid Paying Rates. Thus Ordinaries Stulk Starve on Streets: while Rich Export to England. Tis True, a GG-Ddly Government can be Just; but Refused: in Faked name of Justice. So enroll the IOUs of the Dusky Gnomes 'n Black Bowler Black Bankers: the Real 'n True blg-Dd-money-suckers!

History of The Bit-Coins ... Nodes Assured (Block-Chain Records): Bitcoin Peer-to-Peer Network ...

Invented in 2008, as a decentralized direct currency; without any Central Bank Behind: "Satoshi Nakamoto", the Fictive Inventor's Identity has never been revealed. As Black Market use increased, many Banks, including the People's Bank of China initiated three separate Impactful Regulations 1. Dec 2013, use Forbid in Finance Organs 2. Sept 2017, Ban in All Monetary Units 3. June 2021, major Crypto-Currency miners Complete Cracked-Closed ...

Some Lands still allow its use, inspite of it's high volatile Nature, Iil Dusky Gnomes 'n Black Bowler Black Bankers!

Contents provided are only for Informational purposes (Diverse Sources of Crypto-Currency)

Paper Money ... 'Tis said: Chinese were the 1st. to devise a system of Paper money, about 770 B.C. ...

Melding Tibetan and Chinese Buddhism, flourished new venus: like Gold reserve backed Paper currency, was valid all over China. Tangs 800 on, made possible, Inexpensive Paper Money from Natural Fibres, called "Flying Cash", as it Flew away when the Wind Blew ... thus metals anew found their customary use, lewelry, Utensils etc.

Empire's Far Lands, so were favoured 'cause Transferable! 1st. Town Szechuan ... Themes: Houses, Trees, Humans!

However, in August 1260, Kublai initiated the first official unified Paper Currency, unto the large and span of the Yuan Empire; 'twas named Chao, with NUL expiry date. This convertible currency, to Gold and Silver, was acceptable for the Government's Tax Payments, a security against any type of Loss or de Value ation. So, Kublai was the World's first "Fiat Money" Maker. New Paper Money, had certain indeniable Advantages:

- 1. Administering the country became much smoother ... also as a **Charge**, as well as an **Act**
- 2. Tax Collection was Simpler and Less Voluminous; avoiding unnecessary physical exercise
- 3. Transport Charges were minimised ... Less Weight and same-ways Less Volume ... NO COINS!

After the Paper Currency Fiasco in Persia, Mohammad bin Tughlaq for the 1st. Time in 1330, issued Brass 'n Copper Token Money in India, equivalent to Gold 'n Silver ... But Indians being too Traditionnel, this endeavor Failed Fully!

Definition of IOU noun from the Oxford Advanced American Dictionary ... IOU (noun) APL = / at oo 'yu/ (informal)

```
A Written that you will pay someone the money you owe them (a way of Writing "I Owe yoU")

Funny Remarks apart, let's study how Different People 16-5k at the Same Objects in Different Manners: eg. I O U!

Times (Ever Distant) ... I O U, Nothing! The Queen (Embracing) ... I and my People ... O U Nothing!

BBC (Press) ... Our Journalists Report, V O U Null! Cambridge, Eton, Oxford (Avoiding) ... How dO U dO ... O O!

Bowler-Hat Boys (Inverse) ... U O mI! The Lords (Hereditry) ... O O, False Motion! Cockney ... I O? Fuck-off!

In the Same Manner, let's now study, how Different People 16-5k at Different Objects Samely: eg. The Big-Bang!

Times (Ever Distant) ... Nothing can yet be said with any certainty, but has recently been Reported that a New Event has Occurred in the Firmament! The Queen (Embracing) ... I and my People ... V-Velcome the Big-Bang!

BBC (Press) ... Our Journalists Confirm the Bang! Cambridge, Eton, Oxford (Avoiding) ... ope 'tis Not in U-K!

Bowler-Hat Boys (Inverse) ... Bangifits? The Lords (Hereditry) ... O! Terrorists? Police! Cockney ... ??? Bang -it!
```

Lastly Alike Manner: how Different Nations 'n Nationalities lc-Dk at Differences Differently: eg. Same Big-Bang!

Briton (Discutable) ... Is the Big-Bang Acceptable? Tories 49%, Labour 51% (Govt Falls)! Let's Call New Elections!

Germany (Achtung: Beware) ... Was ist Das? Das war Nicht Hier (Null Funny can Happen in Deutschland)! Ja, Ja!

France (Vive la France: Long Live France) ... Outre Afrique ... Funniness Elsewhere ? A Big-Bang Hit South-Africa !

Italia (Ever Discuss: Parlamentare) ... Una Strana Big-Bang ... Let's Dispute it in the Parliament? Late Morrow Eve !

<mark>India-<mark>Pakistan</mark> (Contest); **Same T**ongue, <mark>Land</mark> 'n Pop. more to <mark>Europe</mark>, **BUT** ? Let's Make <mark>Big</mark>-<mark>Bangs</mark> on <mark>Stupidities</mark> !</mark>



93. Roma I Or U ... I Owe You all ... I+U=V Comically-5- (2010-23)

... https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/banking/ ... pexels-expect-best-351264 ... pexels-nappy-935979 pexels-pixabay-210574 ... pexels-guillaume-meurice-1317844/dwarfs/ ... pexels-son-bòm-1701426 ...





















... https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/Rajputs/ ... pexels-jatin-kukreja-14058300 ... pexels-abhishek-shekhawat-6458157 ... https://unsplash.com/fr/s/photos/Rajputs ... chirag-vashist-mnqLnEBHMp8-unsplash sonu-agvan-yUNehBYyDRQ-unsplash ... kshitij-gupta-VApyQln4osI-unsplash ...

94. Lahore R A J P U T Reality-4 (2011-23

94. Lahore

R A J P U T

Reality-4-

2011-23

Rajput (*rājaputra* "**Son** of a **King**") is a cluster of castes of <u>warriors</u> descent: originating from <u>Peasant</u> Pastoral clans ... which only later became hereditary. In the Mughal <u>Empire</u>, <u>hypergamous</u> "marrying up", into the state <u>army</u>, also occasioned 'becoming' Rajput; by changing dress, diet, worship, traditions, also raised one to the Rajput status: thus being **Rajput** finally became an "*open caste category*", available to those serving the Mughals.

The Sacrifice of Padmani ... In the 12/13th centuries, King Ratansen, was a brave and Noble warrior ... Known as a just Ruler, and a patron of the rts. Raghav Chetan, one of his rus rans, also a sorcerer was banished; and so vowed Revenge. Playing his flute in a rangeral way, he attracted the attention of Sultan Ala-ud-din Khilji: then cunningly he narrated of Rani Padmini's Reauty, arousing his lust; who ordered his army to march on Chittor: but found it heavily defended. So he reigned to Ratansen, that he lope requesting Padmani as his sister; who fell into the trap requesting Padmani to "see her Brother"! She consented, on a strict condition that he could see her only in a Mirror. Ala-ud-din so selected his best warriors, who Secretly examined the Fort's defences: on returning, Ratansen accompanied a while, but was kidnapped and imprisoned ... ransom being the Queen ... Consented!

At Dawn Crack, some 150 'palaquins' (Royal Ladies covered carraiges) advanced and before night-fall camped near the tent of Ratansen Mortified. Suddenly, armed soldiers galloped away with Ratansen Freed, on captured horses; Sultan furious: Stormed Chittor. The Seige being long, the Fort's supplies were depleted: so the Rajputs decided to open the gates 'n fight to finish. Then Padmani decided that their men-folk being out-numbered, 'twas a Fight to the Finish. A huge Pyre was lit 'n all including the Queen, jumped into Flames to perish as smoke.

Rajput Sense of Honour ... "I'm a Rajput by birth"; 'n grew up bearing to this immense Sense of Rajput Valour. "Honour flows in our blood" was said, when one didn't even Know what it meant! That a Rajput never went back on 'tis word, 'twas Known: 'n enemies exploited it, a maximum. Often they off-set them, by devious plans; 'n many, aShamed self-Suicided on spot. Finally they understood 'in started to cut the heads-off, of Traitors!

The 1st. Battle of Panipat ... Lasted a full 1 day, on 21st. April 1526. Babar the Mughal, using the gun-powder canons for the 1st. Time in India: 15,000 against 5 Times more, Babar employed 2 new Strategies: Tulguhma (5 Units Divide, Lightening surround manœvers) & Araba (Carts-Tied, protected Canons on wheels, their Frightened Elephants, trampling own army) ... Babar had an Advantage: an element of equality where any his tre-pers, dined with Babur; giving his opinion on tactics; while tiered hierarchy in Sultanate army, handicapped.

The 2nd. Battle of Panipat ... Lasted a full 1 day, 5th. November 1556. Akbar the Mughal, a 13 yr. old, in the tutelle of Bairum Khan attacked Hemu ... a General of the Afore Sher Shah Suri Army, now under command of descendants, starting from Bengal winning 22 battles, conquered Delhi: but his Glory rested only 11 days. In a dominating position, a stray arrow entered his eye, he Died and the army fled ... thus Akbar reigned for 49 yrs.

The 3rd. Battle of Panipat ... Lasted a full 3 days, 14th. January 1761. Durrani Shah Abdali! Advantages of Ahmed Shah ... 1. Trained Soldiers 2. Heavy Artillary 3. Rapid Cavalry 4. Secure Allies 5. Eats Ample. Weaknesses of Marhattas ... 1. Novice Soldiers 2. Light Artillary 3. Slow Elephants 4. Broken Allies 5. Eats Lack. Longest Battle of Ancient India ... It ended on 16th. January ... Funnily enough, that's my Bro Birth & Pa's Die Day?

Rajput Main Clans ... 1. Agnivanshi 2. Chandravanshi 3. Yaduvanshi

- 1. Agnivanshi (Agni: Hindu godess of Fire) ...
- <u>Chauhan</u> ... <u>Prithviraj Chauhan</u> III ... Ascends as Minor from 1177 to 1192 CE, at <u>Ajmer Rajasthan</u>. **Prithviraj** leading a coalition of several <u>Rajput **Kings**</u>, defeats <u>Muhammad Ghori</u>'s <u>Ghurid Army</u>, near <u>Taraori in 1191 CE</u>. A year aft, <u>Ghori</u> returns (1192 CE), with <u>Turkish Mounted Archers</u>, <u>defeats</u> the Rajputs, on <u>same battlefield</u>. Prithviraj fleeing near Sirsa, was executed: a **Decisive Step**, in <u>Islamic Conquest</u> of <u>India</u>.
- 2. Chandravanshi (Chandra: Hindu godess of mc-on) ...
- <u>Janjua</u> ... <u>Punjabi Rajput</u> **clan** ... Predominant in the <u>Pothohar Plateau</u> of <u>Pakistani</u> <u>Punjab</u>, are classified as <u>Jats</u>. They have been engaged in a long-running struggle for sovereignty over the <u>Salt Range</u>: later <u>Sialkot Fort</u> was given to the Janjua tribes by <u>Sultan Firuz Shah Tughluq</u>: accepting their suzerainty in the <u>region</u> (late 1400 CE). The <u>Sikh Empire</u> of <u>Ranjit Singh</u> <u>destroyed</u> them ... Still are listed as <u>Martial Race</u>.
- 3. Yaduvanshi (Yadavas: Legendary Lunar Dynasty) ...
- Rathore ... Rajasthan, Gujarat, Madhya Pradesh: Indian Rajput Dynasty ... Chunda (mG-on) married a Pratihara Princess, 'n was Gifted the territory of Mandore as dowry; promising to defend Mandore against Tughlags: Mandore so became Capital of Rathores (1400) ... Significant Socio-political Shift! Nomadic Style gave way to Landed Aristocracy, but lasted not long: as the Delhi Sultanate captured all, around 1450.

Shah Waliullah Dehlawi ... "Some See No Beneficial Purpose in Injunctions of Islamic Law prescribed by God; 'tis as a Master orders Servants to lift Stones, to Test Obedience: without purpose except Obeyance, justifying only Reward and Punishment; 'Tis Completely Incorrect: P Traditions Contradict such Faulty Views".

- 1. Ahmed Shah Abdali, fervent disciple of Shah Waliullah, acts at his beck, crushing Marhatta Menance
- 2. Shah Waliullah: 1st. Time in History translated Qura'an in Persian; Mullahs, Condemned him Heretic
- 3. Shah Abdul Aziz his son, by his Protests, is Considered the 1st. FreedO-Om Fighter against the British

East India Company ... Early 1620s: notorious for <u>Slave Labour</u> to Asia or <u>India</u>, <u>St. Helena</u> in the <u>Atlantic</u>: (<u>Patron</u> <u>Queen Elizabeth I</u>). <u>Slaves</u> being from Indonesia or <u>East or West Africa</u>, <u>Mozambique</u> or <u>Madagascar</u>: initially being ported to <u>India</u> or Indonesia. <u>This Slave Transportation flourished from 1730s to '60s</u>, 'n more.

- 1. Cotton Trade declined in mid-18th; China Tea Imports increased: results into "Century of Humiliation"
- 2. <u>Tea Trade hid Illegal Opium</u> exports to China (<u>Patron</u> Queen Victoria): so a 1st. <u>Opium War</u> (1839-42)
- 3. Chinese Defeat expands British Opium! 2nd. Conflict, Arrow War (1856-60), increased European Power

Indian British Raj ... British landed in India in Surat on August 24, 1608. Britain had no indigenous Writ Language until 9th century, 3000 years after India. But by better economic Power and Weapons; primary motive being trade: they acquired Territory, in their lust for money and Conquest ... Twas Destined Wiracle.

- 1. India had No Advanced Technology: Rail, Elec, Tele-Com ... Brits Provoked a Transfer of Technology
- 2. During 1st. 'n 2nd. World Wars, Germany Forced Fabricating Arms in India: hi hi more Tech-Transfers
- 3. Twas a **Shortest Lived Empire** ... Lahore only 99 years ... the **Sun** finally **SAT**, on the **British Empire**.



The Secrets of your Life do unveil
'N this Dust's enterred your Fire's wake
If 'tis Dusty Earth's full of Feasts in twain
Voids Master this World, only nul passes by
Destroy Doubts 'n False Rites 'n all False-hc-od
Thus's so Faith: 'n so, so's Glory of the Truth
Be Body Dust, to arise sown Seeds as a Heart

A Fist of Dust that o'er years Thousand derail

Dawns the Early Prayer-call, Awake Ô Awake

So seek never any Sprout of Life in this Here invain

But Lyes 'n Lyes that to the inner-self but lye 'n lye

False Come 'n Go, Continuity Old un-Underst C-Od

Which En ightens World, 'n fall False so forth:

That Insignificant Sprouts out, unto Beauty 'n rt.

Allama Iqbal ... **Born** 9 November 1877 <u>Sialkot</u>, <u>Punjab</u>

Died 21 April 1938 (aged 60) Lahore, Punjab

Iqbal influenced **Jinnah** to bid bye to his London self-imposed exile, taking charge of **Muslim** League: convinced, that only he could maintain party **Unity**, against Britain 'n Indian Congress: "I **K**now you are a **busy man**, but hope you won't mind me writing to you, as you are the only **Muslim** in India today to whom the community has the right to look up, for safe guidance through the **storm** which is coming to North-West India; perhaps, to the whole of India".



Chaudry Rahmat Ali ... Born 16 November 1897 Died 3 February 1951

Pakistan ... P=Punjab, A=Afghan, K=Kashmir, S=Sind, tan=Baluchistan

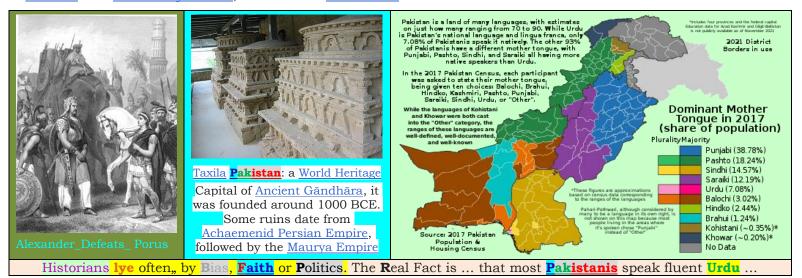
"Now or Never" of 28/01/1933: PAKSTAN ... I added later for Harmony!

Law Student at the <u>University of Cambridge</u> in 1933, published the "<u>Pakistan Declaration</u>": addressed to the British and Indian delegates of the <u>Third Round Table Conference</u> in London. These <u>Ideas</u>, were at first <u>ignored</u>, for close to a decade; as students' <u>Ideas</u>. But in 1940, the <u>Muslim Politicians accepted them</u>, which lead to the <u>Lahore Resolution</u> of <u>All-India Muslim League</u>: dubbed the "<u>Pakistan Resolution</u>".

After the creation of Pakistan, Ali returned from England in April 1948, planning to stay in the country, but his belongings were confiscated and he was expelled by the prime minister Liaqat Ali Khan. In October 1948, Ali left empty-handed. He died on 3 February 1951 in Cambridge "destitute, forton and lonely". The funeral expenses of insolvent Ali were covered by Emmanuel College, Cambridge on the instructions of its Masters. Ali, finally was buried on 20 February 1951, with due Honour, at Cambridge City Cemetery: <a href="Now or Never Published on 28 January 1933. Liaqat Ali Khan, so Twitce Traitor to the Founders of Pakistan? (refer Kashmir)

Ancient **period** ... **P**unjab dates back to 3000 BCE; of many <u>migrations</u> by <u>Indo-Aryans</u> (<u>Indus Valley Civilization</u>). Agriculture, majorly laid the foundations of <u>Punjabi</u> culture, by <u>Land</u>-ownership: "bread and breakfast" classical cult, also explains its stinted psychology! By <u>History</u>, its a tapestry of <u>conflicts</u>, marked by the rise of indigenous dynasties and empires. In the 4th century BCE, after <u>Alexander the Great</u>'s invasion, <u>Chandragupta Maurya</u> established the <u>Maurya Empire</u>. Then in the 5th and 6th centuries CE, **P**unjab faced devastating Hunnic invasions; but the <u>Vardhana Dynasty</u> **emerged triumphant**.

Later in 8th century CE, rose <u>Hindu Shahis</u>, on defeating <u>Saffarid</u> and <u>Samanid Empires</u>. Hereafter, the Tomara and Katoch Dynasties, resisted the Ghaznavid invasions.



Although the name **Punjab** is of <u>Persian</u> origin, its two parts (ৣয়, panj, 'five' and ৴ৗ, āb, 'water') are cognates of the Sanskrit words, पञ्च, pañca, 'five' and अप, áp, 'water', as alike: pañjāb thus means "**The Land of Five Waters**", alluding to the <u>tributaries</u> of <u>Indus River</u>: <u>Jhelum, Chenab, Ravi, Beas, Satluj</u> (largest). Also, a Land of Five **Rivers** may be found in the <u>Mahabharata</u>, in Ancient Bharat Panchanada (<u>Sanskrit</u>: पञ्चाद, <u>romanized</u>: pañca-nada, <u>lit.</u> 'five **Rivers**') ... Referred again to Ancient <u>Greeks</u>, see the Pentapotamía (in <u>Greek</u>: Πενταποταμία) ... is same as <u>Persian</u>.

Modern period ... **Islam** dominated West-**Punjab** under the <u>Ghaznavids</u>: the <u>Tughlaq</u> and <u>Sayyid dynasty Sultans</u> of Delhi succeeding; described as originaires of **Punjab**. The 15th century saw the emergence of the <u>Langah Sultanate</u> in the south, lauded for its victory over the <u>Lodi dynasty</u>. After the <u>Mughal Empire</u>'s decline in the 18th century, **Punjab** experienced a period of <u>anarchy</u>. In 1799 CE, the <u>Sikh Empire</u> established its rule, undertaking conquests into <u>Kashmir</u> and <u>Durrani Empire</u> held territories, re-shaping the diverse and complex <u>History</u> of **Punjab**.

Ethnolinguistic groups predominant in the **Punjab**, are <u>Punjabis</u>, with <u>Indo-Aryan Punjabi</u>: <u>Muslims</u> being major in the West (**Pakistan**), while <u>Punjabi Sikhs</u> are major in <u>East Punjab</u> (India). Tween <u>Muslim-Sikh</u> exist good terms. <u>Hindus</u>, <u>Christians</u>, <u>Jains</u>, <u>Zoroastrians</u>, <u>Buddhists</u>, and <u>Ravidassian</u>, figure among other Religious beliefs.

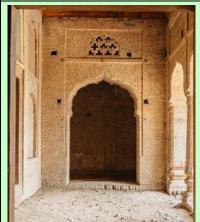
- 1. Abbasi ... Derived Surname, implys an association; quoted in Pakistan 'n Iran: shows High Descent.
- 2. Awan ... Arab origin; thus Historical Superiority: claims to "high status in Pak Muslim Environment".
- 3. Arain ... Farming-Masters; cultivated Lands around Cities: Known for "hard-Work, thrift, disciplined".
- 4. Chamar (Nepal Mount) ... or Jatav Dalits Scheduled Caste: mainly Living in North Hind 'n Pakistan.
- **5. Dogars** ... A cluster of <u>Raiputs</u>, initially <u>pastoral</u> or <u>nomads</u>: 'n reputed by a long **marauding attitude**.
- 6. Khokhar (Pothohar) ... "bloodthirsty" in Persian; impressed by Baba Farid many converted to Islam.
- 7. Mirasi (ير اث Heritage) ... Folklore Teller, Traditional Singer 'n Dancer, Saving Social Heritage ult.
- 8. Qalandar ... Fakirs of Rohilkhand: Devoted to Saint Bu Ali Qalandar now buried in Panipat Haryana.
- 9. <u>Saraiki</u> ... <u>Saraiki</u> ينجاب د عباوي Belong to <u>Baloch</u> tribes settled in <u>South</u>: <u>Dera Ghazi Khan</u> or <u>Rajanpur</u>.

95. <u>Islamabad</u> P U N J A B Reality-5- (2012-23)

... Punjab ... https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/punjab/ ... Punjab ... pexels-darshak-pandya-574313 ... pexels-photo-2863219 ... pexels-aa-dil-2863220 ...













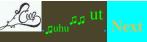




Mother Mc-on's in Anger with me, 'N's Sunk in the Deep Down Sea; 'N when 'tis Tears Tear my Hearty: I KISS her to come back to me!

.. https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/kashmir/ ... pexels-aashish-bhardwaj-786946 ...

pexels-kirtan-creative-7965280 ... pexels-imad-clicks-3974036 ... pexels-ankiyay-2528431 ... pexels-rubaitul-azad-8742541



Islamabad

96.





Reality-6-

(2013-23)

Mother Mc-pn's in Anger with me, 'N's Sunk in the Deep Down Sea; 'N when 'tis Tears Tear my Hearty: I KISS her to come back to me! Simple but Beautiful!

(04:00 ... 13/03/2023)

<mark>Engels</mark> Everywhere

(16:00 ... 23/03/2023)

Came out, but of No-Where

Where Never Existed a "Where"

Where **All** was, but as **All** Anywhere,,

a Void of Empliness, without any Ware

Emply Sounds All Around 'n Every-Where

Where Engels to-9k Invalids in Care

From the Beyond of Cosmos out There

To Comble Us,, the Weak 'n Feeble Kere;

Came Pid 'n Kelp,, All's our Share!

Kumanily Kuman; O Devil be beware:

<mark>Friends</mark>, <mark>Engels</mark> 'n Fair <mark>Helpers Flair ...</mark>

Devil be Dust, Dust be Tomb; dare'nt Stare!

Waved from Backs of Cosmos to a Universe Rare,,

Starring <mark>Galaxies</mark> to <mark>Galaxies</mark> to <u>Suns</u> 'n <u>Suns</u> "Solitaire":

Upto 'n Unto **Us**, the Earthy Bound,, in Water 'n in Pir ...

Kissing Us, the Weak,, the Feeble; the Down: in Our Lonely Lair!

. اَگُر. <mark>فِررُس</mark>. بَرُوحِ. نَمِين. اَست.

. هَمِين. اَستُ. هَمِين. اَستُ. هَمِين. اَست.

If **Paradise** Exists on Earth

'Tis Here, 'Tis Here, 'Tis Here!

.Emperor. .Jehangir.

Mountainous in topography, with deep narrow Valleys and high barren plateaus, so's Kashmir ... a Pure Beauty spot of the Medicinal and Herbaceous flora in the Himalayas, terminating at Western Nanga Parbat. Traversed by three Rivers: namely Indus, Jehlum 'n Chenab; dividing the region into three Valleys separated by high Mountain Ranges. Twas longly under the Moghuls, then a Sikh Empire of Ranjit Singh, annexed Kashmir in 1820.

Ancient Greeks named it Kasperia, identifiable as Kaspapyros: Kaspatyros of Herodotus. Kashmir is also believed to be the Kaspeiria of Ptolemy. Its earliest text direct mention, is Ashtadhyayi, writ by a Sanskrit grammarian Pāṇini, about 500 BC. Kashmir self-imposed as centre of Hinduism in 7th to 14th centuries, the primary first millennium, by a series of Dynasties, when Shaivism arose: 'twas only later, that 'twas influenced by Buddhism.

In 1339, Shah Mir became the first **Muslim** ruler of **K**ashmir, when he inaugurated the Salatin-i-Kashmir, or Shah Mir dynasty. Afterwards, it became a part of the Mughal Empire, from 1586 to 1751: then till 1819, to the Durrani Afghan Empire. Then changed again: it passed to the control of the conquering armies of the Sikhs, under Ranjit Singh of Punjab. After the Sikh defeat in the First Anglo-Sikh War of 1846, upon the purchase of the region from the British under the Treaty of Amritsar, the Raja of Jammu, Gulab Singh and descendants, became the new rulers of Kashmir: under the paramountcy (or tutelage) of the British Crown.

Kashmir had also now begun to attract European visitors: several have **W**ritten of the abject poverty of the vast Muslim Peasantry and of the exorbitant taxes under the Sikhs: which forced many Peasants to migrate to the **Plains** of the **Punjab**. Kashmir was the 2^{nd} . highest revenue earner of Sikh Empire: cause, during this Time Kashmiri shawls became Known Worldwide, attracting many buyers, especially in the West.

Out brakes First Anglo-Sikh War (1845). Imperial Gazetteer of India quotes: till battle of Sobraon (1846) Gulab Singh held himself aloof, seeming a useful mediator 'n trusted advisor of Sir Henry Lawrence; 2 Treaties were concluded: 1. State of Lahore (W-Punjab), British take-over; for an equivalent of a crore indemnity, the hilly-tracks 'tween the rivers Beas 'n Indus; 2. British ceeded him for 75 lakhs, all hilly mountains 'twain East of Indus 'n the West of Ravi, Kashmir: Ranbir Singh's grandson Hari Singh, ascending in 1925, was the reigning monarch in 1947.





Maharajah Ranjit-Singh

13/11/1780-27/June/1839

Rajah Hari Singh-Nalwa Sept/1895-26/April/1961

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A Brief History of **K**ashmir Struggle: Historians <mark>lye</mark> often,, by Bias, <mark>Faith</mark> or Politics. But I have Lived the **K**-Struggle!

The Quaid discontent, ordered the Brit-Commander Gen. Gracey to conquer Kashmir, as Injustice done to Muslims. Refused, as couldn't attack a Brit-Gen: so was packed-off in 24 hours by Jinnah, who himself took over Command 'n Pak Army was at the door of Srinagar, waiting for the Keys! Begum Liagat phoned L.A. Khan then in UNO, who immediately arranged a cease-fire afore eve: & India occupied Kashmir ... Why many Pakis consider it Treachery; including a certain Said Akbar Khan Babrakzai, an Afghan Known in the Valley: thus have I heard as a child ... He vowed Revenge, trained himself, and in an inaugural speech on 16/10/1951, shot him twice in mortal Fires! He was shot on the spot, by others un**K**nown. Events are re-writ, plans are re-done: still facts lye hidden ... thus Lived I as a Child, thus I repeat as a Youth, 'n so maintain I as an Elder ... History lyes but often, by Bias or Faith or Politics.

96. Islamabad K A S H M I R Reality-6- (2013-23)

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I miss U Miss
Missing U Miss
Too much Miss
A lil too much
Much too much
A lil too Often
Heart be Soften
So I miss U Miss
Miss Miss Miss

















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97. <u>Islamabad</u>

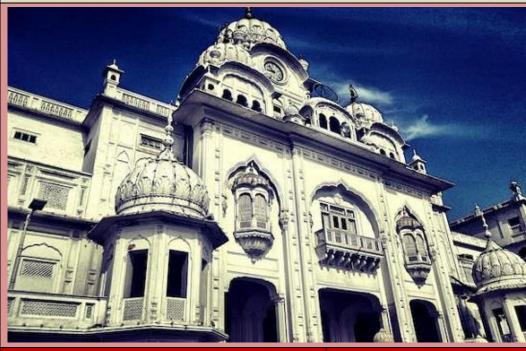
P A K I S T A N

Reality-7-

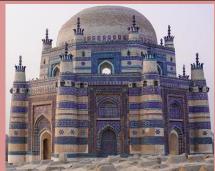
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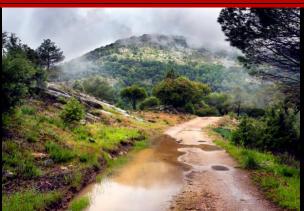




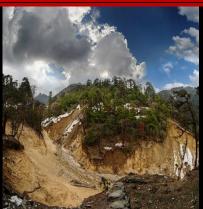












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97. Islamabad

P A K I S T A N

Reality-7-

2014/23)

O. East-Europe

My Hitch-Hiking Trip to <mark>P</mark>ak<mark>istan</mark>

(1965)

Destiny so dicted, that after a certain **D**isagreement (explained elsewhere), I went to **Pakistan** ... having hitch-hiked from London (13/11/1965), .Paris., *Strasbourg*, *Deutschland*; Snowed Austria: Italia (no visa; ma errano Sympatici, è hanno lasciato passare); Bari, then boat to Athens where a passenger impressed me by the number of people he had Killed, he only wanted importance in unKnown eyes; Greece where I stayed in Ruins: Yougoslavia, where I Lived with my Harmonica Friends; Bulgaria, where I got lifts on Bicycles and Ox-carts, hi hi, even slept a night, 'tween two railings fore the cash window in the train station bounded by **Humanity** ... then got a car lift with 3 **Turks**, who made me pay (on loan? Surely they smuggled cars, cause these few sterlings were never returned) ... arriving in Istanbul, they asked me to come to a **night** club, but seeing them in a NON-paying me-dd, I scamped as I valued my Life more) ... Tourist a bit, apart Topkapi (Closed Mondays); 'in when I was **R**eading the inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, an **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, an **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, an **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, an **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, an **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, an **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, an **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, an **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, an **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, an **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, and **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, and **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions on the **Mosque** Sulemanya, and **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions of the **Mosque** Sulemanya, and **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions of the **Mosque** Sulemanya, and **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions of the **Mosque** Sulemanya, and **Old Turk** came, she inscriptions of the **Mosque** Sulemanya, and **Mosq** my hand 'n embraced me; then Wept cause I could read what he couldn't, (Ata-Turc having deformed his language into Latin) ... A train Cracking of Humans, taking turns to sleep on each other, continued 36 Hours to Erzurum: crossing the border into Iran, where I travelled **nights** by bus 'n touristed all important towns during day; Tabrez, Shiraz, Isfahan, Tehran, till Zahidan: where a bus, with beasts 'n Belles, finally to Dk me to Quetta (my Infancy zone); seeing again that wonderous Road-Sign of raw wG-od, seen in ChildhG-od, saying London 6002 Miles' ah-ha BritiX precision; then train to Lahore; arriving at 10 in morning, 10/12/1965; to all's astonishment ... but thus had I Promised this to my Old Mother All in 23 days from .Paris. costing £43,50 with Presents, hi hi : A Dream of a trip !!! ... 'n I always keep my Word !!!

0. East-Europe My Hitch-Hiking Trip to Pakistan (1965)
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Why Athens was great

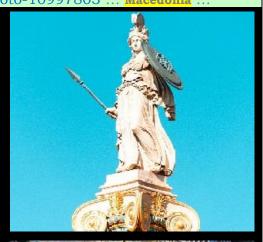
Athens, the largest city in Greece, controlled a region called Attica. 'Tween many mountains were fertile Valleys, with Farms. Attica had valuable Silver sources, lead and marble; having the biggest navy in Greece. People came to study and to trade. The most famous building was a temple, Parthenon, on a rocky hill the Acropolis; with a statue of the city's protector-goddess Athena.



Mazedonien hat am Samstag des Vertrags von Ohrid gedacht, mit dem vor 15 Jahren die bürgerkriegsähnliche Gewalt in dem kleinen Balkanland beendet wurde. Mit dem Abkommen zwischen der slawisch-orthodoxen

Bevölkerungsmehrheit und der muslimischalbanischen Minderheit stellte die «Albanische Befreiungsbewegung in Mazedonien» ihren bewaffneten Kampf ein. Sie wollte die Abspaltung der albanischen besiedelten Gebiete und deren Anschluss an das benachbarte Kosovo erzwingen.

Der Vertrag sah vor, dass die Albaner, die schätzungsweise bis zu 30 Prozent der Bevölkerung stellen, mehr Rechte erhalten und stärker als bis dahin in der Staatsverwaltung vertreten sein müssen.





In same Observer, was the 1st. Article by Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto on the Islamic World!!!

1. Lahore A MYTH AND A PANTASY ... Pakistan Day Memorial 1966 (Mar)

The Pakistan Observer, (Dacca) ... Pakistan Day Supplement

Dacca Wednesday March 23, 1966 By Tariq HAMEED

It was a **Conument** to be constructed of **Red Stone** and marble. The double-storied building housed a Library and an octagonal Hall used for holding meetings and other gayful functions. The names of the persons who **Fought** for the establishment of **Pakistan** were proposed to be inscribed on the walls of the Hall which was surmounted by a **dainty** obelisk needle. The three sides of the **Cemorial** opened out into **Spacious Lawns**, where people would frolick about in their leisure **Hours** paying **Homage** to a **Young Nation** which could **f**ace any **Adversity** and come out **Victorious**: and they would **sprinkle** around the **Water-pond**, which in it's **sedate Ceflections** accommodated the **mage** of this **Conument** to **Freedom**.

The mage became Fainter and Fainter and the Dream Faded and one awake to a rude Sense of shock of how the Intelligentsia had commemorated a people's epock-making decisions ... the Pakistan Resolution, that was Presented under the Quaid-i-Azam, at the Historic Muslim League Session on March 23, 1940.

Exactly twently years later, in a ceremony which was described as less of a national occasion and more of a local and official affair, Mr. Akhtar Hussain, the then Governor of West Pakistan, laid the Foundation-Stone: the emorial was not only to be a rare specimen of Islamic Trehtecture, but also a symbol of the firm resolve of the Government which claimed to have instilled a new Spirit of progress and high Ideals among the nation. Not even a month had passed where the Foundation-Stone was discovered to be missing and no one Knew how or when it had been removed ... Stolen to be Sold, more seems it to me???

