

## Episode 43 - The World After Death

Your consciousness is not a single entity; it is a system of three distinct hard drives. This episode of RESTART reveals this hidden architecture: the temporary **Physical Hard Drive** of your brain, which stores worldly knowledge and is erased at death; the ancient and locked **Spiritual Hard Drive** of your soul, which holds the memory of millions of years of existence; and the **Universal Hard Drive** of the Perfect Human, which contains all of reality. Using this framework, we explore Rumi's revolutionary idea that death is an illusion. You have already "died" from the inanimate to the animate, from creature to human. Your next "death" is not an end, but merely the next step in a continuous upward evolution.

With this new understanding of the spirit, we then turn to one of the most powerful critiques of religious ritual ever conceived: the parable of the "Haji Donkey." We explain that if your spirit is not engaged, your body going on a pilgrimage is as meaningless as a donkey carrying a passenger to Mecca—the donkey goes and comes back, but it never becomes a holy pilgrim. This episode distinguishes between the actions that write to your temporary physical hard drive and the contemplation that writes to your eternal spiritual hard drive. RESTART is here to teach you how to be the rider, not just the donkey on the path.

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#RestartPodcast #The73rdPath #Sufism #Mysticism #Rumi #Metaphysics #Consciousness  
#Afterlife #Theology #Philosophy #SpiritualAwakening #HosseiniRestart #TheThreeHardDrives  
#YouWillNeverDie #TheHajiDonkey #SpiritualHardDrive #Reincarnation #Gnosticism

Who in this world has not sinned? Tell me.

And he who did not sin, how did he live? Tell me.

I do evil, and you repay with evil,

So what, then, is the difference between you and me? Tell me.

I eat wine, and you create drunkenness. Dirt in my mouth, are you drunk, my Lord? Don't fall for that crap, beautiful. This mullah, rabbi, and priest is trying to scare you about a place he knows nothing about just to make money. They're all just after making good money. Don't be afraid; Satan is a housefly compared to God.

Welcome to '43, welcome to the most dangerous program in 700 years, welcome to Restart.

We never thought it would get this far. Now, every week, it's presented to you, the dear listeners of Radio Pasto, on Pasto TV. It's just like an app. Meaning, we were supposed to... many people in Iran can't get our app, the radio app. We're looking at those satellite TVs up there to see if we can do something on them instead of the app, and we're testing it for another fifteen days, along with many other things you are kindly helping with. And, let me tell you, last week I said something that I want to talk about a little, briefly, and then we'll move on to the Valley of Self-Sufficiency.

Last week, I mentioned that all people on planet Earth kill 140,000 others just to be born, and we said that there are certain valleys or realms that you and I know absolutely nothing about. And the realms that you and I know nothing about are the realms of our dead past. Meaning, the

hypothalamus of your brain and mine, unfortunately, has a weak hard drive, like those early mobile phones with weak hard drives. But if we could open the hard drive of our spirit, and not my physical hard drive. The physical hard drive is the one you use when you read books, you go read jurisprudence and hadith and all that bullshit, you get into it and think you've gotten closer to God. This is your physical hard drive. And that's why all the mullahs, even the ones who are supposedly very learned, or the priests or rabbis, the moment they die and this hard drive gets shaken, they get a shock, and they completely forget what comes after "I bear witness that Muhammad is the Messenger of God." They say it's not possible.

The physical hard drive. A hard drive is a place where your information is stored. Your information is unfortunately stored in three places, while everyone thinks it's stored in two. You've heard of your brain's hard drive, but you don't remember it. So, there is one hard drive that is in your body, meaning everything that we tell you or that you see or perceive in the sensory world goes into your body and is stored there. That's why you remember where a certain street was, what a certain thing was.

But we have another hard drive called the spirit's hard drive. This spirit hard drive has been with you from the very beginning. Your spirit's hard drive has been with you for, let's say, a minimum of about one hundred fifty or sixty million years. But you can't uncover these one hundred fifty or sixty million years in your own hard drive. Your spirit's hard drive has it; this hard drive of yours is a code, a password. It's an internal hard drive. They've put a lock on your spirit's hard drive, closed its door; it needs a code. And that's why you can't understand what happened in the past, and that's why you don't remember being in your mother's womb. Is it possible for a baby, whose eyes are open and whose ears can hear, to not understand or remember what happened in the mother's womb? Is such a thing possible? It's ridiculous. Science just hasn't advanced that far yet. God willing, in five or six hundred years when we come back to interpret the words of Rumi, Saadi, and Hafez, and perhaps Attar and other great figures of mysticism and Sufism, maybe then we can understand a few things from it.

