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I dedicate this piece of writing to two
doves and martyrs of peace
ANVAR ASSADAT and ITZAK RABIN,
bathed in their own blood by mad-about-God people.
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The scene : A table, a chair, a bookcase. Near the bookcase stands a man who reads, surprised by his reading. A woman' s voice can be heard.

The woman : That's enough, darling, come to bed!

The man : Sh! I am reading.

The woman : Until when do you want to read ? Until when do you want to bother me and prevent me from sleeping?

The man : I am not bothering you! You are in your bedroom and I am in the living room. You don't see the light nor hear the noise of the book I am leafing through. Why are you shouting like this ?

A pause. The man goes on reading. The cry of the woman is heard.

The woman : Don't you see by dint of reading you've lost all your hair ? That'll do now, come to bed!

The man : I told you not to scandalize people! The neighbours will be calling the cops again! They will think we are having a fight!

The man goes on reading. A few seconds later, the cry of the woman is heard.

The woman : Come to bed, don't you have to go to work tomorrow ?

The man, who was given a start by the cry of his woman, is getting excited.

The man : I'm the one who's going to work so why are you worried ?

The woman : I am worried about you because I don't want you to doze tomorrow while at work.

The man : Really! Madam is worried about me!

The woman : I should say so.

The man : There are only one or two pages left, I have gotten to Moses!

The woman : What happened to Moses?

A pause. The man finishes the book. He yawns, punches his chest and makes his way towards the bedroom.

The scene becomes gloomy. A sleeping music is played for a minute.

Alter the end of the music, a few pauses. A cock crows...

The woman : Get up darling! Have your breakfast! You're gonna be late!

The woman heads for the table. She picks up the book her husband was reading. The latter comes towards her.

The man : Hello, darling!

The woman : Hello! What was the matter with you last night?

The man : Nothing honey, I was reading.

The man shows the book his wife holds.

The woman : I know you were reading this book but I am talking about the fact that you cried in your sleep in the middle of the night!

The man : What ? What do you mean I cried ?

The man thinks during a brief moment.

The man: Oh yes, you're right. You hear me cry in my sleep?

-

The woman : Yes honey! But why ? Did you dream ? Did you have a nightmare ?

The man : No! I dreamed of God!

The woman : What ? You dreamed of God ? How did he appear in your dream ?

The man : He came! He was a good God! I liked Him a lot!

The woman : What do you mean ?

The man : You don't know what shape he'd taken?

The woman : What form ?

The man : A beautiful young woman shape!

The woman : Did you talk together ?

The man explains :

- Yes darling! And this is the reason why I cried.

I saw God sitting in a corner. He'd put his arms around his knees and cried like a baby.

At first I thought he cried out of too much happiness. I said to myself he's right not to Care about us. He created the world, men and all this fuss.

But I said to myself it is impossible to laugh for no reason, mostly regarding God! I moved forward. I was afraid the guards call out to me and prevent me from it.

Therefore I get closer by taking little steps but nothing similar occurred and nobody stopped me. When I got to him, I saw the worst. He was crying so much that his eyes had a stream running down.

I kneeled down before him : Oh, you merciful! What's wrong with you ? What happened? Why are you crying ?

He lifted up his head. What a face! Like the moon, beautiful, innocent, ravishing.

I felt better when I saw his face.

He told me :

- What else can I do except crying ?

- But why are you crying, my king God, you are so big and powerful and merciful...

He cried even more :

- There you are! You and your talking! And what they do!
What else can I do except crying ? Didn't you read the book
last night?

- What book?

- The very book you were reading and about which you
were having an argument with your wife!

- Oh yes! You're talking about this play? «History of
Histories » ?

- Yes, that's what I'm talking about! Have you seen what
they've done to me through history ? From yesterday until
today ? All they've done on my behalf ? So many buildings
they've built for me? So many houses and temples? Did I
need those ? Don't you see what they've done to me through
history ?

- Oh, my kind God! You're right! They've done so many
things in your name! Then the author of the book was right
to write what he wrote ?

- What you read is just a part of the guiles and trickeries of men!

- But my kind God! You just have to deny all this, speak and lead your people!

- What ? With all my power and my splendour, I don't either have any pulpit at my disposal, nor any megaphone, television, radio, paper, nor even a fax to tell these tricksters : Enough is enough! That'll do! Let me be, until when do you want to build houses for me and turn around like asses round an oil press, I am the one who created existence. Until when do you want to go on sacrificing animals and human beings for me?

And you don't know the best bit about it : I don't have any house or temple for myself. Every temple or house built in my name has a guard! Even if one day or one night I want to enter one of these houses, the guard will prevent me from it. I don't have television, nor radio, gallery, paper, magazine to discuss with my people. And if I appear as I am, the guards of my temples, the papers and media leaders will kill me and say I am an ungodly person!

- Oh my God! You are totally right! You are having a rough time!

God cries again and even more :

- Do you understand now why I am crying ?

The man, already sobbing, falls on God's neck and cries with me.

- My God! You are so good and kind! I feel like crying for you!

Feeling sleepy

In this beautiful city of Paris, there are a thousand and one things to see. However, we, people living and working there, are expecting a public holiday in order to sleep, even if many of our fellow countrymen star up all night and sleep during the rest of the day.

We work every day and what we like most is the public holiday just after or before a Saturday or Sunday.

The French prefer to have public holidays on Fridays or Mondays in order to enjoy a long week-end and leave the city. But we, people even working on Saturdays or Sundays, are taking advantage of these days off on the weekends to sleep.

We never have enough sleep and time. Let's not talk about the night but we rather sleep at about 2, 3 or 4 am and get up as fast as we can at 8 to start the day. Nevertheless we are lucky the mother of our child is not a primary school teacher or state employee and that she gets up in the morning, prepares breakfast, dresses him and drives her to school. Our way of dressing is determined by our daughter who, from the age of 2 onwards, chose our clothes and even the colour of our tie.

Let' s not talk about her own clothes. I remember my own childhood. Despite our parents' benevolence, we couldn't choose the colour of our clothes before the age of 2. Nowadays, children choose their parents clothes.

In short, you do not have many opportunities to take advantage of public holidays and sleep as much as you like.

I was drunk when I went to the tavern last night,
I saw an old drunk man there, wearing a pitcher on his back,
I told him : aren't you ashamed of God ?
He answered me : God is generous, drink and remain silent!
« Khayyam »

In the arms of merciful God

... At the time of one of those public holidays when everybody lived in peace, I had a second dream. I was familiar with the scene and setting and I quickly felt that it was the continuation of a previous dream.

«We had interlaced and stopped crying. The one who first started to cry got up, wiped his tears and put his arm on my shoulder :

- Get up! Get up!

I was working and did not pay attention. This time he shouted :

- Avesta! Get up, we have to do something serious!

I was surprised and looked at him :

- Oh my Almighty God, I am not Avesta, I am Hassan Abbasi. If we are good friends you will be able to call me Hassan.