Even before the commencement of the Project, the Provincial Government had decided, in view of the National importance of the proposal, to relieve the Lahore Corporation of the gross responsibility of construction, subjecting the Work to it's own supervision. With reat fanfare, the boundaries were outlined in white to demarcate the different aspects of the onument: soon the white chalk was transformed into the Earth and out of Earth sprouted forth flowers and Herbs and the white lines existed no more; only a crude Herbed wire survived the Ravages of Time and our planning authorities; an object reminder to Humanity of how lofty Ideals may be reduced to naught. And now the marble of the Foundation-Stone was missing; for safe custody, seems. Twas later explained; and the Presence of high officials and the elite of the town, stood damaged, abject and denounced. The area intended to be part of the main Hall of the proposed emorial was in a state of utter neglect at the Iqbal Park, where the Ground was being leveled by the Agriculture Department which planned to have a Garden in it's place: and the Winds of Autumn blew into this Waste-Land and denuded this Garden of all it's magined Clory ... eat, eat, eat, meet meat ...

<mark>lemorial Committee</mark>

The **Completed** in two years and the approximate cost of erection was to run into a five lakh rupees. A **Pakistan** Day **Committee** was formed to **finalize** the details of the **under**taking, to supervise implantation of the plan and to devise ways and means to collect the necessary finances. **None of the personages**

associated with the Pakistan Movement, were selected into the Committee, but among the non-official members were included some big industrialists and prominent businessmen; surprisingly however, the plans did not make any headway, due to lack of funds. It had seemed to rely on millionaires' help but it's formal request failed: no Philanthropist came forward to sponsor such a Noble cause of International Prestige: hi, hi, eat, eat, meet meat? "Only a couple of public-Spirited Industrialists, for whom the Creation of Pakistan has brought un-Dreamt of Wealth, could have contributed the whole amount". (The Pakistan Times: Editorial, February 8, 1964).

It was Learnt that the funds so far collected were not even sufficient to lay the Foundation of the envisaged site, but concurrently, Landatic it may seem, a scheme was prepared to supplement the surroundings with a "Landatasy-Land" on the pattern of Disney-Land in Holly-wood, at an excess cost of Rs. 10 lakh. Ironically enough, at the same Time in 1961, the Older plans which had previously been stated to have been approved, were suddenly discovered to be devoid of Lupolas, Lowers and Lovers and Lover

SECOND SET OF PLANS

The second set of plans was processed through many stages and was **Universally** applauded: it had a segment **one** and all the other requirements of **Islamic Trehitecture**. It was passed by the **Governor** and was forwarded for the approval of the **Governor**'s Advisory Council whose consent is merely regarded as a formality. So **gradually after a lapse of almost three years**, it was announced that the **Blue**-print had been approved. To the **reat** surprise of everyone, the **odel** displayed at this juncture was radically different to the one submitted to the **Council**, at previous dates.

Gone was the immense ome and the public auditorium, a victim to the dictates of economy; and because it was stated that plans had already been launched to build a Jinnah Hall at Patiala House, which is yet in the negotiation stage. However, an important hurdle was crossed: the Government had allocated a Loan, Fraciously interest-free of Rs. 5 lakh, while other finances had been raised by a cut on Cinema tickets: But one still Wonders why this Loan could not have been made as a Grant so as to preserve the National Characteristics of the emorial? Anyway, the Work was commenced in 1964 and was expected to be Completed within two years: but soon the initial Energy was spent and the construction again came to a Dead Stop. This Time the plea was the lack of cement ... it appears that appeals were made to some appropriate denizens, but no enthusiast stepped forward to shoulder the burden of the National cause. Work progressed slowly the next year to the next year to the next ... 'twas hard labour, and was further retarded due to the Emergency conditions. In spite of the vicissitudes of misFortune, almost all the nearly 200-feet ower has now been Completed in brut, but this helpless tribute to the country's Remembrances yet remains un-marbled and un-polished and un-attended; and the original figures of Rs. 45 lakhs for the Grounds and the onument, would probably swell, many a many a manifold ... eat meet meat, again 'n again ???

It is reckoned that the entire **emorial** will be ready in two years' **T**ime from now. But already **T**ragedy has



struck again and the latest stoppage in Work has occurred: there seems to have developed a scarcity of marble supply in the market. There are four factories producing marble in Pakistan, and with all, orders have been booked, but for some unKnown reason, they seem to be lagging behind in their shipments. And even if any consignment comes through; the occasional customer who is willing to pay the agent a fraction more, makes off with the delivery, while the permanent buyer is left dangling and is Forced to wait; disrupting the schedule and increasing the overhead and other standing charges. Consequently, during the Past year, many labourers have themselves been cutting, hewing and glazing the tiles to furnish material for parts of the construction, striving on with inadequate machines and tools, smeared with their Warm perspiration and the flying Dust of Bricks 'n Stones: they are the True rehitects who are raising from Nothing the Foundations of a Nation's reatness, gluing each Brick onto the other, with the sweat of their blood and toil.

COMPOSITION

When Completed, the composition will consist of a symbolical rostrum a marble Dals and a ower-like shape rising from a platform spreading like a five-pointed Star, en Closed by two Crescent-shaped pools embracing each other, signifying the Unity of the East and West Wings (Past). The pools lined with Green and Red Stone rePresent the lolours of Islam and of Sacrifice. The lower is composed of ten vertical Slabs interlaced with flower petals: these Slabs will appear as a soaring monolithic form, following the law of an ever-growing exponential curve symbolizing the wish for Dternal Progress and Refinement: roughly hewn in the Lower parts to highly polished surfaces, into the upper sections, rePresenting the growth of Pakistan from Humble Beginnings to highest Aspirations. And all these reflections will be maged in the mingled Waters below.

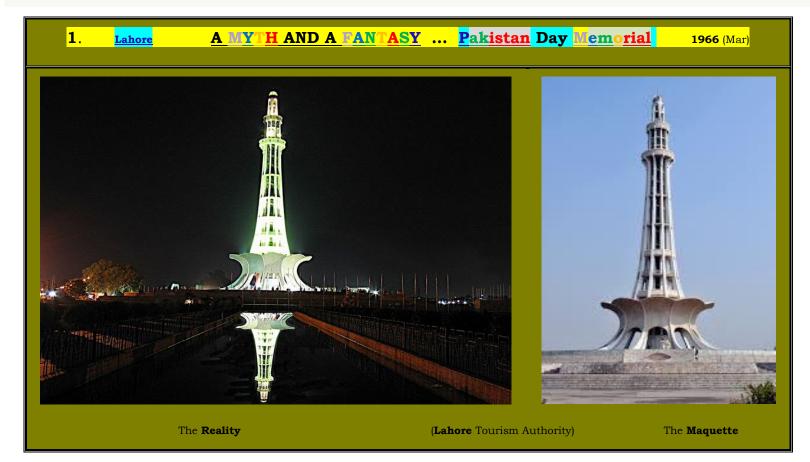
One opes that these mages will one day be effected into Reality ... then Twas ...

... Twas ... FORTY YEARS LATER 2006 (Mar) Lahore

Definitely returned I to Pakistan, in 1996. During my Wanderings, I Landed up in Islamabad and looked for a room. A Dear Friend, Syed Muhammad Anas, gave me the phone of another Friend, become very Dear soon. He had retired as the Chief of the Secret Services, a True Patriot, under Ayub 'n then Bhutto. This Silent Friendship, years on turned to a stunning relationship, 40 years after. With a strange look, he blurted, "Ooo ... you're That Tariq Hameed"? Surprised, I retorted confused, "Which"? That? "Around the house of whom, I'hd put a Police Guard": Overcome, the bell tolled and I stammered out, "Ooo ... you are that Dirty and Evil Sadeeq Ahmed Nagra; dismay of my Mother and my Sister"? Quick, he held: "Give me any instance in those 6 months, that they were even disturbed! Friend, it was for their own 'Personal Protect'. You had done a great Job"! And both burst out Laughing. "The Governor of Punjab, Nawab of Kalabagh Amir Muhammad Khan, admires your Courage (all Pak Papers refused me edition, except the Pakistan Observer Dacca): personally insisting on me to set on you, the Dest possible Guard ... until long after Work Completion! Now your Dream, your wish and desire, a Pakistan Demorial rings True, NO more a syth and a antasy: it is now gracefully clothed into, Sparkling and sustrou marble of the Dest ranges! Don't stare at me; go and look at it ... now ... it's a graceful Maiden, an legant Reality"! And go 'n Pray, that your heart's will, will hine anew one day, in your Dear Pakistan, Dear People: 'n in it's Ever Dear Pride in Honour".

Over Tea ... in 2006)





Pakistan is the World's fifth-most populous country, about 240 million; being the 2nd-largest Muslim-World population after Indonesia. Pakistan is the 33rd-largest country in the World by area: the 2nd-largest in South Asia, spanning almost a million sq. km with 1,000 km coastline in South in Indian Ocean (Sole Warm Sea on Earth). Bordered by India in east, Afghanistan in west, Iran in southwest, and China in northeast ... Tajikistan is nearby (Wakhan Corridor at North). Islamabad is the Capital: Karachi being the largest city and its Financial Centre ... Pakistan is multi cultural: Paleolithic, Neolithic (Mehrgarh); Indus Valley Civilisation (Bronze Age): and the Antique Gandhara civilisation. Pakistan anciently has had multiple dynasty-Empires: Achaemenid, Maurya, Gupta; then Umayyads, Ghaznavis, & Mughals (400 yrs)... lastly occupied by the British Raj shortly (1858 to 1947).

"Mohandas" Gandhi 1. Married at 13 yrs 2. London at Jack the Ripper's Time 3. Suffered from Stage Fright 4. Helped Brit. Empire in Boër War 5. Cultivated mage wearing White-Loin-Cloth 6. Non-Violence Ideas were borrowed from Russian Tolstoy 7. Failure to Establish Measurable Strategic Planning Indicators 8. Political-Face Softness: Real Face, Classic Hinduism 9. Murdered (30/01/1948): fellow Hindu Nathuram Godse (of BJP Racists).

"Pandit" Jawaharlal-Nehru 1. Pandit never was 2. Origin Kashmir Brahman 3. Lost in Time 'n Space: so his Words
"I have become a queer mixture of East and West, out of place Everywhere, at home Nowhere" 4. Suspected that
Lady Mountbatten was his Miss-Tresse: so passing thru her, he exerted influence 5. Sole Heir Indra: in Bostel-Jail
Lahore, played Cards with my Mother (Incharge) ... Invited her for Official Visit, but Ma being Widow, accepted Not!

Lord Mountbatton 1. German Descent, 2nd. Cousin of George VI **2.** Last **Viceroy of India 3.** Applied **Divide and Rule**, to **Punish**: sowed **Massacre** 'tween Hindus 'n **Muslims 4.** Radcliffe Line: design to share equally **L**and 'n Folks! Twas over night reversed by Mountbatten, giving Hindus to Pak n Muslims to Ind 5. Murdered 27/08/1979, Ireland!

Mohammad Ali Jauhar 1. Yousafzai Clan: poet, of <u>Khilafat Movement</u> (protest 'n boycott British); founded <u>Jamia Millia Islamia</u> in 1920 2. Studied Modern History in <u>Aligarh Muslim University</u> 'n <u>Lincoln College, Oxford</u> 3. Unique to direct affairs of 3 most important Political parties: a Far-Sighted Political Leader, was imPrisoned for 2 years 4. "Providence created for us to solve unique problems in Original Synthesis" 5. Means Confiscated: Died 04/01/1931!

BiAmjadi.All.India.Muslim.League.Working.Committee

BiAmjadi.Marriage.Mohammad.Ali.Jauhar King.Fahad.Liaqat. ¿¿Burqa?? .Ghazil.Shah.



It was OK for the King to protect his queen from the prying eyes of men, but it is not OK for

covered...! Primitive? Extremist? Oppressed? Backward?

the rest of us today.







Invited by **Quaid-e-Azam**, **Amjadi Bano Begum**, **W**idow of Maulana **Mohammad Ali Jauhar**, was on the 25-member working committee of All-India **Muslim** League (**AIML**): a fact often ignored by Male Mullahs 'n Masculinsts ??? The only **W**oman whose signature is affixed on the Lahore Resolution, which she re-named "Pakistan Resolution".

Popularly **Known** as **"Bi-Amma**", she collected an immense sum for **Muslims**!: (mod**-Times** worth **1000**'s **millions**). Secretary of Women's Wing of Indian Khilafat Committee in 1920 ... Afore her Death on 28/03/1947, Jinnah visited her for a docs-sign, when she asked: "Is **Pakistan** made"**?** 'N Jinnah **Lyed**: "**Yes**"! 5 months later, 'twas was a **R**eality.





White Spade Symbol was Typical. It Reminded of a Battle of the P using <mark>Spades</mark> as <mark>Weapon</mark> in **Madina**. Wearing Farmer's Khaki (Dust) Cloth They were Open to All Religions and did Voluntary Social Work for Every. White Spade's Left was Razor-Sharp, and could prove a Leathal Weapon ... Once my **Yaseen Uncle** was Furious in a **Protest**, and when a **B**rit. **S**epoy him annoyed, he Sliced his Head off! Charged, he passed onto Trial, but Strange it might seem, out of about a 1000 people, None had seen NUL: so **Uncle Yaseen**, **Freed Honour**ably.

25 August 1888: Amritsar, Punjab 27 August 1963: Lahore, Punjab



Khaksar Khak = **D**ust Sar = Humble His **Trusted** Were ... (1) **TH** Maternal **Uncle** Yaseen Sved Ghazil **Shah** ... (2) Allama

Mashriqi

THE TWO FAMILIES ... of ... FAMOUS FREEdO Om FIGHTERS

SUHRAWARDIS ... The Family origins can be traced back to the 11th Century Iranian philosopher and writer Abu al-Najib Suhrawardi, who founded the Suhrawardiyya Sufi Order and the Dynasty in 1118 A.D. The Family gets its name from Shorevard, a city in Iran where Najib took birth, learnt, preached and eventually founded the Sufi Order. The Family line continued through Shihab al-Din 'Umar al-Suhrawardy, whose grandson Bahauddin migrated to Multan in 1207 during the Mamluk rule in India, making the Suhrawardys first of the Sufis to come to India even before the Chistis. The Family has produced many philosophers and saints since then who were greatly revered by the Mamluks, as they played a major role in consolidating the position of the empire in Multan through their preachings. Bahauddin Zakaria Suhrawardy declared Altamash as the lawful successor of Qutubuddin Aibak, which helped Altamash in securing his rule in the sub-continent; causing his enemies such as Nasir-ud-din Qabacha to retreat. That very year, Altamash awarded Bahauddin Zakaria with the title of "Sheikh ul Islam". The Suhrawardys received the royal patronage too. The subsequent successive Sultans of Delhi remained loyal to the Suhrawardis: including Alauddin Khilji who received Sheikh Ruknuddin Suhrawardy personally at Delhi gate, and kissed his feet as a mark of Respect. The dargaah of Makhdoom Yahya Maneri Suhrawardi, another scion of this Family was frequently visited by Babur, Bahlol Lodi and later by Sher Shah Suri. The Tuglaqs too greatly admired the Suhrawardys; the Tomb of Shah Rukn-e-Alam, the grandson of Bahauddin Zakariya Suhrawardy was commissioned and built by Ghias ud din Tuglaq in 1324 A.D., who was a Humble follower of the former and used to visit him often in Multan.

SYED GHAZIL SHAH ... WHO WAS ???

As **Researcher** ... Iqbalayat, Rumi, Shams Tabriz.

As Humanitarian ... was a dedicated Social Activist and a Supportive Ethical Political Leader ... a Visionary Serving Humanity.

At Partition ... Migrated from India to Kashmir, then Kashmir to Pakistan.

As Quaid e Azam's Admirer, played an Important Role, in Tehreeq-e-Pakistan. Standing then shoulder to shoulder with the Quaid, cured the Injured of the War-zones, with 1st-Aid or primary cares for Women, Infants and Elders.

As Allama Mashreeqi's Right-Hand (Sufaid Baylcha Walay) ... Worked as Soldier ... My Maternal Uncle Yaseen, was the Left-Hand ... This White Spade was Particular ... Left side was Razor-Sharp ... So once Yaseen in a Protest, Decapitated a Brit-Cop ... NO Witnesses?

As Compagnion, had Mir Yaseen Suharwardi, my Maternal Uncle ... As the Left-Hand of Mashreeqi.

As Founder ... Founded the 1st Muslim Welfare Trust in India: Thousands Under-privilege Families Served ... Women, Children, Elders ... NO Bias of Sect, Cast or Creed.

As **Hikmat** ... With Father-in-Law, Sufi Abdul Kareem Butt, Opened Multiples of Clinics! Cost-Free Cure was Dispensed by Qualified Certified Herbalist and **Hakeems** (Homeopathic Doctors) for Local or Out-of-Reach Patients!

As an Exemplary Voluntary System, as 'twas ... 'twas, in those Remote Regions: and those Remote Times.

As **Promoter** ... **Promoted Kashmir** hand-made Carpets: opening various Enterprises, bringing Young Entrepreneurs to front-lines; a **World** recognised business. **Honoured** As so, to exhibit the Carpets in Japan, China and Afghanistan: promoting **Pakistani** exports globally. As **Counciler** ... 10 years in Rawalpindi: to be recognised, as a great, **Humanitarian Political** Leader.

As Holder of Pak-Flag ... was invited by Michigan's Governor to attend the 1st Pakistan Celebrations ... This made History.

As **Host** ... **Honour**ably hosted the **World** Class Super Champion, the famous **Boxer Muhammad Ali** (bef. Cassius Clay), in Rawalpindi: for a Charitable Cause, Facilitating many Kidney Transplants, to Vulnerable and Bereived **Families**.

As **Innovator** ... Introduced the 1st ever Cyclist Competition Tour amongst the young, to Innovate Healthy Activities.

As Launcher ... Launched the 1st ever Business Newspaper in Pakistan in Urdu: named Dunya-e-Tijarat.

As Politician ... Syed Ghazil Shah, was Honoured to receive and host, the Chinese President, King Fahad, As the Counciler of Rawalpindi.

As President of the Indonesian Society ... for several years working with dedication, on joint Bilateral Relationships, very successfully!

And ... As Heart Earner ... He earned the Heart of many many people: Men, Women, Children, Elders, Invalids and the Down-Trod ... by his Kind, Affectionate and Honest Nature.

Global Feace and Harmony

GAH's New Education Scheme

Facts ... Deprived Areas in Punjab, Fedral Zone, KPK and Gilgit-Baldistan has a Low Rate Schooling for Girls, who are 55% of Pak younger population. Schools do exist, but give very low results? Why?

Problems ... Lack of Able Tutors ... Lack of Finance ... Lack of Accommodation ... Difficulties of Transport ... etc. etc.

Remedy ... 1. Create New Schools, costing Lots of Money ... 2. Re-use & Modify Existing ... What's vise & Practical

Solution **Applied** ... **G** AH Model Schools ... Reused over 10 Local Schools in Backward Areas, for positive youngers **Policy** ... Education covers Matriculation, then ways open ... **1.** Vocational (Earnings) ... **2.** University Scholarships

... May Allah Bless Us, in Our Noble Efforts ... Inshallah ... That God be Our Guide ...





Amira & Multan Faqir

leganc and Simplicity

Conference on Spirituality

Amira Parveen Shah
Global Peace and Harmony
As Investment Banker
Philosophy Graduate
of Punjab University
M-Phil Gloustershire
MBA Islamic Banking
CEO Social Activist
Sponsered by UNO
to Organise Unions
Internationally to
Aid the Handicapped
to Sustain themselves
in Dignity 'n Respect



You all are cordially invited at Martin Luther king Seminar in which a one minute video along with a theatre Play "Mata e Gharoor" writen by iconic writer & scholar Ishfaq Ahmed will be Presented at tomorrow 01:pm Open Air Theatre PNCA.

Martin Luthor King Jr. UNO Sponsor

Martin Luthor King Jr. ... Born 15/01/1929, <u>Atlanta, Georgia</u> ... <u>Assassinated</u> 04/04/1968, <u>Memphis, Tennessee</u>. His famous speech, "I have a <u>Dream</u>", won him <u>World</u> acclaim. <u>Martin Luther King Jr. Day</u> was globally established, when many ceremonies take place ... <u>UNO</u> sponsored celebration in <u>Pakistan</u>, a Stage Show: <u>G</u>AH was <u>Honoured</u>.

Lieutenant General Abdul Qayyum ... (Urdu: عبرالقيوم). Retired (<u>3-Star</u>) of <u>Pakistan Army</u>, so served as Chairman of <u>Pakistan Ordnance Factories</u> and <u>Steel Mills</u>. Speciallying in the <u>Artillery Corps</u>, he foiled many <u>Subversive Hidden Attacks</u> by India, and is considered as a **National Hero**. He also **blessed G AH**, for its Endeavour to Aid the Poor.

A Bit About Philanthropy ... Desire Promote Others Welfare, by generous donations to good causes (per Dictionary). Per G AH: Social Partipation, Self-Donated ... Involvement of the Well-Meaning for the Well-Being of All and Sundry.

A Bit About Suffism ... A Direct Personal Experience of Allah through Belief and Practice, is Islamic Asceticism. Per G AH: Social Participation, Surrunder ... Broader Style Worship Transcending Sects: Direct Inward Attention.

GAH Proposal to UNO

Our Aim: Humans be Aware of Basic Human Rights ... for All Endeavour: Status of Honour Effort: Women Self-Empower to be of use to the Civil Society Youth: Eradicate Child Abuse Getting a befitting Education to be able to Guide their Likes Goal: Philanthropically tackle Modern Problems; gauging the Pros and Cons of all Complex Issues: so excelling to sort out lower Down-Trod UnFavoured!







José is a Promoteur of Sufiïsm

98. .<u>Paris</u>.

And Duly the **WORM** Followed

Nostalgic-3-

2015-23

And Duly the Worm Followed! You Remember my little children, that once, a long Time agone, I had promissed to tell you the story named, "And Duly the Worm Followed": but duly, I never told you it ... Why ???

Not that I forgot! No, No, No. But that you would have never under stc-od: because you were tc-od young! For this is a story for the Grown-Ups, and then you were Not so Grown-Up: you were still tc-od young to see or hear about such things, as Evil 'n Worms 'n III 'n Devil ... you get me, my Sweet-Hearts ♥ ♥ ♥ ? Simply, that I wanted you to remain Pure, Pure 'n Smiling 'n Happy 'n Tidy ... ever 'n forever Sure 'n Blissfull!

But Life is Life: and as now you are young 'n full of Life, I think there's No Harm to Talk Truth. So ...

Once upon a Time ... when Times didn't exist, there Lived a Worm; but 'twas No Ordinary Worm, for rolled into the Worm were many other Creations ... 'twas the Snake 'n 'twas the Evil 'n 'twas the Devil 'n 'twas the Ill, all rolled in 'n unto the one 'n the same, that Eviler than this Evil, just could Not exist! 'N 'tis just the State of our Story ...

This **Worm** had a **Grudge** to **Grind!** He'd **never forgotten**, that when he roamed around in **Paradise**, but **Thinking Evil**, planning **Evil**, shouting on top of voice, "They are eating me"; the **Seigneur** came running in, that **Tis** simple **Innocent Beings** hadn't crocked into the **indigestible**; main **Worry** being **indigestion**, **Not** any **Religious Fervour**, to be built-up by **Padr**is, **Madr**is, **Mul-Mul-Mull**is, **Sanya**sis or **Guru**ies: to sustain their daily **Bread** 'n **Butter**, in centuries 'n centuries aft; putting to **Shame**, **Honest Believers**, in quete of bits of **Calm** 'n **leace**.

As I've told you, my children, the **Worm** had a **Grudge** to settle, 'n thus ever planned **Evil**: **Strange** 'tis, that **Forsaken Minds** are a **bee-hive** of **Ferments** ... 'n **n**ever having **eace** are self-dO-Omed to **Chaos** ... so **Create Chaos** to counter **Chaos**. In this particular **mentality**, circles intertwine into circles intertwined. So, at this particular moment, let's just Study the **Entwined Circles**: we start with a **Worm**, pass thru **Evils** 'n **Ills**, to **End** with **Snakes**.

w.	0.	R.	M.		
Worst	O verall	Rabied	Menance!		
E.	v.	I.	L.	s.	
		I mmediately		Suddenly!	
_	_	_	_		
I.		L.	S.		
I gnorance	L oftily	L anguishly	Secured!		
s.	N.	A.	K.	E.	S.
S erpents	Nasty	And	K illers	E ffective	Specialized!

Once, the basic definitions have been elaborated, we will try to Work-out the intricate intertwinement of this serpentinal Enigma. I ope my children, that now you are sufficiently grown-up to capt this complex struct! As because, the Evil has a top the against you, for you came from Paradise 'n will refind your Eden ...

Evil's **opeless** in the **Darks** of **Infinity** ... If **r U** Ready: so here we go, **finally** to **find** the **Final Truth**!

Thus we'll analyse our hypothesis again ... our hypotheses of ... And Duly the WORM Followed!

And ... Ængels Not, Devils-anti

Duly ... Deviate Unilaterally Lonely Yonds

the ... thereafter

WORM ... Worms Overtake Rudimentarily Momentaneously

Followed ... Fighting Over Lofty Lowly Obscure Wildernesses Ever-fore Devastated

U will reckon lil Children, now Young 'n Grown-up ... 'n full of Thoughts ... Why Followed WORM?

Well, Well! U'r cleverer than I Thought. So, U oblige me to tell the Truth ... but then certain Falsities, must I reveal!

Here, I underline how we have come to Know or Learn or are said-so, so said-so Non-Senses ... All are in the Mesh ... as Well or un-Well, the said-so Religions; led by so-said Padris, Madris, Mul-Mul-Mullis, Sanyasis 'n Guruies???

1st. Falseh G-2 d: Man Dominates in this World ... so Dominates the Divine: and God's Sexed to HE?

2nd. Falseh G-Od: Man Advanced in Creation ... Womans' the Womb-Brearer: was Divine Mistaked?

3rd. Falseh G-Od: Man Requests Ladies First ... Woman Obeys Convention: God'd Nothing in 'tween ???

4th. Falseh<u>c. D</u>d: BUT Padris, Madris, Mul-Mul-Mullis 'n etc. do Blame Dame: False Manhc. D Pride?

5th. Falseh@_0d: Born of DisObedient 'n Murderer not-Able 'n C'aint: Beings of bl@_0d without Heart?

ALL False: False Fathers of Humanity: False Children of Humanity: False Clergy of Humanity: False Man-Kind?

So ... Where Lyes the Truth or un-Truth ... 'tween this Bunch of False Lyers ... Lying, Lying, Lying?

U led by a bit confused my lil Children: for in Paradise, things were a bit different: there was a couple, an offenceless Tree of Forbid Knowledge, and an Ugly Worm selfish, but Ignorant of All but its own self-Interest ... so said: a Worm in the Heavens, is but an Insignificant non-Entity. However, the World is another matter, here a Worm is the King overall: it has Power in every sphere, in every turn of Life, Existence 'n Activity in the Society.

1st. Family: Man's King, if is the main Bread-Earner ... Worm-King Dominates, if full Chaos Reigns!

2nd. Outside: Man's Kingdom Stops at de-Or-steps ... Worm-Gangs Dominate, at the Pavement Start!

3rd. Society: Man Frequents a Corner-Shop ... Worm-Patrons Dominate,, Nation-wide C-od 'n Utility!

4th. Nations: Hindus, Mulims, Sikhs, Christains 'n etc. ... Worm-Priests Rule, by Song 'n Aaahmen!

5th. Universal: Interest's of two Kinds,, Inspired or ... Cashed Worm-Bankers so Strangle the World!

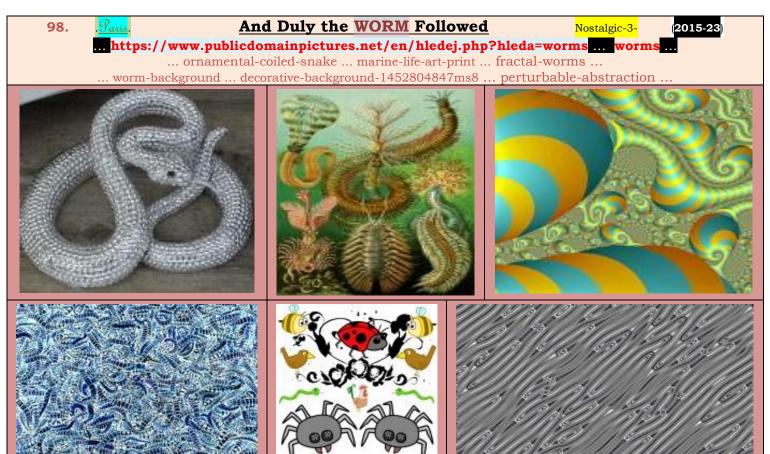
So now my lil Sweet-Hearts • • •, that U have grown Elders 'n lagers, 'tis Time to Teach the WHY of this long Story ... Paradise's a Holy 'n Pure Space, 'n there's No place for Worm-Serpents there. Thus to Learn the Holy, U have to make a Passage, a 'Séjour' in a semi-Hell, to be Purified ... thus an Earth-World sort, where we can make Mistakes 'n Errors Rectifiable. Any of those, who've Rectified into Purity, become the Chosen-Ones: Ones the Divine Loves ... so 'tis that in 'Tis Infinite Lisdom, 'twas Destined so ... 'n thus Duly the WORM Followed!

The Stable's unStable, only if the Laws are Deviated by the Unstable ... be it Humanity or Beast!

So to **End**, we can now **draw** a few **Definite Conclusions**: that the **A**lpha**B**eta, **C**omplete **D** b **E** First ...

- 1. Worms are Worms, often in the guise of Snakes ... so Aware 'n Beware
- 2. No-one is your Friend, unless be expressly set so ... Comprehensive 'n Devout
- 3. That they remain 'n be well Tested BeYond Doubt ... Effervescent 'n Faithful
- 4. This means that Man-Kind's to be BeYond Doubt ... Creat 'n Human
- 5. And a **must** is that they self-prove **BeYond** Doubt ... Intelligent 'n **Jovial**
- 6. So's Faithful Humanity's defined BeYond Doubt ... Kind 'n Loyal
- 7. Thus must surmount to be Tested Beyond Doubt ... Mag cal 'n Noble
- 8. As of Yester 'n Todays 'n Morrows Beyond Doubt ... Observant 'n Pitious
- 9. Night by Night Day by Day Tested BeYond Doubt ... Quotidien 'n Rebounding
- 10. In All Controversies or Strives, Set Beyond Doubt ... Smiling 'n Truthful
- 11. That the Last Final Reckoning be Beyond Doubt ... Understanding in Vivaciousness
- 12. Ends justifying Means, means so BeYond Doubt ... Worldly in Xtraordinary
- 13. Only Remains but the BeYond in BeYond Doubt ... Yondering in Zealousful

Kissing U: take care of these **lil <mark>Thinks</mark>, my lil <mark>children</mark> ... 'n you'll <mark>L</mark>ive <mark>Happily Ever-Aft,, 'bov</mark> the <mark>BeYonds</mark> ...**



99. London N I N E t y - N I N E Romantic-6- (2016-23)

... https://www.publicdomainpictures.net/en/hledej.php?hleda=ballet ... Ballet ... ballet-dancer-silhouette ... bailarina ... dress-rehearsal-of-the-ballet ...

... https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/Belly%20Dance/ ... pexels-photo-1250653 ... pexels-photo-9480457 ...













... https://pixabay.com/images/search/black%20angels/ ... search/black%20holes/ ...

... Angels ... angel-220094_480 ... angel-4834917_480 ... angel-316352_480 ... Black Holes ...

... fractal-1280110_480 ... black-hole-2483571_480 ... swirl-1170475_480 ... fractal-1352598_480 ...

99. London N I N E t y - N I N E Romantic-6
[2016-23]

99. London

NINEty-NINE

Romantic-6-

2016-23

Ninety-nine is Humility, Humility and Modesty, in 'tis Complete InCompleteness ... as 'tis a One less than a Hundred, a One less than a Century, thus in the InCompleteness in Totality ... Modesty in Humility!

Here we go into a **preamble** ... Once upon a **Time**, long long **Infinities** ago, long before our **Todays Humanity** existed, so tell us Lots of our **Fake Religionsists** of **Nowadays**, existed two **Brothers** akin 'n different, named **Able** 'n **Un-Able**, one **Holy** 'n one **Evil** ... the **Evil** Killed the **Holy**, thus rose **Humanity** ever since, where the **Evil** Kills the **Holy** ... the brunt of all our **Færy-tales** of **Humanity**? So let's now speak the **Truth**, the whole **Truth**, so help me **God** ... thus speak **I** the **Truth**, the whole **Truth**? **Humanity**'s the **Murderer** of **Humanity**???

There are those Who Cain 'n those Who Caint, and these thus are NoT-Able ... preamble Closed.

Country-side, with a discrete **B**ourgoisie, typical 'n very **Jeeves!** So let us come to the **brunt, of the Question!**

9 (Nein in German, is NO) ... so twice Nein is 99 ... the Incomplete! What Lacks a Unit or Unity?

So, Once upon a Time, Lived in the Nowhere of the No-Lands of a Exery-Land, a Prince 'n a Princess, full of Love 'n Tenderness! Both Dancers of the style of Ballet; they were married 'n Happy in Love 'n Tenderness: the Prime-Male 'n the Prima-Donna. The Prince had a Friend, also a Dancer; gg-od but Not as such: 'n the Princess also had a Friend; gg-od but Not as such! The Friend of the Prince, also Loved the Prima-Donna, but "Bouche et Mine Cousue", bore his Burden 'n Pain in Self! The Friend of the Princess, Loved the Friend of the Prince, but "Bouche et Mine Cousue", bore her Burden 'n Pain in Self! So all 'twas Completeness InComplete!

Thus, Once upon a Time, Rolls our Tale of ... "The Four Dancers" ... in InCompleteness Complete!

Act 1: The Marriage Cermony ... Princes and Princesses, of Freat Royals ... Global Invites!

Came from the North: Cold 'n Snow 'n the Desolation, of the Spaces White

Asgard ... Norse ythology: Stronghold of gods, Nine Worlds around Yggdrasil Tree

Teutonic ... Preludes 'n Fuges; Gongs of Destiny; Dances 'n Rhapsodies; Walküre

French ... Carmen, Vale 'n Mounts Roamer; Repeater Bolero; "Dieu existe en Détails"

Spain ... Gibl-al-Tariq; Red Stone Palaces; a Don 'n Assy Serf, Cervantes es Espagña

Italy ... Colosseum Gladiators; Divina Commedia; Smile, Lisa Enigma; Speak M

Greece ... Face Launched a 1000 Ship; I'm "NoBody"; Fire Humanity; Deauty Venus

Came from the East: The Rise of the Sun 'n leace 'n P 'n a full History of Eternity

China ... Pentatonic Plus c; The Wall, seen from mc. Dn; lik Belt & Road, leace;

Pak-Hind ... Joining the reat Null; Glissening Quarter-Jotes, Jotes Chanting Water

Mid-East ... Elements: Persia, Ancient 'n Present; Arabs, Turks ... A Triology Eternal

Persepolis: Fire-Jult, So Spake! Hearth burnt All Life; to Advent of Islam: Oppositions

Nota: Zoroastrianism ... 3500 BCE: developed by Ancestors of Nomadic Herding Iranian tribes.

