

FROM CHILDRENS SOAP TO LSD

Tales from my life by Bredo Greve

Translated from Norwegian

by Bredo Greve and Brian Larosse

Mon ti pei ten publisher. Shanghai. China

## FOREWORD

Now I was just going to head over to the library to find out the exact years for the occasions and the right spelling for the names mentioned in my book, in order to come across to the reader, as more convincing. But I have decided not to.

A lot of what I write about is normally presented that way, as convincing, as correct, as possible. I want to remain on the artistic, or literary side, of the world of books.

I guess you have never before read a book with so many different themes in it. That is contrary to the normal, and therefore of course wrong, but it suits me. That is how I am. My education and my interests ARE diverse.

While most people try to become experts in the narrowest possible field, I try to be what we earlier called a Polyhistor – which means somebody with knowledge about most possible subjects – and therefore probably with a better overview. You might have knowledge about some of it, and because of that a little more interest in other subjects too, and later on eventually to pick it up again and find out if there still is something more to it.

Our main problem as a society now, is that those in power here use it also to decide what is NOT to be written about. Most of what is published today is therefore propaganda or entertainment.

The world is getting more complicated all the time. Some of the information we do get, but not when those in power want to keep it for themselves.

" From children´s soap to LSD " is actually an attempt to make you think for yourself and not just accept everything from above.

I also have to inform you a little about my background as a writer, being a norwegian, and still trying to communicate in english. I am educated as a historian, with the main interest in the viking time, about 1000 years ago.

At that time we really had a very strong literary tradition - the so called Sagas.

Most of them was written on Iceland, where people still to day speak that same language, which for the rest of us scandinavians is no longer understandable. For the icelanders, becoming very isolated on their island, after the viking boom, the sagas was passed on to ever new generations, as their own history of the past, only to be kept by remembering the stories by heart, since very few could write or read. Nobody knows who wrote them.

-These Sagas is still to me within the very top of western litterature from the past. So if you find my way of telling the stories too shortcut, and still with some humor hidden in it, I might have been able to give you at least some of that tradition.

To me there is no point trying to write like an englishman. I want to come through

to you in the modern language of this world, but still with a certain difference in it, the nordic way.

The Author

The LAW

I have just read "The Law" by Cyril Northcote Parkinson and found out that a lot of what I thought was my own discoveries on the development of our modern western world, was already written about as early as 1955, when he started publishing his books.

Actually I thought I had read that book, but as in so many cases before - I had just heard about it, as some kind of comedy, funny, but not to be taken seriously. What was even more shocking, is that he, on his side, refer to Mr Woodhouse, the very classical humorist of the english litterary tradition. How come?

It must be the fact that I, as a norwegian, has never been informed that when you write something, ment to be shocking to the reader, it has to be presented as SATIRE

This has probably been the only condition to write about anything, in any other way than normal. Then the reader might have a funny and entertaining time reading it, without calling the police afterwards

I therefor make this statement - that everything in this book, even if it might seem serious - is just put that way, to make you THINK otherwise, but not to believe it, of course

In that case such a text could never be published, so please don` t put the blame on me, but on my not beeing british enough, to know this when I started writing.

The whole thing is just ment to tease those in charge of the Truth, never to change anything. After all this world of ours is the only one existing, and those in charge of it will therefor always be the best, for the best - of course.

## ECONOMY

It is one particular thing which is not so obvious to us, when it comes to tax-paying.

Every time we have something in common, some service we do to each other - we also have to pay the tax, which f.ins. our dentist have to pay, to cure us. When we ask anybody to help us, we also have to pay for the tax he will have to pay, to receive our money

All in all that will make, at least in Norway, the total amount of money, going from our wages to the government - close to 90 %, even when our direct governmental tax itself is only some 30%. But more on that later.

And this will make us too expensive to each other as well, force us to try to fix everything ourselves, not being able to pay all those experts, who can so easily do it, but have to pay tax to do so, for instance to repair something - which nowadays becomes impossible.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE

On the other side, if we stop looking at some factory as a place where those humans working there, are producing their stuff - while they only use tools there, like very complex data-steered automatic devices, doing most of the work - those humans present only looking, ready to assist- if needed.

The government still only tax those humans involved - while all that machinery in the factory, doing more than 90 % of the work, never pay any tax - only push us out of work, by working so much cheaper than us, the "tax-payers".

## PYRAMIDS

There is a way of looking at our western society, which might be interesting. If you compare it to a company of practically any kind, you will see how something strange becomes apparent. Every functioning company is characterised by pyramid-shaped organization: A small committee, the board and some directors on top and all the workers and other employees, at the bottom.

When I was a kid, our production society in Norway, looked the same. Few bureaucrats on top, most people working, but for such private companies – all of them pyramids with the top up.

But today, at least in my part of the western world, this pyramid has got its bottom up. Those who get their money from the government have grown in number while fewer and fewer work for private companies, which have to pay tax to those in charge of the government – to exist.

Strangely the same thing is happening in the U.S., where socialists are few. The government is growing and becoming THE most powerful, needing evermore people to fulfill our democratic dreams of a better world, for all of us, of course – but the result is ruining most private companies, because the government is always first. The leadership of it all, shall always need more money, with the best of intentions, and the only way to get that money is by us, those crushed economically, under the weight of all that leadership above us.

This makes all of those not paid by the government, too expensive to be hired by anybody in the end. We are gradually being robbed of our jobs, by a greedy state. But still we can not see it, because it all came to be so gradually.

## MORE ON TAXES

In the start I promised to show you how our wages, by taxing and other forms of payment to our governments - all in all can come up to 90 % of our income. This will be very differing from person to person of course, especially how much of it we use to pay for services by professionals, who has to pay tax to do such service, and therefor add that to the bill.

Myself, being on pension, have to be very careful not to involve professionals in any way, and since I am such a miracle according to health, compared to others my age, I probably use much less than normal on such services. But for most people my age, I would guess that sicknesses and physical helplessness force them to pay much more to the State, by tax on such services to them, than they pay for ordinary tax on income

If we start by looking at ALL of that money which the state is taking, both the State and Community in taxes, then the police officer for traffic fines and parking tickets and finally the taxing of food in shops and on goods by the customs at the border, and all those fees on everything – mostly argued for by moralities, that we will become better humans that way, but never actually because they cannot stop their own growth.

The fact remains, that all new governments promise to reduce their needs, but do the opposite. WHY?

Could it be that MAN, we, the politicians, Mankind is no longer leading this planet?

Who invented the idea of transferring most possible power from the people to the government, to make it a better society?

In the U.S., where the private companies enjoy much more freedom to act independently ( the real Capitalism ), they are damaging and polluting the environment to such irreversible degrees, even for themselves and their own

owners, who still all must survive somehow, afterwards.

Most of those working for the State, have their salaries for life, guaranteed by us, the tax-payers, while we live on promises for the future, as long as the unemployment money is still available.

Where did that social-democratic idea originate, that the main thing is to have the largest possible number of people, working for the State? From the Soviets and the workers unions of course, but still I would claim that most of it began, here in Sweden.

Right after the war, Sweden was probably the richest country in the world, with all the Volvo-dreams on their way. That was when the assumption was made that it was the large number of young people with craft certificates and bright visions of the future - who had created this new post-war Sweden.

When in fact it was because of their neutrality in the war, meaning a lot of free trading on both sides, primarily to the Germans though, who needed it most.

The Social-democrats promised to share all power and riches with all of us, and were elected on that promise. What they did though, was to let the State take over most of it, and get the upper hand on the rest.

The problem nowadays is that this waste production society of Sweden will very soon cease to exist. Overtaxed by the State itself, via the unions' claims. Nothing can be produced here anymore. Everything becomes too expensive, because of all this money going from all of us to the State and other public activities.

The fact that so many other countries have landed in a similar dilemma, does not change it. In the E.U., all of the old industry production companies still dream of tax money from us, to save them from bankruptcy, while we still need SOMETHING to live off.

## THE CHINESE WAY

What made it so urgent, unavoidable really, is of course China and their globally taking over of nearly EVERY kind of industrial production, simply by NOT using the tax-financing system of the government to build up the country.

It's such a short time since it happened. Right after Mao Tse Tung and the disastrous cultural revolution of his, when the young red gardists totally broke down the old mandarin system of the past, and then The Great Leap, when all local heroes was wanted to shape new industries, the result being a lot of insanity.

In the midst of this crazy drama, when the Chinese Communist Party had to face,

at least for some time, the fact that they had elected a catastrophe for a leader - DENG rose to power. I think his full name was Deng Tsiao Ping, but Deng might still be his family name.

He was the creator of modern China, suddenly allowing normal marketing economy there, without craving any money for the government first, but only by taxing the earnings, after sales.

At the time the entire world was so fed up with what Mao had done, that nobody cared about China any longer. If those billions in the country at least survived, then we didn't have to feed them. The massive production that we have there today, started out so small. Even when it was good products, it was all just handcrafted.

The chinese learnt quickly though and soon enough, new factories popped up all over these costal areas in China, that are still cut off, from the rest. But if we undertake an analysis of the chinese government, it seems to me that the leadership there is relatively small compared to the mass of working people. It is still a pyramid with the top up, very different from our own. How shall we ever be able to compete again?

For the rest of the world it looks better, because in Africa and Asia they never got enough resources to overtake the rest of the country for the state. Like Sweden had, and the social democrats there could get. Only by very COSTLY political promises of course, but they would only become problems in the future. And besides that, there were so many politicians in all countries, who at the time, had learned how to "make promises".

## CONSEQUENCES

Now, after China has taken over as THE land of industrial production globally, the new Kingdom of the Middle, it makes all investments in the old west end in a loss. If it's not with governmental guarantees of course, but especially if it is!

All kinds of production are diminishing, meaning a rise in the unemployment rate. Nobody knows why, since all those in power also have the blame, and nobody wants that blame. So it is only from people like me, who have no responsibilities to others than myself, that you can get the truth.

Although you won't get those responsible to agree. It is always them who tell us about the future, when everything will be solved. Only not when it comes to Overpopulation and Famine and Dwindling Natural Resources, of course. And that main problem of ours, our dying planet.

But you don't use such an argument with a social democrat. He will simply laugh it off and refer to all the times that his party has spoken FOR the preservation of

nature, about HOW for they are for just that, and always will be FOR it .

(I really think we should organize ourselves differently, yes.)

## ME AS A WRITER

Another problem is that I intended this book to become a kind of autobiography, mostly about myself and containing some true truths about the world just in between, so to say.

I have written books earlier, but only one of them was ever published. "In prison. Diary from Mashad. Iran." was published by Alternativ Bokklubb in 1976, which is almost 40 years back. Now I have recently turned 75 years old, so it is now or never. Before I forget all of it, not only about myself, but also how the world was and to a certain extent still is, and which you have never known, because you were too young , maybe not even born yet.

I have the last copy of the book in front of me right now. It was very well received in its day. 800 copies of it were bought by our ministry of culture etc. Alternative Bokklubb lacked funds for the promotion of the book, so only a few people got to read it. But I was really pleased overall, especially with the opening passage.

## IN PRISON IN IRAN . 10/6/73

*Sure as hell he found the stuff. By all accounts, it was phenomenal. Imagine a huge hall, a hangar more or less. First we sat for a while watching some afghans being searched and then it was our turn, our bus.*

*We were lined up along a barrier that ran across the hall, with our luggage in front of us, opened. He walked along the line, a weasely fellow, thin and agile in his movements, with a sensitive sniffer dog's snout.*

*He examined each a little in turn, rummaging through the luggage, designating some of us and asking questions. He then let half of us leave.*

*The rest of us had to remove all the contents from our bags and lay it all out on the floor in a square. After a while, we were all standing there, about 10 of us, with all our belongings spread out in front of us, observing him as he went to work.*

*He was quick and thorough, smelling his way forward, opening and examining our things. Now and then, he would look up at the owner, take his pulse and ask him to hold out a hand, to see if it shook.*

*I grew increasingly nervous as this fellow clearly was gifted, and I tried to concentrate my mind on other things so as not to raise my pulse rate. ( I am far from being a yogi and far too curious too) When it was my turn - I do not know whether he registered my pulse rate as being abnormal - but it was certainly higher than usual , and whereas my hands are normally steady, they weren't*

*quite so in this case.*

*He sniffed and turned over each piece of clothing, working his way slowly through all of them, all the while keeping an eye on my reactions, without noticing anything, I believe. Upon questioning I calmly denied all charges. It all seemed to be going well.*

*He finished with the rolls of film, had not found anything, leafed through my books, prodded my sleeping bag and peered down into the backpack.*

*But all of a sudden, like a clairvoyant, he walks straight over to my bag, lifts it up, turns it around and has another good look down into it. He gets excited, produces a knife, which was actually my own, and uses it to poke at the bottom of the bag, then cut along the edges, and looks almost surprised himself, when he finally drags out the carefully wrapped up slates of hash.*

*It is worth noting how much actually happens in a situation like that. I have a weakness for reality at its most tragic. Despite the fact that I was the one in trouble now, and even though it was very serious indeed, I could not stop myself from enjoying the power of this experience.*

*To see your life, all of your supposed future take on an entirely unexpected and undesired direction, and how strangely calm I took it all in, almost humourously and with a sense of reverence before this fellow's exceptional prowess. I was well aware of the gravity. Now, in hindsight, I believe that I even exaggerated the consequences of my being found out.*

I include so much of the passage here, because I also believe it gives a pretty good presentation of myself, how I was back then, nearly half-way through life, in 73. But also because marijuana has played such a central part in my life, almost constantly.

## THE FIRST TRY

I guess the first time I tried marijuana was around the age of 17 in the basement of a villa on the west side of Oslo, at a friend's home.

What I remember best is the surprise I felt at my lack of interest for the girls who were sitting around. I had heard of marijuana as a notorious aphrodisiac. But it was the boys, especially the host and my best friend at the time, arguing about something I cannot recall, that drew my full attention. "Does this mean that I am in fact a homosexual?", I pondered.

I found out later that I fortunately was not gay, but my sense for marijuana was awakened. Above all, the substance acted as a stimulant for my fantasy, intuition and especially communication for the shared experiencing of things, almost regardless of what that something was, in most cases though, music.

And that is still the way it is, to this day. More than 40 years have passed, and I am convinced that marijuana has helped me in almost every conceivable way. But I am a marijuana user, not an abuser, which is comparable to the difference

between having a drink and getting drunk.

## CULTURAL DIFFERENCES

It is actually quite strange to me. Why, in our culture, has age-old knowledge on the effects that a stimulating drink can have, versus its continued consumption, been disregarded as soon as a new drug pops up?

Even more strange to me is how native american indians, who possess great knowledge about marijuana - and therefore use it cautiously - appear hopeless when faced with our alcohol and fall victim to it.

This is probably due to the fact that we obtain most of our knowledge on alcohol from our families, while what we know about marijuana, or think we know about it, comes from the police or from the dealers.

Its prohibition has resulted in all information about the plant being blocked. The situation today is worse than 40 years ago, more and more mendaciously primitive.

## POLITICIANS

The most sinister thing about our society today is that it is totally steered by politicians who, unfortunately, have little to no knowledge about any topic whatsoever, yet still seem able to convince those who know even less. Party-trained!

The supposed experts, positioned somewhat lower in the power-pyramid, are always ready to explain why things have been going bad so far and why they, with just a little more funding for the same cause, will solve the problem, later on. The narcotics debate has always been one-way. You have those who are right and therefore entitled to speak out, even on that which it is illegal to talk about. Then you have those who are wrong and whose opinions are not allowed to be heard, since what they spread can lead to the destruction of our society, right?

The most interesting thing about the narcotics-debate is that in order to have any say in the matter, it's important that you've never tried the stuff yourself.

But things seem to go that same way with alcohol. Teetotalism is very popular in our country and is naturally the main reason why we have survived as a society, so far. Even though a lot of other countries have managed fine without it and the only thing we have achieved is less freedom for most of us, and worsened financial situations for our few alcoholics and their families - But larger incomes for the politicians.