God frowned and seemed angry. He tried hard to smile :

- Am I not your God ? Why do you obey your four-year-old son when he asks for such-and-such a shirt or trousers and you oppose me. I want to call you Avesta. That's all.
- Dear God, Hassan is very cute. Although I didn't have the chance of the imam Hassan several hundreds of slave women, thousands of camels, dozens of residences, etc., I got used to my name and I want to change it into Avesta, I need forty more years to get used to it. And many people would think I had been converted to Zoroastrianism.

God interrupted me :

- Why do you encourage people to change their name and refuse to accept it for yourself ? You wrote and asserted that Avesta existed before Zoroaster.
- They will have no reason to think so. You are my friend.
Vas-Salam.

- You call me Avesta and you say Vas-Salam ?

This time, God really smiles :

- Yes, you have to speak Iranian with an Iranian even if he knows Arabic!

God deeply yawns, swirls around, spreads his arms, closes his fists and comes towards me. I was frightened. When he got close to me, with his fists closed like boxers'. God taps

me slightly on the shoulder as if he was caressing his son.

He hops several times and says:

- Very good, move closer, we've got to deal with the most important thing. Are you ready?
- It depends on what the most important thing is!
- Find a solution for me. Didn't you tell me all that they did on earth in my name ? We have to find a solution!
- Oh my honourable God! Why after centuries and thousands of years, you think of it now?
- You made me think about it and it was a good initiative!
- Where do you want us to start from ?
- From a gallery. You've got to help me find a gallery where I'll spread my messages from.

Some people think about religion

Others think they have found the truth

All of a sudden, a voice can be heard :

Oh ignoramus! The path is neither one nor the other

« Khayyam »

God and the 124000 prophets!

- If you want to add another prophet to the 124000 preceding ones, count me out!

Offended and angry, God shouts :

-What prophet ? What 124000 ones ? Where did you find that figure?

- It's the figure that you invented, you sent them!

- Who did I send ? Who? What with ? What for? Is it sensible? 124000 prophets! They say the first one was Adam who lived, six thousand years ago, in the desert of Sinai. Even if every fifty years, a chieftain declared himself to be a prophet, there would only be 120 of them! And even 240, if it happened every twenty five years! And even if, like the Presidents in France, elected every seven years, supposing that there is no re-election, they would net reach the number of 900! I don't know where the figure 124000 comes from!

- Let's admit that this figure 124000 is net correct, you are going back over everything you said. It is true that I wrote the idjtehad for the renewal of the thought but the fact of making a complete break with one's past is a matter for men and not God. The powerful and eminent God must not regret his actions and renounce them.

You are net Bazargan who, after reading « The secrets of Islam » might just forget all about those fifty years of

religious struggle and told me : « My dear Abbasi, I understood the only motive for the prophecy was to attract the attention of the Last Judgement! They were not elected to teach us politics, construction, business or technique! »

- It's just as well you interviewed Bazargan before he died and that you have in your possession the evidence of these words! Otherwise, who would have believed in their truthfulness ? But as far as I am concerned, God, great and distinguished, where and when did I deny or regret? I simply say I didn't send anybody. I didn't give my signature to anybody, nor the slightest sign of recognition; I didn't interview anybody!

- Their miracles signified your seal!

- What does that mean ?

- It means that they achieved extraordinary actions!

- For example ? Did they divide the moon into two parts, did they send ships in the outer space ?

- Oh no! But one of these kindly people announced you talked to him and transmitted ten commandments!

- Did somebody witness this ?

- No.

- So you see I talked to nobody! And even these ten commandments were common among the people of Egypt - like Avesta among the Iranian people - several thousands of

years before the afore-mentioned persan, moreover a hero and a valorous commander. Do you need to care what he said or didn't say? Look at what he did : he organized a people and granted them international glory and pride.

- You're right, my God! We have to look at the heart of the actions and not the words!

But it is more simple to say God said and wanted such-and-such thing! People then admit things more easily and readily obey! Because man - in spite of the power and strength he has - still has some fear in himself and needs a higher strength, that's why your spokespeople and representatives are eternal and nobody can dethrone them! But about words, I am talking to you now and you mustn't deny it tomorrow!

- Am I talking to you ?

- Aren't we discussing!

- Look at me, you're joking with me!

- What joke! We're talking to each other and hearing each other?

- You're asleep and you're dreaming! You don't see my reality and you're not talking to it!

- What difference between sleep and awakening! God is God and creator, as much in one as in the other!

God, who was angry, retorted:

- You're starting to annoy me again! I shed tears because of what the others have done to me, I'm coming to you to be comforted and you add to my sorrow.

I cut God's word short, I apologize with some panic :

- On your child's life, excuse me!

God, surprised, takes a look at me :

- Wait! On my child's life! What child ?

- The young man you sent to save humankind, who had taken upon himself the sins of your creatures and who surrendered to you, in heaven! The one who cured the deaf, the blind, the dumb and the lame people and who rose young girls from the dead by kissing them on the lips!

- Oh yes, you're referring to this handsome young man who went in your country, Iran, in Egypt, India and even went round Kashmir; he had learned medicine and cured the sick in the villages of Israel which, then, were several centuries behind human civilization; he had reborn epileptic people who people thought dead, and was called the Saviour. You also can rise girls who died because they didn't receive enough love. Have you forgotten you also did it before you lost your hair and got bald ?

- Oh merciful God! Don't talk to me about the past, it only stirs my sorrows up. You'd rather talk about your son! By the way, how did you get married with his mother ? How

come among all those beautiful Persian, Roman, Turkish, Palestinian, Bulgarians girls you went to the desert and got married with a nomadis orphan daughter.

Gad crawls again in a corner and starts to cry again :

- Who can I confide in and open my heart ?

Regretting my words, I get close to God and start to apologize.

God wipes his tears and hugs me. I have a strange feeling, as if in my arms is the first love of my life. I have the same pulsation, my heart beats quickly. I could sleep in his arms.

God lets me go:

- Do you see now all I've gone through during centuries and all they've clone in my?

- You don't have to worry about it! It's not worse that somebody else got married in your name with a 8-9-year-old-girl!

- Enough of this jocking, we have to do something serious!

- Serious or not, I am not prepared to play the role of the prophet, mostly if my miracle would be a book! So far, I've written several hundreds of articles and books and it would net be logical for my style to change overnight!

- What miracle? What book? You 're probably referring to this half-poem half-historical book whose author was this forty-year-old man who, on half the world, made a savage

and warlike people dominate. He also transformed the language and culture of billions of people, flapped his flag as far as Europe and introduced his religion everywhere!

- It's funny! You stopped his age on the day you elected him as a prophet! When he dies, he'll be sixty.

What about this story of forty years old ? At forty years old, I also wanted the Presidency of the Republic.

Direct contact between God and his creatures!

- It's not the right time for discussing the secret of forty and of the figures. Leave that question for later. Let's go back over the heart of the issue. You had to help me transmit my messages to the population. You are a crack in propaganda and communication!