Ancient: So Spake **Zarathoustra**, Fire; Gardens Hung, Cyrus the Restorer Present: Islamic; Royal Carpets; Conuments of Beliefs; Arts 'n Crafts Arabs: The Land of Prophets, Pa to Son; Issue ends Jesus, Issue Mol ammad (saw) Turks: Civilsation's Double Continent, Heathen, Continent, Islam; Aya Sophia Came from the West: Injuns Above 'n Incas Below, Civilsations Lost of Long a Long Term Above ... Past was Manitou, Trance of Creat Spirit ... Present's Shortest Live Empire Below ... Cut from the **World**, Counted by cloured Knots; Cut Forests 'n Self Died Came from the South: The Dark Continent, Sahara 'n Dark 'n Wild, Sur-passing All Time Sahara Nomadic ... The Beauty of Camel Bells Tinkling, Roam a Day 'n Repose Nights Dark Equator ... Heat's Immense 'n Eat's Rare, "With Missionaries, made gG-od Meal" Wild go-od ope ... East Joins West! Passage Opens, Stream Links the Warm to Cold So, All Danced 'n Danced All ... North East West South ... the Past 'n Present, All Together!

So ... Ladies & Gentlemen ... Vell V haVe Vork to VeaVe Very Vell !!!

Act 2: All Stage Rolls-out in Dark ... the Dance of Times, of Past 'n Present, of What Was 'n Not Was!

If you don't **Believe** me, just **C-D**k at the **Sky** at **Night** ... the **w**hole **Universe** is **Black** ... gc-Dd or **bad**!

Black The

Came from the Darknesses of the Dark, an Engel Dark! Why Dark? For What is Universe ... a True Completeness of the Dark ... as light is Dark ... Only Dark: but only Touching an Object, 'tis the Object which becomes Visible 'n is seen ... but **light Not?** light remains always Dark! So this Ængel Black, was Dark, Dark 'n g@-Dd: for g@-Dd always remains in the Dark ... for if it was Visible, it would become Interest,, but remaining Invisible, it rests g<mark>6-9</mark>d Invisible : 'n such was our Black Ængel, Ængel of g6-9d ... Dark Black Ængel of g6-9d!

Tis Ængel was always accompanied by a Dear one ... a Dear Devil, turned ge-Dd ... ever clad in gold, for 'tis had a golden heart: a heart of himmering gold, who'd Nothing but Love in 'tis heart: a heart of sold! One of the Qualities of this **Devil** was, that 'tis in **R**eality was only a **Thought** personified, personified in g**@-D**d; gG-Od of Being, 'n in 'tis Being, Illuminated of tope: tope of Love, of Love of Beings: of Beings Living in tope!

'N both of them **Danced**, **Danced** the **Dance** of the **Universe**, the **Dance** of **Universes** to come 'n to go; of Universes here 'n Universes there 'n Universes Nowhere 'n so Universes Everywhere,, Universes Past 'n Present; Universes after Universes aft Universes for ever 'n ever, to Ends of Times InExistant into the Beyonds!

Fourth Dance ...

Thus 'twas that the Cosmos' Danced ... starting from the Base,, 'n Mounting 'n Mounting 'n Mounting! First Dance ... The Sun 'n the Planets, the Earth 'n the mc-on: Circles into Circles into Circles ... Second Dance ... The Stars 'n the Galaxies, the Galaxies 'n the Black-Holes: Circle into Circles ... Third Dance ... The Black-Holes 'n the UnKnown, the Depths: Depths into Depths into Depths ... Depths 'n Voids, Base Jotes to Aigüe: Deafening Accords to the Winth Meaven!!! Act 3a: Awakening into a War of Dominance 'n Complicity ... Hebrew 'n Christians, against the Rest!

Ancient Hebrews had NO Idea of dO Omsday ... neither any War ending the World? How?

Then during their association with **Babylon** ... they did start **Thinking** ... that the **World** can **End!**

In Asia Minor a named John wrote "Apocalypse" in 96 CE (AD) ... so's born the Concept of the End War.

Apocalypse (**Revelation**) of the Mysteries Hidden in Silence ... by **John**.

This realm is modeled on the Imperishable realm. Armageddon (Har Məgīddō) is mentioned only once! "The One rules all. Nothing has Authority Over It. Purised light no eye can bear to look within. Since everything exists within It ... It does not exist within anything. It is Eternal.

It is Outside of Realms of Being and Time ... Knowledge Producing Knowledge: Surrounded by Light".

Armageddon: P location of a gathering of Armies for a War during the End Times.

Thus the Ancient Christians Started to Think about their Dominance ... by the War of the dominance ???

History of the Ancient Jewish people: Twelve Tribes of Israel descended from the sons and grandsons of the Jewish forefather Jacob. Named "Israel" from Jacob's name ... given to him by God (Jewish and Biblical Tradition). They are as follows: Reuben, Simeon, Judah, Issachar, Zebulun, Benjamin, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Ephraim and Manasseh. True or False, legal at Ancient History ... Antiquity holds the Twelve Division in many ultures, eg. Greek ... It is Convenient to Divide by a Number which brings Equality to Large Populations: thus, the Ever-Ready Solar Base Calender of 12 months!

Nothing is certain, but Tradion holds, that 10 Tribes were Lost ... Where did they go? Nobody Knows ... However, many Conjectures exist; some sent them to Sudan? Or Jungles Wandering Widely Wildly,, become Monkeys? Nobody Knows?

Act 3b: Original Particular Manner of Scenic Presentation: The Stage alternates, vellow, red, green.

The 3rd. World War States ... Stupid 'n unReasonable ... Why? Glaciers have melted by the Acts of the unReasoned Humans, of own ways 'n Stupidity! Only 7 Lands hold Water reSources; Pak, Hind, USA, Canada, France, Swiss 'n Zealand: a World of Thirst, Thirsty, Thirsty! So States a White Water World War: for Life 'n Death.

Scene 1: Factions Divide ... on the one side, Catholics, Protesters, Affilated 'n Dominated ... Some who Seem to Know, but don't Know, that they were Slaves 'n Knaves of the Dominateurs; Brain-Washed into a Semblance of Well-Being: Fanfare 'n Propaganda 'n Rhetoric ... of All that C-D ks well? But is it Reality, or Dream?

Scene 2: Factions Unite ... on the other side, Orthodox, Muslims, the Istans 'n Chinese ... They who have been Prejudiced, Dominated, made Slaves 'n Klaves; while some of them had never been Dominateurs: never had attacked the "Old Civilisation", Brain-Washed by Opium 'n Colonialisation unReasonable! Dreams un True? Thus Factions Form 'n de-Form, Sides are Taken 'n un-Taken, Everyone Self-Justifies ... but Who has Reason???

Scene 3: Then Drums Sound, Fanfares are Blown ... Finally, Starts the White Water World War ...

Who Will Win, Who'll Withdraw : one Knows, or Knows NOT, or one Will Know Never; or Know ever: so Wait a While!

See What? That Right's Not Might, that Might be Not Right ... Humanity's Proved, in End: Down-Trods Prevail!

Scene 4: Thunder 'n Storms, Fire 'n Cannons ... Super-Sonic, Ultra-Sonic, White Water World War!

One had Won, One did logo ... but Who Knows, that in the End ... Knowledge and Reason Dominate, finally All and Everyone Learned a Simple Lesson, that Live and Let Live is the Best Solution! That Right's Not Might, 'n that Might be Not Right ... Humanity must Live-up 'n Prove ... Let Bygones be Bygone, in End: Down-Trods Prevail!

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Act 4: Steps to Yond 'n BeYond ... Dance unto Cosmos' 'n Black-Holes ... Feace 'n Hope Stairway!
This once, the Stage is set in a Provocative Manner. The Total Action is in the Ballet Form ... Used are the Ground
upto the Mid Sections: the Above remains always in the Dark, while the Below vassilates 'tween the deeper Blue
and the Cosmic Spheres: with Objective to Simulate the Ephemeral Dances of Eclipses thru Black-Holes to Yond!
             First Ballet ... The Dance of the Eclipses ... from the mc_On to the Sun ... slowly, slowly, slowly ...
             Second Ballet ... The Dance of the Planets ... from Planets to Planets ... quickly, quickly, quickly ...
             Third Ballet ... The Dance of the Stars ... from Stars to Stars to Stars ... rapidly, rapidly, rapidly ...
             Fourth Ballet ... Dance White-Dwarfs 'n Red-Giants ... Life 'n Death of Stars ... andante, andante ...
             Fifth Ballet ... The Dance of the Galaxies ... to the Orion-Constellation ... the 3 Gongs of Destiny ...
             Sixth Ballet ... Dances of Black-Holes ... from Black-Holes to Black-Holes ... presto, presto, presto ...
             Seventh Ballet ... Dances of the un-Knowns ... un-Known to un-Known ... allegro, allegro, allegro ...
             Thus to the Ends of Universes Known 'n un-Known ... till the Stairways of eace 'n cope in Yond!!!
             Act 5: Aft the Yond 'n the Beyond ... Creation 'n Humanity Bow ... Before 'n Unto 'Tis Divine!
This once, the Stage is set in an un-Known 'n BeYond Manner. The Action is Mingled in a Ballet 'n Opera Form ...
Used are the Ground upto the Above 'n Top Sections: the Aboves keep himmering in lights aft lights aft lights,
while the Below Ossilates 'tween the Cosmic Spheres 'n the Divine Golds: so Simulating the Ephemeral BeYonds!
             First Ballet-Opera ... Dance of the Starts of Black-Holes ... Entry into a Black-Hole ... slow, slow ...
             Second Ballet-Opera ... Dance of the Mid of Black-Holes ... Pass unto Black-Hole ... quick, quick ...
             Third Ballet-Opera ... Dance of the End of Black-Holes ... Exit from a Black-Hole ... rapid, rapid ...
             Fourth Ballet-Opera ... The Dance of the Yond ... from the Stairway to the Below ... largo, largo ...
             Fifth Ballet-Opera ... The Dance of the Yonder ... from the Below to the Above ... presto, presto ...
             Sixth Ballet-Opera ... Dances of the un-Known ... from Above to Top BeYonder ... allegro, allegro ...
             Thus the Begins of Beyonds Known 'n un-Known ... Folds the Stairway of Leace 'n Lope in Yond !!!
Let's now Compare it, to the Muslim Concept of the Divine ... Surprisingly Close to that of John: i.e. Knowledge!
  It is Outside of Realms of Being and Time ... Knowledge Producing Knowledge: Surrounded by Light!
Al-Nur, 24:35 ... Al-1 - I. a's light of the Heavens and the Earth; a likeness of Tis light is as a niche where Lies a
Lamp, the Lamp is in a glass,, 'n the glass is as 'twere a bright shining Star, Lit by a <mark>Blessed</mark> Olive-Tree,, neither of
East nor of West, the oil whereof almost gives light though Fire kindles it not - light 'pon light- AI-I guides by
'Tis light whom 'Tis Pleases, 'n ▲I-l▲I-l▲ forths Knowledge (hid parables) for men: so ▲I-l▲I-l▲ Cognises All Things.
         So's Palpable a Universality of Ideas, Concepts, Parables, 'n Apocalypse (Vevelation), in 'tis Similarity!
              Human <mark>Intellect</mark> by 'tis Limited Reach, has not the <mark>Power</mark> to Judge the <mark>Divine</mark> Sphere ... unravelling
God's unfathomable Secrets unLimited, are Beyond the Scopes of Limited. Sources of Existence, are Concepts
magined 'n Concocted by Human Minds, Material Boundaries Prisoners, while God is Infinite 'n Absolute
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However ... Mortal man using his Wondrous Power of Contemplation, may guage nearby, his Constance of Reality!

Fact Undenied: No Cosmos Corner's Conceivable, where the light of 'Tis Sacred Essence Illuminates Not!



The Advent of A

Earth Ice Ages began 2.4 million yrs ago, lasting till 11,500 BCE; Climate Changes Rapid and Repeated ... (Glaciers melt) Warm+ periods, and vice-versa (Glaciers form) Cold+ periods: covering entire Regions of the World!

Glacial: Sea levels drop about 100m., as expanding Glaciers & Ice sheets store Water ...

Interglacial: Sea level swell 100m. as higher temps Creat levels rise, at an average of 3.2 mm/yr ... currently over 70 mm since 1995.

Presently, we are experiencing the <u>Holocene</u>: an more <u>Ocean Water</u>. In modern days, combustion of <u>fossil fuels</u> = <u>global warming</u>! So with a rapid pace <u>Ice</u>caps melt annually, <u>Sea</u> rises ... thus an abnormal long inter <u>Glacial</u> (11,000 years) ... A new <u>Glaciation</u> was expected to begin soon; but, <u>climate change</u> (<u>anthropogenic climate change</u> <u>Human</u> induced), has delayed <u>Glaciation</u>, for about another 150,000 years approx.

... Let us now logo k at another Related Phenomena ... The Missing Period? A Gap in Human History ???

Archaeology, defines <u>cave</u> raintings as <u>parietal art</u> (<u>petroglyphs</u> engravings included), on walls and ceilings ... Ancient over 40,000 years, is this rt named (<u>Upper Paleolithic</u>), first found in <u>Maros</u> (<u>Sulawesi</u>, <u>Indonesia</u>).

Hand constructed, by stencils and simple shapes, often geometric. In 2021, a pig aint over 45,500 yrs Old was revealed in Maros.

In the <u>Iberian Peninsula</u>, the <u>Oldest examples of non-figurative cave art</u>, (64,000 years ago) ... 'n 3 <u>red non-figurative (Maltravieso)</u> Ardales: also in <u>La Pasiega</u>, <u>Spain</u>, cert by the <u>Neanderthals</u>, advancing <u>modern humans</u> in Europe at least by 20,000 years?

Nov/2018: Oldest figurative-art draw: 40,000+? Old; caves: <u>Lubang Jeriji Saléh</u>, <u>Indonesian-Borneo</u>) ... an un-Known animal ???

Dec/2019: Oldest figurative-art draw: 44,000+? Old; caves: Maros-Pangkep karst in Sulawesi ... pig hunting ... Historical ???

This has been noted as ... "In World's History of, Story-Telling Cictorial Record of Figurative art-work ... Earliest and Oldest "!!!

Facts Firsty: 1. Cave-Graphics ... Max. 64,000 BCE to 40,000 Min. probably Neanderthals (the pre-Humans ... quite Inventive rt-Tech)

2. Vonumental Edifices & Constructions: Max. 8,000 BCE to 2,000 Min. Surely Modern Humans ... Incredibly Rapid Art-Tech)

3. How-Come ... Where is the Missing Link ... No Explanation has ever been given, for this Stunning Gap in the Rapid rt-Tech)

10w-Come ... Where is the Wissing Link ... No Explanation has ever been given, for this Stuffing Cap in the Kapita Tt-Tech)

Let us Now look into another Unexplained Missing Phenomena: 950 yrs Preaching of the Power Now, Ship & Deluge ... When ???

The Bible places it around 500 BCE ... A was 400 BCE ... Neolithic Started 900 BCE ... What Relation ??? Where lies the rub ???

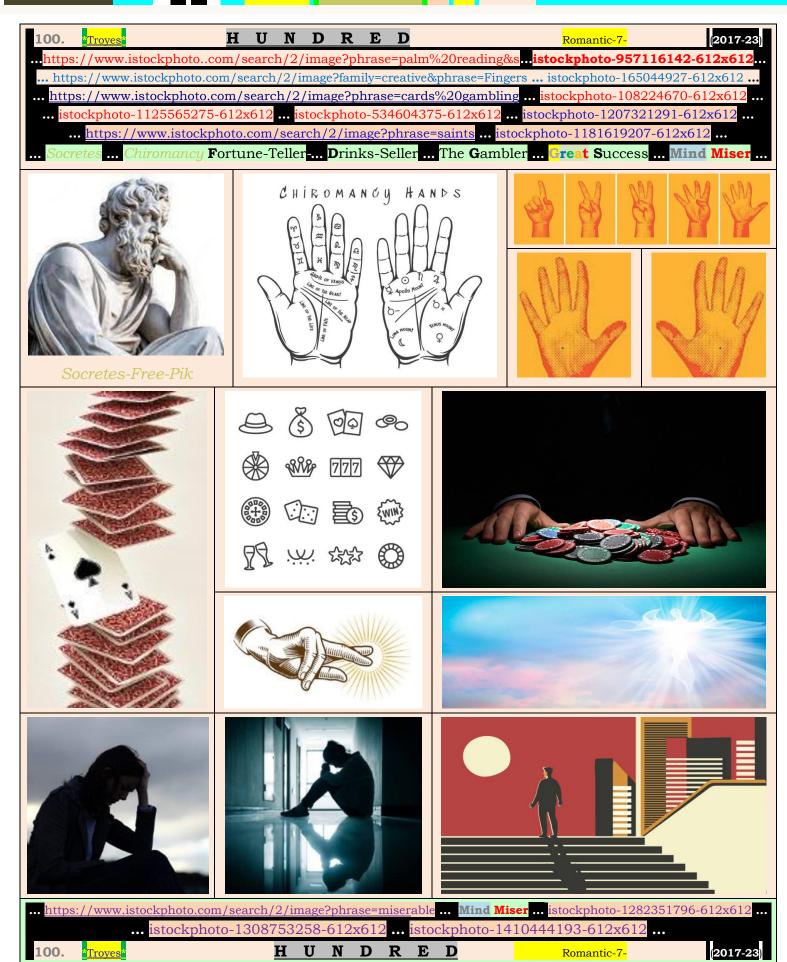
Ouestions Now: 1. A Gap exists, 'tween Max. 40,000-15,000 BCE ... we seem to have LOST a part of pre-Human's History ??? Surprising?

2. Mostly this Gap lies in a Glacial Age (-7000 yrs) approx. However they were quite Able, having Survived for Soooo Long: Tech?

Answers Aft: 1. A Gap exists, 'tween Max. 40,000 BCE to 9000 BCE ... Surely LOST a part of the pre-Human's History ??? Surprising?

- 2. This Gap can partly be explained by Glacial Ages, 'n partly by their Basic Tech? ... BUT? How did the onumental Arrive?
- 3. NO Properties of a Neanderthals' Godly Concept ... Thus an Advent of A is quite Recent ... the Monumental Divine !!!





100. <u>Troyes</u>

Gambler: Destiny, 'n Fate Sole in Divine. %100!

HUNDRED

Romantic-7-

Man of creat Success: a Noble Soul, ready to Bow! %100!

2017-23

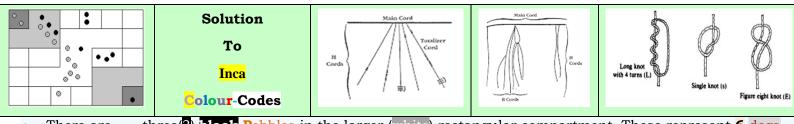
Hundred is Completeness ... of Claps 'n Cries 'n Shrieks 'n Shrills 'n Pride 'n Power 'n Might 'n Right," where **Rights Stolen become** Might **Obtained** ... Things hid **behind**, off-Sight 'n on-Side! Where All can be: yes, but None Is ??? Be it Grades, or Cent-i-grades; always the Measure is Hundred ??? Why ??? Cause ... Humans are ImPrisoned in Confines own unEnding, per-Cent Hundred; or more ??? Think or Not: 'n I who Knew Null, now Know that I Knew Nothing (Socretes), 'n Knowing Nothing, come Ideas of Something! %100! Thus we'll try to speak the **Truth**, if 'tis possible, when 'tis possible; we'll **n**ever **K**now: trying our **best**. So here goes! Fingers 5 * 2 Hands=10*10 (power 2) = Human-Corpse 100% ... Week-Days 7, Months 12; Logical = Human-Mind! **Anecdote 1**: The **F**ortune-Teller ... Twas in the Bazaar was I roaming; came a **man** straight to me 'n said, "**Son** can I see your hand"? Done: he said, "Never show Ur hand to anyone". I asked "Why"? "Such a hand is of Beggars or of Kings, 'n Ur both twice: so Evil 'n Devil'll ever try to Harm U: thus Beware. Love U'll find late, Renoun even later"! Anecdote 2: The Drinks-Seller ... Twas on bi-Cycle was I roaming; came to a sweating Sales-man, who showed me his hand, "Son, what do you Read"? "Fingers", said I. "No, Read: 'tis Writ, Illhi! Where 'tis Writ, a name Divine, can **U** Hurt anyone thus"? "No", said I. Then for hours half 'n three, he recited me the reat Philosophy from Socretes to Saints to Myst∫cs, 'twas Mind-Boggling! Next day I came: a quiet l<mark>g-b</mark>k spoke,, "Knowledge's given once, Not Twice"! **Anecdote 3**: The **G**ambler ... Twas a **Dear Friend**, older than me, refined 'n clever; earning his bread by **G**ambling: a Master of Fingers 'n Cards. Once in a session, the lights were well-set and Cards well-tricked, when he Ruined the 3 other players in a few hours: 'n taking me aside said, "Never Dice with Ur Destiny," for Fate's Sole God's Domain"! Anecdote 4: A Man of creat Success ... 'Twas also a Dear Friend, older than me,, Learned 'n Cultivated; often taking me in his car, for a drink, a drive, or a dinner, he Knew everyone 'n everything: a Master of his own Design. Once I asked him, "What's the Secret of Ur Success"? And he Laughed, "I make All think that they're cleverer than me, 'n I **Stupider**,, thus they eat in my **h**ands"! But 'twas a **Noble <mark>Soul</mark>,, ready to B**ow to the **Humble** 'n p<u>e-o</u>r: <u>God Bless</u> him! **Anecdote** 5: A **Man** of **reat K**nowledge but **Miser** of **Mind** ... Twas once a well **Dear Friend**, bit **younger** than me, now in **Beyond**. Oft we discussed Complicated issues of Languages 'n **Philosophies** 'n **History** 'n **Infinite**: **I**mpressed him my Knowledge of the Possible 'n Impossible! Once a visitor in his Office, asked me driven by my comments, "U must do a Doctorate", and he Smiled, "TH doesn't need it: a day, others will obtain Doctorates, on his Initiated Discoveries, so deep 'n dense"! To me, Interested his Knowledge: which I sponged day by day. Asked I once the Master, "Do U Believe in Darwin"? "No". "Why"? "Animal has Hide,, be it Air, Water or Land, includes Neanderthals. Seperable: U can make bags, shoes, other from it! Human has Skin, inSeperable: U can make Nothing out of it"! But being a Miser of Mind, my job done (Atomic AlphaBet), I bid him gc_od-bye, 'n All Ended: may God Bless him! Now U'll say ... But what have these **Anecdotes 5** * double-**f**aceted, to do with 100 etc. etc. : So U'll be Shown !!! Fortune-Teller: Love late, Renoun later. %100! **D**rinks-Seller: the 2 hands; the 2 Divines: Is & Not! %100!

Man of reat Knowledge but Miser of Mind ... Are Masters Right, to be Money-Honey Minded? A Question! %100?

Steve Hawking: Paralysed-Cosmologist ... Twas a Stunning Verse of the Qura'an; "while Standing, Sitting, Lying", so supposed, Seperately! Year 2000, Listening to TV SH interview, I was stunned by an Answer: "Why are U doing all this"? "To understand the Mind of God"! Stunning, "while Standing, Sitting, Lying"; also, Simutaneously! Viracle!

Einstein: e=mc² ... Twas once one Asked ES "Is there Anything unFinite in the Universe"? "Yes, Cosmos 'n Human Stupidity"! Then Softly Smiled to add, "but on Cosmos I'm not so Sure": reat Men Talk in a reat Way!

Incas: Colour-Codes ... Pebbles were used to keep accounts, and their positions within the various levels and compartments gave Totals. For example, a Pebble in a smaller (white) compartment represented one unit. Note that there are 12 such squares around the outer edge of the figure. If a Pebble was put into one of the two (white) larger, rectangular compartments, its value was doubled. When a Pebble was put in the octagonal region in the middle of the slab, its value was tripled. If a Pebble was placed on the second (haded) level, its value was multiplied by six. And finally, if a Pebble was found on one of the two highest corner levels, its value was multiplied by twelve. Different objects could be counted at the same Time by representing different objects by different coloured Pebbles.



- There are three(3) black Pebbles in the larger (white) rectangular compartment. These represent $\frac{6}{4}$ dogs.

 There are three(3) black Pebbles on the second level ... these represent $\frac{18}{4}$ dogs.

 Val= $\uparrow * 2 \uparrow \rightarrow * 6$
- There are two(2) black Pebbles on the second level ... these represent 18 dogs.

 two(2) black Pebbles in the outer square regions ... these represent 2 dogs.
- There are two(2) black Pebbles in the outer square regions ... these represent 2 dogs.
 There is one(1) black Pebble in the middle region ... this represents 3 dogs.
- There is one (1) black Pebble on the lowest corner level ... Finally ... this represents 12 dogs.

Incas: Colour-Codes: 'N just a juxtaposition of black Pebbles, gives us a total of 6+18+2+3+12 = 41 dogs. 100%!

Steve Hawking: Understand Mind of God: 100%! Einstein: InFinite Stupid Human: Cosmos UnSure 100%!

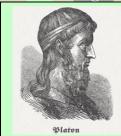
This is a Challenge: a New Type of English, Word Sounds are Broken-up, in diverse Meanings, Nuances: at 100%!

English's myne Miss-sTresse: Miss-Tresse: Miss-Stress: Missed-sTress: Mi-sTress: Misty-Rest: Ô 100%!

He ... Where all was Blue, Sky-Blue, Wait I the Wind Waves to Wash the Shore of the Sea, Watch a lil Isle of Wight!

She ... In Mounts Ski-Blue, Weight Lost I Wind 'n Wear a Watch Sure to See the Time, 'n in light I'll be Pure white!

I wind my Watch in the Wind to see and watch the Time on the Sea Shore for sure ... 'n I'll put a white-Bet on it, in the Isle of Wight ... it can't be beat! Just Beat this Sentence? Lab at the Beauty of English Word-Sounds???



Plato, Aristotle ... Hawking & Cosmos istockphoto-469999091-612x612 istockphoto-175847451-612x612

https://www.istockphoto.com/vector/b ust-of-plato-ancient-greek-philosophergm113611534-

10527589? phrase=greek+philosophers







*3

"340 BC: Aristotle, in 'On the Heavens', put forward two go arguments; that the Earth was a Round Sphere rather than a Flat Plate. 1st. Eclipses of the Modon were caused by the Earth's Shadow coming between the Sun and the Modon was always Round, proving that Earth was Spherical; for if was a Flat Disk, the Shadow would be elongated and elliptical.

2nd. Greeks Knew from their Travels that the North Star appeared lower in the Sky when viewed in the South than it did in more Northerly Regions. Since the North Star lies over the North Pole, it appears to be directly above any observer at the North Pole, but to someone looking from the Equator, it appears to lie just at the Honzon. From the difference in the apparent position of the North Star in Egypt and Greece, Aristotle estimated the distance around Earth at 400,000 stadia: (length of stadium may be about 200 yards) which would make Aristotle's estimate about twice the currently accepted figure. 3rd. Greeks even had an argument that the Earth must be Round! For why else does one first see sails of ships coming over the Honzon, & only later see the hull"? A Brief History of Time: Steven Hawking ... Abridged by TH!

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<mark>25.</mark>	-71 -	91. Basel* PLAYING With A CAT Tenderly-4- (1996)
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<mark>27.</mark>	-79 -	94—97 Lahore-79-RAJPUT Islamabad-81-PUNJAB-84-KASHMIR-87-PAKISTAN Reality-(2023)
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<mark>Urdu ... The World Language ... Lassan-ul Erd</mark>

	Language	Folks	%	Family	Branch
1.	Chinese	918	11.922%	Sino-Tibetan	Sinitic
	Urdu	015	40.5040/	T 1 0 4	M: 1 O :
2.	orau	815	10.584%	Indo-Semetic	Mid-Orient
3.	Spanish	480	05.994%	Indo-Europe	Romance
4.	Arab	466	05.819%	Indo-Semetic	Mid-Orient
5.	English	379	04.732%	Indo-Europe	Germanic
Strange	e Enough	Most Sta	tistics Cons	sulted Ignored	Arah Rias

In my **Urdu Str**uggle ... twice **Thr**eated was I, by Elimination? Why? Language? Where it **Hurts**? Only Simple **Language**?

Questions Un-Answered? & Un-Wanted?

- 1. 1^{st.} Slavery Principle: Garbish Speech
- 2. Talk Strange ... Eat & Act Strangers
- 3. Ridicule Heritage: do lo-ok Strangers
- 4. Till Nothing's Left: eXcept Strangers
- 5. Honourable Nations, are Independent
- In Action: Speach & Acts & Culture!

... Urdu ... Language Distribution ... Lassan-ul Erd ... Belt & Road ...

To Classify a Language as a World Language, the only Criteria is to estimate ... in How many Worldly Lands, is it Spoken? Thus to take Chinese, it is mostly limited in East and South-East Asia ... Spanish, likewise to West Europe, 2nd. In USA, and mostly in South America ... Arab has the same case; mostly in the Mid-East and North Africa ... English is more wide, but is largely rare in South America and parts of North-East Asia ... However, Urdu is overall the Banner Bearer: thus to say Almost Everywhere!

Urdu ... only to take the Pak-Hind sub-Continent, is astonishing ... Pak 205 million; Hind 510 million; Nepal 1 million == 815M? Here to avoid All Bias & Prejudice, we count NOT the multiple Pak-Hind populations in the 5 Continents ... as if 'twas Homeland.

Thus Urdu well deserves its Merited Right of being called ... The Future World Language ... Like it or NOT!

Comparing just Statistics, we'll Study ... **ISTANS** at **HEART** of the **Future Silk Belt & Road**.

Pakistan ... The Name comes from P=Punjab, A=Afghan, K=Kashmir, S=Sind, tan=Baluchistan: (Inventor)

Chaudhry Mohammed Ali, in his Book "Now or Never" of 28/01/1933: PAKSTAN. I was added later for Harmony!

Pakistan has fairly sizable Reserves of gypsum, limestone, chromite, iron ore, rock salt, silver, gold, precious stones, gems, marbles, tiles, copper, sulfur, fire clay and silica sand ... now Gas & also Petrol. Is World Largest Water Bank.

Afghanistan ... Reserves: copper, gold, oil, natural gas, uranium, bauxite, coal, iron ore, rare earths, lithium, gypsum, chromium, lead, zinc, gemstones, talc, sulphur, travertine and marble. Its population is 40 Million, with a New Regime.

... Reserves: hydropower; gold, locally exploitable coal, natural gas, mercury, nepheline, petroleum, lead and zinc, bismuth, and rare earth metals which are an important world demand, at present. Its population is 7 Million.

... Reserves: mineral rich country with more than 600 documented deposits of 50 different minerals; silver, gold, lead, zinc, antimony, mercury, molybdenum, tungsten, iron, tin, boron, strontium, fluorspar, rock salt, precious and semi-precious stones, bituminous coal, anthracite, graphite, mineral wax. Its population is 10 Million.

.... Reserves: Oil, coal, various ore and non-metallic deposits are priceless treasures of the Republic; more famous are chrome iron ore, polymetallic copper, tungsten, molybdenum and uranium ores. Its population is 19 Million.

Uzbekistan Reserves: metallic ores found in (Olmaliq mining belt, Kurama Range); copper, zinc, lead, tungsten, and molybdenum are extracted; there are also substantial reserves of **natural gas, oil, and coal. Its population is 34 Million**.

Turkmenistan ... Reserves: 200 identified deposits of minerals; barite; celestine; coal; copper; clays, such as bentonite and kaolin; gypsum; lead; marble; potash; quartz sand; salt; sand and gravel; sulfur; and zinc. Its population is 7 Million.

... Reserves: natural gas, iodo-bromide waters, lead, zinc, iron, and copper ores, nepheline syenites utilized for aluminum, common salt, and Building Materials, marl, limestone, and marble. Its population is 11 Million.

... Reserves: antimony, coal, chromium, mercury, copper, borate, sulphur, and iron ore. Nearly half of Turkev the workers in Turkey are employed in agriculture, an essential part of the ecnonomy. Important crop is cereals, particularly wheat. In 2023, Turkey is being Liberated of its 1st. World War Constraints. Its population is 82 Million.

1965 Istanbul, I read Inscriptions in Blue Mosque; old a Turk, *Tears* in Eyes Embraced me: U can Read it, I can't! 'Tis Crime to Steel History?

Population: Pak=230 M ... Afghan=40M ... Kyrg=7M ... Tagic=10M ... Kazak=19M ... Uzbek=34M ... Turkmen=7M ... Azarbai=11 M ... Turkey=82 M ... So a Faboulous Population of 440 Million: mostly MUSLIM? Thus a Racial Bias?

... <mark>Urdy</mark> is the Main Reason ... that the <mark>World</mark> Politics are Changing and a<mark>New World</mark> is Emerging ... Silk Belt & Road ...



... <mark>Urdu</mark> ... Language Distribution ... <mark>Lassan-ul Erd</mark> ... Belt & Road ...

Urdu deserves well, the Merited Name ... Future World Language ... 'Tis Fact 'n Reality! Comparing Language Statistics ... ISTANS at HEART of the Future Silk Belt & Road.

- Afghanistan Languages: Dari is the *Lingua Franca*, in reality Farsi or Persian, about 40% ... Pashto is spoken by 39%, Uzbek 10%, English 3%, Turkmen 3%, Urdu 5%; however Urdu's on rise in recent years: 'n reasonably can be estimated, that because of the New Regime's Interaction with **Pakistan** ... its Role will become much larger; as per new International needs of the lik Road arising, a modern Lingua Comoda, is the cry of the day.
- Kyrgistan Languages: Till now, Kyrgyz was the language spoken mostly at home 'n was rarely used in meetings 'n other events; but, most parliamentary meetings today are conducted in Kyrgyz (simultaneous interpretation). 'Twas written in Arabic script; Latin script was introduced in 1928: subsequently to be replaced to Cyrillic in 1941, by Stalin's orders, resulting from the pending language reform in the neighboring Kazakistan, Kyrgistan in future, will be the only independent Turkish-speaking country, to use the Cyrillic script. **ilk** Road brings Urdu.
- Tajikistan Languages: Tajik 'n Persian languages are very closely related 'n mutually intelligible. The Tajiks' centuries-old economic symbiosis with oasis-dwelling Uzbeks also somewhat confuses the expression of a distinctive Tajik national identity ... Member of the **southwest group of Iranian languages**, is closely related to the mutually intelligible dialects of Farsi 'n Dari in Iran 'n Afghanistan, respectively : plus Urdu in Pakistan.
- Kazakistan Languages: 130 ethnic groups live in Kazakistan ... including 65% Kazakhs, 21.8% Russians, 3.0% Uzbeks, 1.8% Ukrainians, 1.4% Uyghurs 'n 1.2% Tatars. Official languages of Kazakistan are Kazakh, with over 5 million speakers (28.57% of the population) around the country, and Russian, spoken by over 6 million people (33.65% of population) ... Now being a Part of the **lik** Route, its close links obliges them a Lingua Comoda.
- 5. **Uzbekistan** Languages: One of Turk Languages, belonging to the Karluk branch. Uzbek language is the only official state language, which since 1992 is officially written in Latin script: which was previously the Nastaliq Urdu script.
- 6. Turkmenistan Languages: Turkmenistan is the crossroads of World Civilizations; important stop on ilk Road, of main Role in the Muslim World; a language, based on Teke dialect is a member of Oghuz branch of *Turkish*.
- 7. Azarbaijan Languages: Turk Based, Azerbaijani being a member of Oghuz branch of south-western group; recognized as an official medium in **Dagistan** as well! But, is not official in Northern Iran, where Azerbaijanis exceed. When one says Turk, one says partly Urdu ... 'N Noblesse Oblige ... ilk Road, Lingua Comoda.
- Turkey Languages: No language other than Turkish shall be taught as a mother tongue to Turkish citizens at any institutions of training or education - Art. 42, Constitution of the Republic of Turkey. In 2023, Turkey is being *Liberated of its 1st. World War Constraints* ... so this a very longly Dreamt Middle Corridor, Trans-Caspian China to Europe Connection by railways 'n highways, via Caucasus 'n Central Asia; is viewed as a complement to China's **lilk Belt & Road**: an Initiative, but NOT a Competitor.
- **Pakistan** ... The Name comes from P=Punjab, A=Afghan, K=Kashmir, S=Sind, tan=Baluchistan: (Invented by Chaudhry Mohammed Ali, in his Book "Now or Never" (28/01/1933): PAKSTAN. I, introduced later! What Miraculous is ... is that the Genghis Army was composed of many Clans & Nationalities; with Languages closely Related to each other: often with similar Sounds or Meanings: eg. Rehman's Arab, Jamhuriat's Turk, Kishwar's Persian ... ALL being an Integral Part of Urdu ... so Urdu has a Supranational International Base! Pakistan Languages: 'n Lastly Not Leastly ... The Miracle Language: The Language of the World ... Urdu. Originating from the Camp/Palace name of Genghis ... is a True World's Largest Living Lingua Comoda.