## KNOWLEDGE

When I was young it was not merely politicians who had power to influence people. There was like a wall of experts, from both universities and high schools,

whose opinions in debates and newspaper columns were far more respected than those of politicians. They might still exist, but their words are no longer heard or seen.

## ON SHIFTS OF POWER

It is the politicians who have defined society in this way, that the more politicians decide, the more democracy there is.

I dare say that earlier, especially historians had a lot of political influence. Particularly for leftist politicians, this was an annoyance, to have their utopian dreams, shattered by conservative types with excessive and too convincingly detailed information.

When they eventually came to power they transferred their grants from history as a science over to ethnology. To dig up more arrow tips won't harm and can't be used against politicians with noble dreams of a better future.

At the same time, there is this strange situation, where even conservative newspapers employ only journalists with leftist points of view on everything. The only thing they can do, when they have no knowledge on the topic, is to interview the "right" person, with the "correct" answers. This is of course due to the journalist union having gotten an almost exclusive status. Only those with appropriate education are entitled to write in newspapers.

40 years ago it was not like that. Back then, when I used to write for the newspaper Dagbladet in Oslo, approximately 20-25% of the printed material was written by others, sent in, or commissioned by the editors. This produced a wider array of points of view than those presented today. Not everyone wrote the same!

Today's journalists know quite well that they are oblivious, that is why they follow in each others footsteps. Those who are the most convincing lead the ones who know even less, but have to fill the columns and prove that they also know what there is to know, and therefore agree. Until someone makes a mistake. Then there might be a scandal, and maybe sales!

## MEMORIES

But all of that happened ages ago. When peace finally reigned after the world war and the social democrats had won almost every election ( at least in western Europe), the plan seemed to be to turn Europe into something resembling the USA, who had won the war, at least judging by their films, which at the time dominated our world.

How were catholics and protestants supposed to form a functioning society together, after so many years of war against each other?

It was the hour of ecumenical collaboration and this approach lead to the E.U. And it functioned! As soon as the worst war stories were erased from both catholic and protestant children's curricula, the tensions ceased..

However, the conditions for these events to take place were secretive and on a highly political level. The problem revealed itself to be that also the leadership of the next generation, knew nothing of what the former generation had undertaken.

Your disbelief is no surprise. Can those respected politicians from back then have acted in such a manner and still kept it secret? Bear in mind, their intentions were good - no more war! And this was happening all over Europe, on the highest of levels. The politicians` power had by then become so all-encompassing that they were able to erase their traces entirely. All this is stamped "top secret".

## TESTS

Nonetheless. Let us first do the test. It consists of some questions to you, the reader. Quite simple, really.

Question 1: Are you aware that the amount of people living on earth today is growing at a rate of more than 100 million for each passing year? If your answer is yes, please read on.

Question 2: Are you aware that more and more of our natural resources here on earth, are now reaching depletion because of our overpopulation and overconsumption?

Question 3: When we humans have trampled, paved and eroded everything, so that all nature has disappeared around us - what sort of consolation is the knowledge that so many of us have survived, that there has never been so many of us here?

Question 4: If you believe in a Creator who made all of the nature we see around us - would you have put us here, yourself?

Question 5: If you were forced to choose, between saving a severely mentally handicapped person or a healthy and considerably more intelligent chimpanzee - who would you save?

Where do we draw the line when it comes to our own self-esteem, high above the rest of all Creation?

### DOES ALLAH MEAN GOD?

On this point Islam differs from all other religions: there being no mention of Man's relation to animals, plants or the rest of Creation, in the entire Quaran. Not even a hint about how we came here. It is as if everything just happens to be around us, by coincidence.

Allah is therefore either not identical with the Creator of it all, or this archangel Gabriel, who transmitted the words from God to Mohammed which became the Quaran, must have been a representative of some competing arrangement.

And that might very well be so, as in the case of the U.N., where we soon will have a muslim majority, because of the way all muslim states arrange wars, especially between shia and sunni muslims, but also against christians, jews or others, in part to establish even more muslim states and thereby becoming a majority in The U.N. - but also to grant all those refugees, especially muslims from the war zone, the right to asylum in the west, and that way acquire more rights here later on, by their Sharia laws.

On top of that, U.N. has now taken responsibility for our overpopulation, and it seems like that problem will escalate into total chaos when U.N. has to be closed down, because of the muslims boycotting everything that does not go towards us becoming like them.

### MY SELF

By now it should be time for me to return to the beginning. I was born 17/1/39 in Oslo, just before the war, the one that lasted from 1939 to 1945.

My father Jan Greve was a psychiatrist, which means a doctor with some additional information about psychology, in a very authoritarian tradition where he learned about the crazy from the almost crazy, those in charge of the asylums in our country.

I do not remember much of it anymore, but I can recall an exciting experience that I had at the Lier asylum, outside the town of Drammen.

I am two years of age and pedaling my tricycle with a strange grown up behind me, chasing me. I am convinced that he is crazy, but I manage to throw myself to the ground and drag the tricycle, escaping under a great gate. Whether the man

was dangerous or just playful, I don't know. But for me it was a great personal victory.

Thanks to it, I felt a lot safer living in the asylum, separated from the insane by a big gate that had a wide enough gap underneath, to favor children.

Shortly after we moved to Skoger, outside Drammen. Most of my memories from the war times originate from that place, a village surrounded by a lot of forests. We rented the 2nd floor of the main building on a farm called Borge that was run by two young brothers, helped by their elder sister who was married on a neighboring farm.

I was of course taken in as a possible workforce by these half-grown brothers whom I believe I got along very well with. It was exciting for me to join them especially in forest wintertime, with the horse and sledge, picking up trees to be chopped and used for firewood or construction material.

At the same time there were sad things happening in the family. Someone had cut off the Light of mine! I knew very well who that was. A repulsive blob of a baby girl had put herself on my mother, getting all her attention.

This had been going on for some time and despite my attempts to regain some of this affection in every possible way, it seemed my sister had only to cry, for my mother to come running and scold me for it, even though I had done nothing, yet.

Jealousy between small children can be horrible. I believe my mother wasn't aware of what she was doing, by directing all of the loving towards the now smallest one, instead of the formerly smallest. But that is how she was. She had been the eldest of 8 siblings. Maybe that is how things were before the "birth" of prevention, knowing that each newborn would need ALL of the love and care that a mother can give, to survive when the next baby is born or the mother dies.

But I am not sure. I remember her challenging us kids to tell who loved her the most. Naturally we both tried our best to convince her, even though I felt greatly disappointed- almost betrayed - that she could pose such a question.

Although, by then we had become three. I had gotten a little brother and he had taken the light away from my sister.

Now she was the one suffering the days, while I came to be his brilliant big brother, who watched out for him and by no means would let her, his big sister, harass him in any way, and also tell on her to mother.

Finally, some of the light shone on me again and I enjoyed it. My sister tried regressing to a retarded baby again, but I recognized all of her ruses since I had just used them myself.

She might scream all day and worry my mother, but I could then proudly tell her that it was all theatre, because when mother would leave and was out of earshot,

my sister would take a break.

## ARNTEMAN

It might have been during this time, that our mother brought up the embarrassing question and that maybe it was meant to make us understand how Arntemann, our little brother Arnt who was too small to answer, nonetheless was the one of us, who loved her the most.

Then again, it might also have been after his death, just before the war ended. The fact was that horse breeding had become big business during the war. Almost nobody had a car. The only people who did drive cars were either Nazi's or Germans. The only people who had petrol were Germans and even they were running short of it. It was petrol shortages that grinded Hitler's offensives to a halt and gave the allies the overhand.

There existed a type of oven that could be fastened to the back of a car. It was powered by "knott", a type of finely cut firewood. This "knott" would be burnt in such a way, that a gas would be made to push the car like petrol does.

Cars with a generator like this were rather slow. They would have to charge for a while, before going uphill. That way, a horse proved just as practical and a lot more trustworthy. So horses experienced a renaissance of sorts during the second world war in Norway.

The farmer on the neighboring farm was a notorious Nazi and therefore one of the established "master people". No one could complain about him without serious consequences.

The problem was that he had a lot more horses than he could feed. That was the reason why he had 10-12 young horses running freely along the roads where they could eat grass by sticking their heads over or through the fences along the way, and thus survive on neighboring soil.

This was of course very unpopular, but since the constable was a Nazi too, no one dared protest. Everyone was afraid of the half-wild flock of horses and hid behind the fences when they came galloping.

I was also afraid of them, but steady enough on my feet to only step closer to the fence when the horses came, ready to jump, but only in case they attacked.

My little brother was too young to fear them yet. He wanted so much to befriend them. One day we found him along the path, his skull visibly crushed by horse hooves.

Nobody had seen it happen, but mother had always been worried that it might. Due to his being a doctor, my father was probably the only one in the area in a position to reduce the danger that the horses presented. Mother was always complaining about him still not having undertaken anything, and he'd always

promised to do so, but had never followed it up.

## FAMILY TRAGEDY

That became the family tragedy. Mother broke down after the anticipated accident and the marriage was never the same afterwards. But also father suffered a lot.

At the hospital in Oslo, where he was working while we lived in Skoger, there had never before been registered such a heavy brain on a child. The entire family had been hoping for a genius that would elevate us to the highest peaks of the society, as soon as the war was over.

Instead he died, right before the Germans gave up.

None of us ever got over this loss. Even I, who at least could hope for a little more attention from my father, still wonder what Arntemann could have become, with that enormous head of his.

He had been examined because father was worried that he might have a "water head"; a kind of illness that causes abnormal head sizes and eventually death, due to excess of water in the skull.

Instead it was his brain that grew so large, forcing the skull to expand.

On the child photos of him, I find some painful look in his eyes, suggesting the effect that the expansion of his skull had had. None the less, he was really an early starter in so many ways.

I remember f.ex. how he once stood, at the top of the stairs leading to the ground floor, which my mother dreaded so much. She had not yet noticed him when the one-and-a-half-year-old suddenly said with a teasing smile: " Yef, mothel, now I go".

She turned to catch him, but still everyone was hysterical. Had that little rascal already developed a sense of humor, this early?

The weirdest thing though, was that he seemed to understand his sister's endless jealousy. He was not upset when she pinched or pushed him. On the contrary, he tried to make his mother care for his sister too, instead of just him. Given that I got so much pleasure from telling on my "evil" sister to my mother, I could't understand why Arntemann accepted her torments and always forgave her, after having shed some tears first, though.

Later on, when I began at school and heard about Jesus and the holy martyrs, I was thus convinced that God had taken my brother so early, for a reason. He had, quite simply, been fully developed already, as a 2 year-old.

## SCIENCE

Now, 70 years later, I think about the scientific genius he might have become. NO. That time is over for me. Today the world is full of scientists, most of them working for international companies, making money by all means necessary, willing to do anything for money. I have lost my faith in science.

But as a historian I put my faith in history. I guess that is why the politicians want us gagged and bound, because we pose a threat to those " great improvements " they plan for our society.

Let us take another look at the example of marijuana: In the last 40 years, nothing has changed in the way it is perceived. Who benefits from this?

That simple question is the only thing left of marxism, in my opinion. Back in the past, historians had to base their theories on what kings, politicians and generals claimed were their reasons for acting the way they did. Marxists were in opposition. They wanted to reveal the Powerful. That's why it was better to ask in such a way: Who will benefit from it?

So let us ask ourselves to whose advantage is this 40 years with persecution of a non-addictive medicinal plant, that increases your social abilities?

#### WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Since the persecution started in the U.S. there is a good reason to have a closer look at the pharmaceutical companies there, who are researching new medicine, patenting new drugs and pushing the prices upwards.

The U.S. population is the people in the world who spend most money on medicine, while at the same time being the most obese and unhealthy.

#### DEMOS USA

The U.S. is an odd sort of democracy where money, instead of people, decides. This is most obvious during the presidential election campaign. There are two parties, the republicans and the democrats, where the former represent the overall more conservative.

First, both parties hold their own elections each, in order to vote for the candidate who will represent their party in the following presidential election. Already at this stage there are numerous possibilities for different groups with special interests, to influence the elections by offering financial support to candidates who promise to favor them, when and if they will be elected.

In all other democracies there are parties fighting for power and the winning party will be the one who, alongside other parties, obtain a majority of votes in the national election, and have the right to arrange the government and designate its leader, the prime minister.

The presidential dignity is then a sort of substitute for the royal tradition, of a more symbolic nature and often elected by the whole national assembly, afterwards.

This means that the possibilities for the well-off to buy up the entire election, is reduced. On the other hand, in the case of the presidential elections in the U.S., the winner is granted so much more power than any prime minister could dream of.

The president can hand-pick his ministers and reward his most fervent followers with the position of f.ex. an ambassador, and also replace a great deal of the governmental administration.

The most surprising is that the newly elected president can declare war against anyone he finds fit, and demand full participation from the entire nation, in accordance with the constitution, with the majority in both houses. This has led the US into many more wars than necessary

## MONEY

Furthermore, there are other circumstances in America that make it a country vulnerable to the rule of money. Maybe, above all, the american dream of "the self-made man".

The education system is geared towards the U.S. itself, as well. It is astounding how ignorant most americans are to the outside world. Meaning that americans show little interest in foreign affairs, which becomes something obscure that only the state deals with.

Everything revolves around money in the U.S. It's all about imposing oneself, earning a lot and demonstratively displaying success with the help of status symbols.

To be able to compete in this ongoing rat race, the majority of people have to have at least two jobs, working around the clock and in their spare time follow the sports on TV. All of the big sport events can only be watched on the biggest and richest TV-channels, Pay-TV.

These channels also sell air-time to the political orientated presidential candidates who pay for it themselves, on their own premises, as pure advertisement, avoiding any difficult questions.

## THE ACTUAL ELECTIONS

In all the last presidential elections in the U.S., the winning candidate was the one who had the most money to reach out to the people through PAY-TV. The only information most americans get before the elections is through PAY-TV, in between sports.

Some americans still read newspapers, whose sales are plummeting and by consequence become increasingly commercialized. The readers want to be entertained, leading editors to print content which they believe will sell, but also to print free articles by organizations who use them for hidden advertisements.

## TO DAY

The day today started off quite badly. I overslept and woke as late as 10.30. I didn't feel rested either. Most likely I needed to catch up on sleep that I had lost yesterday, when I had to get up at 7 o'clock to go to the dentist.

A filling had fallen out again. This has been happening on and off these last years. I guess it is part of growing old and is something that my medicine plant, hash ( a derivative of the cannabis plant ) can't stop.

Although it might just be a sign of my overly skeptical view of all the new kinds of new substances. I must have been one of the first persons in Norway to have all dental amalgam removed from my teeth.

At that time, most civilized countries had forbidden its use for filling holes in teeth. But in Norway those who swore by the stuff in dentistry, regardless of the warnings about its poisonous effects that international experts had sent out, was still ruling.

Moreover, I was also skeptical towards fluoride and tooth paste containing abrasive stuff in it, that was to give you the "perfect smile". I stuck to water instead (a little too long, I might add). I have, in any case, lost a couple of teeth because of this. In addition, cracks are appearing in the enamel. That is how my dentist explains the loss of so many fillings, anyway.

Well, well. I managed to get out of bed and lit the oven in the cellar. I use firewood to heat the house. It might seem bothersome, but it's cozy too .And I simply LOVE chopping wood. I am never as proud of myself and my ability to stay in shape, as when I am chopping wood.

Earlier on, last year, I think I set a new personal record too. Using a chainsaw and an axe, I managed to chop up 24 cubic meters of wood from 3 meter long logs, in one week.

I felt I was getting into better and better shape, hitting the mark almost every time and the times when the axe didn't split the log on the first try, I managed to get the blade precisely in the cleft on the next stroke. Close to magic, if you ask me.