- I thank you God! But after what you said, it seems it is impossible for you to talk with the population because as soon as you have spoken, you'll be lynched by the population prompted to do so by the shopkeepers of religion!

- Why ?

- Because you deny everything! The representatives of your prophets organised marches around the world and set up machinery that will be shaken by your words!
- However, on the eve of the XXIst century, I have to talk, at all costs, to the population.
- How come you assert the distinguished character we referred to was not your son nor your messenger, but you accept his date? If you appoint me Avesta, then talk about the LXXIst century so that things take a more logical turn!
- Yes! You're right! LXXIst century. Do you see the wrong doings of habit? They talked so much about it that those were also inculcated in me.

The prophets seen by God

- Do you realise now the difficulty of the path you also want to lead me into ? In order to transmit your message, you don't need to add another person to those several thousand that you don't even recognise yourself. The best solution would be a radio station!
- Radioactive! This would kill everybody and I'd rid myself of them!

- No! Radio with no active power is a way for everybody to hear your voice without seeing you and you'll remain in a safe place!

- What a good instrument! Was it invented by one of those 124000 people who claimed to be my prophet ?

- No! This poor man never claimed to be a prophet.

- Really! Then he claimed to be God!

- Not at all! He had no pretension! Most of people listening to the radio don't even know who created it.

- You are really silly! The real miracle is that. The radio!...
If you look for a prophet, he's just the creator of radio!

- You're way off it! Even the creator of the sun on earth was not considered as a prophet!

- What's the sun on earth ? I am the creator of the sun!

- There's another energy called electricity; recently, we've also been using nuclear energy power. These energies light up the nights and work machinery. Just as the existence of the earth depends on the existence of the sun, the one of the inhabitants of the earth today comes under electricity and atom.

- The person who invented all of this and competed with me can be called a prophet. Did he claim himself to have been one?

- Not at all!
- What a shame, he would have deserved it a hundred percent!
- They dealt with science, knowledge and scientists and not with ignoramus. We can make those believe what we want, but...
- There's no point in going up to the gallery. You were talking about the radio. We'd better use a means for people to see us also.
- You're right, all right for television!
- What is television?

I describe television to him and he asks me :

- Its creator certainly was part of those who claimed to be God!
- No!

God cried again :

- If at least those artists and creators claimed to be prophets, it would have increased my prestige, rather than a group of nomads and quick-tempered warriors.

In short, because God wanted his television programme to be spread around the world, I proposed him to rent a satellite. The same questions were asked to me about the creator of this material.

In order to put God's mind at ease once and for all, I told him the time of the prophecy was in the past forever and that among the 124000 people, only a few outlived history...

The heavenly satellite was ready. It was agreed that, in the first shows, we would broadcast programmes relating to other planets and that those programmes would be interrupted to let through messages such as : « God' s acquaintance, God speaks to you, God loves his people, God cries with you, God laughs with you, God is your tender friend».

Programmes broadcast by satellite had a wide audience. Everybody watched them, mostly because they could be seen without a cable or aerial. As a matter of fact, these programmes and the satellite belonged to distinguished God who did not need at all to go through channels, machinery and regulations in force.

God and the Internet

God proposed me, on the first day of the fall, to talk half an hour a day with the peoples with the idea of preparing his historic intervention. I started by describing them history and the apparition of the prophets by starting with the book

« Religion and rationalism », followed by «From Mithra to Mohammad» and «The secrets of Islam »... These programmes had a broad reception. Broadcast by Altavista worldwide, the peoples of each territory just had to press a button to listen to our words in their own language.

The Internet was also working and God managed it in person. He regularly letters and messages from the population, to which he answered, adding each day a new element to his answers.

God was more complete than we were. Whereas we slept and ate a little, he didn't need to sleep and eat, continuing his activity without a break. He didn't even have a wife or children who would have filled a part of his time, nor an owner, who, in case of a late rent, would send a bailiff, nor the concern of the electricity and telephone bills. He had settled behind his Internet and did not move anymore from where he was seated. He also ran the programme broadcast by satellite from the Internet. In my daily shows, I announced the important discussions I had had with God who was in great form and glad about being able to contact his world by means of the Internet, telephone and fax. He was happy with my collaboration and promised to put several planets at my disposal so that I don't want anymore

to rule over the fate of a country of 70 million inhabitants with so many mullas.

It was expected that during the longest night, God appears on the screens and talks directly to the peoples. Although God knows all human languages, our computer system was high performance enough to translate simultaneously a word into every language and dialect. Therefore, every earthman could understand the word of God with no problem.

Despite the fact that we answered the questions asked by everybody by the Internet, fax and direct contacts, we had set up a clever telephone system which included thousands of answers. After dialling God's telephone number, you pressed the keys from 1 to 9 and a gentle and pleasant voice announced the heavenly answers. The people who called, and on account of shyness, didn't dare to speak with God, their number was visible and God personally called them back later. Sometimes, he happened to transfer his direct phone number on mine. If I had trouble answering a question, I also called God and there were three of us discussing while also seeing our images.

God was much more cheerful than before. He travelled around the world, taking with him his pocket computer as big as a watch, but which included a fax, the Internet, a

mobile phone etc. in order to have a permanent contact with the centre managing the satellite and with his people spread out worldwide.

The longest night was way off and we also broadcast the information relating to God's acquaintance. The whole world was waiting for the Promised Day. For the first time, God wanted to speak directly with his people. People on earth was enthusiastic. Many media rose up against us, called us new tricksters. We were insulted in Holy Places and temples. However, the masses came nearer and nearer and consolidated their bonds with us.

A journey around the world in God's ship

Forty days before the longest night, God, who was in his ship, as big as a little car, told me :

- Get up, we're gonna go out and round the Earth!

I was stunned : travel through the world and around the Earth! At forty years old, I had almost visited the whole world, but travelling with God, in his ship, reminded me of my red coupé, a present I had from my brother for my twentieth birthday, that I used as a taxi and with which I drove politicians. So many ministers, deputies, presidents and even guides sat in that car!

In short, I said to God :

- Where do you want to start the journey from ?
- Since you are a nationalist and that you love Iran, we'll start by this country.

I'm starting to have doubts as to this God who is so sentimental and affectionate. He is sensitive on certain points.

For example, he calls me Avesta and why not : Mani, Mazdak; Afchine, Babak or Souchiante! Why Avesta? He wants to start his journey from Iran! Why not Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem, Cairo, India, Paris, London, Moscow or New York? My doubt was not bad but a positive one, thinking that this God might have an Iranian root. My thoughts were torn by the alert operated by God :

- Hurry up, we're gonna be late!

I jumped into the ship which cast off. In a lapse of time, the sight of Damavand mountain made me shed tears.

God bit me tenderly in the back :

- I know why you're crying, but look how Damavand mountain looms up out of the sky!
- Yes! But the people does not have anything anymore to be proud of!