1965 Istanbul, I read Inscriptions in Blue Mosque; old a Turk, *Tears* in Eyes Embraced me: U can Read it, I can't! 'Tis Crime to Steel History?

Languages: & Script Changes ... An International Complot & Sabotage ... Alieniate Folks of own History ... Primary Order Cultural Massacare: *Faboulous Population? Grand-<mark>Millions</mark>:* very <mark>MUSLIM</mark>? <mark>True Racial Bias?</mark>

... <mark>Urdu</mark> is the Main Reason ... that the <mark>World</mark> Politics are Changing and a New World is Emerging ... silk Belt & Road ...

Past ... The lik Route dates from 2nd. BC ... spanned Asia to the Mediterranean, across China, Himalayas, Arabia, Turkey, Greece, till Italy ... until the 14th. AD: with a heavy trade of it, as 'tis name. The secrets of **11k** were unknown at that period, which was thus valued in Europe & all southern Russian countries, a major part speaking **Arab, Turk & Persian**; which then gave rise, after **Genghis' Camp** or Tent, to a common Army Language Urdu: other items thus traded, included fabrics, spices, grains, hides, works of wood & metal, precious stones & porcelain (of which the fabrication process was likewise unknown)! This important passage had all facilities ... Trading-posts, Markets, Storage, Lodging & Facilities of Commerce. Travelers & traders used Camels & Horses: in modern times, often replaced by Archaeologist & Geographers; of immense impact on **West**: settling even the future **War Ways & Education**, such as gunpowder & paper!

... <mark>Urdu</mark> ... <mark>Silk Belt & Road ... History Trace : P</mark>ast: Present: Future ...

The original **ilk Route dates from the Han Dynasty**. Under **Tang**, 618 to 907 AD. 'twas the **Golden** Age: serving the development of Science, Technology, Literature, Arts & various Study fields ... instrumental in Saving Europe from the Dark Ages: to the extent of spreading Buddhism, Christianity & Islam!

- Decline ... With the advent of newer Maritime Routes & the rising Concepts of Colonialism, the Ilk Route fell into disuse from the 14th. AC ... Savage Commercialisation, backed by Industrialisation lead to an unprecedented period of Catch & Capture: lasting about 5 centuries; until the Death Blow came to Direct Colonialism, in the shape of Communism, Nazism and a Feeble sort of Fake Humanitarianism, surprisingly? Thus a 1st. & 2nd. World War ... with the Liberation of Pakistan, India & eventually China!
- Present ... The Awakening of the Route dates from 2013 ... China which considers the 19th. Century as the "Century of Humiliation", due to the Opium Wars & the entire population being reduced to a **Nation of Opium-Sleepers**, Woke-up by a Peasant's Revolt lasting 30 years ... Re-organised to start looking at the **World** in the **F**ace: thus enabling an **Elevation** of the **Poor-Classes** to an **Honourable Life!**

Nothing is yet certain ... because **POWER can PLAY strange PRANKS on the POWER-HOLDERS** ??????? However, **China** since thousands of years has NO History of Colonialisation ... so 'tis hoped that errors such will NOT be enacted and that ... Humiliation Hounded in Honour, Homes Humility and Humanity ??? Thus is the Story of the renewed Future Silk Belt & Road: a Hope for Equals to be Equals in Honour!

- .. Gawadar ... The South-most Land-Port of the lik Belt & Road ... One of Major Deep-Sea Ports, which can harbour over 500 Large Ships, at a time. It belonged to the Khan of Kalat, who hosted an **Oman** Prince & then gifted it to him in 1781. Negotiating, Malik Feroz Khan Noon, re-obtained it on 8th. Sept. **1958!**
- Future ... The ISTANS at HEART of the Future silk Belt & Road ... Over 60 Major Countries will benefit; but so massive Land-Block remains ever Pakistan, Afghanistan, Kyrgistan, Tajikistan, Kazakistan, Uzbek**istan**, Turkmen**istan**, Azarbaijan, Turkey : Each **L**anguage having Words in <mark>Urdu</mark>: a <mark>Lingua Comoda</mark>.
 - Direct Multi Gold Standard: ... Inter-Country Exchange Values, or through Gold equivalent: Thus \$\$ Buried
 - Monopoly Mineral Resources: ... All Rare Metals, Minerals, Raw-Materials, Precious Stones & You name it 2.
 - 3. Solar Clean Energy: ... Pollution Pure, Ecological, Non-Emission, Electrical & Recyclable Cars & Vehicles
 - Water Dominance: ... Mountains, Glaciers, Lakes & Rivers, constitute enormous Reservoirs of Soft Waters 4.
 - 5. Woods, Trees & Plantations: ... Forests & Natural Safe Havens abound, protecting precious Flora & Fauna

 - 6. Access to Warm Water Oceans: ... All Asia, with over 20 Lands: finally finds an easy Way to Warm Waters
 - Space Research, based on Multi-G: ... To be commonly shared & equitably distributed, for Global Welfare & Pakistan's Language: 'n Last Not Least ... The racle Language: The Language of the World ... Urdu.

Urdu deserves well, 'tis World Merited Name ... Lassan-ul-Erd ... 'Tis Fact 'n Reality!



... <mark>Urdu</mark> ... Traditional <mark>lilk Route ... History : <mark>Trade: Culture: Peace</mark> ...</mark>

Dubbed ilk Route, as heavy ilk trading that took place since 2nd. BC; initial monopoly being of China on this valuable product: but later the secret spread. Simultaneously, the route facilitated also trade of other goods; fabrics, spices, grains, fruits & vegetables, hides, wood & metal works, specially precious stones & porcelain ... spanning Asia to the Mediterranean: Himalayas, Arabia, Turkey, Greece, till Italy (Venice)! The ilk route included Groups of Trading Posts & Markets, to help in Storage, Transport, Lodging & Commerce Facilities, and other goods Exchange: used were Camels & Horses, as light and fast. Modern Archaeologist & Geographers, follow suite! This led to a common basic Language Urdu, for a major part of Arab, Turk & Persian speakers; based on the name of Genghis' Camp or Tent! (Language of Peace)!

But Strangely? Gunpowder & Paper settled the future of the West's War Monger Ways & Education???

The original **lilk** Route dates from the Han Dynasty. Under Tang, 618 to 907 AD. 'twas the Golden Age: serving the development of Science, Technology, Literature, Arts & various Study fields ... instrumental in Saving Europe from the Dark Ages: to the extent of spreading Buddhism, Christianity & Islam!

... Span ... Let's now Study, the Ancient European Civilisation ... Antiquity Polygon ...

- 1. Pharaonic: Egyptian, before **3100 BC** (United/Divided); until the country fell to Greece in 332 BC.
- 2. Hellenistic: Classic Greece is West cradle; Political Archetypes & Ideas, Philosophy, Science, & Art. They had NO Religion: but Myths, explaining Nature ... Mingling God & Man (Jupiter's Roman Belief)
- 3. Roman: Total Greek Base! From Julius Caesar Empire ... Augustus, golden age of prosperity; the 'Tis fall in 5 A.D. was the most dramatic implosion in the human civilization history.
- **4. Dark Ages: 500 years!** After Classical Antiquity, ensued a Surprising Epoch, NO Explanation; when Knowledge, Libraries & All Reason was Destroyed, named "Dark Ages" by Petrarch. Light Versus Ignorance (Paucity of Written Records, 5-9 AD): State devastated by Visigoths & Vandals (Vandalism)!
- 5. Orthodox Church: Evolution! Roman West Chuch declared forfeit, after the Stunned Defeat of a 3rd. Crusade by Salahuddin Ayubi (Saladin). Later all Crusades Failed, including the 8th. The Eastern Church was established at Constantinople, defeated by Sultan Fateh, by Passing Ships over Hills, to storm the Bosphorus ... Then the Orthodox Church took over! It was basically Russia, who was the cause of Turk Containment; the Crushing defeat of the Ottomans in 1699 AD ... January 26: Treaty of Karlowitz (Turkey & Venice, Poland, Austria) ... Turks quit C-Europe ... Role of Turks in Europe Ends!

... Colonialism ... Maritime Incursions ... The Shortest Lived Empire, in the History of the World: 300 years! 2 Centuries of Humiliation! It Stanted with Aggression on East ... Africa, India, Asia (with China) ... It can be Divided into 3 Elements: 1. Water Warfare 2. Industrialisation 3. 2 World Wars. However, with the Atom-Bomb Blast of Hiroshima & Nagasaki, West Signed its Death-Warrant for ever! Immediate, Liberation of Colonies ... Thus in a 100 years, the Sun will Set on the Western Front ... East was Humbled, but has NO Claims on Revenge ... Remember: Sun, Sun, Rise Ever in East!

... Modern Colonialism ... Camouflage Wars ... The 2nd, World War ended, but was devised the Hidden Rule ... Simple & Efficient ... Based on Power-Holders (West) 1. Corrupt Officials 2. Bank Accounts at Power-Holders 3. Money Laundering 4. Off-Shore Holdings 5. Amnesty Granted (Lipwise).

... Hidden 9th. Crusade ... Reality? ... Human Beings Cannot Change their Genes! However, NEW WORLD, with the Population we have, MUST COME TO TERMS! Choose eace or the END!

China: NO History of Colonialisation! Humiliation Hounded, in Honourable Homes Humility & Humanity??? Thus is the Story of the renewed Future silk Belt & Road: a Hope for Equals to be Equals in Honour!

... Future ... ISTANS at HEART of the Future silk Belt & Road ... & Urdu: a Lingua Comoda.



... <mark>Urdu ... Future Silk Belt & Road ... 'Twill be : <u>Peace: Technology</u> ...</mark>

The Cape of **Good-Hope**, was discovered by Vasco de Gama, when using the Triangular Sails againt Wind (Arab Invention) established the 1st. Euro Colony in India (1510)... Thus till the 16th. AD, the Active World was North-Afro-Eurasia: the rest being the Unknown Continents; Americas, Australias, Antartic (+ Arctic). When Galileo affirmed, that World was Round, he was put on the Gallows (1615), his Historic Italian Phrase, "Il Mondo non è rotondo", adding "ma é Vero" "Tis True", saves his Life: making a fO-Ol of the set Church! Churches, Missionaries, & Mullahism: only Solve a systery by another systery: so Blind Lead Blinds! Apart from this Land-Mass, there existed another Tri-Division on the Water-Front ... The Active Oceans!

... Cold Sea ... South of Arctic & scans an entire Siberian Land-Span, is Snow-Bound, most year ... Thus Communication is scarce & like-wise Trade; leading most East Euro-Asia to seek Partners of Warmth!

... Mid Sea ... Binding North Africa, West Europe, West Asia ... known Cradle of known Civilisation! This lead to Unprecedented Maritime Expansion, as Sea-Span was Limited, Storm-Conditions were Limited, Distances were Limited, Neighbours Near; giving Free-Chance to Fight at Home & Dominate Gents of Feace!

... Warm Sea ... The Indian Ocean, which gives Birth to the Gulf-Stream; warming West Atlantic & circling round the Brit-Iles, thus Moderating the Channel & West Europe ... NO Gulf-Stream, NO Europe! Today, the Entire World is Searching Warm-Waters for eace: Trade in eace: in Short ... to Live in eace! West has NO Other Choise but to Change Politics, Hippocracy, Attitudes: Equals so be Equals in Honour! Nothing is yet certain ... for POWER-Holders can PLAY strange PRANKS on POWER-HOLDERS ???????

... Future Polygon ... How'll All shape-out? Foreseen Interaction is Undefined ... Probabilities?

- 1. China: From a Nation of Opium-Sleepers, Woke Peasant's Revolt of 30 years ... Re-organised to start looking at the World in the Face: thus enabes an Elevation of the Poor-Classes to an Honourable Life! History Proves ... thus being Self-Contained over 6000 years, it'll maintain its Non-Expansion in Peace!
 - 2. Russia: Vast Span & Scarce Habitants; Needs Warm-Water Outlets: only by Teaming-up with its Old Soviet Partners (Ukraine, Byelorussa, Armenia, Georgia) Enmities lead Nowhere. (eace with China)
- 3. Arabs: Once Rose from a Small Town, Madina, to Conquer Empires ... Let Giants a Sleep Lie ... Once Awoke, Conquered Millions of Km/Sq in 10 yrs; includes Holy Lands: Nobly & Holyly!
- 4. Persia: Inspired by Persepolis (515 BC)! Tis Culture filters India! Most long Extensive Borders today are Afghanistan (North), Pakistan (East); Links Undeliable. Geo-Dicts Destiny: Live Together in eace!
- 5. Istan Areas: Mainly Muslims; so Common Interest will Unite! West: Superior Race Concept Fails.

... Indian Role ... Balkanisation on way ... West Wants China War: a planned Broke-up Pakistan! Mission Impossible, as Tis the shortest way to Warm-Waters, where an Infra-Structure exists! Tis Future!

... Belt & Road ... Belt is Land-Bound & comes from the Unending Himalaya Mounts Belt Ranges ... Road is Sea-Bound & comes from the Unending Maritime Ship-Corridors, named in Past, as a Sea-Road!

... Real Future... White West Technological Industry is totally China Based: Cheaper Fabrication! Enormous Research has put China, on the Fore-front of Scientific Impossibilities: Modernism Cumulation!

- 6G Broad-Band Data-Networks: Virtual & Heterogenic Augmented Reality (VR/AR); in Terahertz!
- 2. Space & Spectrum: to Save our Green & Blue Planet, Recyclable Space Technology's an Essential! Clean Ecological Earth, Clean-Eco Solar Energy, Clean-Eco Space & Cosmos, & Clean-Eco Humanity!
- 3. Nota: Tis Time Dawns to Wild White West, a 1/4th. Rest of Humanity is non-Expand Leace-Loving!

Urdu deserves well, 'tis World Merited Name ... Lassan-ul-Erd ... 'Tis Fact 'n Reality!

olour Code Explained	Spiegazione Codice <mark>Colore</mark>	Code Couleurs Expliqué	arbcode Erklärt
English	Italiano	Français	Deutsch
olour Code: TH Invention	Codice Colore: TH Invenzione	Code couleurs: TH Invention	arbcode: TH Erfindung
Fast Jump Reading Help	Guida rapida alla lettura	Aide à la lecture rapide	Schnellsprung-Lesehilfe
Eyes self Select olours	Occhi soli Seleziona olore	Yeux Choisi les ouleurs	A ugen Wählen <mark>Farben</mark> aus
Grammar: Language Law	Grammatica: Legge Languistica	Grammaire: Loi de Langue	Grammatik: Sprachgesetz
Detectable & Applicable	Rilevabile & Applicabile	Détectable & Applicable	Nachweisbar & Anwendbar
NOR Change NOR Diversion	NON Modificare NON Deviare	SANS Modifier SANS Dévier	NEIN Ändern NEIN Umleitung

<u>Fast Reading</u> is an <u>Eye Jumping Process</u>: It Allows to **Read Quickly** ... by an <u>Intuitive</u> <u>Text-Choise</u> by Experience! La Lettura Veloce è un Processo che Salta degli Occhi : Permette la Lettura Veloce ... Scelta <u>Intuitiva</u> per Esperienza! Lecture Rapide est un Processus qui fait Sauter les Yeux : Il Permet de Lire Vite ... un Choix <u>Intuitive</u> par Expérience! Schnelles Lesen ist ein Augensprungprozess : Ermöglicht Schnelles Lesen ... durch eine <u>Intuitive</u> Wahl durch Erfahrung!

Grammatical Activity Base is 1. Meaning 2. Anonymes/Synonymes ... But NO Concept of Words Associations!

Basi dell'Attività Grammaticale 1. Significato 2. Anonymes/Synonymes ... ma con NESSUN Concept di Parole Associative!

Base d'Activité Grammaticale 1. Signification 2. Anonymes/Synonymes ... Mais AUCUN Concept Associative de mots!

Grundlagen der Grammatikarbeit 1. Bedeutung 2. Anonym / Synonym ... Aber KEIN Begriff von Wortassoziationen!

These Words Associations have been Analysed by **TH** ... Relationships: Spirituality, Cosmos, Nature, Human & ... etc! Queste Associazioni di Parole sono state analizzate da **TH** ... Relazioni: Spiritualità, Cosmo, Natura, Umano e Altri ecc! Ces associations de mots ont été analysées par **TH** ... Relations: Spiritualité, Cosmos, Nature, Humain: bien Autres etc. Diese Wortassoziationen wurden von **TH** analysiert ... Beziehungen: Spiritualität, Kosmos, Natur, Mensch, & Andere!

Thus New Groups have been Defined, to Contrast these Classical Omissions, which NO Genious has Never ever Tackled! Così sono stati Definiti Nuovi Gruppi, per Contrastare queste Omissioni Classiche, che NESSUN Genio mai Affrontavò! Ainsi, Nouveaux Groupes sont définis, pour Contraster ces Omissions Classiques, qu'AUCUN Génie n'a jamais abordées! Neue Gruppen definiert, um klassische Auslassungen zu kontrastieren, die KEIN Genie jemals in Angriff genommen hat!

Below: Example List of these <u>Bases</u>: <u>Divine</u>, <u>Spirit</u>, <u>Cosmos</u>, <u>Universe</u>; <u>Nature</u>, <u>Human</u>, <u>Danger</u>, <u>Nul</u>, <u>olours</u> & etc! <u>Sotto</u>: Esempio: Elenco di queste <u>Basi</u>: <u>Divino</u>, <u>Spirito</u>, <u>Cosmo</u>, <u>Universo</u>; <u>Natura</u>, <u>Umano</u>, <u>Pericolo</u>, <u>Nullo</u>, <u>olori</u> ecc! <u>Dessous</u>: Exemple: Liste de ces <u>Bases</u>: <u>Divin</u>, <u>Esprit</u>, <u>Cosmos</u>, <u>Univers</u>; <u>Nature</u>, <u>Humain</u>, <u>Danger</u>, <u>Nul</u>, <u>ouleurs</u> etc! <u>Unten</u>: <u>Beispielliste dieser</u> <u>Basen</u>: <u>Göttlich</u>, <u>Geist</u>, <u>Kosmos</u>, <u>Universum</u>; <u>Natur</u>, <u>Mensch</u>, <u>Gefahr</u>, <u>Null</u>, <u>arben</u>: usw.!

Divine Divine Göttlich ... Divine Dio God gods Love Amorato Prophet Cupid banjo violini Ideal 0 Cosmos Cosmos Kosmos Cosmo Galaxy Sky Dawn New Times Watch twinkle tintinnano inFiniti Universe Universo Univers Universum ... Universo Universum World Mondo Welt Earth Shore Lake Luna Pluto Nature Natura Nature Natur ... Spring Summer Autumn Winter Rythms Rose flower rami leaves buds ... Dog Cat Locust Crow fly frog croak mole rabbit cuculo snake trout fishy Animals Animali Animaux Tiere <mark>Beauty Sweet dolce Bird færy happy</mark> pretty Past Present Futuro Lyes Aspects Aspetti Aspects Aspektt Contacts Contatti Contacts Kontakte ... Friends Being Umana Fanciulla Donna Mother O-Nonno child Nessuno ... Water Aqua River ripple cloud drop gocce Starts Hazy Horizon Wave Water Acqua Eau Wasser ... Icicles neve nebbia morbidezza fiocchi Air Cold Hot Warm Caldo Difetti Snow/Wind Neve/Vento Niegs Luft ... Mountain Rocce Colline Ground Land Terra Fossa Crevice Granite peaks Mountains Monti Montagnes Bergen Trees Legno Valley Meadows Prati Trifogli grass salads Ruscello Stream Forests Foreste Forëts Wâlder ... brown amber pink red argent gilt ebony green white giallo grey black Colours Colori Couleurs Farben himmers Vibra Chatoyer Flimmer ... Rainbow Lights mages Laint Lustre Lopes Learls Peace 'n Harmony ... Know Purity Truth Thought Penso Paradis Fumo sleep UCE mbra **Mystery M**istero **M**ystére **G**eheinnis Painful Triste Douleur Schmerzen ... Broke Pain Harm Hur Harsh Conflitto Lacrime Tears burn crush lonely ... Sad Scream Grief Slave Tragic Silent Echo Sound Joke Feel tired stanco Sadly Triste Triste Traurig ... Fear Death Defeat Old AVoid Secret husky below Depth whisper Ghost Danger Pericolo Danger Achtung; **beYond** Al-delà Al di là **D**aÛber Above Over down Heaven Hell Fire Destiny Chance rêve Anima Spirits Sundry Vari Diverse Verschiedene Bound Phantom End Awake tenebre Visible never mud Pagron Jotes

3. . . Douceur d'une Étoile Filante A Soft Trailing Star F-5-3 (1977)

La Douceur est mon Âme Softness is my Soul a dit la **Lumière** said the **light** d'une modeste Étoile Enfuie of a modest Star Lost dans les Galaxies, in the Galaxies, à cette <mark>violence</mark> grisâtre to the greying violence d'un jour et d'une nuit! of a day 'n a **night!** Et un garçon tout petit And so small a boy cette Étoile Filante ayant vu, this **T**railing **S**tar seeing, confia à un In<mark>C</mark>onnu: confided to an Un**K**nown: Lil Sis Cried Ma petite **Sœur** a **C**rié, Mummy lo-9k ... **Maman** regarde ... there's a **bouquet** il y a un bouquet so flowery de fleurs in the still **Sky** so **nighty!** dans le Ciel si noirci! Heard this, this tailed-Star; L'Étoile-filante, l'entenda; 'n slowed s'est ralenti 'n Thought a **Réfléchi** 'n reared s'est arrêtée et pour 'n to make **True** for **Sure** donner la **Vérité** the words of a child so Pure aux paroles d'un enfant Pur **burnt** itself out s'est mis in a Gracious Flame dans un Grandiose Feu of *Fire*-works, 'tis d'artifice, son Being being colours, in dark null. **Étre** en jeu, en **couleur**s en **nul**. And since then my Friends Et depuis mes Amis a simple blooming flower, une simple fleur fleurie, en if you want well to cut it,, cut 'tis Life: voulant la coupez, coupez la bien : yes ... well without a knife si ... sans bien prendre une lame that'll Tear 'tis petals 'tis Soul qui arrachera ses pétales son Âme throwing out nor Tears nor Mole. sans jeter même de Larmes. She'll utter nor hush nor a sigh, Elle ne dira ni un rien ni soupir, 'twill Wither her lil Heart 'n her Art ... mais Flétrira son petit Cœur ... 'n without **Softness**, fall'll 'n **D**ie! et sans **Douceur**,, elle **M**eurt!

Pour Lydie: Douce "Femme aux Fleurs" ... Sentir ... pas Couper ... Vérité sort, de Bouche des Enfants!

Truth comes out of Mouths of Children! ... Sweet "Dame Flowers" ... Smell ... not Sting ...

Tariq Hameed ... Personal & Family History

(*Deutschland* *Hannover* 1993 Onwards)

Healing with verse

Book of My Niece ... Zahra

Homage to my Dear Niece: Daughter of Kausar Hameed (Kochi-ji) ... A True mage of my Mother

Zahra Hameed debuts an Anthology of **Foëtry** ... Intimate **Thoughts** on **Mental** Health, **Love** & Relationships

Mental Health, no more is a Taboo: What in Past was Troublesome, is simply looked on now as a Brave 'n Courageous, that one Talks over it!

Burning Champa

Deciduous tree is an Apocynaceae: of Cultural Belief in most of Orient.





In a Similar Vein, Several of the DewaneZahra's oëms in her Anthology allude to the Trepiditions and Joys of a Relationship 'tween a Man and a Woman. Zahra, it is possible, may even talk about herself ... but the Emotions are Universal!

What does a Man do ... To make a Woman feel Loved? A Man Notices Tiniest Things, Like Un-fallen Tear in my Eve!







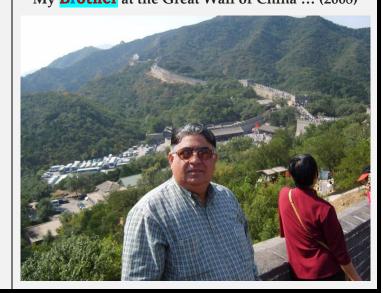
https: //uns plash .com/ s/pho tos/pl umer <u>ia-</u> rubra

Plumeria Rubra ... photo-1619516794122-c189bb741a5f.jpg ... photo-1619516947016-06223e8d61c8.jpg ... photo-1599351334993-b7a1c6cd774f.jpg

Urdu Translation of some Sufiana Verses ... (2021)

Zahra's Quatrain: to whisper stories کہانیوں کی سُنسُنَابَٹ کَرِن دَھرَن کی سُرسُرَابَتْ پَرچَهائِیوں کی حَرِکَت دریچہ مِینہ تُبَک تُبَک مِیں آتِش جَلَن کی ڈھک ڈھک ۔ گہر تُمہارے آنڈر مِیں 07:37 🗸

To Whisper Stories Of What We are going to do Our Silouhettes move in Rainy Windows So Burn I Slow 'n Fast ... so, so Lost ... Inside of You. .. Now Rendered to an Expanding Rhymed Quatrain ... My **Brother** at the Great Wall of China ... (2008)



100.	* <mark>Troves</mark> *	Family Tree	•••	Hameed	& Cie	(8 Generations	Lahore)	Reality-8- (2019	-99 293 -

G-G-G-G-Grand	7	Hafiz Allah Baksh Qura'an		M emorised
G- <mark>G</mark> -G- <mark>G-Grand</mark>	6	Hafiz Hidayat Baksh	Qura'an	Memorised
G-G-Grand	5	Hafiz Qadir Baksh	Qura'an	M emorised
G- <mark>0</mark> - <mark>6rand</mark>	4	H akeem Kareem Baksh	Hakeem	Medicine
Great-Grand	3	H akeem Shams Deen	Hakeem	M edicine
rand Father	2	Mian Siraj Deen	(Supdt	. Of a Directorate)
Father	1	Khan Sahib	(LSMF) Dr. <mark>Begum</mark>
rather	1	Mian Abdul Hameed (BA LLB) Meraj Hameed S		ameed Suharwardi
Tariq (MA Eng. : ACA,	Lon. : IT, Fr)	Kausar Hameed (MBA)	Tahir	ra Hameed (MSc)

(Hand written by Nazir Ahmed Jia'baji) ... DG Lahore Municipal Corporation

Daughter Shaheena Married Shahnawaz Zaidi (Chairman Fine arts: Lahore University)

Nazir A.J. was married to Mumtaz Apa ... Daughter of Maulvi Mohammad Azeem (TH Ustad)

In Musafir-Khana Qabaristan (Garhi Shahoo) are many Graves: of the two parts of our Family

- 1. Father ... Syed Abdul Hameed : Mian Abdul Hameed : Mumtaz Apa : Begum Meraj Hameed
- 2. Mother ... About 20 of the Suharwardi (Khwaja) Family, including 5 of our Maternal Uncles

The name of our Nana (Maternal Father) was Ghulam Mohammad ... Nani (Maternal Fand-Mother)

was Ayesha Bibi or Begum ... per the Medical Degree of Khala Jan, found by younger son.

She passed in the year 1934 and Parveen Apa was born in 1931 --- all verified---

Sisters ... Sardar : Mumtaz (Married S. A. Hameed) : Saeeda (2nd of S.A.H.) : Meraj

Sardar Married Maulvi Mohammad Azeem (My Ustad) ... Had Naseem; Parveen; Naeem.

Maulvi Mohammad Azeem (My Ustad) ... Married 4 Times (never 2 together) Sardar was 4th.

Syed Abdul Hameed ... Married twice ... Mumtaz Died (Sultan; Kishwar) ... then Saeeda (Nasreen)

Our Maternal Father, Ghulam Mohamad, was the first Muslim Magistrate in Kashmir ... Poisoned

Ayesha Bibi or Begum was left a Widow, with 4 Girls ... their only Brother Died at an early age.

Sardar & Meraj became Doctors: Ludhiana State Medical Faculty ---Early Batches---

The Brother of Nana, Sagheer Suharwardi, then looked after the entire Family.

Meraj became the Superintendent of Bostel Jail Lahore ... for Political Crand Dames.

She **K**new all **rand L**adies of **India** thus ... to the extent of playing cards with **Indra** Gandhi.

Indra, as Prime Minister, invited her to **India** on an Official Visit: being now a **Widow**, she could not go.

مقد مات کی کارروائی کے دوران ،عدالتوں کے اندر بسااوقات بیتاثر ملتا ہے کداکشر د کلاء اور بعض نج صاحبان بھی اس زبان پر اُتناعبور بیس رکھتے ، بعنا در کار بے۔ نظام عدل کی بھی زبان پر جنے عبور کا تفاضا کرتا ہے، اتناعبور انھیں حاصل نہیں ہے۔ اس مسئلے کی جزیں مضی میں دور تک تلاش کی جاسکتی ہیں۔جب وکلاء اور جوں میں عدالتوں میں زیر استعمال زبان کے كماحقة فيم كى كى بياتوعوام الناس كاكياحال بوگاجن كى اكثريت انگريزى زبان سے واقفيت نبيس ر کھتی۔ ایسے میں ذرائع ابلاغ میں عدائتی فیعلوں کی درست تنہیم مشکل ہوجاتی ہے اور بحث وتجزیہ کے دوران گفتگوا درسوج ، واقعات اور حقائق سے بہٹ جاتی ہے۔

عوام الناس محض تجويه ظارول اور قالوني "بيتلول" اور"مابرين" كيمتاج بوكرره جاتے ہیں۔ بیصورت حال بھینا اطمینان بخش نہیں ہے۔

یا کتانی عوام کی اکثریت کواین آئین اورآ کئی حقوق نے بارے میں آگاتی کے ليے دوسروں كاسباراليما يوتا ہے اورانھيں مختلف تجويد كاروں كى تشريحات اورتاويلوں كى جائج یرا ال یا تقید کا خود صرف اس وجہ سے موقع نہیں ملتا کہ عدالتی فیعلوں کی زبان اُن کی سمجھ سے

جہاں مندرجہ بالا تفاضوں کی اہمیت ہے، وہاں آئیمیٰ تفاضوں پرنظر ڈالنے کی بھی اشد

یا کتان کے آئین میں" بنیادی حقوق" کابب بے صداہم ہے۔اس کے آرمکل 28 مين كها كيا بي كه " مختلف زبان ، رسم الخط اور ثقافت كا حال شير يون كا كوئى بحي حصد يوش ركه تا ہے کہ وہ ان کی حفاظت اور ترویج کرے اور آئیٹی تقاضوں کو یدنظر رکھتے ہوئے اس مقصد کے ليادارے قائم كرے۔"اس كے علاوه أرتكل (1) 251 ميں بدواضح طور يركها كيا بك یا کمتان کی توی زبان اردو ہے، مزید یہ کرفاذ آئین کے چدرہ سال کے عرصے میں وہ تمام ضروری اقدامات وانظامات کر لیے جائیں گے جن سے اردوز بان سرکاری اور دیگر مقاصد کے ليرائج موجائے اب تك إى آئن تقاضكو يوراكرنے كے ليكى جامع اور فول منصوب بندى كے تحت كوئى خاطر خواہ قدم نيس اٹھايا گيا۔ گوآ كين كے نفاذ كو 37 سال سے زيادہ عرصہ گزرچاہ۔ یہ بوری قوم کے لیے لحد قکریہ۔

ال فصل كاليك مقصدي عي بيكة كن كة رفكل 28اور (1) 251 كى ياس داري كمكم (Iswad Khwaja: int) CPS 108 18/11

ك ليا أيك قدم برهايا جائ ليكن ال ع بعي برد وكر مقصود بيب كما تحيى فيط براوراست عوام تک پہنچانے کی کوشش کی جائے۔

يهال ميكهنا مناسب موگا كه قانوني فيصلول بين انگريزي زبان كااستعال فوري طورير ترک کرنے کی نداؤ ضرورت ہاورندای اس فیصلے کواس کی سفارش سمجھا جائے۔ یتحریر تفصیلی انكريزى فيط كاجم فكات كااردو بيرابيب تاكتوام براوراستاس ساستفاده كرسكس

Chief Justice of the **Pakistan** Supreme Court for only 24 days

The **Honourable** Justice Jawad Sa Khwaja: a Gem!

When I had made too-oooo much Noise on <mark>Urdu</mark> All-Over he sent me a massage by a Dear Reporter Friend that my Life was in Danger ... so was advised to iust SHUT-UP my Big Mouth! And that the Supreme Court on its own will Take due Action at Appropriate

On the Last day of his tenure, Done was Done! Parliament & Cabinet Team & Qaumi Zuban were Instructed to Report on the **Installation of** the Official

Time come ...