So, we have a hard drive called the physical hard drive, which has been working from the moment you can remember. Some people remember from age one, some remember from age two. From whatever moment you can remember, your physical hard drive has been working, information is being stored in that repository, and until your death, this hard drive you have now is your external hard drive, meaning it is your body. And that's why when, God willing, your eyes close to this world by God's command, you don't take these things with you. This hard drive stays here. This stored hard drive will remain on planet Earth. Just as I said last time, not even a tiny particle, not an epsilon, not a quark, has left planet Earth. Billions of people have come here and died—assholes, happy people, good, bad, and let me tell you, the Perfect Human, the Pharaoh of the age, it makes no difference. They were all buried right here.

Okay, so there was Yuri Gagarin and a few other astronauts; maybe they took a handful of dirt out of here or sent a couple of monkeys into space. But overall, these four or five monkeys launched in the last 30-40 years haven't had that much of an impact on your and my perspective on planet Earth. So, the hard drive that is yours is your physical hard drive. Everything that has happened in the world, meaning your great-great-great-great-grandmother and my great-great-great-great-grandmother exist in your and my DNA, but we know nothing about it. Now, for instance, a hair falls, and they find it and say, "Sir, 600,000 years ago, there

was such a thing, this animal was like this." They figure it out from that. The same thing exists in your body.

So, your body and mine are composed of very tiny particles that have come from who knows where. A worm just got run over by a car tire, a donkey died in a corner over there, a donkey foal's legs, you know, its hoof has a problem, some whatever... these things keep accumulating with that sausage you throw in the trash can, along with, I don't know, a fly and its wing, a camel, I don't know, a mosquito, I don't know what, and for instance, the ear, the hammer bone in the ear of a donkey or a cow. All of these gather, and a child is born in two hundred years, five hundred thousand years. In this way, all of this comes together. So your body and mine are composed of a piece of, I don't know, Robert De Niro from five hundred thousand years ago and, for example, a piece of Mary who died a few years ago. Nothing is certain. Planet Earth decides at a certain time for something to come into existence in your world and mine. This is the physical hard drive of you and me.

The place where information gathers in the body. The spirit's hard drive is from the very, very distant past. There is another hard drive. This is very important. This hard drive is called the hard drive of the universe. Meaning, whether you want it or not, whether you exist or not, this universe's hard drive is in the process of recording all events that happen in the universe. This universe's hard drive, which can essentially be said to exist behind the hypothalamus of the Perfect Human, is the hard drive where future spirits, future bodies, everything that exists in the universe, is present in this cerebral hypothalamus. That is what is shaping the universe. That is why the Perfect Human... I said this now to connect it to this point, so there are a series of other realms that you don't remember, and I don't remember either. There are other realms that you and I don't know about. For this reason, the Perfect Human cannot be absent from the universe. Meaning, whenever the Perfect Human is not present, it's as if the universe's hard drive doesn't exist, and this is called the brain.

Or they call it knowledge or "the place of knowing", and then another thing would be missing from the universe: the heart. Meaning, if the Perfect Human doesn't exist, the beating heart of the universe ceases to be. This is a bit heavy for you and me to understand. You know why? Because whenever you and I talk about ourselves, we see ourselves as just one person, or we see the Perfect Human as a being sitting somewhere or moving around. It's not like that. Right where you are sitting now—and I'll repeat this, I'm saying some things again. I've said that whenever I repeat something, I'm presenting new dimensions within it for you to focus on. He might be sitting in one place, but he is in other dimensions. Just as hearing the sound of an ant is on a different frequency for us, so too do dimensions exist for the Perfect Human.

Let's go back and review the story of Adam and Eve again, this time with the perspective I've just offered you. So, we conclude that the Perfect Human has nothing to do with it. One day I said that religion was from Adam... Adam is just an example. Just an example. I haven't said anything about him yet. I'm just saying we're using an example that everyone knows, who the father of fathers was. Pay close attention: when Adam existed, meaning one person existed on planet Earth, he became the Perfect Human. And when he had two children—this is in all your religious books, I'm explaining your own book to you—he had two children, one became Cain, the other Abel. The fight was over, as they say, being God's Caliph, meaning over this very issue of becoming the Perfect Human.