When I got to Qom, God pulled up suddenly. Fortunately, I had fastened my belt, otherwise...

- Why did you pull up ?
- Are you deaf, don't you hear you're calling me ? I pulled up to see what they want from me!

God and the murderers of Imam Hossein!

The little screen of God's ship was lit, showing the mosques, houses, living rooms and bases where the inhabitants were and were complaining.

God commissioned me to visit a few centres where the people were crying in order to know about their problems. I quickly knew that it was Achoura night and that the people was in mourning.

I answered God :

- They're crying on the occasion of Achoura, the day Imam Hossein was killed. They damn the murderers and ask you to punish them in the fires of Hell.

God, who was angry, answered:

- Am I a torturer to make them burn ?

- What do you do to murderers then and why did you create Hell?

- What Hell? Am I a builder ? I don't know what I'd do with murderers! I have to form a research group which would study the conditions of the murder and make out a report that I'd hand over to the judges committee. As long as there is no proof the accused are guilty, I can't arrest them.

- There's not good grounds for arresting them because the murderers died ages ago!

- When did the murder occur ?

- 1358 years ago.

- Why, despite these means of communication, information is getting so long for reaching your country of origin ?

- Oh no! There's no delay in the information! Those poor people know from that time onwards but nevertheless go on crying!

God thought for a moment and took his stethoscope, put the earphones in his ears, placed the cupping glass on the ship's internal screen on the head of the woman who was crying.

- Do you know why this woman is crying ?

- Yes, for Imam Hossein!

- No, she's crying because of the problems she has with her husband. She says, deep down inside, why am I married to

this man. If she had married the previous man who proposed her she would have a lot of goods today, a car, a house. She's crying for the promises she'd made in her childhood and that have fallen through today...

Then he stared at another girl :

- Do you know why she's crying in invoking Hossein?
- No!
- Because she's complaining about her parents who didn't allow her to go to the cinema with her friend..

Each time God stared at a person, they had a family, personal, financial...problem.

He turned towards me, smiling :

- You have cunning fellow countrymen ? They use this poor Hossein dead years ago as a pretext to feel sorry for themselves!

God cried while watching a stoning

I soon felt that God was not happy with his journey in the Iranian sky, especially when he pulled up suddenly. Above Kernan, he put a brake on again. This time, we could clearly see the inside of the city through the ship. On the central square, many men and women stoned to death a

woman of whom we could only see the blood-soaked and limped head.

I said to myself God will be glad to observe this stoning scene. I was smiling and watching him.

God gave me a funny look and asked me :

- Why are you smiling ?
- I'm glad to see you happy!
- Happy, me ? Have you seen anybody unhappier?
- Why, my God ? This poor woman is being stoned to death for your satisfaction, because she acted against your orders!
- What order and what satisfaction? Am I a torturer for giving such orders ?

I started to panic while watching this God. He suddenly exclaimed :

- What are those moving black dots? Yet they're not penguins!
 - These are the beautiful women, the angels of my heavenly country, Iran!
 - Why' are they hidden under black fabric ? In general, even dead people are put in a white shroud!
- And yet, these are alive and in motion!
- It is the chador you ordered women to wear so their beauty is not visible!

- I'm not the one who ordered women to cover their beauty! Men say these absurdities. For taking revenge on women, they stone them and claim I ordered this. I never gave such orders.

- Your representatives and the guards of your houses claim this and transmit your orders to us.

- I don't have any representative, nor house. Why would I need a house ? For sleeping, inviting people or organising conferences? I don't have a wife nor children so I don't need a house.

How can I say : enter a house with your shoes on, sit on chairs, sing, dance and enter another house with your shoes off and that the nauseating smell of feet invades the carpets! How do you want me to say to one of my representatives that men can marry four women, to forbid another to marry and to allow only one woman for the third one?

How do you want me to allow divorce for one and to forbid it for the other ?

- What an unwavering logic! What philosophical and religious lightings! What about the longest night ? Will Mithra rise again and Avesta get stronger and spread once again ?

- What's happening on that night?

- It's the night when you want to speak directly with your people by satellite and the Internet!

Gold domes in memory of temples!

God remained pensive a few seconds and I personally thought about that night. All of a sudden, the ship almost hit a gold dome. I told God to be careful :

- Is this the temple where flames still go up ?
- This is not a temple, it's a gold dome and belongs to one of your imams!
- My imams! The last time I saw these things, they were called temples!
- That's true! But it was at the time of the adoration of fire, replaced later by the one of the adoration of imams. It turns out that you haven't cared about the Earth for a long time! It crossed my mind that these domes erected the same way as our old temples in order to keep the memory of our ancestors alive.

God tapped me on the back and said :

- To be honest, temples were locating points for the ships sent on earth by my more advanced creatures.

I believe what he says to me. Therefore, in reality, temples and domes erected in heaven would have been locating points for interplanetary ships. I am surprised and ask God for further explanations :

-I am grateful to you for raising this point. Give me further explanations. Then there would be human beings on other planets ?

- Whoever they are, they are more civilized than we are and give me less trouble!

God suddenly fell silent :

- Go on, why are they more civilized than we are ?

- Oh nothing, forget it!

- On the contrary, we're starting to discuss seriously!

- No, forget it!

- What, you first started!

- I made a mistake!

- God makes mistakes ?

- The biggest was your creation!

God's words reminded me my fathers' and my dreams of childhood : « The human being must not procreate and increase the number of inhabitants on earth, just as he must not marry a man or a woman bought by way of goods ». It's a shame we quickly exchange paternal words and dreams of

childhood for the love of a beauty to whom we quickly become enslaved to! And even if it's not his case, somebody else falls in love with him. Even worse, when a child is born, both become slaves to him, sacrificing their cheerfulness and happiness. Moreover, when the child grows up, he rises up against the world and those who brought him up have then gotten older!

Free and sovereign man! Slave to freedom and to the others' power!

God, who saw me pensive, let me go and drove his ship. But I was not ready to leave him alone and I returned to the attack on the question of God's mistake.

- Why do you regret the creation of man?
- Didn't you read history ? As an historian, you must know better what you've done to me and to yourselves for millions of years.
- Why didn't you give mature reflection to our creation?
- I decided it all of a sudden, I wanted to create something in my own image that was free and creative.

- And you can see now how it turned out... By the way, did you create us free ? With no control ?
- I let you to yourselves. Your sixth senses and your brains were made so that you can be capable of creating, therefore

you had to be free but without boring me stiff each time misfortune strikes you down. When you are cheerful, you don't think of me but as soon as you face a difficulty, you come to me and question! Each one of you is free! But, in society, this liberty is limited to the one of others and is controlled that way. In other words, the people acting in a planned and calculated way can use or take advantage of the freedom of the others which, that way, will be limited or diverted. If you go upstairs and find in front of you a violent and hurried person going down those stairs and that could provoke an accident, for example cause your fall ending up in your injury or death, it is not the fault of God, of your father, mother or somebody else's! It's the fault of the one who did not use his freedom of moving properly and damaged yours...