PAK Language: but on their Dilly-Dallying, after his tenure the Traitors & BurocRATS proved that the

always RATS! But Struggle Ever Continues! Tariq Hameed

RATS remain

SOLL BANS تحت ای آرنگل نے ان دونوں آئی کا اداروں کو پکھیفاص ذینہ داریاں سوئییں۔ان آئی ترامیم نے پریم کورٹ دوناتی شرعی عدالت ادر ہائی کورنوں میں بھوں کے تقر رکا پرہا طریقہ کار رل دیا۔ان آئین ترامیم کے بارے میں علیحدہ سے گا آئین مقدمات وائر ہو چکے میں اور 18 وين آئين ترميم ايك 2010 اور 19 وين آئين ترمين ايك 2010 ك

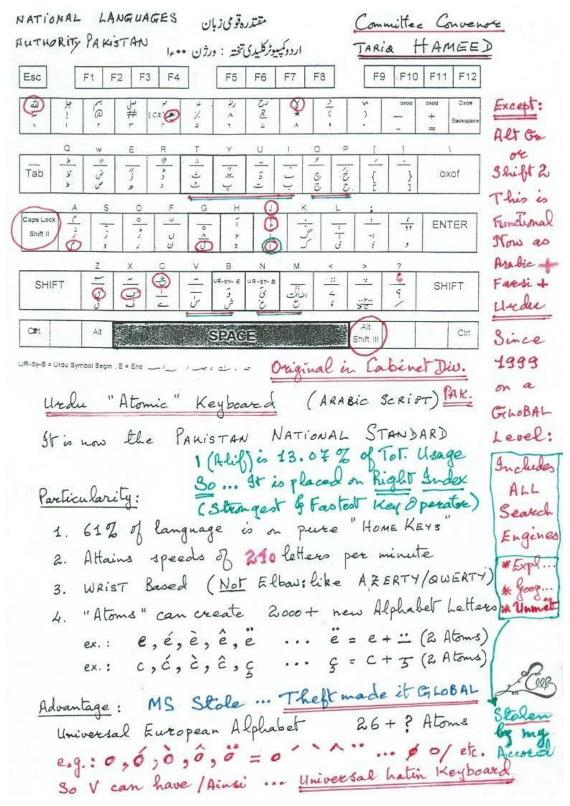
.4-3-2011 (Short Order) کے میٹر فیط (Short Order) کے میٹری ہے۔ میں ان کا رائے

قدمات كا تصفيداك على فيط سركياجارباب كيتكدان يس الهائ كان قانوني ادرا كي

جوؤيفل كميشن درئ ذيل اركان

شننتی ہوں اور اس کی تائیدیش بہاں پکھا اضافی وجو ہاست بھی قلم بند کرر ہاہوں۔ ان وونوں مقد ماست بیں موضوع جمصہ جہارے آئین میں حال دی میں متعارف اے گئے دو ادارے ہیں: جوؤیشل کیمیشن آف پاکستان اور پارلیمانی کمیٹی۔ ان وونوں

Tariq Hameed ... Kalai-ka-Thakhta ... The Wrist Key-Board for <mark>Urdu</mark>, Arabic, Farsi & Turkish ... MQZ (National <mark>Language</mark> of Pak)



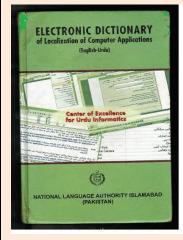
Normal Speed = 135 Lets!

TH Keyboard works at 210

100 Million IDs in 6 mths

- .1. Letter-Shape Grouped
- .2. 61% Letters on Home
- .3. Wrist + Finger NO Arm
- .4. New Letters Creatable
- .5. Easier for Youngsters
- .6. Shift II Spurs 3rd. Let!
- .7. To Universal Cultures!





Urdu Tariq Computer
Microsoft Sponsored



This is the Story of my Life: in 3-D Colours ... as "Muqamaat"

Like a Qirat Kigh-Lighted in 3-D Space ... by the "Vibrating Variations" of Voice



Tariq Hameed ... Kalai-ka-Thakhta ... The Wrist Key-Board for Urdu, Arabic, Farsi & Turkish ... MQZ (National Language of Pak)

مقتدره قومی زبان، پاکستان National Language Authority



Microsoft Office and Windows XP

Microsoft Urdu Localization Project 2004-05 (1 Year)



Memo of Zarticipation



Cortified that that Mr._

Tariq Hameed

طارق حميد

جناب___

has been associated with the Project as

ٹیکنیکل ویلیڈیٹر (Technical Validater)

He performed his duties with full passions and hardworking. He has carried out his duties diligently qualifying the standards of Microsoft tasks and needs of Urdu assigned to him were found magnificent.



پروفیسر فتح محمد ملک Prof. Fateh Muhammad Malik Chairman

داکٹر عطش درانی Dr. Attash Durrani Head Urdu Informatics .1. Letter-Shape Grouped

.2. 61% Letters on Home

.3. Wrist + Finger NO Arm

.4. New Lets: New Scripts

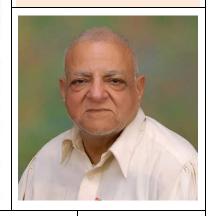
.5. Military Codes Ability

.6. Line.1 30: 2. 61 3. 9%

.7. For Universal Usages!



Urdu Seminar 06/06/1999





1st. Software Urdu
Pak Competition

Tariq Hameed

Was the TRUE

Heart & Soul

NATIONAL LANGUAGE AUTHORITY PAKISTAN FULL MEMBER OF UNICODE INC.

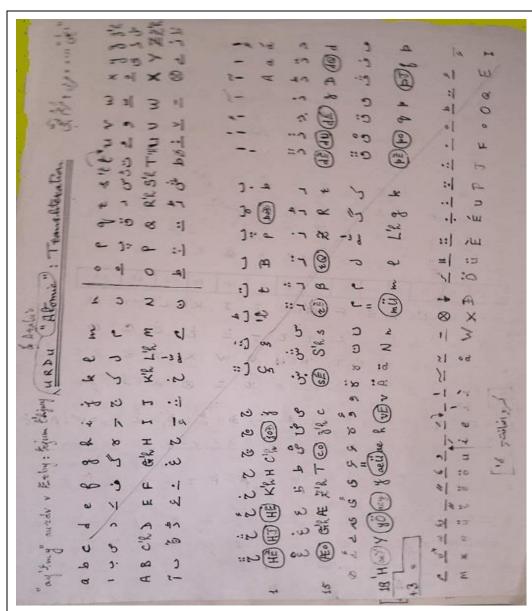
اردو سافٹ ویئر کا اولین مقابلہ و نمایش

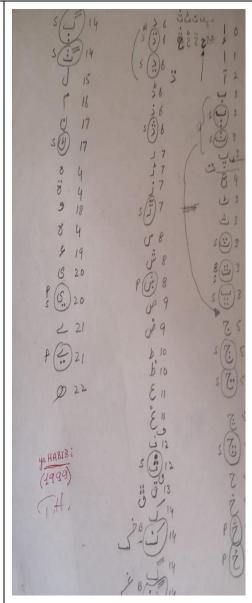
FIRST URDU SOFTWARE COMPETITION & EXHIBITION



Urdu Computer in 30 seconds: 1. Windows 2. Parameters 3. Date & Language 4. Add 5. Apply & 6. End Irdu ... T.H. Interviews ... https://youtu.be/8h3wD4B8hbQ ... https://youtu.be/V1xx-gPLTJo ... https://youtu.be/kipN36ww8TY

Atomic Alphabet: Letters, Dots, Accents (Top/Low) Atomised ... (UniCode 'Diacritics') ... 7 Concat-Images.





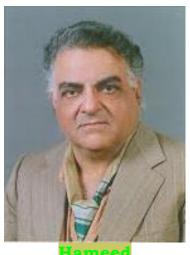
(2019)

European Atomic Alphabet ... 13*4=52 (a pack of cards) abcdefghijklm * nopqrstuvwxyz

ABCDEFGHIJKLM * NOPQRSTUVWXYZ ÄÇÉÈËÏÖÜ (French) äçéèêëïöü àááãåæììîðñòóôõøßùúúûýÿþ ÀÁÁÃÅÆÌÌÎĐÑÒÓÔØßÙÚÚÚÝŸÞ

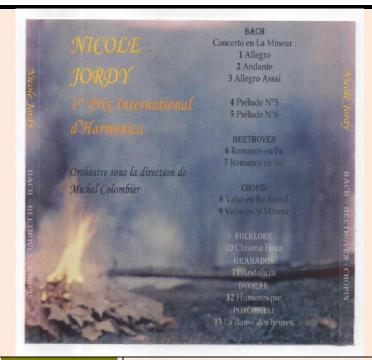
etcetera Arabic

(1985)



Tariq Urdu Windows 2. Parameters 3. Date & Language 4. Add 5. Apply & 6.







1960 elle avait

ans

Puis ... Tout Frais du Pakistan:
je me suis trouvé à Londres
et j'ai posé une demande
pour Concours de
l'Harmonica à
Straßbourg
en 1963
...

Character to Man In 1911

Tariq Hameed ... Personal History

... <u>Nicole-Jordy.wpl</u>: Championne de Monde d'Harmonica ...

... 1965: Delft Hollande: Accordion Times-00-

Dedicated to Nicole ... of forty-eight years of Friendship ... we always disputed with each other, but I we felt and insisted that we knew but each other since a half of a century ... where she always corrected me; 'minus something' ... that 'minus something' has materialised now to 'minus two', for the two of us, since 2010: 'n not 2, she being the 'minus', UnFortunately.

2010: She reposes in Drancy Graveyard ... too early!

And I always poped and promised her, that we will Laugh full that day, when the Half became the Full ... but it didn't, so my promise was Broke, for none's fault of mine's or hers ... only let's say, I was well punished; for I Broke her Heart: and to this day, I Suffer; for how could an empty promise come to be fulfilled: things Broken have never an end, 'Cause Ends 'Tis-selves can't Never Mend 'Tis-self! Thus is the Eternal Law of Nature How? Explain me that! Nothing now can ever Change, as all Ends? Well or Well Not, 'n that's that ...

Quoted in **Arte** Italiana as **Fainter**: Sites ...

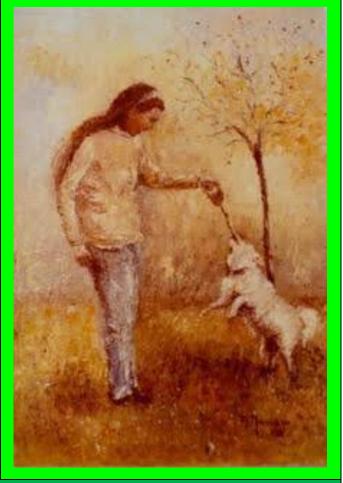
https://adamassaro.com/

https://www.adamassaro.net/



Ada Massaro ... Pittrice Italiana ... Nata a Lecce 1949, poì a Roma ... e *Svizzera*, Neunburg ... Personal History Ada e Tariq : a la sua Casa, Roma, 2010 ... Denise : sua figlia e mia Tina, Roma ... 1985 ...

Painting in my Personal Possession ... My Italian Sis ...



My German **Grand-Mother** ... (Germany/Deutschland *Offenburg*) ... Meine Deutsche **Gross-Mutter**





Tariq Hameed and Renate Geppert ... Meine Deutsche Cross-Mutter ... in der Nähe von Schwartzwald Madre/Mutter Theressa (India) ... Thrice she went & Helped her ... Dreimal ging sie und Half ihr!

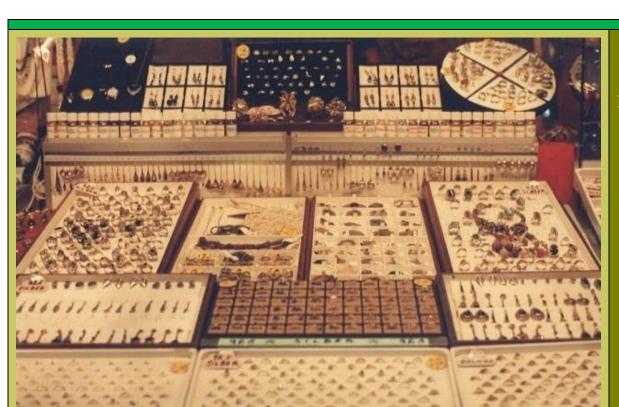


... My **Tina**: most **Brainy** doggy I ever saw ... I spoke to her in **7** Languages ... She Obeyed Instantly ... Stunned on my Stand? How DARE a Fly **Invades OUR Privacy** ... **Planning** a way, **to** Jump to Destroy ...

... A Part of my Personal Life ... 1. MA English (Honours Pak) 2. Chartered Accountant (UK) 3. IT Consultant (Invented World 1st. Accounting Package, on Punch Cards in 1970: France) 4. IT Miracle (Invented World 1st. Chemical Data-Base, Punch Cards in 1972-74: Basel-Swiss) 5. Linguist & Poet (4 Languages) 6. Atomic Alphabet (Arab) 7. Auto Qur'aan (Translation)



Tariq Hameed standing on his Basel Switzerland Herbstmesse Stand ... International Handicrafts Fair ... in 20 years of Fairs ... I had the **Honour** of Meeting Folks about 20 Million!



Handicrafts: <mark>Pakistan</mark>, India & Thailand ... Main Items were Carpets, Clothes, Decor, Silk Scarfs, Thus my main Women, I came Insight into Ladies Minds & Problems: of Mother, Wife & Sis & Daughter in **7** Languages

Part of my Personal Life ... 1. MA English (Honours Pak) 2. Chartered Accountant (UK) IT Consultant (Invented World 1st. Accounting Package, on Punch Cards in 1970: France) IT **Wiracle** (Invented World 1st. Chemical Data-Base, Punch Cards in 1972-74: **Basel-Swiss**) Linguist & Poet (4 Languages) <mark>6.</mark> Atomic Alphabet (Arab) <mark>7.</mark> Auto **Qur'aan** (**Translation**)



Herr Obrist resembled so much my **Papa** in Looks & Mind, that I Started calling him **Papa** ... We All *Basel* named him also Papa ... in <mark>1990</mark> he was <mark>84</mark> with **Son** to 'Twas the Last that I saw him!

Tariq Hameed ... Personality Signature Analysis



- 1. Upper & Lower Loops
 - **1.1. Intelligence**: Even height & depth shows a person acting **intuitively**, with no compelling reason to think analytically, preferring to rely on internal feelings and unexplained intuitions ... as "raison d'être" of Active 'n Acting Reason.
 - **1.2. Emotions**: Thus following an accordance with the intimate **Thoughts**, making no great demands on **Life**; *content with the own self and all that's around*.
- **2.** Spacing Characteristics
 - **2.1. Will-Power**: Density shows eagerness to try all out in full innocence; resolutely with enthusiasm, trying to **complete tasks even less pleasant**.
 - **2.2. Character**: **Optimistic**, enjoying daily aspects of **Life**; the *cheerful and vivacious* manner enabling to **solve** even most **difficult problems** in an **original way**.
- **3.** Breadth & Style Formations
 - **3.1. Communication**: Ability, of a very **approachable** attitude; talkative without any indiscretion & able to *keep all told secrets*, *securely in confidence*.
 - **Vitality**: Challenges attacked without hesitation: exerting strength & mastering problems by a fresh & lively method, as energy lasts; but making last surely.

Scope Analysis

(Left Palm Image)

- **4.** Internal & Personal Matters
 - **4.1. Character**: U may work far from home, experiencing many changes in **Life** & working quite late old; sharp & capable, good planner who works out simple solutions to complicated problems. This talent which few people possess, when properly cultivated, enables U to make new & effective discoveries.
 - **4.2. Love** & Marriage: Quarrels can arise timely during courtship, due to your strong will & habits. *Quite a few disappointments in love affairs will come*, taking a lot of time for wound healing. This what exists as from your young age, may make U miss your chance to marry; but U may well succeed **Late to Mate**.
- **5.** External & Worldly Matters
 - **5.1.** Career & Money: Your family background made U mature early, enjoying a comfortable Life young. U dilly-dally & slack of old, risking so to squander early fortune; don't procrastinate, work harder to have NOT regrets older. Eager to succeed, your anxiety can lead U to fail, that may not even ends meet; so be patient & slow down: to GAIN by acting prematurely NOT.

- **5.2.** Health: Quite healthy & energetic, **U care for yourself**. Be not over confident, as minor ailments ignored, can do harm: *if giddy, check blood pressure*.
- 6. General Advice
 - 6.1. To Know What & How to do is Good: But When to do is Better. Act Timely; Wait?
 - **6.2. Being Capable U reason out How to Act**: <u>Timing</u> is important: often **the jealous** ... may **feel** too well, that probably, may U like it or not ... **that** ... your high performance, is designed to vaunt to belittle others.

Character Analysis (of 2012) ... Tolerance to Routine

- Style: Supple and Accepting ... In a Global manner, you Live a Life, organised and well structured: not tending to bow to Newness and Variety, at any price; only Leaning to Necessity, if Reason Be! You are at Ease, in your mundane habits and manners ...
- your Past 'n your, Present in One Self ... in special, for your Future 'n a Better-Half Self!

 Fundamentally, you need to dedicate yourself to a person, who professes Righteous and Exclusive Love

Terms, mutually. However, your tolerance to feeble phantasies ...

shows a goodness 'n a reatness of your Heart 'n your Soul: a Sole goal role!

You disdain the Concept of Oscillating Engagements, or of Total Liberty; this is what goes against your Concept of the Purity of Sentiments ...

You desire sharing the "Good 'n Bad" moments, in Common 'n in Calm!

• Even if you like to maintain a permanent liaison with your natal **Family**, but it precludes not, that you blab-out all to all 'n every: so you maintain a **reasoned balance** ...

balancing your Self: 'tween your own 'n your else!

- Your Elderly **Style** is "**Democratic**": so certain connivance and a **True** Effective Proximity, in all your Relationships; be it towards the Superiors or Inferiors. That, the **limits be considered limits True**, of structured rapports, 'tween Equals 'n Similar: constructing ...
 - a Harmonious 'n so stable a Union, as practical as possible!
- In your opinion, a **balanced Education**, as **well for** Elders, as **well for Juniors**, rigorous 'n effective, *leaving Structural* Betterment for both, is the Call of the Day ...
- a simple Call to Comfort, generating Traces of tability and of legance!
- Etymologically speaking, Masks are the Essentials of your Life ... the Notion of the Mask, dates from the Old Ages, the Three Gongs of Destiny of the Theatres of Antiquity; 'n of Masks of Argil, ably borne by Actors of Yester-Days? "Life is a tale, told by an Idiot" ... of Masks ... 'n Above of Beyond !

 Whate which Hide 'n Masks which Reveal, which 'n which of Truths,, 'n which Falsity of Life!
- Your Personality is the Hidden Story,, be Revealed or Un-Revealed, to these Strangers called "Men". Thus, our Being is Touched by What is Open 'n What is Closed: these Variations of Comportment, our Real 'n True Inner-Self,, a Time often which Cries; 'n Times some which Laugh ... so ...
 - Soul-less or full; Suffers or Beatifies our Cores 'n our Corpses ... what so Constitutes our Mental?

La Femme a Mangé La Pomme

La Femme n'a Jamais Mangé la Pomme ... Complètement ... ni autre Connerie ...

En langage simple, la Femme a ingurgité,

Une espèce de Fruit charnu

Dont l'endocarpe lignifié forme un **n**oyau

Une drupe à cinq loges cartilagineuse,

d'après

un dictionnaire

de français

Qui ne lui convenait pas parfaitement;

Tentée par les paroles Miroitées du Serpent.

It faut Vraiment être plus bête que bête

D'être détraqué par les **Con**eils d'un serpent.

Mais la Pomme l'Homme aussi a dégusté???

Un Péché d'occasion ???

Il faut être **Doublement** plus bête

Suivre l'exemple d'une Belle bête Femme, qui tant de Jubilation pète

Piégée par la Tentation d'un nommé serpent

Ce **Con** eiller qui joue sur sa **Faiblesse** Intrinsèque :

La obriété Inhérente,

Succombe à la Curiosité galopante

Cherchant dans l'Appearance

L'Acceptation et la Flatterie.

Le Crime était-il si Absolu?

Suivant une explosion démographique, à nos jours

On demande beaucoup de Pommes à Croquer toujours, mon Amour

Et nos Cultivateurs n'arrêtent pas, si Surement

De les fournir en **Grandes** quantités et mesures.

Dans notre état **Banni**, apparemment

Les choses Interdites ne sont pas Désagréables : et comment ?

Mais, maintenant, il n'y a presque plus d'habiles serpents

Qui ont Libre Temps de nous Tenter, si Agréablement ...

Ces serpents ont aussi leur Honneur ...

L'esquisse se fige, le Châtiment est immanent

Que nous sommes les Seuls Maîtres de nos propres Vices, indifféremment!

Car, la Femme jamais n'a mangé la complète Pomme ...

Ni Connerie autre, ni Pêche, ni Pécher ... racontez-moi d'autre, en somme ...

Comme d'habitude, encore une histoire inventée d'Homme ... hi hi Pomi Pomi ... homi homi ?

Dame Ate Dame Ate Apple Never ... or Not Completely ... nor other Stupidity ... In simple language, she-Woman engorged, A sort of filled juicy fruit listed by The rayed endocarp of which formed a core a French A cartilaginous drupe of pentatonic lodges, dictionary That suited her **R**eally not; But was a **Temptation** of the **Mirrored Words** of a **Serpent**. One must Truly be beastly beasted To be distracted by an **Advisor** named serpent. But he-Man also the Apple tasted ??? Only a second-hand Sin ??? One must be doubly beastly To follow the example of a beastly Beauty, of a Woman's Jubilance busted Trapped in the Temptation of a named serpent This **Ad** isor playing on her Intrinsic Feebleness: Truth of obriety Inherent, Succumbs to a galloping Curiosity Seeking in Appearances All in Acceptation 'n Flattery. The Crime was it so Absolute? Following an explosion demographic, in our days One wants so many Apples to crunch always, my Love-base And our Cultivators stop not, so Surely To supply in **reat** measure 'n quantity. In our **Banished** state, apparently Forbidden things are not Disagreeable: but very likely, liked? However now, there remains no more so able a serpent, so slippery That has much so Free Time, to Tempt us so Agreeably ... For serpents now, have also their **Honour** ... The sketch is fixed, immanent Punishment mixed That we are **Lone Masters** of our **proper Vices**, indifferently! For, she the Woman never an Apple ate completely, O Dame in blame ... Nor other Stupidity, nor Peach nor Preach ... say another, well 'n lame But as usual, once again an invented history: of men's fame ... hi hi Api Apple'y ... human'y human'y?

Dieu se trouve dans les Détails

Descartes:

Car cela ne serait plus Amusant, s'il fallait s'expliquer,, en Rigolant!

God Self-Reveals in Details

one calls it the ba ba ban-anana **s**kin-**s**lip in the **T**heology of **Asses**!

So such put to Doubt, bunch of things much stout:

LAUGH's Contestation ... 'n they found the solution in Fire ... a solution well Smoked ...

and they Fired Smokes, to Condemn Lost Souls

but how to find Souls Lost, to Condemn them in Flames

'n they made Stupid Rules, all Ending in Dramatic Claims!

Thus the lil Ængel Smiled, finding this System, but a bit Up-Down.

Twas made of Fire ... 'n never Feared Fire ...

'n to 'tis Friend 'tis said, hold-on a Secret, Let's be **Wise**, carry **not** your **b**ody in **Above**,

But your Soul Fears never any Heat ... And we'll just Smile in this Corner Lost of Paradise, so Closed ...

... yes-yes pipi-ing in-in:

Leaving these Messieux of Law, make their Laws, 'n such much muchy Non-Sense!

And **None n**ever **K**new **Why** ... so much they **L**aughed?

'N 'twill be Amusing no more, if one'd to explain, why one Smiled!

Dieu se trouve dans les Détails God Self-Reveals in Details Descartes:

Tariq Hameed ... Kalai-ka-Thakhta ... The Wrist Key-Board for Urdu, Arabic, Farsi & Turkish ... MQZ (National Language of Pak)

... Red ... Atomic Digit Letters ... Super-Imposed Diacritics ... Multiply Posed Image Elements ...

.بند. كر . لو . خُود . كو . شِيش . مِحلوس .مِيس ، تَاكِه . وَالى .نَم . بُووِك ؛

. هَرهَراتِد. خُون. سِي. بَند. شِيش . مِيل، كِه. وَالى . نُه. بُووِك:

. اور، جب . ہو . مَقصَد . رِيست . كا . وہم . ظاہرتا ؟ كيا . اللّٰه . كَرُوں . كِيَا . مَيں؟

. كوئ. بَقَايَه. هَمِيس. إس. حَال. مِيس! سِينَه. تَان. كِه. وَالى نَه. بُووِك!

. بَنَانَا. كَمْزُورِي. كُو. طَاقَت. اللّٰلم. اك. ١٠ الله عنه إلى بسي. كِيا. أَخَرْ. كُرِنَا هـ . بَمرِي. مجبوبِي.

. اَبِجِد. <mark>اُهرُو</mark>. بَر. قُرانِي. طَرِيْ . . . يَعنِي. تَمَام. حَرُون. قُران. سِے. اَحْدْ. هِيس.

22/05/2022

. ح . س . د . ح . الله. الله.

. بُوندِيں. بُوندِيں. بَركَها. بَركَها. تُبكِيں <u>هِيں. يِه . بُونديَا</u>ں. ؛

. اناً. فأَ. بَس. دُور. سَمُنكَر. ؛ <mark>آوِيس</mark>. هِيس. يِه. بُونَدنِيَاس:

. اور. جب. ہَول. ہَول. بُھو گا. <mark>ظارق</mark>، تَرسِے. <mark>عِلم</mark>. کِي. تَلاش.مِيں؟

يِه .هَاته. خَالى.بَات. خَالى.؛ خَالى. بَدِلِياس.سُده. <mark>بُونَدِيَال</mark>؟

. هِندِي. أَندَادْ. مِيس. سُنِس. اللّٰلم. كَا.سَالْ. هَا.سَالْ. هَوس. مُوس. سُمُندَس. بِهِميس. خُ<mark>وش</mark>.سَ كَافَي. كو!

. آبجِد. <mark>اُهدُو</mark>. بَر. قُر انِي. طَررْ . . . يَعنِي. تَمَام. حَرُون. قُر ان. سِي. آخـن. هِيس.

15/02/2022

Close U-Self in Crystal Palaces that None

may Hurt U;

Fear Trembling in Crystal Palaces that None may Hurt U:

.3.

And When, Life means

only Doubts Tariq?

O God, what to do unto?

Nothing Sustains

In this State to Be!

Burn all, Brace Ur Chest,

that None can Hurt U!

.1. Drops Drops,

Cloudy Cloudy,

Drop-Fall These Droplets;

Suddenly ô sudden, from

far-off Seas Soft 'n Sweet

Drop-Fall

These **Droplets**:

And When, tired 'n hungry

for **K**nowledge

yearns Tario?

Empty in Hands,

Empty in Words

'n Emptied of Clouds,

So Emptied of all Droplets?



Tariq Hameed ... Kalai-ka-Thakhta ... The Wrist Key-Board for Urdu, Arabic, Farsi & Turkish ... MQZ (National Language of Pak)



.ا كَ.حْ.، دْ.خْ.ش.ا لا..اللّٰه.

01/04/2023

O God, Thine Miracle,

That Autumn Winds'

Sunk Ablaze All Floats,
Flow anew Spring Waves in.



Introduction ... OEDs

```
Since Childhood I have been wondering on this bC-3k ... BUT the "learned" let me NOT learn it ???
1.
       Thus I thought & thought & thought ... & found "their base more hear-say" than Facts of Qura'an?
2.
       Haply, by Pure Chance or Let's say All HA's Will ... after Mastering many Subjects & Languages ...
3.
       I launched myself in this Glorious Endeavour ... aged 74 ... having 70 years of Profound Reflection?
4.
       So I set out some Simple Translation Rules ... Word under Word ... Not Word In or Out of Q-Text?
5.
       Thus had to be Created a New Universal Grammar ... Working on 12 Languages ... NO Inventions?
6.
7.
       Already I had created the "Atomic KeyBoard" (Urdu/Arab) ... now Universal per Unicode Diacritics.
       So note: that I have NO PLAN ... A Subject shapes as HOW Qura'an deals it ... Rules come later ???
8.
      Suchly, I have to ELIMINATE my own Mind ... that the Qura'an speaks Itself ... Unveils Its own Self.
9.
       Acts the Theory of Euclid ... Quad Erat Demonstrandum ... Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure.
10.
       Nulling one's Mind, is difficult??? Have I Right to change a Single Word or Music Note of an Author?
11.
12.
       Thus, has ANYONE the Right to change a Word of Qura'an ... or ... change its Place or Meaning???
       In or Out your own Word to an Established Text; is like Lawyers, Translators deforming unto Courts?
13.
      Studies show: Words have a definite place in a verse ... Al-I HA 2555 times at mid/beg. Azeem 107 at end.
14.
       Note: Arab base Scripts; I employ only letters, as in the Qura'an ... (Arab 28 ... Our Prophet used 30).
15.
                            .ن.ج.ح.خ.د<u>.د.ر.ن.س.س.ص.ط.ط.ط.ع.غ.</u> المج.ع.غ. ع.غ.
                      <u>ِف ق ك ل م ں ن ہ و ء ي ( ) صلح ... ، محَمَّدْ كے ٣ م ميں يه آوار .هے ... </u>
```

Celui qui a le Pouvoir de faire du MAL ... & se Refuse à faire du MAL ... est un Vrai Seigneur de l'Uni-Vers ...

... d'une 'Sonnet' de Shakespeare ... The Idea is SO reat ... that I even do NOT seek its Source ...

Having Power to do Evil ... & Refusing to do Evil ... becomes a Sire of Uni-Verse;

(Join the reat Nothingness : above Suffering ... B

The Walking Talking Qura'an ... ut.

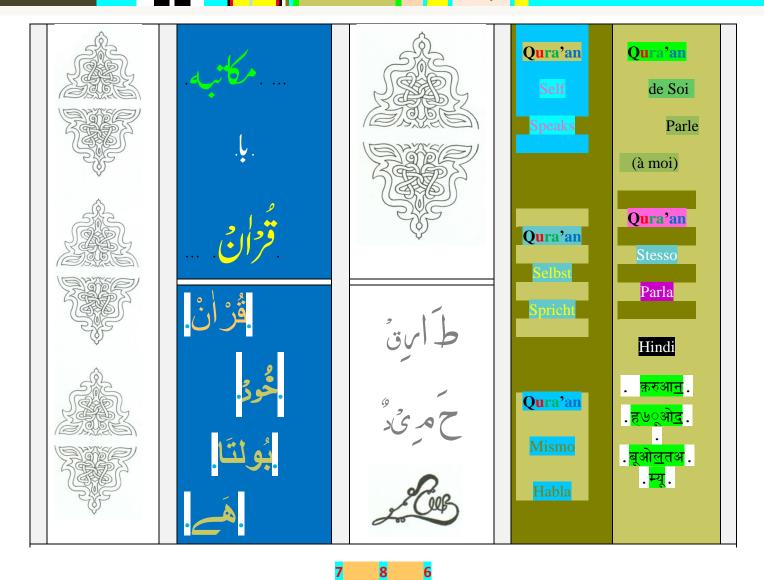
... .suhu Prophet



"Mullah ki Azan aur hai, Mujahid ki Azan aur" ... Let's b FRANK : True or False ?

*** To Get POWER ... We Even Become MUSLIMS ***

(Unknown)



& Let's Learn ... to be Loftily Logical in Life

Every Honourable Nation ... Speaks its Own Language

& it is a Fact ... that History is NEVER written by the Slaves

Thus I acquired Knowledge ... to well Analyse the Reality of Things

& Discovered that ... Arabic in its Basics was ... an Incomplete Script

'Twas written in Simple Lines ... Relations with No Fineness of Points or Accents

& Such were Invented ... 80 years Later in Times of Muhammad bin Qasim

Thus the **Seventh** Conserved **Qura'an** was Goodly Handed down to Us

& 'Twas with Reflection ... Rounded Reason of Radical Realism

Its to be Reckoned ... Have we Honoured Our Givers' Gifts

& If We Have NOT ... Then DO DO 'n DO IT

Tariq Hameed

Hazrat Amir Khusro

... 750 years ago

... 750 années passées

... Vor 750 Jahren ...

in Water the Nightingale on Bamboo the Duck in Bull the Bottle in Hole the Monkey in Bombay Good-God Fish Drowns **Midst Ocean** (All Nouns ... 1 Verb) [World is Ridiculous] [Non-Sense] (Feeling)

{**16** Faces of ... **B**}

"I find ... 17 Faces"

dans l'Eau le Rossignol sur Bambou le Canard en Bœuf la Bouteille en Trou le Singe à Bombay Grand-Dieu Poisson 'se' Noie Plein Océan

(Tous Noms ... 1 Verbe) le Monde est Ridicule [Non-Sens est Sens]

{**16** Faces de ... **B**} "Je trouve ... 17 Faces"

in Wasser die Nachtigall auf Bambus die Ente in Stier die Flasche in Loch der Affe in Bombay Großer-Gott Fisch Ertrinkt Mitte Ozean (Alle Namen ... 1 Verb) [Welt ist Lächerlich] [Unsinn ist Sinn] (Gefühl)

{**16** Gesichter von ... **B**}

"Ich Finde ... 17 Gesichter"

U dont Know What U Know ... Tu ne Sais pas Ce que tu Sais ... Du Kennst Nicht was Du Kennst



سال قبل...

¿3rd. Age?

¿ Treta Yuga

lasted

1,296,000

: years?



ب <u>ئ</u> ل " <u>ئ</u> شاه . بهوك. مصلحه بهن جهد لوثا . . نه . <u>تبر ے</u> . کعبه . وچ . . تو . بس . كرين . او . يار . (from memory) Bullay Shah ... Punjab (Pakistan)

Burn All U Know, Forget Ur Known

Brule Tout tu Connais, <u>Oublie</u> ton Savoir

... Verbrennst Alles, Vergesst dass du Kennst...

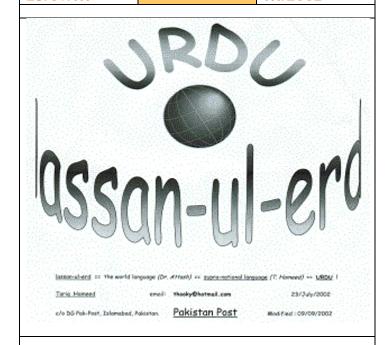
.राम. चन्द्र. कि. गे-ए-. सीता. जी. से. , . ऐसा. कल. जग. अऐए. गा. ... <mark>.ेनस. चुगे. गा. दअने. दनके. , . कौवा. मोती. ख़ुए-ए-. गा.</mark>

U R D U

Language of the Earth.. 23/07/...