Okay, this question, the first question that becomes clear is, this Adam that you say was born or came into being or whatever, or came down from above like a pigeon, one girl or one boy, whatever, ate an apple, ate a snake, whatever it was... why did he have to have a Perfect Human for himself alone? He's just one person, why did a Perfect Human come? Why did this one have to be the Perfect Human? Did he have to read a book? Was there a book in Adam's time? Did he have to go to a mosque? Did he have to go... so everything is called into question. Did he have to perform Hajj? Why did he have to pray? Who was he even supposed to be praying to?

We see that in all religions, there is a clear indication that if even one person exists on Earth, he is definitely the Perfect Human. A Perfect Human cannot have a physical defect. There has never been a Perfect Human in all of history who was born without a hand or a leg. That's a joke. A Perfect Human must be completely, perfectly whole in his body as well. This is a very important point to know, that there's a lot behind it. So even in the time of Adam, as they say, there was one Perfect Human. The Perfect Human himself. Then Abel became the Perfect Human, who was killed by Cain. The question is, why did one of these three or four people have to be the Perfect Human? This shows that the Perfect Human isn't just for the people. It shows he isn't just for you and me. The Perfect Human, as Rumi says: "The axis is needed for the heavens / A pivot is needed for the earth's stillness." What does this mean? It means the intermolecular forces, the forces of, uh, gravitational acceleration, magnetic forces, everything that exists in the universe cannot not exist. All of these are built upon one being. Even if there is only one person, himself and his wife, one of them is definitely the Perfect Human. This alone shows that in religion and in understanding the subject, you have to see what Adam did. We see that Adam went to no mosque, no church, no synagogue, read no book. So how did you figure out the subject that you're now pressuring yourself to understand? It was a very simple and clear question I posed to you.

But the realms have been explained by Mr. Rumi, let me read this and then we'll move to the Valley of Self-Sufficiency.

Before you were in your mother's womb, where were you? You were in the loins of your father and mother. A realm existed there. It wasn't just here that you came and killed 140 of them, where all the brothers are in a race of killing each other. They all moved for the love of the Perfect Human, they moved out of love. There was a pull between the mother's ovum and the father's sperm. They ran, they all ran, they all struggled, they all tried their best. What happened to the rest? Did they leave? Where did they go? It's very important. 140,000, 178,000 of them were your brothers, 60,000 were your sisters. You killed them all and came. You went there and entered your mother's womb and you were born. You killed them all, they were all killed. Where did they go? This is very important. The very important question is here.

Before that, when you were in your father's loins, how were you in your father's loins? Through the eating of food. These same states you see in your body, you also have in your spirit. Damn your spirit! By God, we have come. He says: "I died from the inanimate and became animate" says Rumi. "And I died from the animate and emerged a creature / I died from the creature and became a human / So why should I fear that in dying I shall be diminished?"

He's basically saying that death doesn't exist. Mr. Hosseini is not joking around for this to start all over again after a year. It means we don't die. No one dies at all. So how can that be? What do you mean we don't die? It means the very moment we die now, imagine... So what are

these? Dying? No. It's... there is no death in the universe. No one in the universe dies, and no one is killed. All beings in the universe, especially humans, transform from one state to another. So, death doesn't exist. Right now, if you hit your head hard against something and die, as we say, you have become alive. In less than a billionth of a second, in another space, in another dimension. The only difference is that from this dimension, one can think about that dimension, but from that dimension, one cannot return to this one. Why? Because nothing... you can't go back from a big thing to a small thing.