The Devil, the creature of God or his rival?

- Oh my God! You're complicating things. A lot of people won't understand anything about it. Forget it and rather talk to me about the Devil! What's that Devil you created and put on the humans 'path in order to lead them off the

straight and narrow and lead them to this Hell in which you don't even believe ?

- Devil ? Is he also part of these thousands of prophets ?

- Not at all! The Devil is just the Same Iblis you created with the task to put himself on our path, to drive us to temptation so that you can blame us and burn us with flames out of anger, the one who drives us to cupidity, oppression, tyranny, the one from the darkness, who is unclean...

- Was I crazy to create such a beautiful man and put somebody on his way in order to corrupt him and burn him later ? Do I have stoves ? And even, faced with each difficulty I rush up to your assistance, you just have to sincerely ask for me!

- If we need you, do we obligatorily have to call for you ? Can't your antivirus aerial automatically help us ?

- This antivirus aerial you 're referring to should be installed in your computer. If someone needs my help, they just have to turn on their anti-perversion aerial I installed in it; for me a man is a man, whatever his age, his condition and social position, I'd go to their aid like parents who help their children in any moment of their life when they need them.

- Stop it or I'm going to cry. With the kindness, generosity and sincerity you're showing, you can't be a torturer, Khayyam did say...
 - Be respectful and rather say : Hakim Omar Khayyam Neychabouri.
 - Do you know this fellow countryman ?
 - What? Of course I know him, I brought him up!
 - At last, somebody you accept!
 - I also accept you, I accept every man.
 - It's funny you don't recognise Iblis and the Devil, but you recognise Hakim Omar Khayyam.
 - I've never had the honour of knowing them!
 - What about Ahriman? You don't recognise him either ?
- God suddenly gets up and says :
- Where is he ? Where is this accursed Ahriman?
 - You know him then ?
 - Of course I know him!
 - Doubtless you personally brought up this Ahriman and every evening has a secret discussion with him during which he gives you the report of his intrigues!
 - Me ? Just wait for me to lay hands on him! Where is he ?
 - I don't know where he is! I'm only asking, now you recognise it, why did you create him to get men in a mess?
- God interrupted me with rage:

- Yes I know him but I never created such a vile element.

He is my powerful rival, capable of insatiably driving men to perversion and depravity, just as I can help you in the way of goodness, purity and joy. I've been looking for Ahriman for millions of years to get my claws on him.

- For destroying him ?

- No, never, I'm not an Ahriman killer! Actually, I cannot kill him! His power is as great as mine! He is indestructible like me! That's why I intend to discuss with him and find a way to establish peace and tranquillity on earth. As far as I am concerned your creation was complete. Now it is your responsibility to use your reason and intelligence in order to fight against Ahriman because he's not my creature. I didn't create anything else than kindness, purity, tenderness and love. He's my greatest rival! His strength and power in evil and infamy are equal to mine in purity and kindness!

- My God! Your words are driving me crazy. So far, I thought everything that exists comes from you, even the creation of Ahriman! Why does the one who was born in unhappiness, dies in unhappiness and who only knows grief and suffering come into the world ? And why others are born in wealth, affluence, joy and power and relegate them to their descendants at the time of their death! How unfair it is! You tell me you want to negotiate with Ahriman

whereas you ask us to struggle and destroy him! Why do you negotiate and do we make war ? You are more powerful than we are so you just have to fight and destroy mm! Moreover you claim he is everywhere, follows us constantly in order to drive us to perversion, but you can 't find him...

God seemed angry and interrupted me :

- I created the first man and I made a mistake. But beyond the first man who was created, it's not my fault when a poor person is born! His father and mother, who are at the origin of their birth, are the ones to blame! I gave them reason so that they could think. If they don't use their intelligence and give birth to a creature just for satisfying their desire, what do they accuse me of ? This Ahriman spread throughout the world like a virus whose destruction would amount to yours. Ahriman is not an individual or an only virus but an unlimited quantity which abounds, how could I destroy them all ? Besides, he'll never be completely destroyed and as soon as your attention is being distracted, he stands in front of you. That is why man constantly comes and go between good and evil. You see a man who, for years, was the symbol of goodness and is suddenly attracted to evil. On the contrary, a man who incarnated evil for a long time sides all of a sudden with goodness, casts out Ahriman and

gets me to himself! However, Ahriman watches him at every moment.

- Why did you create the first man? Didn't you simultaneously create temptation ? And why didn't you create him in order for Ahriman not to penetrate into him ?

- Mister Avesta! What are you talking about? I created the world and existence! You are a man of science, do you know the billion men you are not even equal to a minute atom in comparison with the whole Creation! Do you know the number of galaxies I've created and managed for billions of years ? Do you realise the responsibility that demands your own sun around which nine important planets turn : Saturn, Mars, Venus, Mercury,... And the sun is only one of the billion stars which include several planets and the sea of stars, the cornets, etc. This unity constitutes the existence in which your solar galaxy is just grain! And now you're talking to me about creation of man that I created in my own image, to whom I gave power and freedom so that he can play the role of God and be superior to animals... Unfortunately, I realise this creation was just a game! Besides I knew and wanted to see in him a sign and an image of myself, wanted him to be a free and an initiator, free and creative, different from animals.

- As long as man was not aware of multiplicity, you played with him a lot! Like children with their parents! Parents immensely like their children's childhood and treat them like clever and speaking dolls, exactly like the behaviour of a child with their dolls! But the parents' delight is even greater! However, as soon as the child starts to grow up, speak, become aware of things and be free..., the parents pay the joys they had in their childhood.

- However, we pay more or less! And my situation is different from the parents' one!

- What a difference! Parents explain their procreation the same way, increasing everyday the population on earth! Your desire to play was transmitted to all of us and we act this way despite our deep down inside. Then you're the initiator and the one to blame because you were at the origin of the first creation. Why do you want to burn them now in the flames of Hell ?

God answers :

- I already told you : I don't have a hell, I am not a torturer who burns anybody. Can't you see I'm the one who's burnt and who's crying ? I bear the sins of all of you and I have a hell in myself in which I burn. As far as you are concerned,

your paradise or hell is in your world. If you did good, your soul will live in peace and the end of your existence will be fine! If you did evil you'll live the end of your life in sorrow and sadness! If you were men different from animals and with, in yourselves, the spirit of good and purity, then your soul will live in peace forever.

**God also preaches :
Think well, speak well, practice well,
the first and last word**

After uttering these words, God bursts into tears. His grief is huge. I hug him and console him : - I apologize for distressing you. You really miss your son because he said the same thing : he'd come to bear all the men's sins. I'm afraid nobody understood. Other people before him had talked about goodness, sincerity, power and intelligence; they'd said you were merciful, good and clever, that you were neither a torturer nor a killer, you created free men for them to be as creative as you. Creations of men like electricity, telephone, radio, television, interplanetary ships, satellites, the Internet... all have a divine nature. When you observe all of this you must be proud of your clever and

wise creature. Ignore the billion sheep and observe your creatures.