786

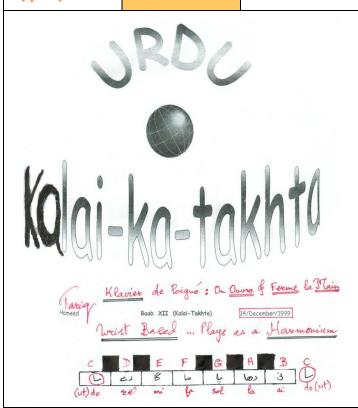
URDU La Langue de la Terre.. .../2002



Wrist-BASE
-HarmoniumOpen-Close
Fingers ...
Type by Atoms

786

Poignée de -Piano- Piano-Ouvre-Ferme Les Mains ... Clef à Atoms



1 Tis Noun Names

2 Pronouns/Prénoms

3 Unique Occurances

4 Conjunctions & etc...

5 Verbs/Verbes ...Action as us, Created...

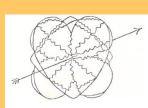
▲ 6 ► Points to 🛕 1-1 🛕

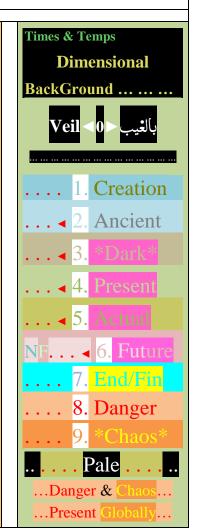
▲ 7 Nouns of Concepts

8 Nouns Concrete

9 Evil/MAL









Key Boa rd

for

Com pu

13/03/***

Muqtidra Kaleedi Takhta : "Atomic" Urdu

1 thank professedly, the past and present management of MQZ, to have manifested the undersigned, its Commune and Coordinates, indeed a great known, 13 March

It was decided to execute this task with a winntific precision! 2000 "Atums and Molecules" Concept) Tame of Reference : Summary

Meeting of 06/11/1999

- Conversion of 19/11/1999 (for 26th)
- NADRA Multi-Lingual Needs
 MQZ Sorting and Indexing
 Infusion Languages Lintense 3. Future Professional-Needs

Mosting of 26/11/1999 at NADRA Offices (Islamabed)

- 1. Computer Englished (Information Technology) should be distributions
 2. "Atomination" existing to be enhanced to the new RepRand
 3. Dr. Manglers of Pedeswar (If other studies): Bore of "Letter Frequencies"

 1. Treal Zalas Talain: Including the "Antorevisation"

 2. Fall after advantages were to be suffered

 2. Special Thinse" was needed to correspond this process.
- 5. "Atomication" being totally accepted, technicisms proposed

 > Language Togeler (English) / Qura'un)

 > Third Level Usage (Special Shift II, by Cop-Lock)

 Inter-Ralation of Different Shifts
- 6. Unla "Searcher", for Unicode Design (FoR 12/05/1999 : MQZ)
 - Collecting Sequences 2) Selection Criteria
 Letter Re-Grouping

Specialities Technicalities

- The Releast Tubbes is unit seissted (you glide your fingers on the beye, like a backer or a bacammian playes), contrary to the western beambusage method where you hit the key from the top (full hand with the power of the elbasy).
 The opt "mits" mother allows an eleasted speed, as must of the Urda (90% in fact), is precinely placed on the "Hume Koya".

Right Hand	5	Einger	Left Hand	- 3
(A)6	- 13.16	1:2	Noon	5.66
Kal	- 5.44	3 . 4	Ray	6.40
Chooti Yer	= 8.5Y	5 : 6	Waso	5.81
(Samuel)	- 1.00	7:8	Money	5.16
God Hox	= 5.12	9125	1 8 Lazon	3.75
	33.20	(Fotal	- 60,07%)	26,28

3. The emits excels and consensate are separated in bands; generally wavels on the right and consensate, or the left of "Home lays". This follows a decirive logical pattern (varied, concentrat, word, consonat, etc.), which is running tests allows a distributed and extreorably fast usage of the two hands. (Dr. Davreni requirement)

Serve-Shape Letters are grouped together. Thus in case of typing arrars of a strallar "Kashti", word-hyroglypha do not transform themselves; e.g., kitchet of money

When eliblien will be learning Urdu by Computer Tutorials in future, this feature will then manifest its real utility: a mixer dyning error will not confuse their feeds winds, because those will be no complete morphologic transformation of the total word observe. ياد پر يا جينا جرنا

Innovation and Divergence: Reasons

Voluminum Data Entry required the Best Functional Davige
 Procent Key-Boards (West/East) are highly unscientific

(Extract from the Tomes of Reference)

"Phenotical Kay-Board" archives a resched Technical Confusion. Phenotics has only a Base in Sounds (NOT in Letters). It is wrong to separte Urdin and English Phenotics, because history present that the Letter Kay-Board sea "sector" designed on a phenotical base; it was provided base; the varyonly and simply an arrangement is avoid a mechanical clash between word frequently and depth in a "dilegical".

[Phonetical Disorder, was thus at that old epoch, only a means of Reducing

Language Toggles

- Eatin Languages are possible by a Western Toggle. It is to be noted, that a transfer back to Undu, liberates the "Cap-Lock" Key (for Shift II)
- 2. There is also a Toggle into the Quea'em Arabic

(This subject being immenue, will be explained fully at a later data)

May Allah quide you on the good path, as the first howeved botch of soons, on the foot Technical National Standard on Units, which the Gusce has businessed upon us, for the assist and shadopical betterment of our nation and of our future generations.

- Actual in MADRA TO Million IDE T. HAMEED MicroSoft XP bondows (5TS: CEO)

 Also in google & All Sentoles (5TS: CEO)

 Same for Wedge Fordi, Arab, Tark 13 March 2000
- tom ique d' Or2000***

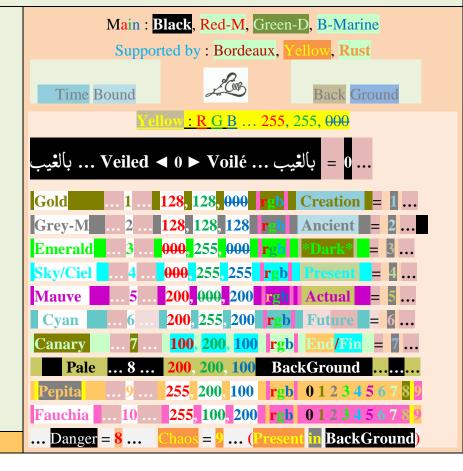
K

ier

Qura'anAnalysis Method...29/04/2003Analyse Méthode... Qura'an

Approx. 80% Qura'an Aayat ... Ends in / se Terminent en / Enden darin = 🔾 ے = % Approx. 15 ... & م Aayat = Multiple Parts / Parties / Vielfache Teile ... Mostly End / Fin Souvent / Größtenteils Enden ... = م







Our Special Translation Methodology

Notre Speciale Méthodologie de Traduction

English: a Translation must remain TRUE ... nor a Word more; nor a Word less ... only eXact
Thus our Objective is that the Qura'an Itself Portrays Its Reality ... Speaking TO Man & Not BY Man ...
So V have NO Choice left, but to Create a New Grammar ... Word under Word ... NO Inversed Place ???
How did V acheive it? By Carefully studying at least 13 Grammars ... Compatible & Complimentary ...
There is a Good Way ... When there is a Good Will ... 'n a MIRACLE happened ... in a Half Century ?
It is Obvious, that a few Additions must be ... to Carry the Current 'n the Cream ... & V use 'x' & (x)!
Over 20 Translations were Referred to ... Why ??? To Underline the Differences & the Discrepencies ???
So only the Best Rendering is Taken to Heart ... Never Compromising on Man-Made Interpretations ...
However there is an Innovation ... A Double Multi-Dimensional Structure ... of TIME & SPACE
... All Ha is the Unlimited "Ahad" ... While V, the Subjugated, must Repose within set Confines ???
Ald La ... One can FEEL The Unlimited Al to La La to Al ... Exists In No Space, In No Time ???

The Problem of our "so called" SAGES is that they have ONLY Memorised WHAT Others found during Centuries, with Strenuous Effort & Thought When U Leave Out the Original Thought Element ... What Remains is Hear-Say Passed-Out Tradition ... Totally Non Functional in Modern Times

Le Problème de nos SAGES "prétendus" est qu'ils ont SEULEMENT Mémorisé que d'Autres trouvés pendant Siècles, avec Effort Vigoureux et Pensée Si Vous Tenez à l'écart l'Original à pensé Élément ... Quels Restes sont Ouï-dire Tradition Distribuée ... Absolu & Non Fonctionnel en Temps Moderne

Das Problem unseres "sogenannten" SALBEIS besteht darin, dass sie sich NUR das Eingeprägt haben, WAS Andere während Jahrhunderte, mit Fleißiger Bemühung und Gedanken gefunde ... Wenn Sie das Original Auslassen, dachte Element ... welche Reste Hörensagen sind, ging - Aus Tradition ... Total Nicht Amtlich Nicht Funktionell in Modernen Zeiten ...

Français: une Traduction doit rester VRAI ... ni Mot plus; ni Mot moins ... à l'eXactitude!

Ainsi l'Objectif est que le Qura'an doit Peindre Sa Réalité ... Parlant À l'Homme, Pas PAR l'Homme ...

Donc point d'autre Choix, apart Créer une Nouvelle Grammaire ... Mot sous Mot ... SANS l'Inversion???

Mais comment réussir? Étudiant soigneusement 13 Grammaires ... Compatibles & Complémentaires ...

Arrive la Bonne Voie ... Avec la Bonne Volonté ... et le MIRACLE s'est produit ... en un Demi Siècle?

C'est Évident, que quelques Additions Doivent Être ... pour Porter Courant et Crème ... dont 'x' & (x)!

Bien plus que 20 Traductions font Référence ... Pourquoi??? Souligner ces Différences et Différands???

Seul le MEILLEUR Enduit est Pris à Cœur ... Compromis jamais par Interprétations Homme-Faites ...

Avançons une Innovation ... Un Double Multi-Dimensionnelle Structure ... le TEMPS & l'ESPACE

... Alla est le Sans-Limites "Ahad" ... Que nous les Subjugés, doivent Reposer en nos Confines ???

Our Special Translation Methodology ... Notre Speciale Méthodologie de Traduction

1. Lahore Alphabet ... Urdu et Arab Qura'an 2009 -1- Unicode "ATOMIC Alphabet" Tariq Hameed

	V Zurioro		<u>010</u>				2005 -1- 011	leode <u>mromr</u>	7 711	, iiu	et" Tariq Hameed
#U	Urdu	Arab	#- A	Min.	Maj.	Sym.	Français	English	↓	1	Div. ↑. <mark>نورى حر .و.ف.</mark>
1	Alif	Alif	1	a	A	١	a	ah			0
2	Bay	Ва	2	b	В	ب	ь	b	1		
3	Pay	Origin	Persia	р	P	پ	p	р	3		
4	Tay	Та	3	t	Т	ల	t(doux)	t (soft)		2	
5	Ţay- Н	Ţа- Н	4	ţ	Ţ	5	t(rond)	t(round)		(2	(O)
6	Ŧay	Origin	Urdu	ŧ	Ŧ	ক	ŧ (dur)	ŧ (hard)			1
7	Çay	Ça	5	Ç	Ç		ç	c (soft)		3	
8	Jym	Jym	6	j	J	ರ	j	j	1		
9	Ĵay	Origin	Persia	ĵ	Ĵ	હ	tch	tch	3		
10	Ħay	Ħа	7	Ħ	Ħ	۲	H (aspiré)	ħ (hard)			0
11	Ķay	Ķay	8	ķ	Ķ	.ځ.	ķ (guttural)	ķ (guttural)		1	
12	Dal	Dal	9	d	D	د	d	d (soft)			0
13	Đal	Origin	Urdu	đ	Đ	\$	d (dur)	d			1
14	Zal	Zal	10	z	z	.ڙ.	z	z		1	
15	Ray	Ray	11	r	R	v	r (doux)	r			0
16	Řay	Origin	Urdu	ř	Ř	ל	r (dur)	r (hard)			1
17	Źay	Źay	12	ź	Ź	٠.٠	źz	źz		1	
18	Şay	Origin	Persia	Ş	Š	ڗٛ	yz	yz		3	

1. Lahore Alphabet ... Urdu et Arab Qura'an 2009 -1- Unicode "ATOMIC Alphabet" Tariq Hameed

19	Syn	Syn	13	s	s	س	s	s		0
20	Šyn	Šyn	14	š	Š		ch	sh	3	Div. ↑. کو√ی.حر.و.ث.
21	Ŝuad	Ŝuad	15	ŝ	ŝ	ص	s (dur)	s (hard)		0
22	Žuad	Žuad	16	ž	Ž	.ف.	z (dur)	z (hard)	1	
23	Ťoay	Ťoay	17	ť	Ť	ط	ť (rond)	ť (round)		0
24	Żoay	Żoay	18	ż	Ż	.ظ.	ż (rond)	ż (round)	1	
25	Æyn	Æyn	19	æ	Æ	٤	æ (guttural=rr)	æ (guttural)		0
26	Ġyn	Ġyn	20	ġ	Ġ	<u>.</u> ب	ġ (guttural)	ġ (guttural)	1	
27	Fay	Fa	21	f	F	ڻ	f	f	1	
28	Vay	Arab	Moder n	v	v	ؿ	v (= veau)	v (= veal)	3	
29	Qaf	Qaf	22	q	Q	ق	q (guttural)	q (guttural)	2	
30	Kaf	Kaf	23	q	Q	٩	k	k		0
31	Gaf	Origin	Persia	g	G	گ	g	g		1
32	Lam	Lam	24	1	L	J	1	lk		0
33	Mym	Mym	25	m	M	A	m	m		0
34	Ňun	Origin	Persia	ň	Ň	U	ň (nasal)	ň (nasal)		0
35	Nun	Nun	26	n	N	U	n	n	1	
36	Hay- arab	Нау	27	Н	н	8	h (arab)	h		0

1	. Lahore	Alphabe	et <u>Urd</u>	u et A	rab (Q <mark>ura'a</mark> ı	2009 -1- Uni	icode " <u>ATOMIC</u>	C Alp	hab	et" Tariq Hameed
37	Wao	Wao	28	w	w	9	w	W			0
38	Ĥay- urdu	Origin	Urdu	ĥ	Ĥ	D	ĥ (urdu)	ĥ			0
39	Ămza	Ămza	29	ă	Ă	٩	ă (guttural)	ă (guttural)			0
40	Yay	Ya	30	y	Y	ی	у	у	2		
41	EŶaŷ	(Ŷa)	(31)	ŷ	Ŷ	_	ŷ (long)	ŷ (long)	2		
42	Фау	Origin	Urdu	ф	Ф	۵	Ф (h soufflé)	(<mark>h air burst</mark>)		an ke	0 = <mark>Alamat</mark> NO Dot or <mark>Alamat</mark>

2. Troyes Alphabet ... Urdu et Arab Qura'an 2009 -2- Unicode "ATOMIC Alphabet" Tariq Hameed

Particularity of Certain Letters ... Particularités de Certaines Lettres

Besonderheit von Gewisser Briefe ... Particolarità di certe lettere ... V o l u m e Qr-001 ...

Points (or - as) when placed are ... Les Points (ou - comme) et leur Place ...

Punkte (oder - als) sind wenn gestellt... Punti (o - come) quando mise è

<mark>... نوری حروف ...</mark>

Below: En-dessous: Unten: Sotto $P \downarrow 0$... $\downarrow ...$ & **3**

... Nukta is below in 🕹 ; while is above in ... نام... Point est au-desus; 🕹 est en-dessous ... بخم

Interesting : All points above after ... \mathcal{L} ... $\underline{\lambda}$ noter : points au-dessus après

BUT ... (As last) There is only one/une Exception \checkmark = \checkmark Seulement (à la fin)

So, all sort Sorts create no Problems : Ainsi, les Tris sont sans problèmes

This is very important ... Unicode 'Atomic' Alphabet by/par ↑↓ Points

Zukünftige Wörter pro UniCode ... Creare Parole di Futuro per UniCode

To be able to create Future Words per UniCode, 3 more letters invented

... Dans le but de créer de Futures Formations en UniCode, 3 lettres inventées ...

1. Lahore Alphabet ... Urdu et Arab Qura'an 2009 -3- Unicode "ATOMIC Alphabet" Tariq Hameed

i Ba-0 عالی Ba-0 ان B

A Unique Study on the 1st. Raku of Quran ... in 'Atomic' Form ... Into 12 languages A Wonder ??? Urdu, Hindi, English, Punjabi, Français, Deutsch, Farsi, Italiano, Español, etc.) ... I Created 12 Grammars ??? All following Q-Arabic ... so every Word is at the same place as in the Qura'an ... Word UNDER Word

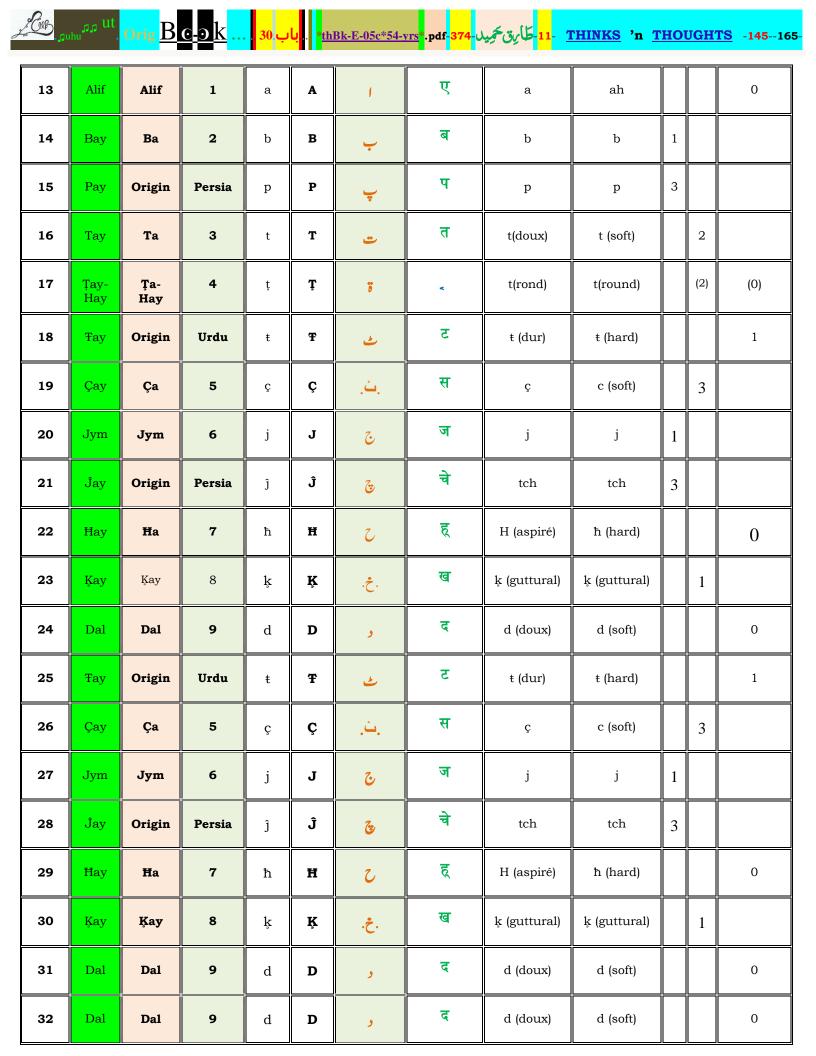
While the Speciality in <u>Urdu</u>, <u>Punjabi</u> & <u>Farsi</u> is ... that ONLY ARABIC Letters of Alphabet are used ... (eliminating so ... ttay, ddal, rray, ghaff, chay, pay etc.) ... & I use (Jamil & Pak=Tariq) Nastaleeq

<u>So</u> the Arabic **Qura'ani SOUND & QIRAT** is maintained; & V Feel Very Close to our **Loved Text**. If V have to **Revive the Times** of our **Dear Rasul**, then V must try to **Understand His Message** in **His Style** ...

Wenn wir die Zeiten unseres Lieben Rasul Wieder beleben müssen, müssen wir versuchen, seine Nachricht in Seinem Stil Zu verstehen ... NOT Inventing our Own Meaning ... Creating Confusion & Sects & Surgeons & Certe CHAOS ... C C S S C C (si si) ...

2. Troyes Alphabet ... Urdu et Arab Qura'an 2009 -4- Unicode "ATOMIC Alphabet" Tariq Hameed

#- U	Urdu	Arab	#- A	Min.	Maj.	Sym.	हिन्दी . प्रथ्य	Français	English	↓	1	Div. ↑
1	Alif	Alif	1	а	A	1	ए	а	ah			0
2	Bay	Ва	2	b	В	ţ	ख	ъ	b	1		
3	Pay	Origin	Persia	р	P)	ч	р	р	3		
4	Tay	Та	3	t	т	ij	त	t(doux)	t (soft)		2	
5	Țay- Hay	Ţa- Hay	4	ţ	Ţ	**	٧	t(rond)	t(round)		(2)	(0)
6	Ŧay	Origin	Urdu	ŧ	Ŧ	ٿ	ठ	ŧ (dur)	ŧ (hard)			1
7	Çay	Ça	5	Ç	Ç	ث.	स	Ç	c (soft)		3	
8	Jym	Jym	6	j	J	E	ज	j	j	1		
9	Ĵay	Origin	Persia	ĵ	Ĵ	Č	मेच	tch	tch	3		
10	Ħay	Ħa	7	ħ	Ħ	7	hc.	H (aspiré)	ħ (hard)			0
11	Ķay	Ķay	8	ķ	Ķ	٠خ.	ख	ķ (guttural)	ķ (guttural)		1	
12	Dal	Dal	9	d	D	7	द	d (doux)	d (soft)			0



	յյ U յuhu	t. Orig I	8 c - ɔ k	30.0	<mark>•t1 عاب</mark>	hBk-E-05c*54-	<u>·vrs</u> *.pdf- <mark>375</mark> -0	- <mark>12-</mark> طا <i>بق مجي</i> يا	THINKS 'n	THOUG	HTS	-146165-
#- U	Urdu	Arab	#- A	Min.	Maj.	Sym.	हिन्दी . एथ	Français	English	\	↑	Div. ↑
33	Alif	Alif	1	a	A	1	ए	a	ah			0
34	Bay	Ва	2	b	В)•	ब	b	b	1		
35	Pay	Origin	Persia	р	P	¥	ч	p	р	3		
36	Tay	Та	3	t	Т	Ů	त	t(doux)	t (soft)		2	
37	Ţay- Hay	Ţa- Hay	4	ţ	Ţ	;	٧	t(rond)	t(round)		(2)	(O)
38	Ŧay	Origin	Urdu	ŧ	Ŧ	٥	ਟ	ŧ (dur)	ŧ (hard)			1
39	Çay	Ça	5	ç	Ç	. <u>.</u>	स	ç	c (soft)		3	
40	Jym	Jym	6	j	J	•	ज	j	j	1		
41	Ĵay	Origin	Persia	ĵ	Ĵ	E	चे	tch	tch	3		
42	Ħay	Ħa	7	ħ	Ħ	7	ILC ^C	H (aspiré)	ћ (hard)			0
ए	عا =	, 7	ٿ =	. 8	स =	صس	<u>ज</u> =	ى…ۇ…ىئ…د	ظفر	٧	=	. ;
ग =	ـغ	व	ٿ = 5	<u>ئ</u>	य =	ے ک		ð = A		ó	=	U
9 Evil	-0 6	Mots // 0 o ► Toward	Words f ▲ - ▲ - ▲ 3 Unique O ds/Vers ▲	R Occurance 	l'k'w°æ, 1 Tis l s Der.	, 001 Noun Names 4 Conju 7 I	Al° B'a°b, (Noms) inctions & etc. Noun/Nom (Co ↔ Mi. ↔	5 Noncept)	n° One nouns/Prénom Verbs/Verbes 8 & 1 st. Word/Mo	e to One Concrete ot (Aayat)		
Seu	l 1 Ver	be en 3	B1 Mots	?	On	ly 1 Verb	in 31 Wo	rds Gra	mmer <mark>M</mark> ir	acle	a'h	°d,n'a
								5 (<mark>Verb</mark>) = <mark>1</mark> 6 s : Saints : Pro				
	▲ 1-1 ▲ 1-1 ▲	Sends fro	om the He	avens : (Only Ti	s-self Knov	ws What Co	mes Next ??	Sole Kno	wer of F	uture	2
	Insaaı	1 Just Re	ceives	So he St	tarts fr	om the En	d (Reception) to Try to	Mount to He	eavens Lo	ost	

▲ Q-science ... by Tariq Hameed Urdu ... ▲ QEDs ▲ ... email: thuqky@gmail.com ▲

▲ Quod Erat Demonstrandum Euclide Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure ▲

▲ Begin ... Qafl ul Surat ??? What is / Que c'est-ce que c'est ??? ... End ▲

.. Vahis Revealed ... Aayat Begin ... Lets 1-41

Aayat End ... Words 1-9

Qura'ani Science: Al-Qafl-ul-Qura'an

- 1. AYAT COMPOSITION ANALYSIS
 - · Codification
 - . Orders and Reports . Parts and Endings
 - Respects - Ayat End

 - Subjects Re- Grouping
 - · Maghoom and word Individualisation
- - Keys to Each Surat
 - Start / End Words : Analysis Start/ End loveds: Handysed

 - Starting hetters (Al-Qaft)

 - Fresh helber

 - Muguatteat

 - Ending loveds (and hetter)

 - Siparea | Raku | Ayat Co-Relation

 - Start | End hetters: Distribution
- EXPLANATION: What is a Gaft?

Each Sweat starts with a certain number of Letters. When we do an Analysis of these appearantly un-related letters, we came to u startling conclusion: "Every Sweat begins with a Unique Combination"!

lokat is even more surprising is that this sequence has its own rules and equally its own individual variable length, the base of both these elements being completely underinable and likewise unexplainable; however they can be discovered and domonstrated. Jaken globally, they have certain properties:

- . Minimum length is; 1 (for security we use min = 2).
 Minimum length is; 41 (impossible to reason out, ulny?).
 And strangely ulso; 41 start with I (alif).
 Begining letters are; 15 (half of Francic Alphabet)

Note: It is has the 1st. Signature (auft) =1, complete Identification! (It is thus an extremely brief key = auft; for Technical Usage)



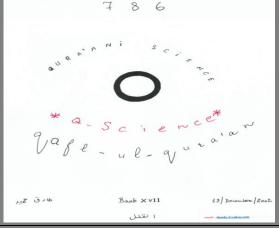
Oura'ani Science

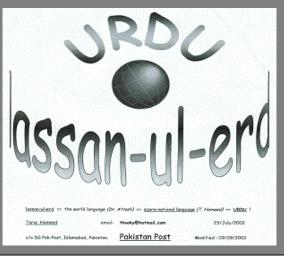












Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure

▲ QEDs ▲ ... Vahis Revealed ...



- **Aayat Composition Analysis** 1.
 - Al Qafl ul Surat
 - **EXPLANATIONS...**

What is ... ???

What's a OAFL ???

4. Keys ... & ... Lengths

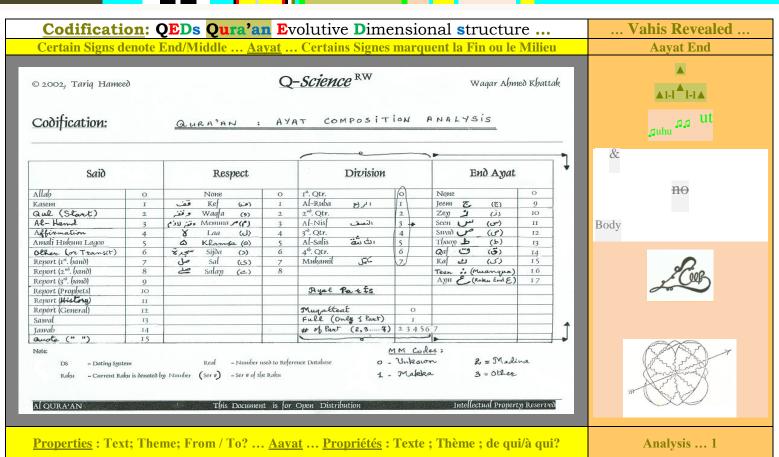
Begin Qafl ... is in Letters

Min. is 1 ... Max. is 44

END Oafl ... is in WORDS

Min. is 1 ... Max. is 9





Baab No: / /200 Page No: Sura No: **Q**Science^{RW} Date: © 2002, T. Hameed Said Part To whom Who said Seq. Theme Div. Raku Ayat Karima

A QURA'AN

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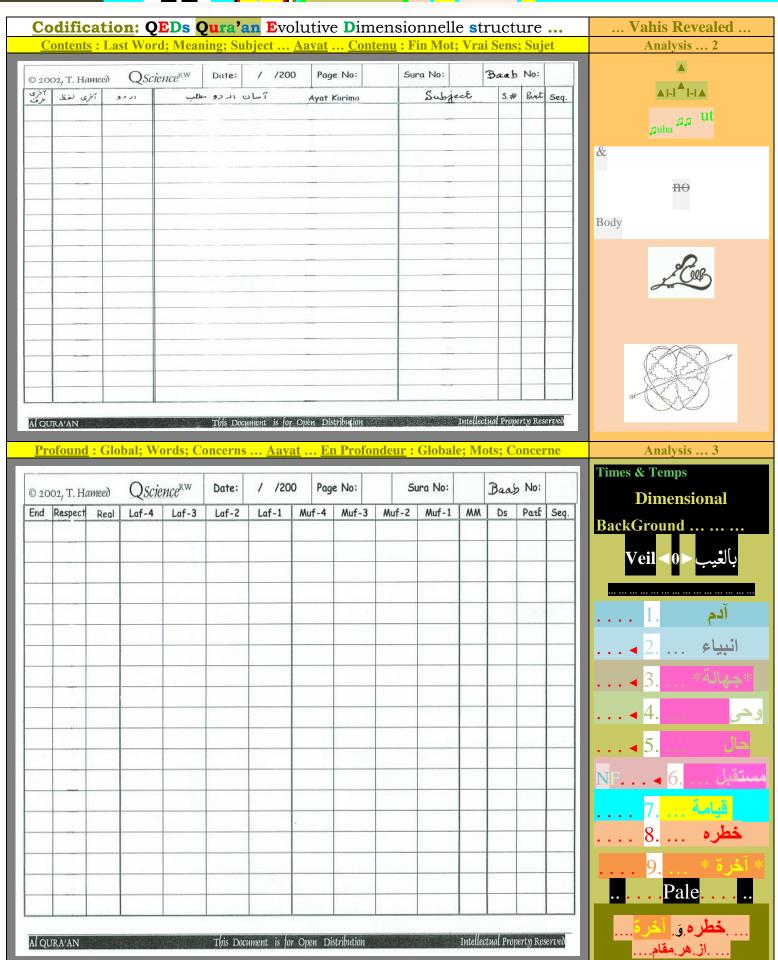
.... 1. Creation
.... 2. Ancient
.... 3. *Dark*
.... 4. Present
.... 5. Actual

NF 6. Future
.... 7. End/Fin
.... 8. Danger
.... 9. *Chaos*
.... Pale
...Danger & Chaos...
...Present Globally...

Times & Temps

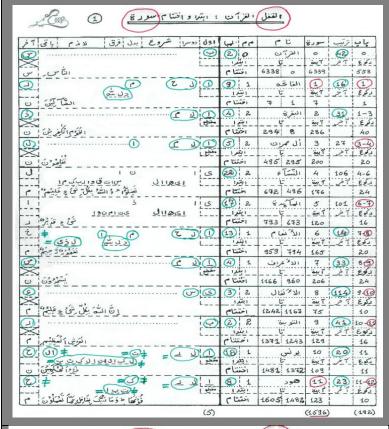
BackGround.

Dimensional



Codification: QEDs Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure Vahis Revealed ...