You, who came out of your mom's womb, your mother's womb, and grew big, you can't go back into your mother's womb again. The small world has turned into a big world. So, death doesn't exist either. Rumi says: "So why should I fear?" Why should I be afraid? Why are you scaring me? Why are you scaring me with God and Satan and these things? What should I be afraid of? "So why should I fear that in dying I shall be diminished?" When I died from the inanimate and became animate, and died from the animate and emerged a creature. I'm always moving up. Why do you think that when we die, we go down? He's saying something very important here. Meaning, why do we think that when we die we go into some two-by-four place called a prison, I don't know, God's solitary confinement, something in that vein, and we just burn? Why do we think this? It's very interesting. Are we just this body? Is it possible for me to be tormented in the next world when my body is in this world? When my body is changing every second. How are they going to torment me? So the form of torment in the other world is different. It's not like my and your form. It's not like me and your body. It's not like this state of mine and yours. Right now, someone insults you, you slap them in the face, the matter is settled. Now imagine someone insults you. You can't... Don't even insult me. Shut your... I have to make him understand somehow, to retaliate. You can't. You either have to hit him, or you have to... Even those who are executed, their spirit is not worked upon. They are being tormented through their body. Their spirit doesn't change. So the next world is just like this. He says: "I died from the creature and became a human / So why should I fear that in dying I shall be diminished?" So you have passed through these realms. You died from the inanimate and became animate. You became animate, you transformed from inanimate to animate. A being that has a name, your status is clear. You said, "I am." You wanted to be. It's as if a group of people asked you, "Do you want to exist?" You said, "I want to exist." And you struggled for it. Never mind that. Yes. You also kicked a few more times in your mom's womb. I swear to God, I didn't even kick twice. So I must be destined for heaven. In that previous realm, in our mom's womb, some died, some killed the mother. At the moment of birth, their mom died. Some kicked more, some peed and pooped more, some ate more food in their mom's womb. What sins that tribe has committed that we don't know about.

Then when we came out, did the mother hit us? Did the mother say, "I'll sort you out, you filth, why did you kick my side sixteen times? Why did you pee and poop so much? Why did you eat all my food every time I ate?" No. Love transformed, its form changed. Love, which enters from a mother's ovum and a father's sperm, well, ovule, whatever it is, I haven't studied "position-ology," its name is ovule, ovel, whatever... let me tell you, love from there, its beauty is the mother. When the mother sees you, I swear to God, she doesn't remember what a mess you were, what kicks you gave. She doesn't remember you spied on her, hearing everything she said with her husband. She doesn't remember the agony she endured, how much pain she

suffered. So how do you think that now because I ate four extra plates of Ghormeh Sabzi I'm going to hell? What is this hell?

So, our place over there, we have another beautiful mother, another beautiful father. His name is the Perfect Human. He... when we enter, he smiles so much, he doesn't remember... he doesn't even bring up how dishonorable we were. Just like your mom, your mom didn't remind you of what you did in her womb, how you gave her hell, how you didn't let her sleep, how you tormented her. She loves you. So you too, in this world, no matter how much of a son of a bitch you are, how much of an asshole you are, the more of a son of a bitch you are, when you go to the next world, that beautiful one still loves you. He never says you did this, you did that.

You yourself will be the one with the problem. This is the strange part. Meaning, after you die, you realize that no one can help you. The pain is from you, the problem is yours. That's why from every mother's womb a child comes out, and one of them becomes a son of a bitch, a thief, an asshole, whatever. But the only person who will cry at the end when this child is killed is that same mother. Meaning if her child is ugly, if her child is bad, if her child is rude, if her child is a murderer, at the moment of his death, at the moment of that child's execution, the only one who cries from the bottom of her heart is the mother. That's why if you know your mother, you know yourself. If you think about yourself, you ask, "What should I do when I wake up in the morning?" Wake up and think. Getting worried that fifty people were just killed in... this. Okay, now go walk back and forth. Go, and come back at night. Now, because they really love this Imam Hossein stuff and are very dear, and we respect them too, we have no issue. But go on, you idiot! Go, besides you, cars are also going back and forth. Which dumbass donkey so far... When we used to ride donkeys to Mecca in the old days, which donkey became a Haji? Did they say to the donkey's owner, "Welcome back, Haji sir?" I've never seen a donkey whose name became Haji Donkey Sir. Nobody has ever said it. This donkey just takes you there and brings you back. Your body, it takes you to Karbala and brings you back. Your body is that same donkey. You just haven't focused on this.

I'm giving all these explanations so you understand what the subject is. Your body is a donkey that takes you to Karbala and brings you back. Now this donkey-body is so donkey-ish that it even goes on foot. It comes back. Now it can go by car, but it goes on foot. It's like in the old days when someone wanted to go to Hajj with his donkey, now even if you poke it in the back of its neck every four seconds, the donkey still won't become a Haji. Meaning, someone who goes to Mecca with his donkey, if he smacks his donkey in the mouth every night, if he ties up one of its legs, if he even lames one of the donkey's legs so it travels slowly and with agony towards Mecca, if he even blinds one of the donkey's eyes so it goes towards Mecca one-eyed "for the sake of God," the donkey still goes to Mecca and comes back the same donkey. If they put up a banner saying "Congratulations on the arrival of Haji Sir Donkey from Mecca" and give a feast, then I'll accept it. That's why you have to listen for an hour. One hour trains your spirit, not your body. Okay, so your body just put on two tons of meat.