God gets up, wipes his tears, smiles and gays :

- Your ancestors were better. Their intelligence and science were superior to the others, even in the field of God and existence. You said it in verse:

With good thought, the word of God and good deed,

Fereydoun Farokh was glorious,

The wise men followed suit

And the devil was captured

With those, look for the way to heaven

A way that leads from heaven to Gad

These few words constitute the philosophy of existence and Mithra is the beginning and the end of every thing.

Is God the sun and the origin of the Earth energy?

**He created me from the start into anguish And life only
increased my amazement**

We were forced to leave and didn't understand

The reasons of our birth, existence and death

« Khayyam »

- Praise be to God who is great and merciful, we are confused. It's a shame I didn't have a tape recorder for recording your warm voice when declaiming my poem. You were right to talk about Mithra, the God of the sun, that is to say yourself.

God smiles and gays :

- They were right because your existence depends on the sun. As from the origin, the earth was a boiling mass, detached from the sun. Progressively water appeared and its surface solidified.

Today, it lives thanks to the sun whose death would cause yours and the earth's.

- What wise and philosophical words! We studied history, literature and eastern and western philosophies for years without being able to discovering these questions. I now understand why we must adore you!

God, who was surprised, asked :

- Why ?

Because if you are the sun and our basic factor of life and energy, we have to adore you, whatever the philosophy of your existence, our creation and the Ahriman myth.

God was surprised and said with his pensive manner :

- It doesn't seem quite wrong! I am the sun and I give you life and energy, you should be pleased with me and thank me.
- By the way, if you are the sun of the earth, what do we have to think of the sun of the other galaxies?
- In that case, are you insinuating there would be other Gods ?
- Maybe we could call them Ahrimans and consider them as your rivals!

I dances with God

God, happy with these words, started to dance. He took my hand and also led me into it. I protested, saying I couldn't dance but God didn't want to hear. He danced and made me dance. Holding a glass in his hand, he sang:

- Oh, Avesta!

Your wine waiter who loves wine Your merciful
resurrection

It's me, it's me

Your Almighty God

Your sun and serenity

It's me, it's me

Your guide and leader

Drinking and adoring wine

It's me, it's me

I am the weight of the whole world

I am the being and the nothingness of the world

I am the beginning and the end

The sun of the world! It's me, it's me

The love of the world! It's me, it's me

God was singing and was dancing, drunk. I thought of the gazelle who runs away, followed by a tiger or a leopard and who says to herself :

Don't run behind me!

Don't jump, don't watch!

Don't tire me!

Don't hurt me!

... I also have my love

Somebody waiting for me...

We were dancing, drinking and I was deep in thought... All of a sudden, God stopped, he seemed to listen...

He lent an ear.

- My God! What's the matter?

- Yes, a plot is being fomented!

- God forgive me! Against me, for dancing and drinking ?

- Against you ? You're not worth it. But against me! You can't help opening your trap when you're with me ? And

why for dancing and drinking? All the prophets that you know and don't know danced and drank and went so far as to promise virgin girls and boys! Didn't you refer to Avicennes about the benefits of wine. The syrup doctors prescribe to children and adults is nothing but more concentrated wine... Forget all of this and let's try to thwart this plot!

- Who could foment a plot against God ?
- Those who put me in the state I'm in for centuries, afflicted and saddened me!
- Who? The prophets ?
- No, they lied years ago, but their spokespeople and heirs who live off them and hold the power.
- Who claim to be the spokespeople of Your Excellency!
- Am I dumb to need a spokesperson ? Ahriman's soldiers claim to be me and my representatives! Ahriman knows I'm very busy and then takes advantage of my difficulties. He almost runs the whole world.
- My God! Talk to me about the plot! What is about?
- It is a big international conference in which leaders of all religions participate.
- Where ? When ? What leaders?
- In Jerusalem! Two days before the longest night! Leaders of all religions.

- They plot against your historical message. You've got to be watchful!
 - What do they want to do ?
 - Murder! They want to murder you and they'll saddle me with the murder and say Avesta murdered God because you will, through your speech, shake the world economy and the harm done to those in the religion business, to tradesmen, politicians, multinational companies could cost billions of dollars, maybe some of them would even commit suicide or get killed by their rivals. Your direct contact with the peoples will cause the closing of many « shops» in the world.
 - Then you will become my Siavash and your complete name will be Siavash Avesta!
 - Enough of this joking!
- Indictment of murder is extremely serious!
- Who said God's indictment of murder is serious ? Who, in this world, Cafes about me ? Nobody! Despite all this hubbub, I am lonely! Stand at a crossroads and insult me, nobody will prevent you from it! At the very worst, they'll say you've gone crazy. Maybe some people would even say you are very clever for treating God like this. On the other hand, your least reproach towards a prophet or a religious leader will cost you a lot.

- I know, from all sides, fatwas will rain on this irreligious person, this blasphemer, this atheist!
- Anyway, we have to do something!
- What do you want us to do? You're the Almighty, who would dare to take you for a ride? God was seriously worried and I was amazed at his torpor. I was probably mistaken and he was looking for a solution for fighting them! God's struggle against his creatures. It's not very surprising, this looks very much like everyday arguments between parents and their children!

Suddenly, God shoke me and said :

- We have to go to the base, it seems the date of the conference was brought forward. Things are getting serious!

We quickly go to the base. On the way, I talked with God for a long time :

- It's just as well that they united to fight against you!

He answered, in a mocking manner :

- They've always united. Having the same basis, they were united in the principles. As soon as we arrived at the base, a violent explosion rang out. The flames and smoke invaded everywhere... All of a sudden, I found myself in my bed next to my five-year-old

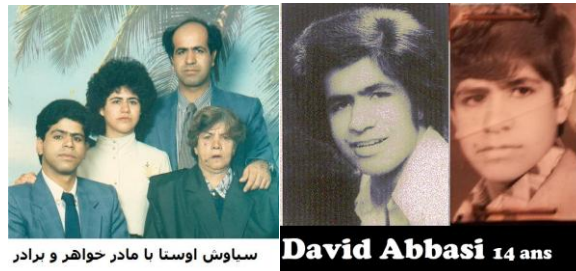
daughter's. I didn't want to accept my waking, up. I forced myself to fall asleep again and continue my dream... that was impossible... sleepiness had left me.

But this legend is going on...

David ABBASI I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby

David Abbasi his biography

David Abassi was born the 22 of July 1957 by the side of his mother, lady Zahra Mirzai and of his father Abas Abassi in the city of Mashad. From 14 years old, he started writing in the following newspapers: khorasan, nabard ma, aftab sharg and karikature.