There is hardly anyone I know who still chops wood the old-fashioned way, where I live. The few people who do, do it in a discrete way, if possible. Most people want so-called distant heating, from big society-owned owens, or from geo-heating. That is what is called modern and tells who has money, but it's expensive either way.

At my age, I believe that having to go down to the cellar, firing up the oven, watching it and trying to keep a schedule of sorts (which I always forget), is of great worth in itself.

Ageing is a lot about stiffening up, withdrawing into oneself and staying there.

The few people still using fire ovens here, chop their wood using advanced equipment and are probably proud of it. Still, none of them gets the job done as quickly as I do.

Well, except for the professionals of course, who've invested in heavy duty stuff like belt transportation and so on, with the aim of producing and selling firewood in sacks.

Nonetheless. After I got the fire going, the temperature inside reached a pleasant high and I went out for a skitour, the first of the year.

I have had, over the last two months, a dry cough that I do not seem to get rid of. And I dare not make it worse.

Every time I've been walking through the woods, I've had to turn back because I start coughing. Might it be psychological? In any case, I had to cough as I wrote this.

Today though, I was so late to leave that I forgot about the cough all together, and just took the skis out to the car and headed towards the skiing stadium. I prefer skiing through the forest, in the old tracks, but there isn't anyone who does that here anymore.

When I moved here, I made my own ski-tracks approximately on the same paths I go for walks on, in summer-time. But since nobody used my tracks, I would have to make the tracks anew, because they'd been covered by more snow. So I gave up. But every time I come to Oslo in the winter, I am drawn to the network of tracks on the city's outskirts.

On a purely physical level it was a success, that first tour this year. Although I did have to stop and catch my breath some times, especially after reaching the top of the longest and steepest hill, but that was mostly due to my having chosen an inappropriate wax for the skis. Neither the ideal grip or slide. Still, I am back on tracks.

## WITCHES

Otherwise, I am having an inner conflict these days, regarding this book I am writing. It just so happens that somebody is making a film about me, or about my movies, to be exact.

I used to be a film director, as a matter of fact, or a self-producer, which we liked to call it. I wrote the manuscript which I then produced my self with my own company and directed and later on cut and promoted, whenever I was supported by the government.

This counts especially for "HEKSENE FRA DEN FORSTENEDE SKOG" (the witches from the petrified forest ), which was a long feature film in

black/white made in 76', about a modern city witches apprenticeship. A lot of the content in the film is based upon the books by Carlos Castaneda, who was an american student of ethnology from California and who met, on a trip to Mexico, a Yagui indian. The indian revealed himself as wizard or a shaman if you like, and took Carlos as his apprentice.

He wrote a row of books, the first one entitled " the teaching of don Juan " about his first attempts at becoming a native american shaman. It is, to this day, one of the most interesting books I have read and I have promised those making this film, to reread and find out how I see my own film, this long time afterwards, compared to those books.

Writing a book the way I do, actually turns out to be very difficult, when I get so involved in these other books that have to do with totally different things, while at the same time represent the fundament for the, in my opinion, most important art project I have realized. It feels like I am being dragged in two different directions, which hopefully will prove to be inspiring too.

## LOGIC

The fact that we humans, the majority of us anyway, are aware of our earth's precipitously growing population and that the resources needed to feed all these people are disappearing at the same break-neck speed, will inevitably lead to new horrible wars, when the aforementioned resources run out while everybody still has to survive.

The fact that we go on living as though we didn't know this and, on the contrary, praise those who are fighting for EVERYONE's right to have EVERYTHING, and thereby bring on the catastrophe even quicker, MUST be the result of a magic spell.

Otherwise, we are so logical and trusting in science which we, by all accounts, believe has the potential to save us. Still it is precisely science that is telling us about the coming catastrophe, while politicians do their best to distract us from it and make us believe that things still are on the up and up.

I have tried talking to people about this. Some of them say that before the outbreak of such a cataclysmic war, a deadly plague will and shall kill most of us, and thereby solve the problem of overpopulation.

To me, it seems quite strange that people should believe in such a solution, when it is those same people who are so scared of f.ex. swine flu, that they all get vaccinated, which then proves of no use, apart from the pharmaceutical industry earning heaps of money from it, and can then continue the "war on drugs" and especially marijuana, for all days to come.

Most people believe that the U.N. is the solution, even though the U.N. has only

succeeded in crippling itself, so far.

In any case, it is the U.N that all the countries refer to.

China is still the only land on earth to have undertaken any steps towards curbing their growing population, with such brilliant results, as a matter of fact, that China soon will reclaim its old position as the world leader. The kingdom of the middle.

They still only have one single voice in the U.N. general meeting , while Islam, also with a population of 1,5 billions , is soon a majority and thus in a position to stand in the way of any agreements.

In the event of an attempt at establishing a new joined organization for everyone, it would be advisable to take into account every country`s population, so that China at least would have as many representatives as the muslims.

## SWEDEN

Sweden is a peculiar country for a norwegian. It is so similar to my own country, yet at the same time totally different.

What other place on earth has a population with such an interest for sing-along? Every swede knows an unbelievable amount of songs and loves to sing them, in unison. You never hear a swede singing or whistling alone.

Always in a group. Why is this so? One of the truly major traditions in Sweden is sing-along at Skansen in Stockholm. It is broadcasted annually on T.V. and there are thousands of people who flock from all over the country to sing-along there and then. Why?

It must be a kind of bashfulness, or a lack of bravery maybe. My theory is that all swedes are scared to death of not being "lagom". That is an expression meaning "just right", not too much and not too little either. Actually "lagom" stems from the word "lag" or "law" in english. It means "in accordance with the law" and must be an ancient expression. Can it be that "lagom", precisely because it is that old, has made the entire swedish population scared to sing, apart from when it is "lagom", and everybody else does it?

If you ask a swede for his opinion on anything, he will always answer the way he imagines all others would answer. The important thing here is not to stand out. We norwegian, on the other hand, like to be individualists and have our OWN opinion.

Well, in general anyway. There are historical reasons for this, of course, but I doubt that you, the reader, will be interested in them. Plus, I can not really count on swedish readers, as it turns out that Sweden happens to be the only country that I know of, where there is a law stating that all critique of islam is forbidden, because of that being racism. It was, of course, a law suggested by the U.N., but only the swedes have implemented it

How can a nation accept that all critique of islam, a religion that has followers of all races, skin-colours and eye shadings, is racistic?. Racism against what race? And this coming from the swedes who like to think of themselves as logical, rational, effective and well-formulating.

My theory is that noone actually wanted this law, but since it came from the U.N., they assumed that every other country in the E.U. would adopt it, so that it would end up being forced onto them, too.

I believe that the swedes wanted to show all of Europe how "lagom"("just right") they were,spearheading a law which would eventually be instated everywhere anyway.

It turned out to be the opposite. Sweden became the only country to adopt the law.

But nobody is willing to reverse the law, either. In such a case, well-established Sweden with its social-democrats and all, would have had to admit a fault, and that shall never happen.

All of those parties that voted for the law are still in power.

This book already contains far too much critique of Islam and I foresee that there might be more and harsher critique to come, which will mean that the swedes would have to read my book in norwegian, which is quite far-fetched.

It has, in any case, led to very little discussions about immigration in Sweden. Only muslims write about Islam here, and mostly about how peaceful their religion is. That being said, Sweden is the country in Europe that has the highest procent of muslim refugees in Europe .

## ABOUT MY FATHER

I need to write about my father a little and maybe about his father too, the previous Bredo Greve here on this planet.

He was the country's leading architect from the year 1900 to the first world war, in 1914. At that time, he won almost every public competition and got erected loads of massive, precious buildings. The most of these buildings have been torn down. The remaining ones is the big Art and Crafts museum in Oslo and the main building of the NTH (Norwegian Technical High-school) in Trondheim. He was german-friendly, educated in Germany and an expert in Jugend-style. Although Norway rose as a nation during the 1st world war, especially in shipping, their neutrality enabling them to transport to everyone. Still it was Germany that lost the war. German culture was no longer "in".

After 1918 he had to make do with private palaces which are still around today, I hope. Germany was the leading culture in Europe then, with Goethe and stuff, in addition to a mad amount of jewish geniuses in all fields. But Economically the Weimar Republic was suffering, due to the Versailles-agreement and all its war-compensation.

In addition, they had arranged a revolution in Russia in 1917 and installed "peace" there ,alongside a people's dictator called Lenin. All those who wanted a "better" world, cheeringly joined the communists.

In Norway, the labour party was for it, then in doubt and finally split. Some continued as communist believers, others called themselves social democrats. The goal remained, none the less, a brilliant workers society, based on workers unions, and to be reached even by doubtful means. All for the cause! ( no. all for da cause! of course)

Still, my grandfather did well. He was a rich man, already. Moreover, he had married a finish-swedish lady from the very highest of rows and was given bucket-loads of dowries and a little castle in Slemdal, into the bargain. It was a bit weird though. He was his father's only son, the famous child doctor whose name and picture, still to this day, is found on the Dr. Greve's children's soap - a soap that noone has bettered, by the way.

So this my great-grand father Jan Greve, had a son called Bredo Greve, but also 7 daughters and they all grew up to become the city's prettiest and wildest, by those days standards. Free women?!

As the only brother of all these solicited women, he must have enjoyed an enormous popularity amongst the young men from the upper class. Surely he could pick and choose all over the place. Was it still love? Impossible to know for sure, but she was tender, like most women from those rows then

Nanny was more of a presence in the childrens' lives than the filthy rich, but not so stable mother and very famous father. I guess, that's how it was in most

upperclass families, and still is.

I only met Esther, my grandmother, shortly before she passed away and my famous grand-father was probably already dead, when I was to take over his name.

A famous name isn't at all a bad thing to have either. It still happens that people I meet exclaim, after I have introduced myself: "What? Are you really Bredo Greve?"

But when I ask them what they associate the name with, they often don't know or can't remember, whether it was the famous or the notorious one they were thinking of.

## FAME

Oh, yes. I have been a proper celebrity as well. Especially after "Filmens Vidunderlige Verden" (the wonderful world of film), in which I played myself as myself. It is usually actors who get the fame, so when I in addition also wrote the script, directed the film and promoted it all over, that helped too.

For a long time I never needed to have money on me, when I would go out to town. Wherever I went there was always someone who wanted to buy my drinks, if I sat down at their table.

But that was then and not now, like Prøysen sang. Anyway.

If I only manage to finish this book and have it published too, there's no telling what might happen then.

## KF

It is important at this point to mention the guy who helped us and paved the way to the cinemas for us, with that film.

I don't remember his name, but he managed to become the leader of the KF, Kommunenes Filmsentral, who were then responsible for distributing most norwegian films. The company ALSO had some of the big american productions to boast.

It was him who contacted us, us meaning the group of movie people called "Action for those in the branch who want to change the cinema law of 1913", and it was him who distributed the film after its premiere in Oslo.

We only had a single copy of the film, in 35 mm cinema format. The original takes were made on 16mm and the premiere at the Gimle cinema showed a 16mm copy on the big screen.

But since the film did so well in Oslo, we got the resources to "blow up" the film to a 35mm copy. We were able to use the money again, to reinvest it into the film and thereby increase its potential, you might say.

On top of that we showed the film at the national film festival in Tromsø, by claiming that it was a NEW movie, even though the 16mm copy had already

premiered in Oslo. That worked out too, just about.

He offered his help if we let him take over the film for KF. I was sceptical at first, but when he let KF loan money to us, (the only guarantee being our sales on the film) so we could make another 35mm kopi, I had to give in to him.

He was an incredibly proficient and active distributor. And cheeky.

He would call the cinemas and say it like it was: " If you want this big american production of ours, then you will also have to make room for the norwegian films on your plan. Bye bye."

He was in charge of it all, setting up the films, sending Sissel and myself to the premieres and made sure it all dove-tailed. Had he been able to continue as the leader of his department, there could have been hope for a new spring for norwegian film culture.

But of course, he was fired some years later. Most probably due to some intrigue by the american distributors. " That insolence, using our methods against US!"

## THE GREVE`S

The Greve family hails from Bergen, from the Hansa time, when the germans had control of almost all northern european towns , to monopolize the markets. A goldsmith came to town, settled and raised a family there, around the year 1500. A little further up the family tree we see that one of them became the chief of the Bergenhus fortress. That position was so high-ranking that he was to become a nobility, but since the name Greve means Count he could hardly call himself Count Count or even worse Baron Count? The matter was postponed.

At least according to my father. In any case the Greve-family rose to the ranks of nobility in Bergen and in the year 1814, when all the nobility in Norway was gotten rid of, we became the only family to have a noble name.

That is why I remember so well how the manager of the cinema in Bergen welcomed me when I arrived there, with my debut film "Witches from the petrified forest". I then just had had a special screening, in the town Hønefoss, where the manager of the cinema had made a public statement, upon why he refused to show my film, which nonetheless was publicly financed by the state and so on.

We went up to the town, the gang from Film7 at Club7 and screened the film onto the outside wall of the cinema. Until the police came, of course.

It became a big affair that got a lot of media attention. But I nearly had to physically fight those other cinema managers afterwards, to have them screen my movie, since they had the right to decide on "all screenings of moving images in their community", according to the cinema laws from 1913. They still have that right to this day.

But in Bergen we were treated differently. I was welcomed like a home-coming prince, was given everything I asked for, free to do the advertising, even as far as being let into the " holy" room, where the cinema machinists rule, to adjust the focus.

All the while thinking: " What is this all about? What is the reason for this?"

So, when all the deals were done the cinema manager turns around and, pointing behind himself, asking: " Is it the same family?"

And there it was, a giant skyscraper, in the middle of town with GREVE, GREVE and GREVE written onto it, in enormous letters.

I guess I smiled a little, but not too much, when I nodded and said: " Yes, actually it is."

And the movie was almost more successful there than at the Gimle cinema in Oslo. A lot of people and good reviews.

And I love Bergen too. There isn't a prettier place around. It is so concentrated, everything is within walking distance and mountains with rich hiking grounds surrounding it . And the Bergen people,, who love to talk about everything to anyone.

But, when in Oslo, where the governmental seriousness is so proper, they seldom thrive. "Yeah, so you´re from BEEEEEEERGEN, are you?", we ask them there.

## LSD

But I had planned to tell you a bit about my father. He was, as mentioned, a psychiatrist with a private practice, after a turbulent time with some of his superiors , being hired and fired at the country´s asylums for insane . When LSD came along with fabulous reports from Switzerland, where it had been discovered as a medicine against schizophrenia, which was my father´s main interest, he started off. There were others who followed the trend, but he was the only one to try it on himself, first

. All the other doctors used it in the common way, like normal medicine, pills or injections, against illnesses. " Here´s the receipt. You´re welcome, next please!"

This lead to so many suicides and accidents, that people in the field became sceptical.

After a while, a hospital in Bærum was given the exclusive rights to use it for treatments and for research.

At that time, Freud was still ruling psychiatry. Everyone had to lie down on the divan and recount their dreams, while the doctor took notes and speculated. It took a long, long time and costed heaps of money too, given what publicly educated doctors are always paid. So the results were dubious.

My father discovered that if he took the stuff together with his patient, accompanied by a sober third person, to be sure - he was actually in a position to communicate with them. And heal them or in any case to such a degree that straight-jackets or isolation, was not the only treatment option anymore.

He didn't accept the prohibition and continued with LSD, sending yearly reports to the minister of health, Evang.

The response was always that the letter had been received, but that the prohibition also was meant for him and that he had to stop using it. If not, the police would be called.

But father didn't give up. He had loads of people coming to him. Some of them were writers, artists and others, especially alcoholics, who felt their personality was split.

Then hash came to Norway. Around the time I tried it for the first time, in the 60's.

## HASH

Father said it was like having used an axe all his life and then suddenly was getting a knife to work with. All of a sudden it was possible to get an entire group to "ignite" and open up to each other and to him, the doctor. His reports to Evang were getting more and more lyrical, when he wrote about his healed patients and how the treatment took so considerably less time than before.