Red: Principle <u>Chapters/Surat</u> ... (Baab) <u>30/114</u> (Surat) ... <u>Rouge</u>: Principaux <u>Chapitres/Surat</u> Green: Key Sort; Length; & Letters ... <u>1-41</u> ... <u>En Vert</u>: Clés Tri; <u>Longeur</u>; & Lettres 1-12/1-11 13-18 / 12-23

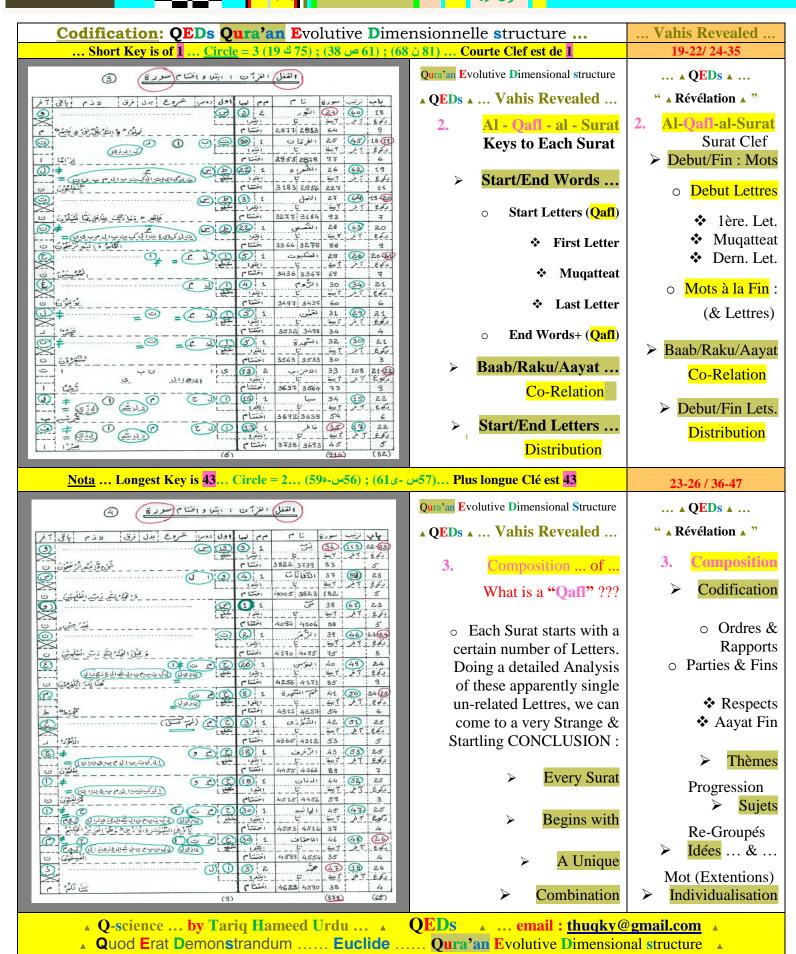




- Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure

 QEDs ... Vahis Revealed ...
 - 1. Aayat Composition ... Analysis
 - Codification ...
 - Orders & Reports
 - o Parts & Endings
 - * Respects
 - Ayat END
 - > Themes Progression ...
 - > Subjects Re-Grouping
 - > Mafhoom (Extention)
 - Word Individualisation

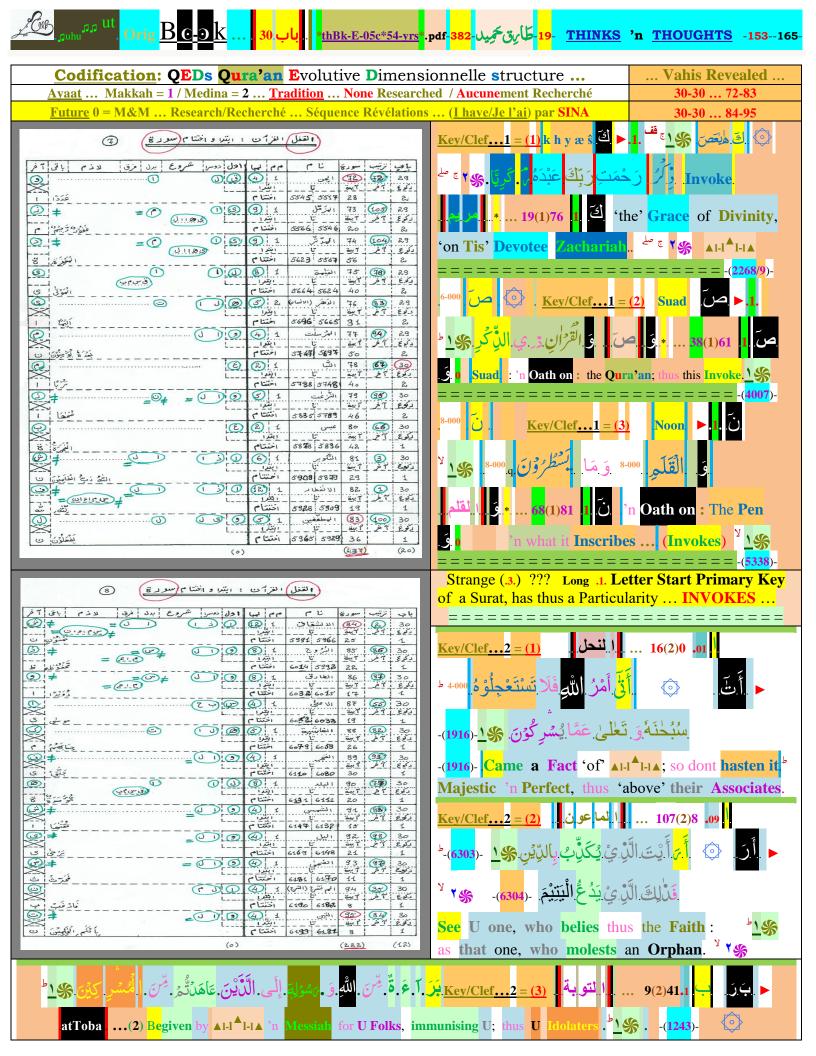
- ... QEDs ...
- " ▲ Révélation ▲ "
- 1. Composition
 - Codification
 - Ordres & RapportsParties & Fins
 - Respects
 - ❖ Aayat Fin
 - > Thèmes Progression
 - Sujets
 - Re-Groupés
 - Mot (Extentions)
- Individualisation
- A Q-science ... by Tariq Hameed Urdu ... A QEDs A ... email: thuqky@gmail.com A
- Quod Erat Demonstrandum Euclide Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure
 - L Aayat Composition ... Analysis QEDs ... email: thuqky@yahoo.com •

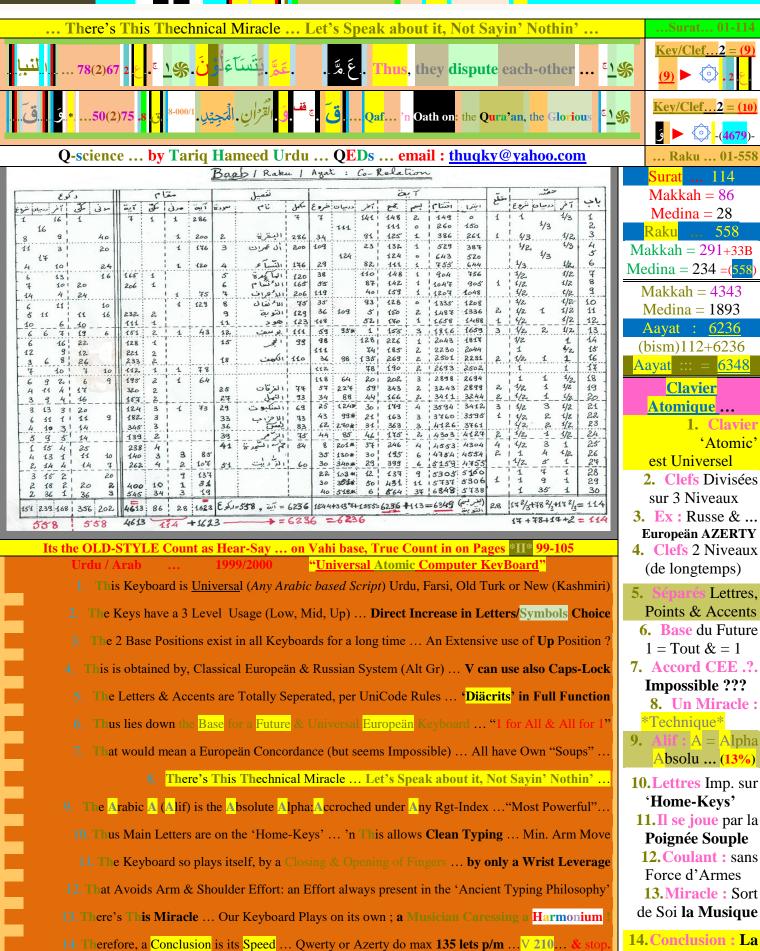


2. Al - Qafl - al – Surat 3. EXPLANATION What is a "Qafl" ???

Codification: QEDs Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure Vahis Revealed .. 26-27-28 ... 48-59 ... Aayat ... $\underline{6236} + 112$ ('Xtra Bism) = $\underline{6348} + 1$ (One/Un Bism of/du Qura'an ... # 0) = $\underline{6349}$ ▲ Quod Erat Demonstrandum Euclide Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure ▲ Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure القفل الغراك : ايترا و اختام السورة ... A QEDS A ... ▲ QEDs ▲ ... Vahis Revealed ... " A Révélation A " **EXPLANATION EXPLICATION** (20) 2 What is a "Oafl"??? Qu'est-ce un "Qafl"? Une Analyse > What is even more surprising Detaillée montre : les is, that this Sequence has its **Apparentes Lettres** own Rules & Equally its own Non-Relatées suivent Specific & Individual ... but une Rélation ... très Variable Length ... <mark>1▶43</mark> Surprennante: Both these Elements as Base, being completely Chaque Surat undefineable, are likewise 4 totally Unexplainable Commence avec Une Unique Quantified & Classified Combination de o Globally o having always certain Longeur Variée o Common Properties **Nota ... Raku = 558** ... Unfortunately Unlearned say 540 or 666; its Untrue ... B Ref: TH....*II*p.125 29-29 ... 60-71 in Church Terminology Lub المتنل النزاك : ايترا و اختام سود ة ... A QEDS A ... Oura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure " ▲ Révélation ▲ " ▲ QEDs ▲ ... Vahis Revealed ... 5. EXPLAINING 44 2 **EXPLIQUONS** Qu'est-ce un "Qafl"? What is a "Oafl"??? 5248 5237 Cette Séquence a ses Propres Règles & **Global Common Properties** @ 0 ح ل شهم اف ي الرسيم الانت وم اف ي الدار Également ses bien Marquées Variable & 00 £3 2 o Minimum Length is ... 01 (11001) Individuelle Longeur: o Maximum Length is ... 43 12 2 (No Reason is Apparent) o High Use ... "Alif" Éléments Bases, so starts ... **41** () 2 aussi complètement 1 Indéfinable, sont bien o Begining Letters are ... 15 ... Inexplicables ... (Half of Arabic Alphabet) & Classifiés: Globalement 5487 5443 Nota: 3 à Communes ارت.... Surat-ul-Nahl has 1^{st.} Qafl Propriétées

... Its a very brief Primary Key



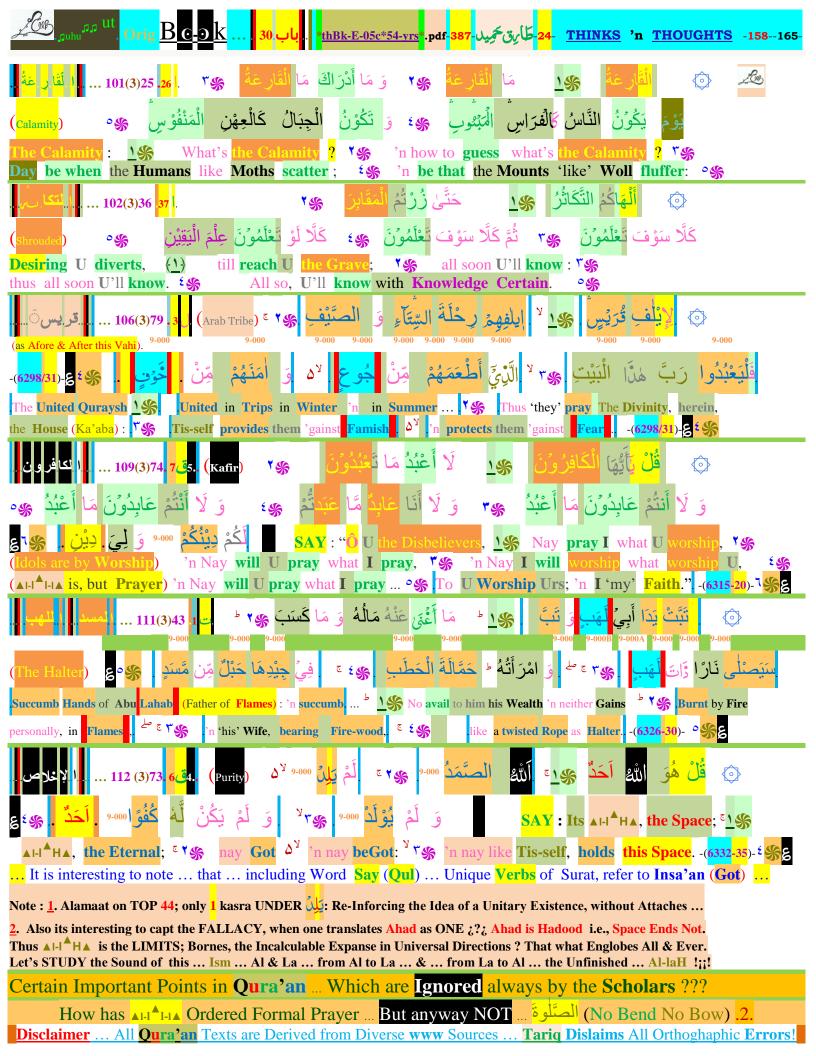


Tariq Hameed ... Thooky Wishes U the

'Vitesse' de 210











layles 'lween struts 'n frets ... 1 ... THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

	B <u>c</u> - <u>១</u> k 05	a Volume	Themes IV
-	Intro INDEX	Roma : <u>Italia</u>	Thinks-10/5-
?	? Who am I ?	Roma : <u>Italia</u>	1993 - <mark>06</mark> -
0 .	Surprisingly	<u>*Base</u> ! : <u>*</u> Schweiz <u>*</u>	1993 <mark>-08</mark> -
	This is a B <u>c</u>-2 k on BEAUTY	Roma : <u>Italia</u> Thinks-1-(a,b) 199	93 (52 years) -08/09-
1.	*Basel*	Probably 'twas A Dream	Dreams-110-
2.	*Basel*	Perchance to SLEEP	Sleep-1- <mark>-16-</mark>
3.	<u>*</u> Hannover <u>*</u>	STAR in the SKY	Visions-117-
4.	*Hamburg*	Bl <u>Q</u> _Dd-Wurst	Manners-1- <mark>-</mark> 19 <mark>-</mark>
5.	*Hamburg*	Translation (for TINA)	Thoughts-1-
6.	*Basel*	Little DEVIL and the Big DEVIL	Children-121-
7.	Roma	The BEAST and The BEAUTY	Færy-Tale-1- <mark>-23-</mark>
8.	Roma	Translations from URDU	Death-1-
9.	<u>Milano</u> <u>*Bordeaux*</u>	BALLS and SHIT	Reality-1- <mark>-26</mark> -
10.	*Basel*	CATS, HORSES and HAMSTERS	Teasingly-1- <mark>-29-</mark>
11.	*Basel*	The VALLEY of IRISES	Teasingly-2- <mark>-31-</mark>
12.	<u>*</u> Lörrach <mark>*</mark>	DON'T KNOW	Thinks-233-
13.	<u>*</u> Lörrach <mark>*</mark>	HUSBANDS and BUTLERS	Tenderly-1- <mark>-34-</mark>
14.	* Offenburg *	WHY?	Thinks-337-
15.	*Offenburg*	MISS-TRESSES and BOY-FRIENDS	Comically-138-
16.	*Basel*	TWO YEARS OLD	Thoughts-2-
17.	*Basel*	РНООН	Teasingly-347-
18.	Roma	The MAN who Talked BIGGER than his MOUTH	Romantic-149-
19.	Roma	NARRATION for my MOOSTRESS	Teasingly-4- <mark>-52-</mark>
20.	Roma	Please Just THROW it Away	Philosophy-1- <mark>-54</mark> -
21.	<u>Aquila</u>	Translation from my LANGUAGE <mark>URDU</mark>	Philosophy-2- <mark>-56-</mark>
22.	Roma	B U B B L E S	Tragically-157-
23.	*Kiel*	The FOUR WINDS	monition-1- <mark>-591</mark> 11 <mark></mark>
24.	Roma	That the POISON be SWEETENED ; PLEASE	Philosophy-3- <mark>-70-</mark>
25.	Roma	EYES, NOSE and MOUTH	Comically-2- <mark>-72-</mark>
26.	Roma	WHITE DOG Playing with a FROG	Thoughts-3-
27.	Roma	POST-CARDS and BROKEN HEARTS	Non-Sense-178-
28.	Roma	BITS of PAPER	Thoughts-4-
29.	Roma	To SWEET-NoTHINGS	Non-Sense-291-
30.	* Wolfsburg <mark>*</mark> (Fr. / Eng.)	Sans Silence et Sans Son (ext: Fr.) -1870-	Thinks-4-
31.	Roma	CHILDS and KIDS	Tragically-2- <mark>-96-</mark>
32.	Roma	THE END	Nostalgic-1- <mark>-099-</mark>

•••

layles 'lween struts 'n frets ... 2 <u>THINKS</u> 'n <u>THOUGHTS</u>

<u>В</u> <u>с</u> -	<u>k</u> 05b	Volume	Themes	IV
.?	Roma	?	Thinks-1-	-4- <mark>-</mark> 130 <mark>-</mark>
0.	Surprisingly	* <u>Basel</u> * : *Schweiz*	1993	- <mark>08-</mark>
	This is a B <mark>c</mark> - <u>o</u> k on BEAUTY	Roma : Italia	Thinks-1-(a,b,c) 1993 (53 years) - <mark>09/11</mark> -
33.	*Basel* (France/Eng.)	Les Gouttes De PLUIE (eXt: Fr.) -19	71- Visions-2-	-011- <mark>-129-</mark>
34.	*Basel*	Two LITTLE Ængels	Children-2-	-013- <mark>-131-</mark>
35.	*Basel*	SMALL HANDS	Thinks-5-	-015- <mark>-133-</mark>
36.	*Basel*	GHALIB's Hidden Facets	Thoughts-5-	-017- <mark>-135-</mark>
37.	*Hannover*	, 0, 0, !	Reflection-1-	-018- <mark>-</mark> 136 <mark>-</mark>
38.	<mark>²</mark> Lörrach <mark>²</mark> (France/Eng.)	ESSAY on No SUBJECT	Non-Sense-3-	-020- <mark>-</mark> 138 <mark>-</mark>
39.	<u>*Basel*</u>	The DAY He DIED	Death-2-	-022- <mark>-140-</mark>
40.	<u>*</u> Offenburg <mark>*</mark>	In Three WORDS; Ein WALZ'ER	Reflection-2-	-025- <mark>-143-</mark>
41.	<u>Vaticano</u> 3890-	S W A L L O W S		-044- <mark>-161/134-135</mark>
42.	Milano	Not MAMA	Children-3-	-048- <mark>-165-</mark>
43.	Pescara	Let's NOT THROW D UNG on NOBLE W O	RDS Reflection-3-	-049- <mark>-166-</mark>
44.	Roma (Fr./Eng.) (eXt: Fr.)	SILHOUETTE dans la NUIT -18-	120- <mark>-413-</mark> Visions-4-	-053- <mark>-170</mark> -
45.	Reggio-Emilia	The PILLAR of HELL	Thinks-6-	-057- <mark>-174-</mark>
46.	*Basel*	LOVE 's LETTER L OST	Romantic-3-	-058- <mark>-175-</mark>
47.	* <u>Basel</u> *	The MAN Without A Head	Thoughts-6-	-060- <mark>-177-</mark>
48.	*Basel* The LADY Who	LOST HALF A Part of A PAIR of SHOES	Færy-Tale-2-	-063- <mark>-</mark> 180 <mark>-</mark>
49.	<u>*</u> Freiburg*	Words, WORDS, Words	Reflection-4-	-068 185 -
50.	*Lörrach*	WHAT is LOVE	Romantic-4-	-070- <mark>-187-</mark>
51.	^a Lörrach <mark>*</mark>	CHILD Becoming W OMAN	Children-4-	-072- <mark>-189-</mark>
52.	<u>*</u> Mulhouse <u>*</u>	TO LAUGH	Premonition-2-	-074- <mark>-191-</mark>
53.	<u>*</u> Mulhouse <u>*</u>	WOUNDS	Premonition-3-	-076- <mark>-193-</mark>
54.	<u>*</u> Lörrach <mark>*</mark>	Small HYPOCRISIES	Illusions-1-	-078- <mark>-195-</mark>
55.	*Freiburg*	PAGE WHITE	Illusions-2-	-081- <mark>-198-</mark>
56.	*Colmar*	TINA and the WATCH	Simplicity-1-	-082- <mark>-199-</mark>
57.	<u>*Basel*</u>	Two CHILDREN in the TREES	Nostalgic-2-	-084- <mark>-201-</mark>
58.	*Basel*	MISS-TRESSE and HARD MISS-TRESSE	Tenderly-2-	-088- <mark>-205-</mark>
59.	<u>Milano</u>	STONES	Reality-2-	-092- <mark>-209-</mark>
60.	Pisa	HOLES!	Comically-3-	-094- <mark>-211-</mark>
61.	Pisa	There was A \mathbf{T} IME I Used to \mathbf{L} AUGH	Simplicity-2-	-095- <mark>-212-</mark>
62.	<u>Roma</u>	Like I LOVE my BE LOVED	Romantic-5-	-096- <mark>-213-</mark>
63.	Foggia	DISCOURSE on HUMANITY: With S and	F Comically-4-	-098- <mark>-215-</mark>
64.	Roma	MOUNTAIN of STONE	Tragically-3-	-100- <mark>-217-</mark>
65.	Ostia (eXt : <u>Fr.</u>) -23- <mark>-316-</mark>	ORIENT and OCCIDENT oésie Orient	rale Philosophy-4-	-102- <mark>-219-</mark>
				124 125/

layles 'lween skuls 'n frels ... 3 <u>THINKS</u> 'n <u>THOUGHTS</u>

<u>B</u> <u>c</u> -	<u>o</u> k 0 5	5c Vo	lume	Themes	IV
.?	Roma	?		Thinks-1-	-6- <mark>-006-</mark>
66 .	<u>Milano</u>	A NET-WORK	1995	Cynical-1-	-11- <mark>-259-</mark>
67 .	* <mark>Basel</mark> *	The HAND with A DAGGER		Reality-3-	-12- <mark>-260-</mark>
68 .	<u>*</u> Basel <u>*</u>	TWILIGHT FÆRY		Dreams-2-	-13- <mark>-261</mark> -
69 .	*Basel*	The LITTLE GENTLEMAN		Manners-2-	-14- <mark>-262</mark> -
70 .	*Basel*	The BIG WOMAN		Thinks-7-	-17- <mark>-265</mark> -
71 .	<u>*</u> Basel <u>*</u>	The BIG MAN		Thinks-8-	-20- <mark>-268-</mark>
72 .	<mark>*</mark> Lörrach <mark>*</mark>	The King and the CLOWN		Cynical-2-	-23- <mark>-271-</mark>
73 .	<u>*</u> Freiburg <mark>*</mark>	IGNORANCE		Cynical-3-	-24- <mark>-272</mark> -
74 .	<u>*</u> Offenburg <mark>*</mark>	The BREEZE		Teasingly-5-	-26- <mark>-274-</mark>
75 .	<u>Milano</u>	The OLD BLACK DOG		Tragically-4-	-27- <mark>-275</mark> -
76 .	Roma	TINA and the TIGRE		Simplicity-3-	-29- <mark>-277-</mark>
77 .	Roma	The LITTLE BIG MAN		Thoughts-7-	-31- <mark>-279</mark> -
78 .	Pescara	Super-IMPOSITIONS		Illusions-3-	-33- <mark>-281</mark> -
79 .	Roma	F ACES in the DARK		Visions-5-	-36- <mark>-284-</mark>
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PENSER sur PENSÉES

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.. Tariq Hameed ... Continuation & End ... Kublai Khan ...

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Kublai Khan (talvolta scritto Kubla Khan) e il suo impero provocarono folli voli di fantasia tra gli Europei dal tempo della spedizione di Marco Polo del 1271-1292. Ma chi era il Gran Khan, davvero? Una visione romantica del regno di Kublai Khan giunse al poeta inglese Samuel Taylor Coleridge in un sogno intriso di oppio, ispirato dalla lettura del racconto di un viaggiatore britannico e descrivendo la città come **Xanadu**. S.T. Coleridge, *Kubla Khan*, 1797

.....Stanza 1

In <mark>Xanadu</mark> il Kubla Khan

Un magnifico plazzo con duomo decreta:
Dove Alph, fiume d'aqua sacra, in mezzo del camin
Dove i uomoni passano i caverni sensa dimension
Andando a un mare sensa sole laciando ogni speranza.

6.

Due volte cinque miglia di terra fertile ronde I muri e torri cinti in rotond: E c'erano giardini luminosi di sinuosi ruscelli, Dove sbocciarono l'incenso dei alberi tanti; E dove fiorirono le foreste e colline antiche, Avvolgendo le macchie di soleggiante verde.

.....Stanza 2

12.

Ma oh! quale profondo baratro romantico obliquo Traversando la verde collina sotto copertura di cedro! Un luogo selvaggio di fate! santo e incantato Sempre sotto come una luna ossessionata calante Come una donna piangendo per il suo demone-amante!

17.

E da questo baratro, con incessante tumulto ribollente, Come se la terra in sorsi veloci e densi era respirante, Una potente fontana fu brevemente forzata:

Mezzo al cui il rapido scoppio era interrotto a metà

Volteggiavano grandine rimbalzante enormi frammenti,

E sotto il flagello-trebbiatrice di pula, cadeva i granelli:

Che in mezzo a queste rocce danzanti allo stesso tempo

Dunque alzò in un attimo le onde del fiume sacro.

25.

Cinque miglia serpeggianti con un movimento intricato Attraverso boschi e valli scorreva il fiume sacro, Poi raggiunse le caverne incommensurabili per l'uomo, E affondò in tumulto in un oceano senza vita: E' in mezzo-tumulto che ha sentito da lontano Kubla Voci ancestrali profetizzano la guera!

31.

Nel ombra della cupola dei piaceri Galleggiava a metà tra le onde; Dove si udì la mista misura Dalla fontana alle grotte. È stato un miracolo di dispositivo raro, Puro piacere, cupola soleggiata con grotte di ghiaccio!

.....Stanza 3

37.

Una damigela con un dulcimer Una visione una sola volta che ho visto; Era una abissina signiorina, E sul suo dulcimer ha suonato, Il Canto del Monte Abora.

42.

Potrei ristabilire dentro di me La sua sinfonia del suo canto, Un piacere così profondo mi avrà conquistato, Che come musica forte e lunga, Costruirei quella cupola ariosa nell'aria, Quella cupola solare! quelle grotte di ghiaccio!

48.

E tutti che hanno sentito dovrebbero vederli li, E che tutti piangenno, Attenzione! Attenzione! I suoi occhi lampeggianti, e i capelli fluttuanti! A lui intrecci un cerchio intorno volte tre, Poi chiudi gli occhi con santo terrore, Poiché di rugiada di miele si è nutrito,

E bevuto il latte del Paradiso.

5. Roma: Italia: Italiano

La Rosa a l'Alba

Rose<mark>-Dew at Dawn</mark>

(1993)

Anni fa una Signora italiana mi vide scrivere qualcosa e mi chiese cos'era che scrivevo io ? Le ho detto che era solo un'"Idea", qualcosa di simile alla coësia ma non proprio coësia; che non ho seguito alcuna stabilitata schema, rilasciati Pensieri appena: e le "Idea" lente che fluttuano da Sole, iniziano ad avere un Senso, svelando alcuni cisteri del Mondo e della nostra Vivente Vita, vengono de-giustificati. Fu così che mi chiese di scrivere qualcosa sul'lei, sul suo nome "Rosalba".

Non scrivo mai nulla su ordinazione. Non lo faccio né per piacere a Nessuno né per guadagni pecuniari. Deve uscire dal cuore. E non faccio mai nomi, perché Nessuno in questo Mondo è mai nato con un nome, gli viene dato solo in seguito, per motivi di Convenienza: quindi mi piace rimanere il più Fedele possibile alla Natura. Fortunatamente, il suo stesso nome era un tema poetico; Lascio a voi indovinare di cosa si tratta, che la mia antasia si è quasi scatenata e ha volato in giro con un Ritmo bibrante e insistente di "la Rosa" e "l'Alba" il tutto avvolto da una certa morbidezza, una morbidezza che faceva parte del suo carattere e una certa Malinconia perché lei come tutti aveva dei Problemi, Problemi Tristi; e solo per citare l'ultimi, il suo rande Amore Viveva a circa quindicimila chilometri di distanza, ecc. ecc. ...

Purtroppo giorni dopo, mi è stata rubata la valigetta e la "pseudo-loesia" non ero capace darla mai. Per caso la rividi alcuni giorni più tardi, quando ero molto impegnata in un atto molto "non pseudo-poetico" di vendere due piccoli tappeti; mi ha chiesto sulla sua loesia o che ho provato qualcosa di nuova ... Questa volta NON l'ho delusa, come alcune Idee sono rimaste da prima!!!

A parte i fatti, certe **Idee** erano ancora appese all'**interno**, che parte del Iniziale era conficcato nel mio cuore, ma è stato un compito epico **Ricreare** la **Preschezza** e la spontaneità dell'originale ... ma lasciare la **peranza**, **m**ai. I **Sentimenti** non erano gli stessi, e **n**é lo erano le **Rime** o **Ritmi**; **n**é è stato possibile **Ricreare** le **inversioni** e gli **intrecci**, de **P**arole con loro giochi subtile, come multipli di incroci di **Rosa**' e **Alba**' e **Rosa**', che l'uno divenne costantemente l'altro poi l'uno, separando e unendo e unendo e separando; un pieno concentrato di **Leggerezza** e **morbidezza**!

Sì, cì sta il **Problema! Una cosa Promessa è pienamente dovuta**. Ma come ripetere un'esperienza di tale **Natura**, **senza** ispirazioni altrove?

Avendo fatto ora, una tale promessa, come organizzarla finalmente, "Per chi suona la campana?" Ma come i Sentimenti di questa persona erano sinceri e stabilì, ero incoraggiato! E la UCE iniziò a Spuntare! Così è tornata "La Rosa" e tornata "L'Alba"! Supponiamo che tu stesso porti il suo nome, una Idea splendida, cosa potrebbe succedere? E questo successò ... Sono diventato lei, e i Pensieri inizivano a Spuntare ... Quindi esce 'Una Rosa e un Alba', qualcosa di più tenero, più Profondo, e più Umano. Poi in non più di dieci minuti, giusto il Tempo di annotarlo su Carta, la traduzione. Tale è la Verità intera e non diluita, quindi per favore aiutami, Il Mio Ængelo custode!

<u>P.S.</u>: La traduzione Perde parte del suo fascino e della sua <u>Freschezza</u> originali Italiani. Ma la <u>tenerezza</u> ondulata rimane. Anche alcune <u>mmagini</u> possono sembrare state copiate da quanto avevo **s**critto in precedenza, è solo colpa di aver riutilizzato un po' del materiale <u>Perduto</u>, tuttavia, l'<u>Idea</u> di partenza rimane, <u>Fresca</u> come era in origine.

Cosa Quando Dove Qui e Là ... "Il Mondo non è Rotondo : ma se è Vero" ... Galileo Galilei

5. Roma: Italia: Italiano La Rosa a l'Alba Rose-Dew at Dawn (1993)

Years ago an Italian Lady saw me writing something and asked me what was it that Writing was I? I told her that it was only an "Idea", something like loëtry but not Really loëtry; that I followed no established schemes, just released Thoughts: and "Ideas" Floating slowly on their own, start making Sense, revealing some lysteries of this World and of our Lively Life, are de-justified. Thus 'twas, that she asked me to Write something on her, on her name "Rosalba".

I never Write anything on order. I do it neither to please anybody nor for pecuniary gains. It has to come out from the heart. And I never mention any names, because Nobody in this World was ever born with a name, it is only given later to him or her, for purposes of Convenience: so I like to remain as True to Nature as possible. Fortunately, her name itself was a oëtic theme; I leave it to you to guess what 'twas, that my antasy sort of self-un-leashed and flew around with a liberating and insistant Rhythm of "la Rosa" and "l'Alba" all enshrouded in a certain softness, a softness which formed a part of her character and a certain Melanchony because she like everyone else had

Problems, Sad Problems; and just to mention the least one, her Great Love Lived about fifteen thousand kilometers away, etc. etc. ...

UnFortunately, a few days later my brief-case was stolen and this "pseudo-poem" I could deliver **n**ever. By chance some days back I saw her again, when was very much engaged in so full an "un-pseudo-poetic" act of selling two small carpets; she asked me if I had ever found her poem or tried anything a www ... This time I did NOT disappoint her, as some **Ideas** lingered from afore!!!

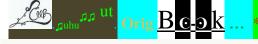
Facts despite, that certain **Ideas** still hung **inside**, 'n parts of the Begins were stuck unto my heart, but 'twas an epic task to **Recreate** the **Preshness** and the spontaneity, of the original ... but to **Abandon ope**, **never**. The **Sentiments** weren't the same, 'n **neither** the **Rhymes** or the **Rythms**; nor was it possible to **Recreate** the **inversions** 'n the **intertwining**, of the play on **Words**, as the multiples of crossings of 'Rosa' 'n 'Alba' 'n 'Rosa', one becoming constantly the other, ever separating 'n **uniting** 'n **uniting** 'n separating, in a full concentration of **lightness** 'n **softness**!

Aye there Lies the **rub!** A **thing** Promised **is fully due**. But, how to repeat any experience of such a **Nature**, without an **Inspiration** from elsewhere?

Not using never any names, how to juggle again with these names?

Having had made now, such a promis, how to arrange that finally, "For whom the bell tolls?" But, the Sentiments of this person being sincere and stable, encouraged me! And IGHT started Dawning! Thus re-came 'La Rosa' 'n re-came 'L'Alba'! Supposing, you yourself carried her name, a splendid Idea, what could happen? And that did happen ... I became her, and thoughts started Dawning ... Out came 'Una Rosa' e un Alba', something more tender, more Profound, and more Human. Then in not more than ten minutes, just the Time to jot it down on Paper, translation included. Such is the whole and undiluted Truth, so please Help me, My Guardian Engel!

<u>P.S.</u>: The translation <u>Loses</u> some of its original Italian <u>harm</u> and <u>Freshness</u>. But the undulating <u>tenderness</u> remains. Also a few <u>mages</u> may seem to have been copied from what I had previously <u>written</u>, it's only the fault of having used a <u>New</u> a bit of the <u>Lost</u> material, none-the-less, the parting <u>Idea</u> remains, as <u>Fresh</u> as 'twas originally.



5. Roma : Italia : <mark>Italiano La Rosa a l'Alba</mark> I

Rose<mark>-Dew at Dawn</mark>

(1993)

La **Rosa** all'**Alba**

non deve **Piangere**

perchè dopo tutto,

tutta una Notte

di solitudine

il primo Raggio del Sole

porterá via

le sue Lacrime!

La Rosa a Alba

vi stava una volta

la prima **D**onna

in un Giardino

e salutava con Joia

il suo cavaliere errante

il magnifico Sole

danzando

con <mark>F</mark>ervore

un **grazios**o addio

a la **Notte**

in tutta la sua Majestia.

E seguì il Valzer dei Pianeti

Della Mus ca come nei Sonetti

Di Giorni oggi **d**opo Giorni passati

Di Notte dentro e Notte fuori

Di Primavera ed Estate e

D'Autunno e d'Inverno e

Di Freddo e Caldo e Duro e Morbido

Di **Sfumature** nell' **mbre Sopra s**otto

Di mille Verdi nei Prati soli

Di Colombe che Amano

Di Nidi d'Albero ben in alto

Di **S**telle che Luccicano

Dei Cieli che si Raggrinziscono

Di Ripetizioni di InSignificante

Della Fine che Comincia e

Degli Inizi che si Finisce!

The Rose-dew at Dawn

must not Cry

because after all,

after a full **Night**

of solitude,

the first Ray of the Sun

will carry away

it's **Tears**!

The **Rose** of **Dawn**

was once

the first Lady

in a **G**arden

and greeted with **J**oy

her errant cavalier

the **magnificient** Sun

dancing

with **F**ervor

a **graciou**s adieu

to the **Night**

in all her **Majesty**.

'N flowed the Waltz of Planets

Of Mus_lc as in Sonnets

Of Day in 'n Day out

Of Night in 'n Night out

Of Spring 'n Summer 'n

Of Autumn 'n of Winter 'n

Of Cold 'n Hot 'n Hard 'n Morbid

Of hades hung Over Shadows down

Of a thousand Greens in **M**eadows **lone**

Of **Doves** which **L**ove

Of Tree-Nests high above

Of Stars which Twinkle

Of the **Skies** which **W**rinkle

Of Repeats of InSignificance

Of the End which Begins 'n

Of the Begins which End!

in Passato

la **Rosa** d'**Alba**

aveva un **A**mante,

la Profondità della Notte,

e **Piangeva** perchè

gli **A**manti della **Notte**

pensano che qualche volta

il **Vero A**more

si trova nella **P**rofondità

del buio della solitudine:

e più avanza la Notte

più le **Lacrime**

della rougiada

la rendevano **T**riste!

Cosi un giorno

la **Rosa** si è svegliata

e l'<mark>Alba</mark> l'ha vista

e il suo **S**ignore

il magnifico Sole

si è inn**A**morato

della Rosa della Notte

e l'ha detto,

Tu sei il mio primo Amore

e ti do il mio primo Raggio

e ti **Regalo** l'Alba,

poi ti chiameriò, per sempere,

la Rosa d'Alba,

che **m**ai le **L**acrime

della rougiada

ti fanno **Piangere**

ma vengono solo

per renderti piu bella

e piu **Pura**.

in the Past

the **Rose** of the **Dawn**

had a **L**over,

the Profoundness of the Night,

'n Cried because

the **Lovers** of the **Night**

think that sometimes

True Love

is found in the **P**rofoundness

of the dark of the solitude:

and more advanced the Night

more the **Tears**

of dew

made her un-happy!

So was it that one day

the **Rose** woke up

and **Dawn** saw her

and her Seigneur

the magnificient Sun

fell in **L**ove

with the **Rose** of the **Night**

and said to her,

You are my first **Love**

and to you I give my first Ray

and Gift you Dawn,

then I'll call you forever,

the **Rose** of the **Dawn**,

that never the Tears

of dew

make you Cry

but to come alone

to make you **prettier**

and **Purer**.



E da questo giorno,

ogni mattina

la Rosa d'Alba

salute il suo Amore

con tenerezza e calore,

che tutti gli Amorei

del **Mondo** sognante

possono guardare

una Rosa a l'Alba

con tenerezza e Amore,

anche quando

nè la **Rosa**

nè l'Alba

non ci sono più, nè mai!

And from that day,

every morning

the **Rose** at **Dawn**

greets it's Love

with tenderness and warmth,

that all the Lovers

of the dreamy World

can see

a Rose at Dawn

with tenderness and Love,

even when

neither our Rose

nor our Dawn

never are there anywhere anymore!

Rosalba ... a Beauty of a Lady ... married to a person of far away ... often lone ... a request not to be refused ...