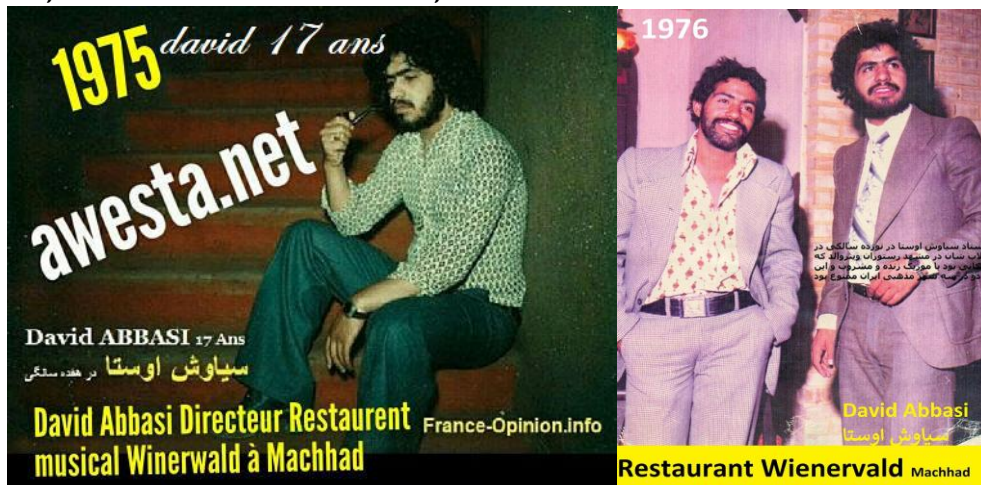


At 16, he was nominated head of the people's party for the student organisation of which Naser ameri was the principle of it.

At 17, his first book " the ridiculous people of our city" was printed

At 21, he became the pioneer and director of " nashrie adab"

At 22, he wrote his second book, which came to the market.



He was the student (for history and philosophy) of professor Mohamad Taghi Shakiati and of sheikh Ali Tehrani and of the two first years of the revolution, he was their politic assistant...

At 24 he was forced to quite his country and lived and studied in Lebanon and Syria for a time and after that he went to Paris and stayed there.

David Abassi is the pioneer and the head of the cultural centre of Iran -

David ABBASI I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby

France, of the étoile publication, shahre farang, homa, kehian jahani, in Paris.

“Doctor khourosh Aria manesh” and “ Siavash Basiri” and his friends and partners....

In France, he was the pioneer of the advertising services by computer and of the coffee net.



David Abassi is the producer of dozens of theatrical plays and of cultural works. From which we can name “another rostam; another esfandiar” a work of Irage Jenati Atai where famous actors such as:

Behrooz vousoughi, Malek Jahani Rozai, Esfandiar Monfared Zadeh, and 17 other person were playing in it and this play was around for about 2 month in Europe and Canada.



At 30 years old, he created the first Persian radio in Paris which was called “3avaye Iran” (without any dependency from any government) and for the first time in the Iranian radio history, he made it possible for the listeners to talk live on the radio.

David Abassi at 31 years old became the creator of show of the French radio ici&maintenant and continued his career in the radio by using the French as language.

David ABBASI I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby



Then he participated and spoke to many important personalities in radio and TV programs



Darioush Farouhar, prime minister Bazargan, doctor Yazdi, Mahdavi kani, Hossein Ali montazeri, Sheikh Ali Tehrani, the sister of Seid Ali Khamenei.... and interviewed more than a dozen of other people and this method was adopted by other Iranian media throughout the world. Many of David Abassi's interviews, from what the interviewee said, had a prosecution style, at a point that that the prime minister Bazargani, after having spoken with David Abassi, has rejected the political Islam for which he fought for more than 50 years and said that " Islam didn't come to teach us about living, politics, cooking, architecture... !!!

David ABBASI I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby



Many important French figures like the senators and the minister and others were invited for the radio program of David Abassi. Personalities like: senator Henri Caillavet who is the father of rationalism of France, general Henri Paris who is the consultant of the French president, Pierre Marion head of the French service intelligence, Françoise Hostalier, French minister of education, Roland Dumas, French minister of foreign affairs, the actor Daniel Jalen, Jose Bové head of the French agriculture syndicate and many more...



At 37, David Abassi was introduced to the Internet and continued his political and cultural activities throughout the world with this media .By opening a learning centre for Internet in Paris, he became one of the first Iranians to introduce the Internet to many of his people!!
At 45 years old, he created the international TV channel of Mehr and the

David ABBASI I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby

24-hour Internet/radio called ava.com.

David Abassi has up until now done around 100 hours of TV shows, produced 3500 hours of radio programs in Persian and French, and wrote more than 2000 articles.



He is the author of the book “Persia, 7000 years of civilisation” and is also the author of dozens of subjects and new words and expressions forgotten for many years from which we can name: “ the political Islam”, the secularism civil society , “the changing of names into Persian”.



He is the first animator of ancient Persian celebration in a foreign country.

David Abassi is the author of more than 140 books written in Persian, Arabic, French and English, his last book in French is called “the women and the fight inside the political Islam” , with a nice preface written by the quill of Henri Caillavet who is the father of French rationalism and French psychology.

David ABBASI I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby



David Abbasi has been honoured to receive the golden prize of humanity in France, which is a great prize and also the golden and silver medal of merits and gratefulness of France and the art medal of knowledge and literature.

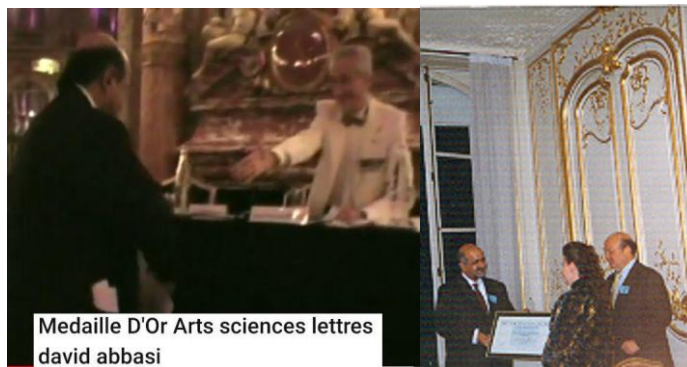


Dr Reza Mazlouman, Général Henri PARIS, Roland Aria et David ABBASI



Général Henri Paris

Roger Hernu



Medaille D'Or Arts sciences lettres
david abbasi

List of books written by Hassan ABBASI :

1 - The ridiculous people of our country (in Persian)

A few comic sketches written when he was 17 and banned after they were published.

2 - **Schiism in Iran (in Persian)**

Historic research on the fight the Persian people carried on against the Muslim invasion by creating a political movement named schiism which

David ABBASI I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby

was diverted for centuries by religious and political leaders ... in order to obtain power, the last one was diverted by KHOMEINI.

3 - The master of the Revolution (in Arabic)



Analysis of Ali SHARIATI's ideas and character who, after he got his DEUG of Sociology degree, went to Iran and played a rather important role to Islamize Iranian youth and society and lead them towards a Revolution the ayatollahs look advantage of.