And that's when the minister of health's tone changed. LSD, as a medicine, was still being used in other countries and could possibly be used again here, in Norway, on sight.

Hash, on the other hand, was a drug, totally forbidden, just as in USA, the land of progress, *par excellence*. Of course, it's called a drugstore there, although it means apothecary and not a place for purchasing illegal substances.

He was going to have to understand that enough was enough. Or else he was going to be arrested.

But father didn't stop and that's how it went on for some years. Then something happened. It had nothing to do with hash or LSD, but still. It was a hysterical woman who came to his practice. She'd been treated by other psychiatrists, but in vain. She'd probably heard of Dr. Greve and arranged for an appointment. When father understood that she was suffering from sexual anxiety, he lay down beside her and carefully placed a hand on her stomach. But he had gone too far. She stormed out through the door and disappeared .

Not anywhere though, but straight to her previous doctor, who was just as shocked about such shameful methods from his certified competitor! He helped her charge my father and that's when the police turned up.

They raided his place and found hash and confiscated everything, especially the protocols and whatever else they could carry.

And my father of course. They put him into prison on account of the incriminating evidence, as they put it. He remained in custody until the case was brought up.

To be sure, the press was informed, and the journalists flocked around his office and found a lot of compromising material,, which the police hadn't yet seized.

It was mostly the big bed he had in his office, a sort of heaven-bed. Imagine the kind of sex-orgies, disguised as group therapy,. that must have taken place in it! In reality, it was his matrimonial bed. He lived in his office and was married. Yes, well, not with my mother anymore. He had remarried several times since then. The bed was draped, since it would only fit in the only big room they had.

## LOGICS

What's more, it was an actual coffin there, with scary egyptian hieroglyphs on it, adorning the lid, that stood in the room. What a revelation for journalists blessed with a fertile fantasy. They didn't have the time to translate the hieroglyphs, before the newspaper was going into print. All they had to do was invent and exchange fantasy stories between each other, and then write like hell!

The door was still open. Someone else could enter and decrypt the text or spin an even wilder tale. Now everything was allowed. After all, the bugger was taken!

The coffin was in reality a gift from one of the best lecturers I have ever heard, at the Oslo university, Jon Medboe. He was quite famous, especially from the Nidarosdoom later on.

I guess he was a brilliant actor too, but he was definitely an expert in logic. Does the sentence "Giant belgian rabbits use red bow-ties" ring a bell? That was a well-known sentence from his lectures about elucidation.

Father had some patients who suffered from fear of death. He had found out that many of them would calm down when lying in the sarcophagus while imagining death - where we all end up. But anyway. This brilliant lecturer had his own problems and got help from my father, and gave him a gift.

What the hieroglyphs meant is still a mystery to me. While it proved no hindrance for the journalists who wrote for all the capital's newspapers. Finally they didn't have to just copy what others were writing.

The case grew for some weeks. Had it been brought before court then, he would have been sentenced to life, without the shred of a doubt.

I was at his advocate's, Staff, begging him to do something. " You go on and write something, yourself" he said " Try to save your father. Didn't you write for Dagbladet some times? "

Ok. We found some guidelines and I went home. There I wrote something I

called " Father, I am proud of you."

It was a text that portrayed him in a favorable light, as the guiding-star of our culture, more or less. Everyone who had followed his own belief in his life, being right in the end, were mentioned.

All of those struggles against ignorance and stupidity, which he, my father, again was right in the middle of. And it was true, too.

Until then, everyone would have him crucified. All the newspapers were selling his story. There were no holds barred, just to insinuate and let the reader find out the rest. Nevertheless, when the article appeared in Dagbladet, that one newspaper changed position. And thanks for that. All of a sudden he had one of the big influencers on his side.

And thereby, his situation changed drastically. Because then his celebrity patients started speaking out for him too. Articles were printed about methods used in foreign countries. Especially England, where a lot of famous psychiatrists stood up for him and showed their support.

When the case was brought before court, the mood was 50/50. It was likely to go either way, depending on whether or not there were more surprise bombs. It turned out to be a fantastically funny court case

I sat in the second row, a little dictaphone hidden under a scarf on my lap, recording the whole thing, when I didn't laugh and disturb the recording, which of course was illegal and most probably still is seen as "contempt for the court".

I had intended to transcribe these recordings and publish them when I'd become a pensioner. But when that day came I could't find those tapes. The tapes that I believed were the right ones, were something else. Most likely they were lost when I moved houses.

The courthouse was teeming with celebrities, especially writers. Bjørneboe was there and spoke of his drinking problems and praised my father. I don't recall all of it anymore, but that judge must have had a hell of a time. He kept having to use his hammer to silence the crowd in the room, in order to hear what the witnesses were saying and repeatedly threatened to clear the audience out of the room

. But no one wanted to leave, so when he afterwards took a break with a serious look on his face, the chatter ceased, for a while.

What I remember best is when the chief doctor from Hov in Land, the norwegian center for treatment of drug addicts, explained why LSD was now illegal in Norway.

He explained, how honored both he and his co-workers had felt to get such a task, assessing LSD as an effective medicine against schizophrenia for Norway

and most of all for the health director, of course..

He then went on to explain how meticulous they had been in their approach and well equipped for the tackling of the task they'd been offered. Their hospital was full of drug addicts, a lot of them schizophrenic. So he had hand-picked the most suitable ones.

These were then strapped to their beds, for safety's sake. Noone was to get hurt. Next, they were given an correct dose of LSD, according to their body-mass. After that he made sure a nurse would pay them a visit every hour, to see whether they were getting better or not.

Now and again, he was interrupted by father shouting: " You've got to try the stuff yourself, you idiot!" and the judge hammering his club and warning: " Dr. Greve, sit down or I will have to tell you to leave." And father would shout back: " Go on, do it then", and even though sit down, frothing with rage.

And so the competent evaluator of all future use of LSD for Norway, was allowed to proceed, but with a dark statistic.

Some patients had undoubtedly come out worse from the treatment. None came out better. And the conclusion was clear. LSD was not suited to heal schizophrenia. Not in Norway, in any case. And Evang gave it his blessing, of course.

The woman who had caused all of it, with her lawsuit, did not witness. Still a lot of patients explained how much nicer it had been to be treated with hash instead of LSD, which has a tendency to produce unpleasant experiences, especially when alone in darkness afterwards.

But on that topic, the judge was not willing to budge. Hash was not medicine. It was illegal and a dangerous narcotic substance. This my father would have to be punished for.

But that is where the judge was wrong. Hash and marijuana have been used over all of Europe since the middle ages, and particularly against suffering of the psyche, which obviously was around then too, and still is. Most likely this goes for Norway, too.

Anyway, father got away with the lightest sentence he could get, those months he had been in custody. Thus, he lost his right, not to practice as a doctor, but to have parts of the fee reimbursed by the government, for two years

Which was fine for father, since he already had been far to kind, and taken on patients without demanding a fee, settling for this reimbursing by the government only. He was now in a position to get himself new and paying patients, instead of those he had spoiled.

How many at Hov I Land who had endured the insane test treatment on the part of the health department, was not brought up. We can only wonder, as with most other things.

## LSD FOR YOUR SON?

I believe myself to be the only one, who at the age of 15-16 was to get a sample of LSD from his father. It was at the cabin he and Jorun, his 3rd wife, had rented deep inside the Nordmarka forest. My half-sisters were playing on the floor around us and I remember the entire happening as an idyllic, coherent and joyful family experience.

Only father and I took the stuff, out of small bottles with precise instructions written on them about the contents and dosages, and he was an expert at this, and to be trusted.

But I had sided with my mother when they got a divorce 3-4 years earlier, and was always in opposition to him. I was tense, but curious to find out what would happen.

Father obviously had a heavy experience. He cried I believe, about his wasted life and his bleak expectancies for the future.

While I was having a nice time, with strange sights and feelings, but in this safe environment, only the kids really wondering what we were talking about. That was probably the only time I even had to console my father. I said something along the lines, that we get our importance from those around us, and for my old man that sounded so ingenious, that he cried for that too. All in all it was probably the best evening we ever spent together.

In hindsight, I am happy he left us. At the time, I was 12 and the street ruffian, while my sister was in her own special world on the verge of locking herself up entirely, I believe. She never really knew whether she was coming or going to school, and which of her homeworks she had not done.

My parents were so scared of fighting each other, that they let their steam out on us. Everything we did was wrong. I went out and found someone to beat up. My sister receded further into herself. Many thought she was retarded.

He was sorely missed though. It took me a year to understand what I had been doing, that I was being an asshole, also to my friends. That was all because things had calmed down, at home.

## US AND FRIENDS

I think the first time it struck me that the way the U.S was leading their foreign affairs, went against their own interests and that especially their wars seemed to benefit ONLY Saudi-Arabia, was when Bush senior, attacked Saddam Hussein

and Irak for the first time.

Saddam had then, been waging a long and horrible war against Iran, where the fundamentalist shia muslim rule under Khomeini, had just established itself, after a strange show.

The Shah of Iran had been dethroned, after having been invited to visit the USA, who suddenly "gave up" and let their worst enemy take over power in Iran. Why? And who might be suspected to possess the means to get such political advertising-material that suddenly was to be found all over the country, and helped bring Khomeini to power?

It was only Saudi-Arabia that gained an advantage from all of this. Still, to believe that little Saudi-Arabia could buy the presidency of the USA and through him and his administration get the worlds leading war force to fight for THEM, seemed too fantastic at the time.

But that Saddam Hussain, who with the help of the USA had waged a war for many years, even without really winning, should then attempt to conquer the oil country Kuwait, without the american approval - is inconceivable.

Nonetheless, that is what happened, according to the USA That is why they attacked their only remaining ally in the muslim world, smashing the iraki army from the air, but without dethroning Saddam himself. This latter fact must have been because Saudi-Arabia didn't want him as a martyr. Saddam had until then been the most outspoken arabian leader for many years , and Saudi-Arabias only competitor for power in the sunni-muslim world, and the only arabic opponent to USA, in his speeches, at least.

## THE OIL

Then again, the US-Saudi relations have always been peculiar, in any case since the discovery of massive amounts of oil there. In order to make sure that no other country would be able to get hold of the oil and thereby threaten the US's and the entire western worlds oil-dependence, the US set up a mighty military force there, based mostly on total dominance of the air, meaning fighter planes. Who of the two dominated who, in this game for the most precious natural resource, the modern gold, might be something for the future history researchers to find out. But not yet.

## THE SAUDIS

How many billions of trillions of dollars have international oil companies paid to Saudi-Arabia during all these years? Noone knows, and it is even more difficult to trace the flow of money further, from the biggest oil country since 1936.

Investments in Saudi-Arabia itself, can impossibly make out even as much as 1% of all of these enormous quantities of money. Most likely, it has been invested in

the USA, in the form of shares, oil-shares in particular, which have a high profit and are paid out in USA.

We can assume that no other country in the world, not even USA itself, owns more shares in those international companies seated in the US, than Saudi-Arabia.

And who is holding the power, if not the big "american" companies, that are registered there, but are nonetheless steered by their shareholders, who are acting from their own choice of leaders.

I believe to have read that f.ex. Bush Jr., when he won the presidential elections, had 300 million dollars at his disposition for the electoral campaign. That remains a small change for Saudi-Arabia.

When compared with the cost of Bush's war against Irak, approximately a billion per day, during many years, it is easy to comprehend why Saudi-Arabia chose to invest their trillions of oil dollars safely in the US.

Had the saudies decided to wage their own wars, they would't have the means to do it.

Soldiers in the US are used to fighting for high-flying ideals about freedom after their country had won over Russia, or the Soviets, in the "cold war".

For Pentagon, the top priority would be that the US is, in any case, leading some war somewhere, in order to secure contracts for the war industry. Still, we have all reason to believe that the saudis have invested large amounts, also there.

BUSH JR.

The first war president Bush started was against Afghanistan, after the attack on the twin towers in New York.

This attack was seen by the entire world. What was then the reason for attacking Afghanistan, when the invasion he meant to retaliate for, had been orchestrated by saudis?.

There was never time to answer such a question. Apart from the claim that Osama bin Laden was so central to all of it.

The most likely reason is that Saudi-Arabia wanted USA engaged in a war they were unable to win, and thus have muslims world wide to hate them even more, and become fundamentalists too.

When the attacks began, general Massoud was secretly murdered. He had been the leader in Afghanistan, of the so-called North Alliance, that was resisting the type of fundamentalism that Osama bin Laden from Saudi Arabia had been financing there, namely the Taliban.

If everything had gone according to plan, this North Alliance would have been totally beaten, before the US moved in.

Strangely enough, the North Alliance held their position, so that the US could

bomb the Taliban from the air, while the North Alliance attacked on the ground, forcing the Taliban to retreat to Pakistan, where approximately half of Pashtun, the people which the Taliban is a part of, resides.

Since the US stayed there, in Afghanistan, in order to establish what they called "the good old american democracy" there, with the help of the incredible company called Halliburton to rebuild the country. It proved as expensive for the US, as it was lucrative for the owners of that company.

There are sufficient reasons to believe that Saudi-Arabia had invested a lot of money there too, since all of the investments contributed to an increased hate towards the US by most afghans.

Nonetheless, it was when the same president Bush afterwards found out that Saddam Hussain was threatening World Peace from Irak with innumerable weapons, that were unknown until then, and that the country HAD to be invaded before it was too late, that Saudi-Arabias influence on the USA became obvious.

The way Bush and his generals tackled the task was to involve the social democratic prime minister of England, Blair, regardless of the fact that the british secret service M 16, was not willing to accept the "proofs" that the CIA had found those weapon.

They then invade Irak, where they do not find anything at all, apart from Saddam himself, whom they kill on very loose assumptions and then stay there as colonial power, shamelessly ,has to be the most cheeky undertaking any state has been responsible for, in the entire world's history.

" No, when we have come here, we must stay here , to guarantee the peace." was their slogan. How was any of this in the interest of the US?

## VIRAPEN

I am in a state of shock and have been for some time now. It began when I realized how draining the process of writing this book is. I'd been too eager and had underestimated exactly how tiring it is for a 75 year-old to sit writing, for hours on end.

I took a break for a couple of days and went for a trip to Oslo to pay my family a visit there, especially my grand-children. On the way back, I popped in to greet an old friend of mine, in my age

. He was a lawyer, but also interested in chemistry and a lot of other things. We usually smoke cannabis together, in small doses. Both of us are equally proud of how little we need to smoke, in order to reach the desired effect.

I presented my theory that it must be my marijuana-consumption, that has kept me so incredibly fit and healthy, in comparison to others my age. That cannabis first and foremost is a medicinal plant that by all accounts can be used to treat almost all sicknesses, and that it's precisely therefore that it seems likely that the pharmaceutical industry is financing the war against it.

Without a further word, my friend gets up and presents me with two books, that I 'd never heard of before. One of them was simply a book about cannabis as a medicine, containing a history of the plant and modern scientific results. I ask him for a loan of it, but he does not dare to.

He promises to order it from the internet for me, as it isn't to be found in the usual outlets. Still I leaf through the book and scan the long list of illnesses that the plant can be used to effectively treat.

He then goes on to show me the other book and that is the one I have just finished reading and which has totally blown me away.

It is called "Deadly side-effects"- confessions of a pharmaceutical director, written by John Virapen. He is Swedish and lives in Germany now. He originally hails from the British Guyana, in South America.

His parents were from India and were lured there by British interests which, after the abolition of slavery, needed workforces and were offering high wages to poor Indians. It was, of course, a lie.

Instead they had to work hard in order to reimburse the debt they had been stuck with, after the expensive journey and also rising prices for everything, which they were required to pay for, with wages staying low.

Most of them thus went on working as slaves all their life, while his parents had a dream they were living for.

Their children were to be educated and rise through the ranks of society. This dream made them work so hard and efficiently that they succeeded in buying themselves out of slavery and were able to send their child John to England where he was to become an educated doctor.