Il respiro di un angelo soffia sulla chiara luna gonfia il vento mentre,una leggera brezza accarezzale tenere fronde bisbiglia parole dolci alle nuvole che teneramente

calde lacrime. Il sorriso di un angelo accarezza la timida alba che rosa spunta all'orizzonte e leggiadra porge la mano al sole. Buongiorno:-) (Isabel Allende)



Take this Wealth Take this Fame Take this Self Take this Name But Render me Back The Autumn of Childhood That Rain-Water That Paper Boat



La Rosa a l'Alba Rose-Dew at Dawn 11. Roma : Italia : Italiano

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... Childhood ... oetry by Sadarshan Fakir (Pakistan) ... Bird ... Flowers And Birds Pictures ...

Read my b<mark>C-Dk*thBk-E-05b*53-yrs</mark>*...Pages 044-071

GRAMMATICAL MIRAC

Rhythm of Daffodils (Wordsworth) ... 567 Words ... A Single Phrase ... No Punctuation Mark

41. (Vaticano)

no punctuation Visions-3- 1993 Original-thBk-E-5b 30. المات

a swarm

of

swallows behind a swarm of swallows and

when you turned the **other**

way round another swarm

of swallows rapidly

changing itself into a different swarm

of swallows which rose up in the sky like smoke with veils in front

and veils in the back when they turn and squirm and float like

one body and a unique serpentine body going up and down

and side to side then turning and returning becoming thicker and

thinner and even more thinner than thin and suddenly transforming

back to thicker and thicker when they turn to return to the point where

they started to end not but to continue their play their game playing in

hordes of happiness of individual but united units of thousands of

differences so exceptionally knit together in harmony that only words

and mere words lacked to describe them as you see them and hear them

and feel them in their multiple beauty but such a multiple beauty that

could be pointed out in every individual swallow which followed its

own individual path and its own individual destiny but at the same

instant become part of a screen of smoke of a big swarm of

swallows which twisted and turned in thicker and thinner veils and veins

of smoky squirling columns against a totally poised grey sky in all

intertranspercing to mingle separate

destinies into a common destiny

permitting to exist not lone

or lonely but as a

compact mass

sometimes

massive

some

time

sparse

but always fluidly

flowing dissolving itself slowly and very steadily from your mind and your eye to keep on flying and flying away and away always fainter and fainter but always present and existing but fading and fading in spite of your most desperate efforts to follow them with your minding eye further and further away against a grey sky and so very far that you were obliged to voyage in time and space and become still so another person in a different spot and different hour who followed with a real and true curious eye a swarm of swallows after a swarm of swallows which steadily and quietly without noise or sound will slowly again start to disappear going further and further away sometimes so thick but sometimes thin and sometimes up and sometimes diving down for the pleasure of a third person and a third vision which will follow them for a short moment these swarms of swarms of swallows silently sliding in the sombre skies knowing well in his inner mind that this swarm of swallows will continue eternally as far and as long as they live without separations without divisions nor any showy sort of punctuations nor stops followed by your mindful eye flying just on and on keeping themselves afloat in the balancing airs unrelentlessly on without ever any rests or stops or even a single comma any smallest pause or or even any slight disturbance existing sole on their softy movements only 'n 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 relatives hold the clean as flying

you have to See the Sound the Sense the Sensitive all in a Single Swap

strangely it is one Sentence without a minimum Punctuation Mark

Al-Fil: An Ancient Story

of the Owners of the Elephants











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Al-Fateha Atomised ... See Eiffel-Tower

ابتة ج حديرس صطعت قاك كالمن و وءي ه

ح= خ: د = د: ٧ = ن: ط = ط: ص = ف: ف = ف: ف = ف: ص = ف: ص = و أ

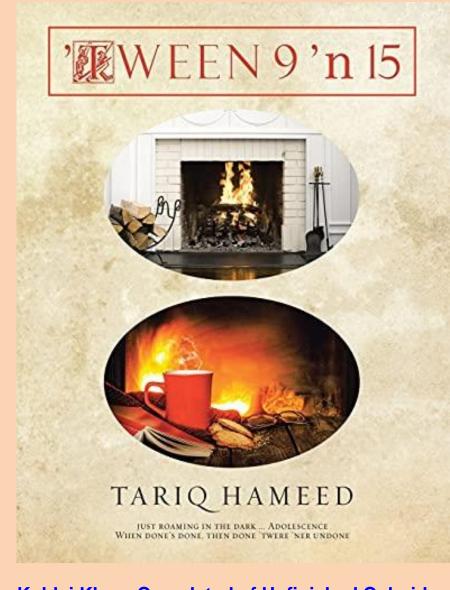
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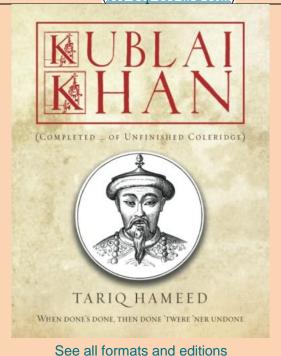
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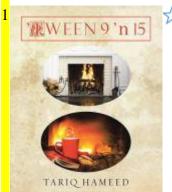
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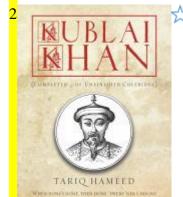
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Prediction Extra Bright Full Moon

Occured ... in December 22, 1999



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htt ps :// un sp <u>la</u> sh <u>.C</u> 0 m/

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC PREDICTS:

This year the full moon will occur on the Winter Solstice (December 22nd) called the first day of Winter. Since the full moon on the Winter Solstice will occur in conjunction with a lunar perigee (point in the moon's orbit that is closest to Earth) The moon will appear about 14% larger than it does at apogee (the point in its elliptical orbit that is ... Since the Earth is also ... farthest from the Earth) several million miles closer to the sun at this time of the year than in

the summer, sunlight striking the moon is about 7% stronger making it brighter. Also, this will be the closest perigee of the Moon of the year since the moon's orbit is constantly deforming.

> If weather's clear and there's snow cover by you, it is believed that car headlights will be superfluous.



Other Tales

طَارِق حَمِيد

 $_{23/12/1999}$... i saw this mO-OT

Full moon at Perigee & at Apogee ... A Portuguese amateur astronomer António Cidadão, captured these images of the full Moon on two different dates using a black-and-white QuickCam on a 4-inch f/6.3 Schmidt-Cassegrain telescope. In the left-hand image the Moon was at perigee, i.e., closest to Earth. In the right-hand image it was at apogee, i.e., farthest from Earth. the differences in the Moon's size, are quite ... apparent

SKY & TELESCOPE RESPONSE: **Brightest Moon in 133 Years**?

Per Roger W. Sinnott, associate editor of Sky & Telescope magazine, the answer is an unequivocal: No! It is true that there is a most unusual coincidence of events this year. As S&T contributing editor Fred Schaaf points out in the December 1999 issue of Sky & Telescope, "The Moon reaches its very closest point all year on the morning of December 22nd. That's only a few hours after the December solstice and a few hours before full Moon. Ocean tides will be exceptionally high and low that day." But to have these three events -- lunar perigee, solstice, and full Moon -- occur on nearly the same day is not especially rare. The situation was rather similar in ...

December 1991 and December 1980, as the following dates and Universal Times show:

Event	Dec. 1999	<u>Dec. 1991</u>	Dec. 1980
Full Moon	22 <mark>, 18h</mark>	21, 10h	21, 18h
Perigee	22 <mark>, 11h</mark>	22, 9h	19, 5h
Solstice	22 <mark>,</mark> 8h	22, 9h	21. 17h

What really rare is, is that in 1999 the three events take place in such a quick succession. On only two other occasions in modern history have the full Moon, lunar perigee, and December solstice coincided within a 24-hour interval, coming just 23 hours apart in 1991 (as indicated in the preceding table) and 20 hours apart back in 1866.

The 10-hour spread on December 22, 1999, is unmatched at any time in the last century and a half.

So is it really true, as numerous faxes and e-mails to Sky & Telescope have claimed that, the Moon will be brighter this December 22nd, than at any time in the last 133 years? We have researched the actual perigee distances of the Moon throughout the years 1800-2100, and here are some perigees of "record closeness" that also occurred at the time of full Moon:

Century	Date	Distance (km)	Date	Distance (km)
19 th.	1866 Dec. 21	357,289	1893 Dec. 23	356,396
20 th.	1912 Jan. 4	356,375	1930 Jan. 15	356,397
21 st.	1999 Dec. 22	356,654	2052 Dec. 6	356,421

It turns out, then, that the Moon comes closer to Earth in the years 1893, 1912, 1930, and 2052 than it does in either 1866 or 1999. The difference in brightness will be exceedingly slight. But if you want to get technical about it, the full Moon must have been a little brighter in 1893, 1912, and 1930 than in either 1866 or 1999, (based on the calculated distances).

The 1912 event is undoubtedly the real winner, because it happened on the very day the Earth was closest to the Sun that year. However, according to a calculation by a Belgian astronomer Jean Meeus, the full Moon on January 4, 1912, was only 0.24 magnitude (about 25 percent) brighter than an "average" full Moon.

In any case, these are issues only for the Astronomical Record Books. This month's full Moon won't look dramatically brighter than normal. Most people won't notice a thing, despite e-mail chain letters, implying that we'll see something amazing.

Our data is from the U.S. Naval Observatory's ICE computer program, Jean Meeus's Astronomical Algorithms, page 332; and the August 1981 issue of Sky & Telescope, page 110.

Question is ... Can our OooolllooO-e-aaaAMMMAaaa Calculate so

named the First day of Winter

2. The full moon on the Winter solstice will occur in conjunction with a Lunar Perigee ...

(point in the moon's orbit that is closest to Earth)

3. The moon will appear about 14% larger than it does at Apogee ...

This year the full moon will occur on the Winter Solstice (December 22nd) ...

(point in its elliptical orbit that is farthest from the Earth)

4. Since the Earth is *also several million miles closer to the sun at this time of the year* ... than in summer, sunlight striking the moon is about 7% stronger making it brighter

5. Also, this will be the **closest perigee of the Moon of the year** ...

since the moon's orbit is constantly deforming

6. If the weather is **lear** and there is a snow cover where you live ...

it is well believed that ... car headlights will be superfluous

Other Facts are ... 22^{nd.} December 1999 Full Moon ... (Tariq Hameed)

1.





7. This full moon lay in the **Month of Ramadhan** (Islamic Year) ... Astronomy proves ... that Ramadhan generally remains around the middle of year, at the Turn of Century

- 8. Further, history proves that '*Ramdhan*' **seldom** divides itself over the <u>Turn of a Century</u>
- 9. However, this time 'twas a Miracle ... the <u>Turn of a Millennium</u> ... never to happen again
 - 10. Thus, we can Conclude that ... "Light Will Dawn Again on a Sleeping Civilisation"
- 11. Strangely, a couple of days later, i.e., the Night of 24-25 December ('Xmas & Boxing Day),

there was a violent storm in Europe, with Winds flowing at over 170 km p/h,

completely destroying the entire Electric System of ALL European Countries Only in France,

more than 3 million Trees were Up-rooted ... & In-spite of Free Govt. Gift, some are still lying around ... Abandoned ...

- 13. As a Result, the wHole of Europe and mC-9st of America passed in Darkness at 'Xmas
- 14. It can be Supposed ... that this **Play of Light & Darkness** ... have Hidden Surprises for us
- 15. Also to be remembered, that Events Occurring on Turn of Centuries, have long time life span

.. Examples are a Real Wonder to cite a few ...

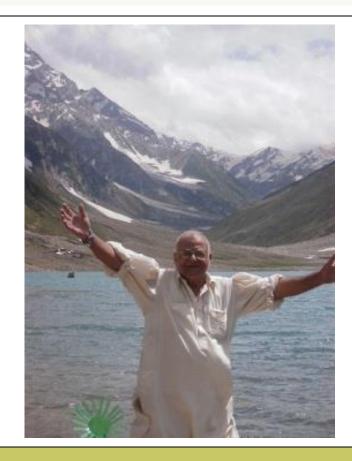
- ▶ 1495 AD ... Error of Christophorus Columbus ... Discovering America, instead of India
- > 1565 AD ... Siege of Malta: Followed by Lépante ... Turks Lost Sea Supremacy for ever
- ➤ 1595 AD ... Elisabeth I & Shakespeare ... Begins British Empire : English Domination
- 1699 AD ... January 26: Treaty of Karlowitz (Turkey & Venice, Poland, Austria) ... Turks quit C-Europe
 - > 1795 AD ... The French Revolution ... Base of the Modern Republics and Democracy
 - > 1895 AD ... The Planetary Industrial Revolution ... Colonialism falls into a Death Phase
 - > 1995 AD ... Starts an 'Age of Illumination' ... Justice to Prevail ... IF Humans want to Survive

'Twas my main Reason ... in Advance I Knew ... a Dominant Event of FUTURE.

The Rise of a LOST Civilisation ... I SAW this mo-on ... & I Knew What I had TO DO. Nordal war

... Thus I Launched this Struggle to Establish Urdu in Pakistan, starting with Computer ID Cards ...

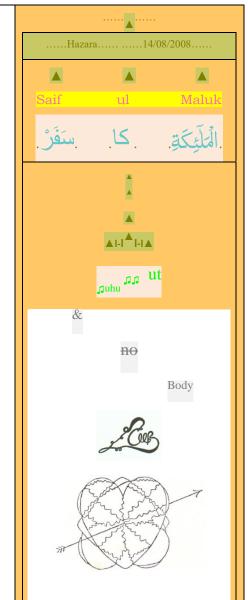
... There was Dr. Chaudri (Patron): TH (Brains) ... Habibullah, Saeed Ahmed, Imran Qureshi (& Action) ...

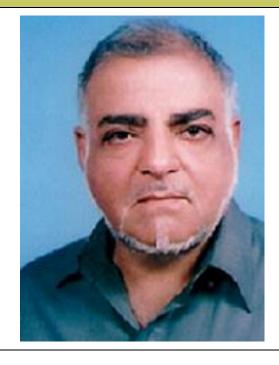




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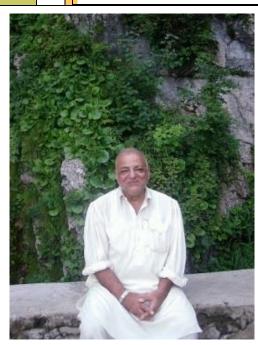
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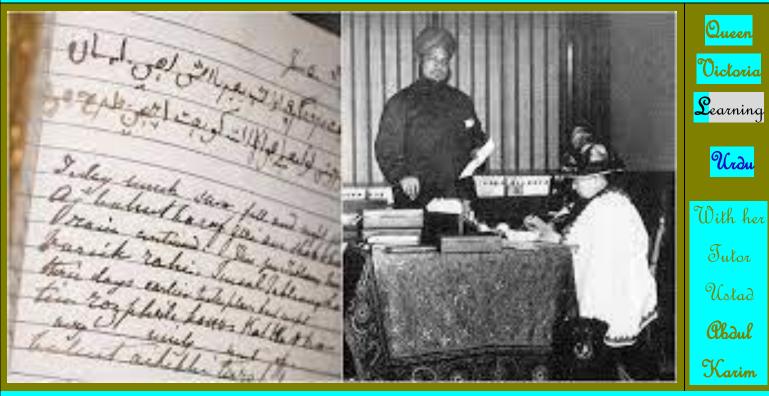


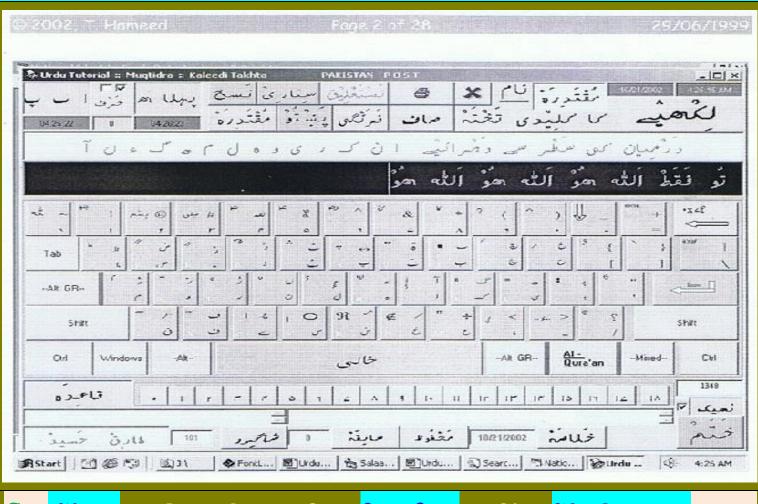


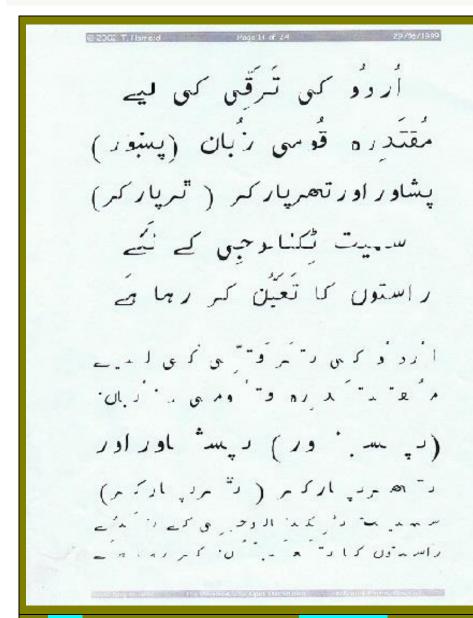
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بے زیست مھا اس فانی فناء میں . . . بسا بس نوم السَّمُوات بعل:

1

جهاں جهاں نھیں اور کھیں نھیں!

ھے تو صرف ، بعل آباد ؛ بعل کے بعل!

- ر اور جب هاته هلا الوداع ليح طايرت ، دنيا كو دنيا مير ؟ المراد على المراد المراد على المراد المراد
- ۲. همیش 'آرها' بها! 'سابها' بس بن نه سکا ... هزابها کاوشوں کے بعل
- .1. Without Existance was I, in this Fake World ... Living only in a Cosmos beYond ... 'n After!
- .2. Where There IS NoWhere ... a NoWhere of Nothing! If There **IS**, then **IS** an After; After the **After!**
- .3. And When, shaking Hands bye-bye says **Tariq**, to this **World**, in this **World unto?**
- .4. Ever remains BUT a 'HALF'! Never a Being 'FULL' ... Thousands 'n Thousand of Pains After?

STS

National Translation Center NTC:

We have now available, the top-most expertise of National and International standing and repute, in the all fields relating to Translatology.

- Pravide a "High-End" Languages Conversion Service
- 'Analyze carefully thus, the basic Undu Elements:
 - the text and context flow of the primary data
- the terminological and technical matter content Determine so, the underlying rules of Urdu Computer Grammar Launch a Multi-National level Urdu Editor (all functionalities)
- Develop scientifically on Automatic Translation System: ATS (Machine Translation, popularly named MT)

This is a pieus and demanding, but a long-term project, almost in the realm of fantasy, however, we are confident of our goal, as each one of our collaborators is a master of many tangues and crafts.

Confidentiality

Is our keyword! Working in coordination with top-class lawyers and advocates, we assure our clients of an absolute security guarantee, on their data, on their files, and all other relative information, them concerning

Usage: A Managerial Tool

We construct our Analysis

- on Total Reliability
 - on large-scale Data WareHouse Dimensioning
- on "High-End" Managerial Convenience (not operator dominated)

Methodology

Moving Data, from Poper to Computer, is the crying need of the day. Thus, our systems are designed for 100% accuracy.

Our elder, M.A. (English), F.C.A. (London), Computer Expert, accepts NO Errors!

He Conceived and Implemented the World's 1st Chemical Database

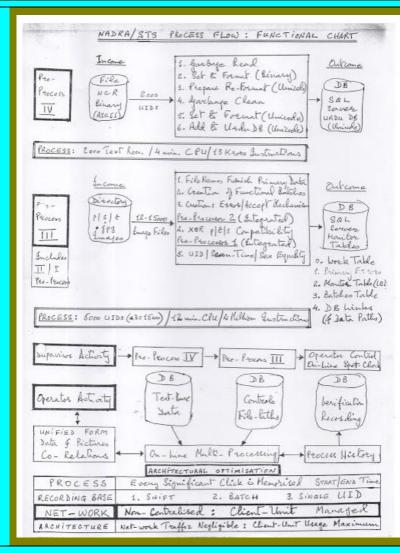
Stable Colors were developed on it; for Mercedez, Parche (and Pakistani Carpets) (CIBA, Switzerland: 1972)

BORD: Basic Operational Research Data Innovation: Multi-Relational, Partial Lackings, Automatized Queryings

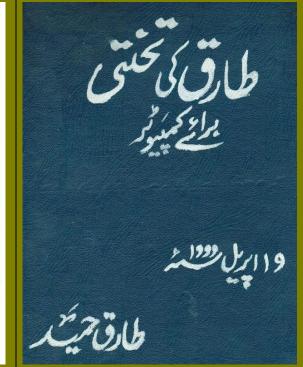
This was just short words. Now, Let us have a longer talk.

Dr. Azam Chaudary

OWER EXECUTIVE Tarig Hameed









-ビビール الوالمداقال عامد كيدال طارق عيد الأقبال عامية كرة عية أن ك يدون عامية وع الدون في تخفيف إلى في تلف كموان في في شروا في في ميال



The Honorable Chief Executive

of Our Beloved Country









Respected Sir.

Probably my advice is uncalled for, but I would certainly like to bring up a few points:

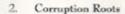
1. Transparence

The "open declaration" of your tax returns is really commendable. In the betterment of the country, it is a valuable future reference.

Even before, this was a mandatory requirement for politicians in power. Unfortunately, it has never been totally implemented.

In your interest and that of the country, please make this action obligatory in realistic terms. I suggest the following:

- > The five top grades of the country (in the administrative sense), either nominated or elected on the national or provincial level, should submit this open tax declaration compulsorily; preferably published in the Official Giazette.
- > This declaration should be yearly. An assets variation (specially Incremental), must be likewise attached along with.



➤ Lack of "Action Transparency" But then the "Control" was Central (British Bureaucracy Legacy) (Kingship)

 Limited number of persons Smaller the group, more is it bribable (in Cartel Formations) (Lesser Bribe Costs)

In mutual interest of yourself and the country, any type of future parliamentary or decisionary authority, should have much wider and deeper roots, both in national and provincial constitutions. They would consequently be more numerous and samely more difficult to corrupt, because more costly.

3. Khushamdees

Please Be-Aware of "High-Level" Pension-Seekers ...

History has always proved, that a Well-Intentioned Leader oft is a Prey to the Personal Self Interest "Professional Prætor".

What I call a "Courtier-Clique" now well active in your person are the "Hang-Over" of Older Time: Scrap & Scrub History!

4. Addendum

If you think that a change of the Cultural Environment, as for example, especially bringing-up our Traditional Language as a Tool, Powerful & Workable ... can be helpful ... on the Methodology & Technology, to expose to your Perusal!

With these few Words,

Your Respected Sir,

I remain truly,

'n Loyally A Private Citizen.

Tariq Hameed : 29/10/1999

thooky@gmail.com



5. Homage to Pak Post

For over 6 months, Gen Agha Cordially Invited me to Lodge in his Own Office as DG ...

Day & Night I Worked on Urdu Oura'an Digital Atomisation! "All my Immense Thanks, for a Great Service to

General of only 17 ... Tariq-bin-Ziad ... who gave his Name to Gibraltar!



'Tis was a Calm 'n Quiet Eve: three ships folded their Sails 'n glided softly to a stop, as the Sun Set Sweetly 'n called it a day ... on such a Settling Night! That Night he knew ... that who Controls "Gibl-ut-Tariq", Controls the World! Rocky Mount of Tariq, thus made History: forever, as a few Sea-Gulls, headed at ease, Sky-High to their Niches.

In a previous plan, Tariq had already gaged the Spaniard Despotic Usurper Rodrigues' Strength and Weaknesses ... so this time, in 711 he was fully prepared ... he had but a meagre 7000 men against an Armoured Cavalry, esteemed about over 70.000,, thus he had to Plan otherwise: a Clever Tactic, that left not even a suspicion of Defeat!

The night was young 'n Stars Sparkled ... **Tariq** moved his men to Inner Fortifications ... then in the Calm Sea, at Dawnbreak, rose Flames 'n Fire; thus in a matter of minutes, all Ships existed No More; remained Ashes 'n Smoke: No Sails, No Rams, No Planks ... just Ghost Silhouettes of Past Grandeur, Sunk in Waters 'n Waves! **Tariq** had got up early in the Golden Morn with a few Courageous Friends ... 'n had put ALL to Fire ... **A Path of No Return!**

Then he Spoke: "Friends, Faithful 'n Fighters, Evil Lives Short, but Glory Lives Eternally! Ô, you People of Belief, where is the Escape? Behind's the Sea 'n Cert Death: but afore you, is Probable Death but Cert Glory, DO or DIE?

ALLALIA (God) is with you ... and all you Need, is Nothing but Perseverance 'n Confidence 'n Patience 'n Faith"!

19th. July, 711 AD, at Wadi-Bakkah (Salado): the demoralized Rodrigues' Army,, immediately shed in blood, was put to flight ... however, **Tariq** did not Laud his success, but swiftly chased them, for he had realised that the Armoured overloaded **Goth** Cavalry, was No Match for valiant 'n super-speeding horse-men, lightly clad to manoeuvre swift!

Now a few Words about ... the Boat-Burning Tradition ... It has existed, 'n was practiced even since Antiquity:

- 1. Classical figures are believed to destroy ships in brave conquest moments: Alexander, Cæsar, Apostle Paul.
- 2. Giants of Gog and Magog, the Great Perm (North Russia) ... turned out to be a Viking Norse (Boat Funerals).
- 3. This Gog and Magog Tradition, carries on in Modern Times (India) ... Man, Wife, Belongings (Sati Funerals).
- 4. Portuguese 'n Spaniards, Hernán Cortés (Yucatan Peninsula: 1519) ... expansion activities (Trading Rituals).

Rodrigues drowned in River Salado ... 'n thus Tariq carried on, his soldiers inspired by his very able Promptness: by the end of 711, Tariq with his Generals had conquered Cordova up-to Toledo (Gothic Capital), 'n half Spain ... However, Tariq's Superior, Musa bin Nusair, thinking that Tariq's Forces may-be out-numbered, ordered him not to expand any more: but Tariq, knowing these actual Terrains much better, did not obey; as giving a breath-take to the Enemy, could have been Mortal. So Tariq continued, employing his minimum resources to a maximum advantage!

Musa bin Nusair, highly surprised by the phenomenal successes of Tariq, simultaneously landed in Spain with his supporting army ... however, at first, he was truly displeased by Tariq's dis-obedience, but seeing the true ground Realities, forgave him magnanimously: to carry on the Spanish Conquest! After dominating Savilla, he joined Tariq in Toledo,, to carry on to the high-lands of Leon, Aragon and Galicia. Consequently, in only under two years, the two Muslim Veterans, had brought most of Northern Spain, up till the Pyrenees, under their authority!

Musa received peremptory orders of the Caliph Walid, that with his Lieutenant Tariq, they present themselves in Damascus, where, on their arrival in the Umayyed Capital, in Feb 715, were received with due Decorum 'n Honour, as Heroes deserve! UnFortunately, the Caliph died soon after: replaced by his brother Suleman, resentful 'n jealous of their success! Historians say, that the two Glorious Generals were Humiliated and Dis-Honoured,, to be left on the Streets, in Need 'n in Want ... 'n so is How they Perished ... for Services Rendered to the Meaner of the Mean!

General of only 17 ... Tariq-bin-Ziad ... who gave his Name to Gibraltar! كايق مجيدا

Origins of Tariq ... was he a Berber, was he a Moroccan, was he an Arab ... None seems to Know? All that one Knows is that **he was**: with a Name from the Qura'an ... 'n that's what Counts "Gibl-ut-Tariq",, Boat-Burner!

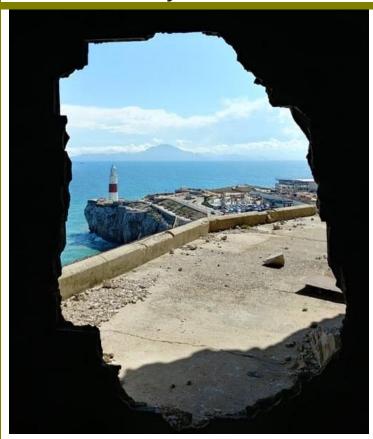
Character of Tariq ... he possessed an Indomitable Courage, 'n Strong Will-Power, full Strength 'n Stamina ... his Confidence'n Faith were Infallible, 'n his Plans were Filliantly Conceived 'n Harmoniously Executed, 'n his Military Strategies were Swift 'n Intrepid ... He was Mature 'n Self-Disciplined 'n Ce-ol 'n Balanced in Mind, in All 'n Every Adverse or Favourable Circumstances ... 'n Totally a Self-Master, in Face of the Strongest of Oppositions!

Personality of Tariq ... his Fine Personality had many Humanitarian Aspects ... Dignified, Self-Restrained, Devout to All 'n his Cause, totally Un-Mindful of Who Thought What of What he did,, but that Be it Well-Done ... Respectful to his Superiors, Courteous to his Equals 'n Kind 'n Considerate to his Inferiors ... One of the very few in History, who have left a Hall-Mark of Character,, of Intelligence, of Bounty, 'n of Simplicity in Pure GG-2 dness!

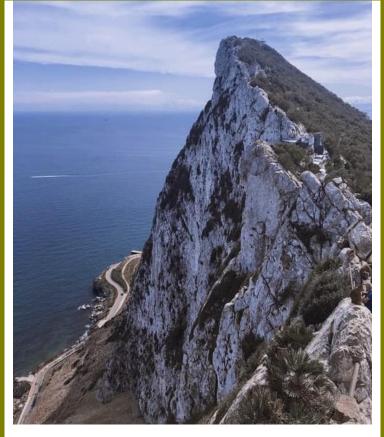
Finally ... to Sum Up ... Frailty, Thy Name is Woman ... (Hamlet: Shakespeare)

10,000 Tages Tortured,, mul.mul.Mullaism ... Treason,, Thyne Name's Pride ... (Me: Shake-a-Pear)

Gibraltar's History ... Small Peninsula in Southern Iberia ... as Mediterranean Opens ...



https://unsplash.com/s/photos/gibraltar photo-1595353022520-93a6386e0b16.jpg



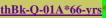
https://unsplash.com/s/photos/gibraltar photo-1571081523650-af92f468af65.jpg

History spans over 2,900 years ... of reverence in ancient times ... to "the most dense, fortified, contested European Point". Gibraltar: populated 50,000 years ago by Neanderthals, ended around 24,000, at their disappearance. After came Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans: belief & worship of the Twin Pillars Hercules Shrines ... Gibraltar Rock 'Hollow Rock', Mons Calpe!























Voracious Reader 'n Searcher, since Two 'n Half years <mark>Old</mark>, of Where **LYES** the **TRUTH**? كابى مى المعادىة

"Aye, there Lyes the rub": so in this Hamlet of No Return, called 'World of the Wise Men of Gotham', only but be Bed-Ridden by the **Un-Wise of Bottom**,, my Faint Wisdom Swore but Faintly; "Never Truly Grow-up"!

'Twas Destiny, that born Myopic, Forced me to magine. Thus, Truth 'n Purity came to Grasp: it a day dawned that, "Dirt were you Born, to returnest to Dirt" ... Empty-Handed Come, 'n Empty-Handed Gone ... thus lil by lil, formed a Philosophy: "You only GAIN, what you GIVE" ... Help **Humanity**; Not your own Self-Self!

Learning thus so early, that Seeing was Un-Truth ... Lampions big of Light, Blinking 'n Flickering, so Blown-up in Multi-Fluid colours in the Deep Depths of the Cosmos' ... factually were, Else-Things in the Else-Where? Questions to be Posed 'n Answered: allowing the use of other Senses, like Sounds, Taste, Smell 'n Movements, in Truth to just Re-Construct the feasible Probable Reality; Intuitively analysing the rayoned Cricks 'n Cracks of Chalky traits, I justly <mark>H</mark>eard, the Black-Board Talk back to me: 'n Revealed by 🎮ag√c, the Writing on the Wall ... so Un-Veiled, the False-h@-2d of the Persons of Convenience?

Only pictures 'n bc-2ks were my Mates. Actually, Mental Correction always rectifying the Worldly Vision. suddenly <mark>Adult,</mark> one put Glasses on my Nose? Help! Ahhhh, the Truth: which I already Knew since so long, by bc-oks 'n lc-oks: 'n my <mark>Dear</mark> Ancient <mark>Masters</mark>, who had made my magination, my Best <mark>Friend</mark>, for-ever!

Friends! Live to Give ... Fill Graves with Souls, NOT Soles ... Tread Down, in Here-After?

Ever Be <mark>True</mark>: the Mental Remains 'n Captures All as a <mark>Pure</mark> Child,, never as Sallied <mark>Humans</mark>: who in <mark>Truth</mark> are, Not Sapiens, but Serf-Peons! Slaves of the Junky-Jungle-Law: Lead by the Lowly Mi-Lords; by Law?

Sink the Beast, to Save the Sky-Bid Ængels ... To be or not to be, that's the Question?

Write 'n Put 25 years in a Drawer. If U find, it still g C-0 d? It Might have some Value in it ... T. S. Eliot. ... TARIQ ... ONLY PERSON IN WORLD ... WAITING TO PUBLISH TILL 80 ...



TARIQ ... ONLY PERSON IN WORLD ... WAITING TO PUBLISH TILL 80 ...



1st. be-ok Publishing Planned: 21/02/2021 Completion: 05/05/2021

(<mark>Mother's</mark> Goodbye<mark>-World Anniversary ... '72</mark>)

Kublai Khan

(Kublai Coronation ... 05/05/1260)

History of Urdu ... The Mongol/Turkish word Urdu means "Camp" or "Palace" ... Kublai ...

... The Final Place of Rest ... And That's How My cem Ends: Sadly ...

Quaiting; that the Sc. Dreath, be shed,

'N downed he slept: Camp Urdu in bed,

That <mark>Spirils</mark> to the Ninth <mark>Keaven</mark> Arise

That. Spirits.to.the. Ninth. Heaven. Arise

طابق تميد

Beethoven's.9th.Sympohony.first.recording.(Bruno.Seidler-Winkler,1923)

Beethoven's.9th.Sympohony.(Hymn.to.Joy)...https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nZV2EuA9fwM

4th. bc ok ... 3-2 Publishing Planned: 16/01/2023 Completion: 21/02/2023

Tayles (<mark>Father's</mark> Goodbye<mark>-World ... 16/01/1957</mark>) (Ma's Goodbye-World Anniversary ... '72) (73) (61)

Struts'n Frets ... 2

5th. bc ok ... 3-3 Publishing Planned: 05/05/2023 Completion: 14/08/2023

Tayles 'Tween (<mark>Pak</mark> Independence<mark> (75) ... 14/08/1947</mark>) (Kublai Coronation ... 05/05/1260)

Struts'n Frets ... 3

An Emperor, Leaning on Staff of his Wealth:

Humiliated, Us Poor Souls' Love, by Stealth?

اكبر الهبادي Taj Mahal : Akbar Allahbadi

https://www.pexels.com/photo/black-andwhite-photo-of-the-taj-mahal-7582485/