4 - Yes indeed, that's the way it was, brother (translated from Persian into Arabic) Speech of Ali SHARIATI

5 - Islam without moulla! (in Persian)

Historic research on the appearance of the Islamic clergy.

6 - Where is my gun ? (in Arabic)

Collection of documents about a people's resistance against Nazi fascism.

7 - Religious despotism (in Persian)

Book by KAVAKEBI translated from Arabic.

8 - Higher than Ali SHARIATI (in Persian)

Review about Islamization of the Iranian people by Ali SHARIATI's ideas and encouragement of the intellectual people to work toward the way of rationalism rather than religion.

9 - When liberty is beat up ? (in Persian)

Four articles about liberty in Iran, written in the papers.

10 - Women : stand up for your liberty! (in Persian)

Very profound explanation of what Muslim women went through for several centuries, taking Koran verses in to account.

11 - And he also left (in Persian)

Written work in memory of a great master.

12 - Edjtehad : renewal of the thought (in Persian)

Analysis of the reactionary ideas of the ayatollahs and proposition of a renewal of the thought of the Muslim people.

13 - From Mitra to Mohamad (in Persian)

Historic research on religions and rational ideas.



14 - Religion and Rationalism (in Persian)

Historic analysis of the fights between secularism and religion...

15 - Koran, poetry in Persian style (in Persian)

Research on the poems of the Islam prophet which were collected several years after his death and named Koran.

16 - History of histories (in Persian)

Play on the idea of the world creation.

17 - A mission for Sammad (in Persian)

Comic play paying tribute to great Persian film-maker Parviz SAYYAD.

18 - Discussion with History (in Persian)

Discussions with General GHARABAGHI, former chief of administrative staff of the Iran Shah, Ari BENMENACHEH, leader of a MOUSSAD group, BAZARGHAN, Prime Minister of Iran, YAZDI, former Iranian Minister of Foreign Affairs, FOROUHAR, former Iranian Minister of Labour, savagely murdered last year, professor ASSEMI, chief of Tajikistan Academy, murdered in 1997, Roger HERNU, President of a Masonic lodge in France and General Henri PARIS.

19 - History of the Persian people and national identity (in Persian)

Two speeches for two conferences in Washington and Tajikistan.

20 - Citizen (in Persian)

Comic play which has guessed the 7th presidential elections in Iran where a conflict between ayatollahs was beginning

21 - Terrorism et neo-colonialism (in Persian)

Conference given in Los Angeles in 1997 where acts of terrorism of the Islamic Republic were unmasked.

22 - Pen, my love (yes indeed, that's the way it was, brother) (in Persian)

David ABBASI I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby

Forty articles from Hassan ABBASI published in international newspapers and forty articles written about him when he was 40. (1997).

23 - Esther : Queen of the Persian Empire (in Persian)

Scenario on the life of Cyrus and his son who married Esther.

24 - I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby (in Persian)

Book which defends the kindness and innocence of God and unmasks the demagoguery of the clergy and religious leader.

25 - Book of ERCHAD (in Persian)

Collection of 50 numbers of ERCHAD newspaper.

26 - Book of Homa (in French)

Collection of 11 numbers of monthly Homa, the letter of the Persian secular writers.

27 - Book of Share-Farang (in Persian)

Collection of 10 numbers of monthly Share-Farang.

28 - I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby (in French)

29 - Esther and the Persian King (in Persian)

Scenario on the appearance of Esther in Persian monarchy...

30 - Meeting in Paris (in Persian)

Scenario about the success and failures of Iranian expatriates after the Islamic Revolution.

31 - Regret of KHOMEINI!? (in French)

Biography of Hassan ABBASI, existence of several Islams, proposition of a Protestantist Islam turned towards secularism and last days of KHOMEINI who was in love with his daughter-in-law and wrote many poems for her.

32 - The secrets of Islam (in French)

New research on the poems of the Islam prophet which were compiled after his death and were called Koran.

33 - Seven interviews (in French, in the process of being published)

Interviews of Hassan ABBASI on the air of radio "Ici et Maintenant" with General Henri PARIS, Roger HERNU, Daniel GELIN, BAZARGHAN, Ari BENMENACHEH, FOROUHAR.

34 - Persia : 7000 years of civilisation (in French)

Collection of thoughts on Persian philosophy, culture, civilisation and literature since 7000 years.

35 - I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby (in English-1995)

David Abbasi

**I dreamed of God
he was crying like a baby**



-God and the Internet
-A journey around the world in God's ship,
-God and the 124000 prophets!

36 - History of 7000th year's Revolution (in Persian)

Explanation of the Islamic Revolution which, as a matter of fact, was the Revolution of the English against the interests of the Americans in Iran. Once the Iran Shah had gone away from the English and come near the Americans, moreover, he had cancer, the English had been able to take advantage of the naiveté of the Americans to replace the Iran Shah by KHOMEINI.

37 - Medium (in Persian)

Scenario about the tear of families.

38 - An interview with Sheik Ali TEHERANI (in Persian)

Interview made in 1983 with the son-in-law of the Iranian spiritual guide, who was also the master of this guide, where he issued a fatwa against all leaders of the Islamic Republic.

39 - Terror in Paris (in Persian)

Scenario about political murders in France.

40 - Ayyne A VEST A (in Persian)

Historic research on AVESTA and ZARATUSTRA.

41 - History of the Saviour and beauty of Kashmir

Play about the life of Jesus and his trips to Egypt, Persia, India and Kashmir where he had learned medicine, pharmacy...

42 - Persian calendar, 7000 years (in French, Persian, English, Arabic)

This pocket calendar has been published since 1994 and is distributed everywhere in the world.

43 - HAFIZ, the shrewd man of Shiraz (in Persian, in the process of being published)

Research on the life and adventures of a great Persian poet.

44 - Women in Islam (in French)

Research on the situation of the woman, specially in the Koran, treated like an object or a slave, who has to submit to man's wishes.

45 - BAZARGHAN's will (in Persian)

Mehdi BAZARGHAN, Iranian Prime Minister after the Revolution, confides in Mister ABBASI a few weeks before his death and confesses that, after more than a half century of fight for political Islam, Islam cannot teach us how to run the country.

46 - Candidate at the 7th presidential elections, why ? (in Persian)

David ABBASI I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby

David ABBASI was a candidate at the 7th presidential elections in Iran after Iranian people appointed him, in an opinion poll, on a U.S. radio, as the 6th right-hand man. He published 10 principles, the first one was the replacement of an Islamic Republic by a secular Republic. Although he was an official candidate after he obtained his registration certificate, he was not allowed to go back home. A few of his principles were borrowed by KHATAMI...

47...48...49...50...51...52...53...54....70.....

And... 2500 hours of radio & TV (Mehr) broadcast on the FM, "Ici et Maintenant" (in French and Persian).

141-L'Islam n'est pas une Religion...

142-Ainsi present Zarathustra..

143-Iran, 7000 years of civilisation