His education is interrupted and he moves to Sweden. There he starts working for a pharmaceutical company. He travels around trying to convince doctors to use his company's medicines on their patients.

Free samples and special equipment, gifts and charm. Coming from a poor background he sees opportunities where the Swedes have given up.

Eventually he is hired by one of the biggest pharmaceutical companies in Sweden, the American company Eli Lilly, where he rises up to the rank of chief for the whole country and manages to multiply their annual income twenty-fold in just some years, by making his co-workers more efficient, but also through bribes.

But then, probably due to his success happening too quickly, the top director of the company becomes worried about his overachieving coworker - a potential competitor in the eyes of the board of the owners - and promotes him to a position without any function at all.

He reacts by turning his back on the company and publish the whole story of what he had been made to do and alleviate his consciousness.

And there is quite a story for him to tell.

The problem being that it is hard for a modern reader to believe that the pharmaceutical industry really is the way he describes it.

## MORE MONEY

We are still being fed the old success story about penicillin, all the triumphs we have experienced, about dangerous sicknesses now being under control thanks to the pharmaceutical industry.

But that was then and not now. Now it is demand for the highest possible profit that drives these companies, and given the glorious past, it is so much easier to fool us.

For the researchers the goal is no longer overcoming sickness. As long as the patients are sick, they remain safe customers. Healing the customers means economic loss.

What researchers are being asked for now, is therefore medicines that do NOT harm the sickness, but instead attacks the symptoms ,pains in particular.

Make the pain disappear and customers will believe they are being healed and therefore pay ever increasing sums of money for their medicine.

And the doctors are just as content. They keep their patients and may write out new prescriptions and get their share of money from the patients , for as long as they stay alive.

It is a totally fantastic story, still VERY convincing and told by a man who was himself a part of it.

It is a hard one to swallow. Most difficult of all is to understand how insanely extensive corruption has become in our society, for this game to proceed.

To publish a book like that must be near impossible. It has been translated, designed and produced in Norway, but printed in Lithuania and the publisher is called Altshop.no V/ Kjetil Dreyer, obviously a quite small private publisher. Not so easy to stop, when the book is already being sold. Originally it was launched in Germany, but in english by Virapens himself as publisher.

If there is one thing the book opens our eyes to, it is that modern-day pharmaceutical production is extremely lucrative and that the companies, be they american or european, are so cynical, brutal and powerful, that a simple individual is totally helpless.

## ELI LILLY

His big problem as the leader of the Eli Lilly company in Sweden, is that his american bosses are pressing him to get the state leadership in Sweden - those people who decide whether their new medicine, Prozak, a drug whose active component is Fluoksetin - can be sold there.

The medicine was meant for over-weight people, which had become an important market. But the company was in a hurry to have their drug accepted, in order to get the money back ,which they had spent on developing it. Since it was easier to register an anti-depressant, a kind of happy pill, they changed its function to that. Later on, they could always launch the product as a slimming substance as well, when it had already been accepted for something else.

NAIV?

The most shocking is probably the pharmaceutical industry's ability to appear so matter-of-factly neutral ,when apraising their own results, that all countries are content with the company's own appraisals , which are always based upon a will to come across as convincing as possible, simply by leaving out all negativity in their applications or redefine it, so as to MAKE it seem positive .

On top of all that, they are always in a hurry. Money is time, also for companies like that. Every day that passes, before permission is granted, means big losses for business.

That is why it is imperative to cut down on testing, to give the impression that all those involved in the tests to begin with, stay until the end, while those who react negatively to the medicine, are removed from the test, in order to improve the end-result.

The result being that massive amounts of medicine is put on the market, long before the longterm effects are known, leading to many gradual deaths. These deaths are always presented as exceptions, f.ex patients behaving irresponsibly and taking overdoses; that being the cause of death and not the medicine itself.

When it looks like the company might be sued and loose the case, the company offers big compensations, in return for silence about the case, and also warns the bereaved that if they do not accept the compensation, they will have to pay the colossal costs of a court case.

What we are presented with is an affair so horrifying that it seems very daunting to believe in the survival of our civilization. Reading the book was truly depressing for me. Nothing about the company's view on plant medicine was mentioned in the book, but it isn't difficult to put that together.

There is no way to patent a wild plant. All that lot of new medicines being launched for us these days, is based on patent rights, that give producers exclusive rights for some amounts of years.

At the same time, it's enough to alter a single molecule of the active ingredient, to obtain a new patent and launch the new medicine, with a new name, as something new and improved, but unfortunately more expensive for the patient.

## DOCTORS

All post-graduate doctors are of course helpless when faced with keeping tabs on all the new medicines flooding the market. It is understandable how they are easily charmed by sales-representatives who claim their medicine only is "the best for the patient".

But they are also easily misled. Because for them too, time is money. The quicker they can diagnose a patient and write out a prescription for pills, the more money they may earn.

While the queues in the waiting-rooms are only getting longer. Although, that is in fact due to these cynical calculations on behalf of the pharmaceutical companies.

The more people are sick, the more income. Meaning they get the doctors to prescribe medicine the producer knows will lead to a different type of illness, f.ex diabetes, which is now spreading more and more. On this topic the author shares with us another gold nugget about the cleverness of the industry.

## INSULIN

Insulin, the medicine used against diabetes, was initially extracted from animals, often pigs, so-called animal insulin. This sort of insulin was cheap to produce for the pharmaceutical companies, but could not be patented and was therefore not very profitable.

They then found a way to make so-called human insulin. Which, in fact, is a genetic substance that could be patented, and was therefore an artificial insulin, but by calling it human and stressing the disturbing aspect of using animals as medicine for us, they managed to get all the diabetics to convert to the new type, which indeed was not insulin at all and had dangerous side-effects.

By then all of the big companies had ceased the animal insulin production. So the big companies in the industry are competitors, but can also work together, when all parts can profit from it and only the patients loose, when the side-effects force them to take new medicines which are all more expensive, due to them being protected by patents.

After reading the book, I am plagued by one thought in particular. If things are that bad in the pharmaceutical industry, how are they then in those other

industries, where we know for a fact how cynical people there can be? But we never had any insight, because it just never happened before that a leader from the industry writes a book about his experiences, in order to denounce his industry to us.

Why was the man not killed and his book stopped?

The original book was released in Germany in 2007. The norwegian edition came in 2010. And even though I have an interest for such things, I had never heard or read about the book - anywhere.

How do they manage? It is a really scary question.

## ON WALKING

That being told, it's time for me to get outside. I've been down in the cellar where I've put an hours-worth of wood in the oven. Despite the weather being slightly shabby, with rotten snow and melting ice all over the place, I know how necessary it is, if I am to continue keeping myself healthy and let old age wait outside in the staircase

As soon as I get out, I will take a breath, let the air motivate my body, feel how some quick motion for the legs is invigorating me, and in any case start whistling.

Then I will stand for a while outside. Maybe take a trip down to the postbox, making sure it is empty, while deciding which way to go. If the sun is up and out, then I am always drawn in that direction. But first and foremost I like to vary, finding new places, especially clearings in the forest which can have a fabulous resonance and where my tunes can swell.

I believe I can say that I love the forest, especially as a training-ground. The paths are good for running, but if you go in between trees, finding the tracks of animals, your body will have to work in a totally different manner, a lot more varied.

Usually we like to have it nice and flat, but when you walk on a flat plane, your movements become a strain on those same body parts, all of the time.

I therefore walk in between the trees as often as possible, to exercise all muscles and tendons. Over rocks, between them, up onto bigger ones, all the while altering my tempo and direction in accordance with the tracks in front of me.

Walking in this way, can be dangerous. You may suddenly slide down on something you did not have the time to register. Still, if you stick to the animal tracks, you are safe. They know the forest so much better than we do, and avoid all dangers by advancing in the simplest possible way.

Best of all is moose tracks. Small animals can duck under the branches. Mooses are large like us and don't like bending down too much. Although I enjoy bending

over, my body does not.

If there is one thing that is good for you, it is ducking under branches, without losing too much momentum, while turning your head to see where the next footstep should be.

And it's a lot of fun, too.

OLYMPIC?

But did I leave the house? Not at all. The Olympic games in Sochi, Russia are underway at the moment and Norway just took gold in the mens ski-sprint as well as gold and silver for the ladies.

Personally, I have decided to boycott the olympic games. They have become an entirely commercial arrangement.

Why should this Olympic committee earn so much money on this old greek patent?

What is more, where does all the money go, that the richest and biggest TV companies are paying them? Do they just share it between themselves?

## DANGERS OF THE FOREST

I wasn't able to write anything yesterday. I was not pleased with the last things I had written. I have to add in any case, a warning regarding my enthusiasm for fast walking in the woods, where mostly only animals move around.

Sticks that point out towards you, can be very hard to spot, before it is too late. The faster you are moving, the higher the chances are, that a sharp stick that appears as a mere circle to the eye, all of a sudden sticks itself in there. I therefore make sure to have a hand raised before my face, in dense forests..

## ABOUT WRITING

From the beginning this was meant to be an auto-biography of sorts. It seems to me that my life has been so different from what most others experience, with so much for me to write about happening. That's why I probably see the world differently from most people and therefore have a opposite opinion of what to do.

I still write articles on all types of phenomena, but they are never or rarely published. When the editor reads them, it quickly becomes apparent to him that I do not have the "right" point of view on the topic and that I therefore am wrong. In the olden days, when I was young, all the newspaper were also affiliated with political parties. That meant that a new point of view could be interesting for the newspaper, precisely due to the fact that the opposing party's newspaper was claiming something else, and had the political power.

These days, newspapers are all more or less identical, write about the same things and only compete on a financial level with each other, for the favor of the reader, when it isn't harming profits, mostly made by advertisements

What do they want to read?

In those cases it is ill-fitted to have a singular point of view, that the reader "knows" is wrong, given what all other newspapers are writing, and especially what is shown on TV, which is ALWAYS only that which everybody else is telling.

## WAR

I am now one of very few people left here in Norway, who have experienced the war. Before the war, the labour party had been in power for some time and had been using it to disarm the country, in the name of the "broken gun", while Nazi-Germany was arming itself to fight their war for world domination.

When the war broke out, Norway proved to be a country of enormous strategic importance, without the means of defending itself

The german soldiers who had come here, were under the impression that they were freeing us from a british occupation, since Norway had an even more arian

population than Germany.

The Germans were disappointed about the reception by the Norwegians' lack of gratitude, but they needed food regardless. At its most, they were 300,000 stationed here, which counts for about 12% of the population, and all of them were to have their food before us.

This meant there was little of it left to share between us, since Norway has never been self-sufficient. Its surface-area is quite expansive, but it consists mostly of rocks and mountains, with only small areas of arable land in between.

With the British Navy still ruling the seas outside the shorefront and Sweden behind us, politically neutral, very well armed and on the way to becoming the world's wealthiest population after the war, thanks to huge deliveries of all those things that the warring powers wished for on both sides. But it became impossible to deliver anything to Norway

. The German soldiers patrolled the borders, so food for Norwegians was only what the Germans didn't take. Still, for the Norwegian farmers at least, the war turned out to be a great boost.

Everything they were able to save and hide from the Germans, was paid for in gold, jewelry and other riches, which the hungry city-dwellers in Norway were now willing to give up, in order to survive.

## DURING THE WAR

We who lived on the countryside, had a pretty good life during the war. Food was always scarce, but since everyone else was also going hungry, it became the norm.

Once during the war, we were visited by someone who brought us some bars of chocolate. I was about three years old and became very suspicious. Something brown, the color of shit? I refused to taste it and everyone else cheered.

The German soldiers became more and more grateful for being stationed in Norway during the war. Hitler and his generals desperately needed them on the eastern front. The Russian "Untermenschen" who Hitler hated so much that he hoped to entirely eradicate them and replace them with real Aryans, namely Germans, according to "Mein Kampf", which nobody was willing to believe were his intentions, even though he'd clearly written the book himself.

These "sub-humans" proved to be tougher than their over-men. They were more brave soldiers with both fairer hair and bluer eyes than the Germans themselves. They were seemingly fighting Aryans!

How come no one in Germany told Hitler that he knew far too little about history to develop a useful theory about the world?

Any linguist could have told him that the Slavic was also an Aryan. The Slavic

migrations happened after the Germans had settled in northern Europe.

They both hailed from the areas around Persia and the Slavic were, since they came last, naturally better equipped with weapons and other technology, as the areas around Persia were the most highly developed, richest and most powerful, at that time.

The Slavic migration pushed the Germans westwards, into the deep German forests, away from the famous black soil, the best farming land in the Ukraine and South-Russia.

## ARIANS?

Where did he get the idea, that Arians were fair-haired and blue-eyed, which was so popular in Germany in those days?

Since they were coming from Persia, they most probably looked approximately like the refugees that are now flooding Europe, with black hair, brown eyes and darker skin than us.

The population in Europe with the highest percentage of blonde people are the Finns, who were never conquered by the Arians, because they had been searching for nice arable land to conquer, and Finland back then, some 5000 years ago, was only woods and lakes.

The blonde people of Europe must be the relatives of the original stone-age population of northern Europe, meaning those who were NOT Arians.

## HITLER

Be that as it may. If we look at how the German conditions changed between 1933, when Hitler actually won the elections and became the German Chancellor of a land totally ruined and chaotic, since 1918 - and in 1936, a mere 3 years later, when Germany arranged the Olympic Games, won the whole thing, before the eyes of a baffled world and demonstrated its modern motorways and top industrial products - it is magical to a very high degree.

The Germans must have been convinced that he was the Redeemer, after such a miracle. And Hitler must have been an administrator of God's mercy, at the time. The most important factor was nonetheless, their opponents' silliness, especially the French's.

After the war, they demanded all of Germany's retribution paid in railway materials and thereby shut down their own factories.

When Hitler rose to power, France had built an enormous modern railway network, all of which was made of things which only Germany could deliver.

When Hitler-Germany refused to pay further retribution, the rest of the world was

so understanding, that France ended up being the only country to protest. They saw themselves, all of a sudden, forced to order and pay for so much of the german material, that they were now depending on, and Hitler found himself with a lot of money to invest.

The german industry, that had been going full steam since the end of the first world war, when they had been forced to work for free, had instantly been turned into a gigantic money-making machine, that was able to hire more workers and invest more,all over.

Hitler's balancing-act as the head of state, when he managed to take back parts of the Alsace, by simply sending in troops armed only with spades, was masterful.

The french soldiers could have fired at them and a lot of them wanted to, but France decided to retreat.

## THE FUHRER

After that move, Hitler had reached near divine status in Germany. By all accounts, he believed it himself too. He was no longer just the Führer. His wish was a command, all of his misconceptions about the world became truths, as far as Germany was concerned. Nazi-propaganda ended up becoming a trap for the country, and for Hitler and his plans, as well.

## ON WAXING OF SKIIS

Now, I need to take a break here. I have been obliged to do some accounting work for some days and something occurred that is so funny that I simply MUST write about it.

As mentioned, the Olypmic Games in Sotchi are in full swing at the moment and the norwegian went in as the big favorites, in cross country skiing. All thanks to their leadership naturally, the wise men on top.

I could write an article about it, but I would never get it published. Not now. Not before the newspaper grants the permission to do so on the grounds that also all others are writing about it.

What happened is the following: the country's leading ski-runner for many consecutive years, a certain Petter Northug, has attempted to free himself from Norway's ski federation - to go solo to the Games.

Noone knows exactly why yet, but the leadership of the federation in ski-Norway have in any case gotten rid of the swedish ski-waxers, who uptil now have been helping the norwegian skiers to their victories, also during Games. Then this happens.

It started out brilliantly. Norway wins the first races. Until the temperature rises in Sotchi, becoming warmer than expected. Suddenly the swedes have a winning-

streak, using impeccable skis, with all the norwegians, both men and women, left far behind on lousy skis. A big scandal.