By God and the Prophet, I just made a very important point. If I end the program now, this is enough. Meaning if I say goodbye now, I've said a lot. So, any action that enters your spirit's hard drive goes with you. Whatever enters your body's hard drive stays right here. If your body goes on a pilgrimage, goes for prayer, goes to church... so these things that go, who is it that goes to church? It's that same donkey that goes. Why? Because no donkey has ever become a Haji, and I've never seen a donkey go to church and come back and they say "Bravo, Mister"

and congratulate it. You too, when you're going to church, because you think you are going, you think you've understood something. That's right. Your body is that same donkey, there is no difference. Your spirit is riding a donkey called the body that is going.

Is anything added to your body? No. Even scientifically, nothing is added to you. You're 60 kilos at the end of your life. Okay, maybe 10 kilos up or down for the big-headed egg-heads. If you're a dictator, a son of a bitch, you eat and sleep and have fun, maybe 60 kilos becomes 64. You have a 4-kilo difference in total. You tear yourself to pieces for this much, enough. 4 kilos is nothing for you. Just as the fatter you get, the tastier you are for the worms. There's nothing in it for you.

So what do we do so that when we go to Karbala, for example, our spirit goes to Karbala?

That's the question. What do we do when we get up like idiots and pray a hundred rak'ats of prayer, I don't know, on the Nights of Power, what do we do so our spirit performs these rak'ats? What do we do so that if we go to church, our spirit goes to church? The answers to all of these will only be given in Restart. Why? Because the entire world is moving with their bodies.

"Who in this world has not sinned? Look. And he who did not sin, how did he live?" He refutes it. Khayyam, Baba Taher, they are all mystics who speak very clearly. "He who did not sin, how, meaning how did he live, tell me." Living itself is sin. If living is not sin, living has no meaning. "I do evil, and you repay with evil / So what, then, is the difference between you and me? Tell me." I was in your womb and I kicked twice. You bring me out and you cut off my leg, mother?

Mother, do you punch me in the nose every night? What did I know when I kicked your belly? I was wrong, mother. What can I do? What can I do that your tube was connected from your navel and I ate? Now you've brought me out and you whip me every night that I've been born? You hit me? The mother says, "I don't hit you, my beautiful one." He says, "Then what are these mullahs saying?" In your womb, there were some mullahs in your womb saying, "Look, you kick, you eat from your mom's navel, you drink your mom's blood, you drink your mom's water, when you come out, watch your mom tear you apart." Then he came out and saw not only was she not tearing him apart, but everyone was kissing him. She gathered her relatives and said, "Look at my child." After death it is the same. We explained this so you know how the realms are.

Then Rumi says, "Another flight, I will die from the human, / To sprout wings and feathers from the angels." The subject changes. He says I died from the creature and became human. "I became human, so why should I fear that in dying I shall be diminished? / Another flight, I will die from the human / I will die from the human / I will die from the human / To sprout wings and feathers from the angels / And from the angels too I must leap forth from the stream / Everything perishes except His Face / Once more I will soar beyond the angel / I will become that which cannot be conceived in imagination / Then I shall become nothingness, nothingness like a reed pipe / That says to me, 'Verily, to Him we are returning (إنا اليه راجعون)'" He explains the complete circle. He explained its cycle of movement. So he says we started from "To Him we are returning." Let's go back to the light. We started from after "To Him we are returning," and we are coming back. "To Him we are returning." The pen that you put on the paper, turn it back. You want to draw a circle, where did you start from? We start from the beginning. The circle finishes, and from this finishing, you can understand which point you took to go around, from which point you come and to which point you go, and many other things.

The Valley of Self-Sufficiency, Mr. Attar has another story, and it's a very interesting story. "In his last breath, a youth as beautiful as the moon / That moon-like Joseph fell into the well." He

says a young man, handsome, attractive, was like the moon who, like the prophet Joseph, fell into a well.