It ends with the actual top-leader for the norwegians having to speak up in the field and blame his own brother, who had been given the noble task of taking over for the swedish ski waxing geniuses

But that's not all. It turns out that the norwegian leadership really raised the stakes. No nation ever before needed two gigantic buses to accommodate all kinds of skis, like the norwegians have done in Sotchi, to the other nations irritation, who would all like a parking space there.

Still with all these skis at their disposition, the norwegian waxers are unable to sort things out. The top-leader has to go public again and reassure everyone that they are all doing their best, after yet another shock-loss, and still no one has found out why most other nations are now better than us.

But then Petter does the unthinkable. He has taken his own pair of skis to the Games and, unknown to the leaders, waxes them himself, or was he getting help from some swede? Nobody knows yet.

In any case, he is chosen to run the relay, for which Norway is the big favorite, but the girls who were even bigger favorites, had "waxed themselves away", as it is termed, the previous day

After Petter gets clapped on his shoulder, the norwegian team finds itself positioned 8th in the run. The three norwegians before him had miserable skis. Nobody can explain why. At that moment it seems Norway is doomed to fall below the 10 best, for the first time in history.

Then Petter blasts off with skis that are almost as good as the swedish ones, passes four racers and grabs the 4th place for Norway. Sensational!

But were the norwegian journalists allowed to write freely about it? That the top-leaders should be replaced, is only natural. Maybe also the fact that certain swedes can again get jobs as ski-waxers in Norway. Still, will it lead to the runners being able to decide themselves, the way Petter wanted to ? It is still unthinkable.

## SKI HISTORY

At this point, the reader should get to know Morgedal, a village in the south of Norway, where skiing as a sport was invented, by all historic accounts written the entire world over. Except in Russia, where remains of skis so old were discovered, that they demand the rights for the invention.

And if we look for the truth, we might as well add that the sami people of Finnmark, most likely had been using skis for hundreds of years, before the fellow from Morgedal apparently discovered it, by taking home a pair and get the honors for it.

To work with domesticated reindeers on the Finnmark taiga, without the help of skis, was definitely out of the question.

## THE SAMI PEOPLE TO DAY

Today the sami people no longer need skis. In place of skis they use snow scooters during winter and lightweight cross-country motorbikes during summer, using up all their profits from the reindeer business on that.

They have managed to wipe out the entire wolf population and thereby the sole reason for reindeer to graze in flocks.

The main task now, is to keep the reindeer together none the less, even though the grazing grounds are becoming barren, the flocks are becoming overpopulated and the norwegian state still owns their land.

But in the case of Petter Northug - what a scoundrel he can be! and how cunning he is, whenever interviewed.

I could continue about the way in which norwegian ski-runners, under their great leadership, since the "knickerbocker days" meaning the high-class from the west side of Oslo, has shown the world "the winter way", as it is called.

Meaning how one is supposed to use skis wherever there is snow. But I will let that be. Back to Hitler and his war.

## JEWS

His main point was that the jews were responsible for all misery, in Germany and everywhere else too. This was a point that the germans were able to understand. Why were the jews so often rich? Was it purely due to their skills or was their plan behind it, to take over the world?

This was of course the reason for Germany loosing the first world war, even though they had the best leaders, soldiers and weapons.

Finally, a simple explanation, that everyone could adhere to and learn. The enemy inside!

Seen from our perspective today, it seems like Hitler's plan could have worked, with a little more patience. As is known, the germans were just about to invent the atomic bomb, when the war broke out.

HAD he started the war by dropping an atomic bomb over Moscow, only a couple of years later, our history would have been very different. Fortunately for all of us, he was so eager to follow up his success and become nothing less than the

whole world's only leader, that the madman started way too early. To start off, he had to unite all of Germany again, of course. Which worked out fine in Tzechia. Chaimberlain returned from his talks with Hitler, reassuring everyone that everything was all right now. "Peace in our time!".

Hitler then attacked Poland. Again, his plan was to gather all the germans. And to share the rest of the country with the russians was a smart move. Then Stalin was pleased as well. But England, as we shall see, was still in his way.

## TWO FRONTS

Hitler had been studying the Napoleon wars and was intent on avoiding a war on two fronts, by all means. France followed England and declared war on Germany after their invasion of Poland, and kept their position ,behind the Maginot-line. But Germany simply drove their tanks towards this stronghold, then turned off towards Belgium where the Marginot-line ended, briefly entered Belgium and then went straight into the french troops, from behind. No one in France had been expecting this possibillity!

The blitzkrieg tactics worked out brilliantly in France. After having passed through Belgium, the distance to Paris was open and short. Before the french army had the railway system up and running again, after the german sabotage - the germans had seized Paris and made marshal Petain declare peace, in return for keeping the south of France a so-called neutral area.

The english army, that had come to help France, had to head back to England as fast as they could.

The whole affair happened so fast that nobody in England had had time to realize that ships should be present there to save them, from Dunkirk.

If Hitler had attacked then, in the midst of all that chaos, and sent aircrafts to blow up all these unarmed, small vessels, and then sent their best submarines on a straight line towards England, with all of their troop transportation ships in their wake, they could undoubtledy have conquered England.

Then USA would have lost, in such a scenario, the only one place in the whole of Europe, to send gear to. Especially after the attack on Pearl Harbour they were so busy defending themselves againts Japan, that Germany afterwards could have attacked Russia, without the complications of a two-front war.

Still unaware of this, Hitler had reached these goals. The fight against the jews had already begun. They were being sent to the concentration camps and liquidated as quickly as the german gas industry was able to deliver. But they were numerous and a lot of them occupied central positions in the arms industry.

Although it was tabu to know this, since the jews were pronounced both public enemies and totally useless. Even Hitler became convinced of this ,through his own propaganda.

## AIRSPACE DOMINION

The interesting thing is that Germany, in the year 1942, dominated ALL european aviation. They had the best pilots, more and also better planes than anyone else. And modern warfare is about ruling the airspace.

Hitler decided to strike on England from the air, sending wave after wave of huge bomber planes towards London. He was most probably hoping they would withdraw, begging for peace in such a hopeless situation , and get it.

But in '43, in the space of a year, the germans lost their rule of the airspace and never won it back again. WHY?

Evidently, they lost a great deal of planes during the bombing of London, but the important thing was that the german aviation industry could no longer deliver the needed airplanes.

This was simply due to the fact that most of their best skilled technicians had been jews, and had taken all of their drawings of planes and their know-how on how to assemble them, to the gas-chambers where they were killed.

There lies a certain unbelievable beauty over this, that Hitler lost the war by attacking his own aviation industry, without knowing it. And also this fact that his own propaganda against the jews, became the main reason for his loss of the war

This is no news. Many historians have pointed out that german plane production almost vanished in 42 .

The problem is finding out how it happened, since the nazi's made sure to erase all traces of this fact, that was so embarrassing to them.

Whether there had been strikes there too, against the new leadership, maybe even against the nazi rule, in addition to Germany's loss of their best technicians, we simply don't know.

Nonetheless. This was the most important thing that happened during the struggle against Hitler, to the extent that I claim it was the jews who, by making themselves so indispensable in the aviation industry, inflicted the first and most decisive german loss in the 2nd world war- and thereby enabling an allied win.

The fine young men who came and took over the jobs after the jews, surely looked "arian" and had parents who liked seeing their sons in top jobs like that.

The only thing they lacked was this know-how, which the jews had taken with them.

German aviation basically came to a stand still, while Hitler kept sending planes out to England, where those english, fearing communism so much that they were willing to go to war against the soviets, now changed their minds.

## THOSE JEWS AGAIN

Since the war all jewish participation has been regarded as merely being the main victims. It is time to reconsider and look also to this great contribution of these german jews, and start celebriting those who died the same way, but thereby started up for the revenge in the end of it.

At that time Israel did not exist. But as so much of the jewish population on earth had to flew from their countries, even after the war, I think Israel is the country where those german jews should be celebrited, when ever that world war 2 is memorised.

By the year 43 it was only a matter of time. The germans got their aviation industry up and running again and taught the new ones how to work. Except that now it was Germany who was being bombed. And the english pilots always knew where to strike, namely those places where the germans were trying to restart their plane production, after the previous attack.

Germany even managed to increase their plane production during the rest of the war, but it didn't help much. Both England and especially USA had access to resources that a superpower simply MUST possess in order to win, like oil and gas for increasing amounts of machines, but also some sorts of minerals and all of those things that Germany lacked

## THE GREAT STRATEGIST

Hitler who continued believing himself to be the BIG strategist in this game, demanded advancement and victory from his generals and punished them with death or by degrading them, if they failed to fulfill his plans.

Still the worst was that his propaganda had turned the german soldiers into cold-blooded killing machines, who shot on everything that moved, especially russian civilians.

If Hitler had asked his generals to tell everyone that "We come in peace, to free you from Stalin", a lot of the russian population would have welcomed him with open arms. The revolution in 1917 was a taking over of the power, not of people. Lenin just went on with the same oppression of the people, which was the only thing they knew, from the days of the Tzar.

They had slaughtered free farmers to steal their land and create these sad collectives, where the political leaders had all the power, but no knowledge of farming and everyone felt exploited. Stalin was just worse than Lenin.

In the Ukraine, where the russians were hated, the german soldiers were met by people willing to join them and fight the red army. The germans just shot at them, mistaking them for being russians, or just "unworthy humans", even though they had fair hair and light skin, and blue eyes like themselves.

## IF AND BUT

If Hitler had postponed the holocaust until after the war was won,, and asked his officers to try to get some of the civilians in the conquered areas to fight on his side, against their hated leaders- "let them feel free!" - he might have won the war.

But he had written down his plans and opinions in the book "Mein Kampf". All the readers must have understood how horrible it would be, this life as "the world leaders"- which he had promised his followers.

## HITLER AND ISLAM

He was so interested by Islam, Hitler. Mostly by Mohammed, of course, the big conquerer.

He even tried to create a kind of religion for the germans, based on their old religion, from before christianity

Probably very close to our religion in Norway in the viking time, when our Paradise was supposed to be only for those who died in fights, and where they could go on fighting for ever, as those who were killed, would wake up again in the evenings, to celebrite their fights together,eat and drink and look forward to great fightings for all days to come.

But since the cristian churches all over Germany were against it, he had to give up on that one.

Mohammed had been the including conquerer. His army of muslims, gave all the enemies they met, in their days in the east roman empire, who were always defended by mercenaries, 3 choices:

Be killed or become a muslim and join their invincible army, earn more and take from the rich, but also give to the poor. Those who wanted neither to be killed or become muslims , had to pay taxes to Islam in return, for their lifetime.

Most of those mercenaries, who joined and strengthened the army and helped conquer most of Europe and parts of India, had no idea what Allah meant, when joining the religion, and even around the year 800, when most of the conquering

had ceased, Persia and the other conquered territories still ruled themselves.

The muslims were only the big army itself and represented perhaps 3-4 % of the population in the aerea. Still they had the power and had begun fastening the grip. Quoran-schools were the key to the next generation.

All muslims had to send their kids to the Imams in the mosques, where they learnt the Quoran by heart, as young as possible, and told the Imam if their parents were following the rules written in the Quoran, or not.

Slowly Islam rose to power, by securing the best job positions for muslims, exempting them from paying taxes and giving them further exclusive treatment rights, known as the Sharia laws.

If we are to assess Islam as a culture we will have to wait until the 15-16 century, when the Imams had converted so many, that muslims had gotten the power in these earlier culture capitals of the eastern world.

## TABOO

It seems hopeless, writing about Hitler, since the subject is so taboo. How are we then to learn from history?

What if Hitler had used Mohammeds tactics?. First conquer, by getting all the discontented to join, then wait until after the victory, to use his power to oppress all of us and kill the most.

Luckily, he and the japanese leadership of his axis, showed the same foolish arrogance towards their enemies. Both were victims of their own ignorance, through propaganda.

Hitler wanted all the power, to become the Führer, and he did it. He had been an underofficer during the 1st world war

. Now he was suddenly the unexperienced top strategist. If there was someone to blame for Germany loosing the war, it has to be him.

To attack Russia with an army in summer gear, because the plan had to be suspended, and then attack none the less, with winter coming on! And even before England had given up! Presumably noone dared tell him that maybe England DIDN'T want to give up.

And the german general who had to tell his "over general" Hitler, that the war maybe would't be won before the winter came in Russia.?

Hitler was so convinced of his own superhuman powers, that it had to lead to degradation or possibly, a death sentence.

He used huge sums of money to have his "invincible" Tiger tanks built, which turned out to be a fiasco. They were enormous and could blast other tanks to pieces from far away, but were totally impractical, too heavy and bulky, and they

would get stuck in the mud and used too much petrol, plus that they were too expensive to produce.

All of the equipment that had worked so well in the french summer was useless in the russian winter.

The best that can be said for Hitler as a strategist, was his boldness. He had´nt the slightest worry for his soldiers, when his plans failed. In those cases, it was better to dismiss the officer who had been in charge.

Nobody was to criticize HIM-the People´s leader. In effect, he was nothing but a frustrated painter, who in the chaotic wake left by the war in 1918, became a politician and was successful with way too simple and silly ideas, that were based on his book. And he used violence, too.

As soon as he came to power and became chancellor, he rearranged Germany into his own personal dictatorship.

Surely the germans were´t any stupider than other people, just more desperate about their self-inflicted misery.

When propaganda became the only truth, it made them brutal and effective, but also ignorant and dumb, perfect for war.

That is what we should try and learn something from. In order for us to do that we must stop treating nazism as a taboo subject. We have to realize that our own society as well, may be conquered by politicians who get too much power

. Those who use propaganda to get to power and then to brain-wash themselves and us.

The same is happening in our society today. The ideas may vary, but the power structures are there and propaganda is still a very tempting tool to use effectively to counter the attacks on politicians´ ideas and enthusiasm.

## LA VERITE`

Now I have finished the second book I was given by my friend. "Marijuana. The forbidden medicine." by Harvard-researchers Lester Grimspon and James Bakalar, published at Yale University Press in 1997.

It seems a little strange that I, who has had such a preoccupation with Cannabis for most of my grown-up life, should never have heard about this book, either.

I thought, when I started writing this autobiography, that maybe I was the first to discover that the plant actually is a medicinal plant ,that has an unbelievably positive effect on all forms of sickness.

That is far from being the case.

These researchers found it to have been written about in China, as far back as 6000 years and have found out that it's been being used for more than 10.000 years.

In those places where it grows wild like Asia, Africa and South America, it is presumably the very basic plant for all making of plant medicine. Used as a treatment against psychological disorders, was one of its uses in Europe's middle ages.

## SMALL FARMER

Today is bloody awful. A thick layer of clouds and raining, but not cold. We are approaching the end of february, when snow has been covering the land since like ever. Now it seems as if spring is on it's way, at least one month too early. I have dressed in a pair of trousers that are bugging me. They are made of thick wool.

They are warm, but itchy. I don't need long Johns anymore when wearing trousers like these, but the thickness of them feels slightly electrically charged to the skin.

I bought these trousers 40 years ago, when I made an attempt at living self-sufficiently as a farmer, in a small northern place, by the sea.

The fact was that it wasn't any colder up there, by the polar circle than in Oslo, over 1.000 kilometers further down south, where I come from. Not at the coast.

The gulf-stream is pushed by the mexican passat winds, causing a sort of thick gigantic river of warm water shooting out south of Florida and go on crossing all of the Atlantic Ocean ,towards northern Europe, and heating the coast of Norway even when the inland is frightfully cold.

My stint at becoming a farmer was short-lived and these trousers didn't come to much use. They never got the cold they deserved. Whereas today I was forced to choose. It's too warm for thick long johns, but still too cold for regular trousers of the thin kind.

And these trousers have just been lying there, taking up space in the closet for all these years, indestructable, most likely.

## EARTH HUNGER

I must tell a little more about that small farm that I had going for a short while, up north. It had originally been the main farm in the village, in fact. The land had after some time been divided up, and most of what was left had turned into swampland. Poor water-drainage.

So I could buy it cheaply, as it had been unused for some years. The forest area that was a part of the deal, turned out to be enormous. A kingdom of sorts, containing 5 fishing-lakes and a mountain 1200 metres high.

Because of everything being so steep and unattainable, I only saw one of the fishing-lakes. The first time was when I had spent a whole day dragging a kanoo up the hills, to have something to fish from. When I made it up, I was too tired to try my fishing-luck.

The second time I went up there, I'd come to bring the kanoo down again – having given up the farming project – and in the meantime some lads from Mo i Rana had passed by there and used dynamite to cleanse all the water of trout.

## STONE PINE

The main building on the farm was relatively new and spacious, with two floors. The hay storage was big, but a kind of rebuild on a rebuild, and almost impossible to do traditional work in.

In the middle of all this was a woodhouse that must have been from the vikingtime, approximately 1000 years old. Presumably the country's oldest. It should have been at a museum, but it was mine and it was there

I found out that it could be used as a sheep-feed, if and when I sawed a new door into it, since the one from before was far too narrow and on the wrong side too.

Unfortunately, the wood was so old that it had become metal-like. All my sawing blades went to bits, without so much as sinking their teeth into the wood. So after a while I just couldn't take the guilty conscience that I got from damaging such a treasure.

## FÅRIKÅL

The plan of farming was simple. I placed my bets on Fårikål, my single most favorite dish, made of sheep's meat, potatoes and cabbage. The previous owner had had a sheep farm going, like most other people in the village, and I was able to buy 6 sheep from him, who had moved south towards Trondheim.

I drove down in the VW-van that I had parked on the other side of the fjord. The village had a road, but only through itself. If you wanted to leave it, you had to cross the fjord first, to the ferry lane.

From there it went down south, over islands and new ferry lanes, or else you could drive the car onto the ferry and go up north to new ferry loadings, and new islands with new ferry lanes.

It all took time and the ferry only entered Sjørfjorden, as the village was called, twice a day, once north and the other south. So whichever way you went, it became a day-trip.

On top of all that the village was so tiny that the place to load the cars onto the ferry, was only being planned. If you had to get your car on board, it had to be lifted by a crane and that, in those days, would cost 300 crowns.

I am not sure just how much money I spent on it, but during the first period of living there I was reading the notices, and posted some myself in local papers, looking for used farming equipment, and then go to get a closer look at things and bring them back in my VW-bus, if they looked good for the price.

## MOVING

I was particularly unlucky when I moved there. I arrived from Oslo, after 1000 kilometer of driving a car, carrying as much on top of it, as in it. It turned out that the ferry which usually brought people back and forth, was being repaired at the time.

The one being used when I was waiting with the car, looking over to my village, didn't have a crane.

There was a big commotion and a lot of discussing ensued, still, people were helpful.

I drove the car on-board and all those who were there helped emptying the car's contents onto the deck.

Then I drove the car onto land, parked and came on-board again.

Upon the arrival in Sjørfjorden, all the villagers were there to help.

The boat had to keep its schedule, so it had to go quickly, but at last I was standing there with almost all my belongings around me, poorly packed and still with the risk of getting soaked by the rain.

After having thanked everyone for helping, and shaken everyone's hand and heard all of the introductions and watched them all walk home, I still had a couple of 100 metres to get there.

Luckily there was a farmer with a tractor and trailer. After a while he came and helped me on. But I must tell about the cat first.

## CITYKITTY

While living in Grønland, Oslo, I always had a cat. That's what it was like when I moved there, long before the oil-age, when Norway was still a relatively poor country in Europe, circa 1965.

In those days backyards were the domain of either rats or cats. In those backyards of Grønland, where rats ruled, cats' days were numbered. The rats always attacked in packs, and otherwise ate trash. If the cat survived the attack, it would die from some sickness shortly after, regardless.

In our cat-backyards we were very happy for all those beasts residing there, the wildcats, especially in our old, wooden storage-room in number 26, where I lived.

Although if we were to have a cat there, it had to be a female. I had tried with many young males before which, as soon as they matured, they disappeared.

Presumably it was the beasts in the backyard who chased them away or simply gobbled them up. Whereas things were naturally easy-going with the females.

The sound of screaming kittens had been heard for some days in the yard between our building and the lower, one-story building from the 1600 century, that faced outwards to the street.

But every time I came down to the yard, the sounds ceased.

So one day, two half-dead kittens fell from the drainpipe 5 meters above, smacking onto the asphalt.

I was with Sissel at the time, I believe we debated whether to stomp them or to bring them up with us and save them.

They were so touching, the way they weakly scratched at us and hissed, even when they couldn't stand. So we took them up, and they managed all right after having been fed with milk and a little cream, by a small baby-bottle. I've never seen kittens behave like these two sisters.

They lived side by side, day in, day out. Wherever they went they stayed tightly close to each other, in a sort of constant defense alliance.

That was up to when they hit maturity. Then they both quickly became mothers, probably by the same father and gave birth more or less simultaneously, in the same basket.

Soon there were kittens bouncing around all over. It became tricky to walk over the floor. Still the worst was that they were having so much fun together, that they didn't care about humans.

They became so wild that it proved almost impossible to give them away. Towards strangers, they were outright hostile.

## SOCIAL MOBILITY

In the end I had to take the last ones with me in the car. I drove out to the Kings

garden on Bygdø and threw them over the fence there – and told them that they in any case started life at the top – and drove home again.

After the kittens were gone, one of the sisters, the one I preferred, moved down to the tailor, who had his workshop below, and probably lived better there, but without a cat door, unfortunately, so that he had to lock the cat in and out.

The other cat still lived with me as I was to move north and being the romantic that I am, I believed she also would be delighted to leave behind the trashcans of the city and drive north to the countryside with me.

So when everything was packed and the car was ready, I simply grabbed the cat, stuffed it into the car and drove off.

I had laid out some food for her on the passenger seat, which she refused to eat, only hissing at me from somewhere behind the baggage pile, but without screaming.

In Trondheim, where I stayed the night at a friend's house, I began to worry. The cat still hadn't eaten and didn't want to come out to me...

I just had to leave her there in the car. The next day I could see she'd eaten some, but still she avoided me.

I began wondering if the cat was getting crazy, since we'd been good friends for so long.

In Kilboghavn, which is what the ferry lane was called, where I had to empty the car's contents onto deck, she tried to escape, but was intimidated by the sea all around us, so I caught her and found a box to put her into.

Finally at the house, I started lifting things in when I saw her leave her box, looking fiercely around, and then run inside. To me that looked positive, and I went on carrying my load in.

At one moment I noticed her hiding behind some pictures I had leaned up against the wall. When she saw that I'd spotted her, she ran off and hid again.

Only towards the night, when all was loaded in and I had sat down to have a meal, tired and hungry, she came sneaking.

When she caught the glimpse of me, she froze and shot me a look of such hate I will never forget it. It was as though sparks flew from her eyes before she disappeared.

The next day I tried to find her, but I never saw her again.

I never found out either how she'd managed to get out of the house. It had been closed, but the cat was, and stayed, gone

. I imagine she was on her way south, towards the trashcans of Grønland, all that

life that had been hers, but most of all away from me, who had removed her from that place. Sorry. I didn't know any better.

## FOOD

Anyhow, I was now well on my way south towards Trondheim in my VW-bus, to get hold of sheep that were to save my farming business.

The point being that everyone in the village tending sheep, had in the fall, to climb the steep hills and drive them downhill and get them home before winter. A lot of work and totally out of question for one person.

All this was, nevertheless, unnecessary, according to the man I bought the sheep from.

The reason the sheep didn't want to go home was that there they'd be locked inside and could not leave their sheep-prison before the next spring.

Sheep adore freedom, just as we do.

This meant that he had trained up a flock of sheep to know the hills well, where the farmyard was and thereby be able to return down to the farm by themselves, when they found the temperature unbearable for them.

They knew the door to the sheep-feed would be open. They were able to choose whether they wanted to be inside and eat, or go for a stroll and feel the weather, all year round.

But the villagers all laughed at the farmer, who still farmed using a horse and old horse apparatus. Someone who used a horse could not be taken seriously by anyone, and that was that.

As I was on my way south to pick up these sheep, I suddenly saw that the way down hill in front of me was covered by corpses.

I managed to break and saw that the lifeless bodies were those of pigs. The whole road was covered with them, deep-frozen pig carcasses.

FOOD!

I reasoned that the meat-transporter, who must have lost them while driving steeply uphill, until the backdoor gave away, would eventually notice the problem, but when?

This was a question of being quick, since I had an empty loading space. There were also some smaller rolls of vacuum-packed beef.

They weren't deep-frozen, but much easier to gather

. I loaded quite a few of them into the car, but filled most of it with pig-carcasses, until I didn't dare to take anymore and continued the driving south.

Nobody had seen me, but how was I now to load in the sheep?

When I finally arrived it was too late to do anything, but the next day I got help unloading the pigs and loading in the sheep, who fortunately had newly been

shorn. Then I filled in all the carcasses there was room for in old feed-bags, and even had some on the roof.

## A TIRED TRACTOR

But I had one more errand to run, down south. To pick up a tractor I had found in an add and ordered. The deal was that if the tractor was in as good shape as the owner claimed, the owner of the sheep was to drive it up north for me, while I'd drive the car with the sheep.

I got a good impression of it, a powerful Ford, not too old either, so I bought it and the journey home could begin. With myself driving in the front with sheep and pigs in the back, and the tractor trailing behind, not that fast.

I don't remember what the top speed was, but modern tractors go much faster than old ones, so we weren't exactly hurtling along and the sun had become a problem. It was still cold in the air, but the sun had caused the temperature in the car to rise too high for the deep-frozen pigs.

I opened the window and put on my winter jacket, which helped, but what about the carcasses on the roof?

I got the man who was driving the tractor to drive in front, so I wouldn't have to stop and wait for him, with static air on the roof. But then another problem popped up.

I had basically never driven the tractor, still I knew the proof of a diesel-motor is if it uses oil. It turned out we also had to refill motor oil after each diesel fill. This revealed the tractor to be more used than the owner had admitted.

I gave up in the end, called the owner, and was allowed to reverse the purchase, even though in his opinion it was the driving and not the tractors fault.

I parked the tractor by a train station and sent the driver home on the first train.

Then I continued driving north, normal speed this time. Once in a while I stopped to check the roof where the meat still seemed hard, even though the sun was warming.

## LAST MINUTE

The drive went well up to the village Nesna, where the last ferry for the day had already left. It was possible to drive around, but that would mean arriving much too late for the next ferry

. I had to settle down for the night, feed and give water to the sheep in the car and save all the meat. But how and where?

In the end I convinced the kitchen-chief at the sleep-over. She opened the cooling-room and let me store the meat in there.

That would be out of the question these days. There are so many rules about food preservation, that we probably broke at least some of them, even then, at that time.

She was a good person though. But still. When I approached her with the carcasses – especially the ones from the roof with road-dust on them – she must have had her doubts. But she had already said yes, and I really was desperate.

I cannot remember the rest of the trip, but everything went well. I came home with all the sheep and meat, and got hold of a big freezer, that I kept filled with pork, for many years.

Only once in a while, I had to cut a piece off some carcass, that had not survived the trip well enough, and in some periods I became fed up with swine meat.

The only thing I regretted was not having loaded more of the 2-kilo rolls of vacuum-packed beef. They had endured the warmth much better than the frozen meat, and to this day, is still the best beef I have ever experienced making food with.

## BLUE-BERRY WINE

But now I must return to the time when the cat disappeared , shortly after I´d moved into the village. When I stood outside the house I had just bought, with everything I owned still under the drizzle, I used some strong words

. I told the man who´d helped me bring everything from the quay, on his trailer, that I had with me the most wonderful wine that he would ever taste in his life. And whether he also could help me carry the things in?

Of course, he had other things to do, but when I brought out the wine keg with my home-made blueberry wine and let him taste it, he helped carrying all of my belongings into the house, as well.

The story behind this blueberry wine was that I had some served to me at a friends house in Oslo. Even old french wine books recommend adding some blueberries, when making high quality red wine

. Although anybody who has ever tasted a really successful blueberry wine, knows that grapes can be good for achieving quantity, but the taste of pure blueberry wine is from a world of its own.

I became so eager that I went on a journey for several days, picking blueberries in the forest outside Oslo, enough for 50 liters of wine. I think the receipe recommended 20 kg, and it all went well, both the picking and the cleaning of the berries afterwards, which was very time-consuming.

When I was done, both wine-kegs stood there, containing the correct amount of sugar, berries and yeast. All there was to do was to wait.

But there was no blop in the air-locks on them. In the end I had to put them away under a bench and start working on films that I also had to write first, if my ideas were to lead to something.

And so there they stood, under the bench, without ever blopping. After a while the water in the air-locks dried out and I forgot about the whole thing.

Some years later I read about some poison on the skin of blueberries that kills the yeast, which also like blueberries.

In order to make the fermentation happen, you have to add sour berries like f.ex. red currant, to get the fermentation to start.

At that stage I had forgotten all about the kegs under the bench. It was only when I was to move up north, that they entered my life's actuality again. Was I to take them along? In that case, I would have to empty them first.

So I took the first one, carried it to the sink and began emptying it. The smell of what came out was so good. I stopped before finishing, in order to taste some of it first.

By then I had emptied 20 liters of the best wine I have ever tasted. Presumably it was the slow fermentation that had brought out even more taste from the berries, than the usual quick fermentation does. I don't know.

But I partied for many days afterwards. Not that I had emptied 20 liters of it, but that I had 5 liters left that didn't go down the drain ,plus one entire full keg that I could take with me to the north.

The problem in the north was that on the day after the arrival, there was a knock on the door, and outside of it all the friendly helpers, who had carried all my baggage from the ferry to the quay, all of them curious about this fantastic wine that I had brought.

They all got a glass, but no more. Obviously it would have disappeared on that same day.

And they understood that, but none the less, they just hung around for a while with empty glasses. I had to harden up and tell them that this was a very special wine, meant for very special ceremonies and occasions only.

## BOXING

Maybe it's the weather, which really isn't inviting me for a walk, but possibly also a visit my son paid me.

I told him about an affair that has been nagging me for many years. My closest neighbor here in Sweden has a tradition to invite friends for a drink, or quite often many drinks, especially on fridays, on his verandah.

Some years ago I brought a liter-bottle of vodka to the party and friends on that verandah.

They had been going at it for some time and were "having a blast" as the saying goes. That is why I drank quite quickly to get into the mood.

Those sitting there, apart from the host, was a friend of mine who was at the time renting the second floor in my house, and a fellow I'd never met before. All of them seemed friendly and quite enthusiastic to have more to drink.

## PRESENTATION

After the raising of several glasses and invitations to by-passers of the house, especially women, I was convinced that Janken, which was the name of the strange guy, had to become one of my friends.

I sat myself in front of him, challenging him to an arm-wrestle. I am quite proud of how strong I am despite my age, but this time I let him win. For me it was a presentation of sorts. I wanted to show him that I liked him.

The last I remember is that I was staring lazily at his fists which he was rotating in front of me. All of a sudden it all darkened for me, while the thought " now you have to defend yourself" arose in me, but I couldn't comprehend against whom.

Then a lot of far away noises and sounds I didn't understand ensued, until an enormous pain in my back made me wake up again. But I could not move. My friend Arne was lying on top of me and I could hear shouting and screaming around me.

When I finally got up, I was told that I had punched Janken, out of the blue.

I had stood up and punched him on the eye and that he'd gotten angry and beaten me up, but that the others had intervened when he started kicking me in the back, while I was laying unconscious below the verandah.

I was baffled, but since everyone claimed that that was what had happened, I had to simply apologize, before leaving and going to bed.

The next morning, when I saw the state I was in, I started thinking about what had happened and understood.