He was a speaker. He said, "But where is the speech?" His father came and said, "Look, all these actions you took..." This word Muhammad has two meanings. Like they talk about the ascension of Muhammad, that he went to the heavens and returned. He returns and they tell him, "Sir, say something, what did you understand?" Here, Mr. Attar's implicit reference is that Muhammad ibn Abdullah, I don't want to interpret the poems, I want to state the general meaning. His point is that Muhammad ibn Abdullah went on his ascension and returned. That's the story. And his father or someone told him, "Sir, what did you see? Tell us. What did you understand from the ascension?" "O Muhammad, do your father a kindness / Say one word." Say something, what did you see? He said, "But where is the speech?" Muhammad or that boy who was dying said, "Where is the speech, dear father?" What can I say? This place is all chatter and noise, father. When you enter that state of ecstasy, you can't, there can't be chatter and noise. He said, "What do you mean, my son?" What do you mean? He said because, for you, when you drink water, dear father, for me it's... it's gone into your body. How can I extract the quality of that fiery cup of water? Meaning when you eat food, uh, you eat koobideh kebab, my father, this goes into your body and becomes energy, becomes thought. How can I turn your thought back into energy? It's a hard job. It's hard for me to explain what you ate. Now these things you ate have become vitamins, and the vitamins have become words. You're talking to me now, dear father. If I hadn't given you that whole kebab, you wouldn't have been able to speak. Your state has transformed into another state. It can't be explained. Now he goes beyond this. "O Muhammad, do your father a kindness / Say one word." He said, "But where is the speech? / Where is Muhammad, where is the son, where is anyone?" He said this and gave up his soul, and that was all.

Attar says the son turned to his father and said: "Where is Muhammad? Where is the son? Where is anyone?" He said this and gave up his soul, and that was that. He didn't say more than one sentence. He asked, "What did you see?" He replied, "Where is 'what did you see'? Where is 'seeing'? Where is 'who saw'? Where is 'who is asking what did you see'? Where is 'what did you see'?" See? He fell and died.

"Look, O insightful traveler / See where Muhammad is, and consider where Adam is." Here he advises without even commanding good and forbidding evil, without pulling your headscarf off your head or putting it on your head with a fist. Attar expresses with a kindness that shakes your understanding whether you have a headscarf on or not. Because the headscarf or anything else affects your body, not your spirit. A very important point. "Look, O traveler, look, O insightful traveler / See where Muhammad is, and consider where Adam is / And where, in the end, is Adam, and where are his descendants? / Where are the names, the particulars, and the universals? / Where is Adam? Where are Adam's children?" Where? But the question he's asking is a very professional question. He says, "Where?" He's asking me now, "Where is Hosseini? His father's father?" I say he's not here. The father of the father of the father of the father of the father of the father... How much is that? Does it decrease every day? Do you think that the father of the father of the father existed, and happiness was like this? The moon was like this? Pluto was like that? Four earthquakes happened, the earth shook a bit, it shifted on its axis, and you're enjoying yourself in California, while it's snowing over there and you're loving it. If there hadn't been an earthquake, if this moon didn't exist, wouldn't you and I have had one?



He says, "Where are its particulars?" The part itself, where are its universals? Where is anything at all? "Where is the earth? Where are the mountains and seas? And where are the heavens? / Where are the fairies? Where are the demons and people? Where are the angels? / Where are those hundred thousand bodies of dust? / Where now are those hundred thousand pure souls? / Where is the writing at the moment of giving up the soul? / Where is anyone? Where is soul and body? Where is nothing, nothing?"

He pulls the flush on it all. "Where is the writing at the moment of giving up the soul? / Where is anyone? Where is soul and body? Where is nothing, nothing?" He defines the concept of "nothing" contrary to the entire universe. He says "nothing" in Hosseini's and your view means nothing, but in Attar's view, "nothing" contains the moon, the sun, Muhammad, Adam, the particulars. He says the whole writhing universe exists within this very "nothing." He changes the very definition of nothing. We think this is nothing, and that is infinity. He says infinity is in the nothing. This becomes what they call the Valley of Self-Sufficiency. There you understand that all of infinity is in nothing, and nothing is that same nothing.

Where does it arrive? At the dot under the ب of الله بسم الله, which they used to talk about, and the friend said the mullahs took it but didn't even understand its definition. He's saying the same thing I said a few programs ago: put your pen on the paper. What remains? This is very nothing. What is its name? A dot. Whatever you write is composed of this dot. This is "nothing." So let's write "donkey". Donkey is made of dots. So the donkey is in this. Now, do you remember the story from last week where I said that unwise, foolish sage was drawing the world on a board? Well then, where is death? Where does the writing of "death" come from? From the dot. What is goodness? It's in the dot. Where is heaven? In the dot. Where is hell? In the dot. Where are you? In a dot. Where am I? In a dot. Where is the whole universe? In the dot. This dot exists. Attar is saying this. He's saying, sir, there is one dot, it is the biggest black hole in the universe. Everything is in it. Don't look at all this writhing and turning, everything is in this dot. Who is that? He says its name is the Perfect Human. Who... put the dot? A being named God. He put the pen down, taq. He put the first dot. That is what they call the Perfect Human, and the one who placed this dot is God.

Now, review my question from the beginning, the previous stories, again with an intense perspective. So, everything in the universe is made from this dot, right? Anything you write on paper starts from this dot. English, Japanese, French, whatever you want to write starts from this dot. Its name is "the written." Now see the difference between the Perfect Human and God. God is another being who placed the dot. He is on another scale, in another formula. The dot only knows that its beginning is what they say Ali ibn Abi Talib said: "I am that dot under the ب." Now, much of the content of Nahj al-Balagha of Ali ibn Abi Talib... this is why I say don't read it, throw it in the trash. What? It makes no difference. Much of it has been censored, much of it has been distorted. This very poetry is being distorted. No one knows anything about Ali. As you speak, things get shifted, no one knows anything at all. Truly, no one knows anything. No one knows anything about Ali. Ali says the entire universe is in the Quran. Not this Quran that... The Quran means it must have signs (ayat). The signs of the Quran. Meaning a donkey is a sign of God (Ayatollah). One sign of the Quran is a donkey, one is a shadow, one is a locust, one is you, one is me. These are called the signs ayat). This Quran, Quran means "reading." The word Quran itself means "the reading." What must you read? The universe. Whatever is in the universe is in the Quran. Why? Because you must read it. Now, someone like Maurice

Maeterlinck, the poor guy, spends his time reading the ant, meaning reading God's sign, meaning reading the Ayatollah, meaning reading the Quran. And you're busy chasing after someone else's crotch, who is higher, whose hair is showing. Idiot.

Well, there's a big difference between Maurice Maeterlinck, who understands the Ayatollah and explains to people, "Sir, the ant sleeps this way, the ant doesn't go that way,"... Sir, one of the signs of this Quran that you happen to call the Quran shows how abundant it is. While you are all watching Hosseini's crotch to see if it goes up or down. You just spin around in this vicinity, the region of South Korea towards the temperate north, et cetera.

So who is Hawking? Hawking was a very great man who understood the Ayatollah. He is speaking of the Quran precisely. Khayyam is the same, Rumi is the same, Saadi is the same. So the Quran means read whatever is in the universe. Anyone who could explain this, anyone who could explain this, becomes the Quran. So now Pluto is the Quran, it is a verse of the Quran. Not this Quran of you and me, which is a page in a book, a page you've put in paper over there. Which Ali says to rip these Qurans to shreds. Don't do it, don't tie the knot, don't tie the knot. Don't say Hosseini is talking about the shrine... They are going to help Bashar al-Assad's harem. Don't say it. Let the youth go to their deaths. I, as an Iranian, must say don't go anymore, man. You're just helping Putin at this point. The shrine of Zaynab, the one who has no grave named Zaynab. But even if she did, you have no damn business going. With whose permission are you going? Many other things I wanted to explain. Yes. "Where is the writing at the moment of giving up the soul? / Where is anyone? Where is soul and body? Where is nothing, nothing?"

And there in that story, it says that Christ says, "I am that dot underneath." The entire universe is the Quran. The entire Quran is in one **بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم**. The entire **بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم** is in **بسم الله**. It's all in the **ب**, a dot under the **ب**. All of that is also in the **ب**, the dot under the **ب**. He says, "It's me," Christ says, "It's me," the Perfect Human says, "I am that dot." Everything they are doing in the universe is from the perspective of this very dot.

And to all the dear ones who listened to the program, may you always be successful, God willing. Until next week, until Saturday's program, of course, Shaskool Plus, which will be presented to you, I entrust you and myself to the dot under that **ب**. Farewell.