To rotate fists, the way he'd done, is a well known boxing trick, chinese, most likely. The one looking at the fists, especially if they are coming nearer, will not be able to see that one of them all of a sudden arches widely and lands on his nose. The top part of the nose is very sensitive and the victim will black out, but not understand why he'd fallen asleep, afterwards.

I woke up Arne and asked him about what had happened. He'd been sitting behind Janken's back and saw me suddenly getting up to hit Janken, totally uncalled for, by the looks of it, and also without any viciousness in the punch.

The host had at that point gone inside and only reemerged when all of it was over, but fortunately just in time to stop Janken from further kicking me in the back, with Arne over me.

I tried to explain to Arne that I had already blackend out, when I'd gotten up to defend myself.

To an experienced boxer this is nothing special. Mohammed Ali wrote, in his autobiography, about how he willingly let his sparring partners hit him, in order to

train up his "automatic" reflexes, continuing to jab and holding the opponent out of reach, until he could take over again, consciously

My problem being that I wasn't aware that I'd gotten into a fight.

Willy, adhered to Janken's explanation, which was that my surprisingly violent punch had made Janken fly into a fit of rage and that he wasn't able to stop, even when I, a 72 year-old, was lying on the ground.

Janken was Willy's brother-in-law. So I had to comprehend that he had to take his own family into consideration, and that the best thing to do was to forget about all of it.

It was, after all, him, Willy, who had saved me and held back Janken, in the end. The fact that Janken was the first to hit, I would have to forget, so long afterwards. "Why didn't you say so, yesterday?"

During the first year after the "fight", I was actually quite satisfied that he had inspired me to train so hard. I definitely became a better boxer because of it. The punching bag that hangs in my living-room, fell, after a while, from of the hinges, which I then had to reinforce in the roof.

But it is difficult to keep up a program of that kind. After a while, it just remained hanging there, most of the time. And a couple of days ago my son came by, so I told him the story.

His reaction was that I should sue the guy because I am 25 years older than Janken. Too much time has passed since it happened. I will never get the chance and will go on becoming older.

## THE POLICE DURING THE WAR

I have never before sued anyone. This is probably due to the war, when norwegian police all of a sudden became german-led police and most policemen swore loyalty to the enemy, who they had been against, up to that point. It was to keep their jobs, of course, but for a young boy growing up during the war, my trust to the police took a heavy blow. They were arresting jews!

The teachers on the other hand, let themselves be arrested, but refused to teach the german curriculum.

I have now, in any case, sued Janken, but only for his kicking me in the back while I was unconscious.

His kick was so hard that it broke two of my ribs close to my spine. The doctor said that had he kicked 3 cm further to the right side, I would have been paralyzed for life.

It took 6 weeks before I could sleep at night. I awoke at the slightest movement. But he has corrupt friends at the police here.

Now they are suing me for the first punch, which he claims triggered the rest. I find that quite outstanding. Now I can beat him up for him lying about me, without that getting in the way of my lawsuit against him for the kick. Maybe all my boxing knowledge will come to some use after all.

## OTTO VON PORAT

I believe it began, in fact, when I was going to a catholic school and all the others, who were protestants, to normal norwegian schools. In the books we were reading, there was loads written about how the opponent had behaved during the many wars for power in Europe, between the papists - the followers of the pope - and those who insulted him and fought his holy church.

I was convinced that horrible things were going on, both in the village-church that we'd lived by during the war, and in all of those in Oslo, where we moved to after the war

I can still remember the dreams of becoming a martyr for my beliefs and the fights I had with some of those from Ila school, possibly from a religion class, when we'd meet on the St.Hans hill and thrashed one another in a justified rage. But also in the street where we lived. I always felt like an outsider and often came in conflict with the other kids in our street, without really knowing why. There were so many fights that my mother sent me to Otto von Porat, to learn how to defend myself properly.

He was then, and still is, the only norwegian to have won an olympic gold medal in boxing, and ran his own boxing school for kids who wanted to learn the art of pugilism.

I don't remember for how long I went to the school, but I certainly learnt a lot there, except controlling my anger. When an opponent had struck me I refused to listen to the referee, before I could retaliate it, and I kept getting disqualified for this. Although I guess this happened mostly in the beginning.

After some time I learned the noble art of self-defense quite well, was able to dance around and hit from all angles, ducking and finting and having fun, while the opponent was bedazzled by his inability to hit me. But when I felt so self-assured that I could "take" on anybody, I gave it up.

I was part of a boxing club too, for a while. But the meeting with amateur rules was frustrating. I can especially remember one light-weighter. He won all the fights on points, was extremely quick, both attacking and defending. But when he'd hit you, it could hardly be registered.

And according to the rules, each hit counted as much as the next. I found it ridiculous, maybe because I was proud of my punch.

## BOXING HISTORY

The first time I got to see Cassius Clay, the man who would later become Mohammed Ali, I fell for him. He was the most complete boxer I'd seen and introduced heaps of novelties.

Especially his footwork or dancing as it was called. He was completely unpredictable, was always doing unexpected moves, attacking from all angles. "Fly like a butterfly, sting like a bee."

He was the first to make psychology a part of boxing, and the boxer's own worth via media to an art in itself.

His ability to shout in the ring, expose his opponents by commenting on their mistakes or blunders, to laugh of them, get the public involved and also to laugh, was totally magic. No boxer before or since has dominated the sport alone, like he did.

The unfortunate side of the actual leadership in proff-boxing, is that it has always been dominated by money and power. When he was young, world champion and the american youths' big idol, he suddenly became an outcast, when he refused to take part in the Vietnam war. They took away his world championship title and wouldn't let him box anymore.

## LIKE MOHAMMED ALI

That was when he converted to Islam, and called himself Mohammed Ali. Still there was more to it than just that. The public still loved him and wanted mostly to see more fights of his. Nobody believed that the new champions could take him on. And he kept coming up with new things to say or do to keep up the media pressure.

In the end, the big promoters had to let him box again and shortly after, he was the world champ again.

The only sad thing about it, was that his playfulness and lightness were gone. As Mohammed Ali his footwork became more and more static. He would stand and strike like the other heavyweight boxers.

What's more, he made taking punches one of his particularities. Upon his meeting with George Foreman in Kinshasa in Kongo, he had trained to first of all, divert the strength of his opponent's punches into the ropes.

## GEORGE

At that point, George Foreman was deemed totally invincible. Nobody hit harder. Nobody could be bothered to keep such long and hard series of hits coming. He'd hit his opponents guard so hard that they'd be hit by their own gloves .

But Ali had studied him and found his weaknesses. He let George punch and punch, laughed and taunted him for not hitting hard enough, while he himself would only jab without real strength, mostly to keep his opponent out of reach. So when George began feeling his energy draining, that even his own punches

were't so hard anymore, Ali hopped towards him, under his guard and knocked him out with a heavy hook to the chin, his first real attack in the whole match.

## TOWARDS THE END

But this wasn't pretty any longer - boxing as art - anymore, the kind that Cassius Clay was known for. And it costed.

His very last fight ( against Joe Fraiser.I believe), was a total nightmare. To humungous giants just throwing punches at each other like a sort of never-ending war of endurance.

Noone of the two survived, really. They both knocked each other punch-drunk and were never able to box again. To see Mohammed Ali today, when he once in a while is led up to a podium and put on display, is simply tragic.

I have a film, a DVD really, with poor quality images, containing almost all footage of his biggest fights, through which you can follow his progression from Cassius Clay who is playing and having fun, to a static, hard-hitting self-annihilator, who will let himself be beaten to a pulp for a heap of money. A kind of mastodont, rich but unable to move any longer, reduced to a name from the past.

## HARALD

If Harald Prennum had gotten himself a good trainer, then Norway's boxing sport could have had itself a world champion, too.

All the way up to puberty, he'd been big and fat. But then, in about half a year, all the fat ran off his body and what was left was an ox of a man, who could beat up anybody.

I never understood him. I had been trained to box and did well against all the others, but Harald's strategy was simple and totally unstoppable. He just kept attacking, punching incessantly, and drove me backwards until something or other stopped me and then it was over.

The worst thing was when I now and again could hit him with a punch. It seemed he didn't notice it, maybe shook his head and went on hammering. I could writhe out of most of it, but never got the overhand, never got time to attack, only to evade. And he always hit so hard, that I was done after the first hit.

Our body is made that way, mine in any case, that for each hit it slows down and becomes less explosive. But not Harald's. I tried to study him and find out where his secret lay. The closest I have for a theory is that he went into a kind of trance of numbness. Maybe it was his fear of being hit first, that made him chase the opponent for a first decisive hit.

In boxing, attack is the best defense, and that was exactly what he did. No guard, no evasions, only punches and always driving forwards.

On a purely technical level one could point that he continually hit double-hits,

meaning that when one of his fists came whistling through the air, the other one would always be rightly placed with the shoulder drawn back, so that his step forward, his hip-rotation, his shoulder shooting forth and driving up the speed of his fist, making him a totally insensitive, but effective punching machine.

He was very well-known in town for this. I particularly remember a night at Teisen school, where we, the other boys, saw Harald go outside with 3 boys behind him, all of them bigger, or at least taller.

Again, it was Harald who came in alone. They'd probably been ignorant enough to promise that he could take them on in turns.

To see your friend get taken apart by Harald, and then be willing to stand up for yourself, was tough. And he was fair that way. If they'd only said "sorry" it would be OK to him. He very seldom got angry at anybody. I think it was mostly his fame, his invincibility, that tempted them.

At the time I didn't see the totally unique boxer in him. His style would have made him loved in the USA, where blacks had taken over the sport.

The last time I saw him was in Grønland in Oslo, I believe. In any case, it was in town, many years later. I brought him home, tried to make him tell me what had happened, but got almost no answers.

After returning from Denmark, looking tired and sloppy and very introverted, I invited him to stay until he'd found something, but after some food he got up and left. A for ever wandering nomad of sorts, it occurred to me.

## A BETTER LIFE

Outside is a pretty spring day, but I felt absolutely miserable when I woke too late. I had to make a phone call, but was almost unable to talk, could only hark and cough, to get my voice back.

After breakfast I took a toke, smoked some pot that is, only tiny bits, too small to be weighed even. And that was enough.

I got up and out, started stretching, did some jogging, all the while directing my attention at my toes and managed to soften up this old body of mine and was able to do some very good "runs" as I call them. Maybe five meters start, then full speed after 10 meters and then 10 meters with longer strides until I slack off.

After a series of that kind, the body is properly warmed up, so I went for a little walk, sometimes quick, then a bit slower, then maybe 100 meters with long strides and low hips, without dropping the feet too hard, a kind of marathon style. As varied as possible. But not in the wood today.

Now I am almost a bit tired in my legs, after such a short period, maybe half an hour. It is me who is doing it, but I wouldn't have managed without those small bits.

For that reason I am a criminal and all police officers should arrest me and of

course, confiscate the book, if they stumble upon it. Even though we are referring to a plant that has followed humanity and been its main medicine against illnesses, for at least 10.000 years.

Apart from northern Europe, cannabis grows all over the world, wild in nature and before this modern, especially american owned medicine branch, which so totally dominates us, it was the main ingredient in all natural medicine.

I've just read "Marijuana. The forbidden medicine" written by Grimspoon and Bakala, two Harvard scientists, published in 97 by Yale Press. Except that I can never finish it.

There are so many accounts gathered by people who have healed themselves with it, when modern medicine would n't help, from AIDS to cancer to infections, even glaucoma, which plague my eyes.

I have thereby discovered why I never went blind, the way the professor anticipated, when he found that I had that illness. So early in life it would have been normal. I used to sometimes brag myself the country's probably first blind film director, in fact.

I myself believed in only using the medicine, when I evidently needed it. It made me see colorful, rings around bright spots when the pressure in my eyes was too high. So I used to wait till I saw those ,before dripping the medicine. I thought that was the reason why my blindness never developed. Add to that all the free life of mine, in forests and fields.

But especially in Alta, where we shot my third film "La elva leve"(Let the river live). I had to smoke lots of hash in order to write a manuscript for the film, in the evenings, after the documentary shots had been done during the daytime. That was of course the reason why I had no symptoms for so long, during all that period. I was self-medicating myself, unaware.

## DOCTORS

Some time ago I told my local eye specialist, that I'd been sabotaging his medication, in order to stimulate the eye's own healing ability. He became so angry that he refused to see me as a patient any longer. I wonder what the doctor I go to these days would say, if I told him that I use hash as well. Probably he'd report me to the police. Doctors are so hung up on that "only they know best", and that has always been like that. Acupuncture has been used for so many years by the chinese, but in Norway?

## TO TRACTOR OR NOT TO

But I had actually come back to my farm, with all my sheep, and the pig carcasses. Now I was ready to drive the tractor back down south and see it back to its owner. I most likely took the bus to Mo i Rana, and the train from there, I think. Got off the train where the tractor was still waiting and continued down south.

I wasn't going full speed and quite soon it became clear that there was nothing wrong with it after all, and that it wasn't using a lot of oil any more. The owner had been right all along. Should I turn around and drive up north again? It turned out I just went on, but took a lot of thinking breaks.

In the meantime, I had fancied trying with a horse. Maybe have a small two-wheeled tractor beside it, but if I bought a modern tractor I'd also have to get the equipment it needs. Would I ever then reconvert to a horse?

And most of used horse-equipment was for free, or rather cheap

In the end, I brought the tractor back and bought a huge beast of a two wheeler

.  
If I'd returned to the village with the nice Ford-machine, they might have accepted me. In the present case, they didn't.

## HELP FROM ALCOHOL

At a neighbors party, I was told that a fellow from the next village had visited and bragged about taking over my farm. There was an old application for concession that hadn't been withdrawn, not correctly, written.

At first I didn't believe it. Especially not that I was now the laughing stock of the village, by doing all this work for someone else.

I called the community center and managed to stop the concession, right before the final decision was to be made, by the government.

It was a terrible disappointment . Especially an elderly married couple, who'd owned the farm before me and I had imagined them as seeing me as their son. Even they had known all along, without telling. A lot of my enthusiasm disappeared.

On top of it, the beast of a two-wheel tractor proved itself to be a bad deal. It was

equipped with a plough, but after some days it stopped working. I didn't have a workshop, so I started repairing it out in the field. Taking it onto the ferry was out of the question.

I succeeded in dismantling the whole thing without losing any parts, but I still couldn't detect any defects. I finally found out it was the gearbox, and I brought it with me to one of the workshops on the islands.

The part turning motor-power to pull-power proved to be way too weak.

Even if I replaced it, the same would soon happen again. So no more ploughing, that time was gone. The grass grew and I could use the machine to cut it, but in a life-threatening manner.

The problem was that the clutch wasn't a clutch, but rather a direct connection. When you released it, the machine would jump to a start and when you squeezed it, the whole thing stood suddenly still.

## BLACK HAYSTACKS

What's worse it rained all year long. A girlfriend came to visit and then another. The first one was from Oslo, in love with me and rich. She could have invested in everything I needed and I liked her, but was not in love with her.

Then Anne, whom I was in love with, came and helped me and made things fun again.

But the haystacks we got up, just blackened under all the rain. A really bad year.

And then, when I took a trip to Oslo again, the sheep descended from the grazing field into my cabbage patch, and the whole village had a good laugh again. Had it been somebody else, they would have chased away the sheep. But since I was no more than a "southerner"- somebody who didn't belong there, they didn't. I understood that I'd never be accepted and started wrapping up the business. Then the sun reared its head again, but the year's harvest was already destroyed.

What's more, I had discovered how the other small farmers in the village were managing. During both spring and autumn work seasons their families appeared. It was all of the family members who gathered around, that made it possible for them to run their farms.

All in all it was an interesting half a year. Anyway, my romantic perception, my dream of life on the country-side took a heavy blow. Never before in my life had I worked so hard, and it cost me approximately a year's wages, in losses.

## TEETOTALISM

I believe it is necessary to write a bit about abstinence and teetotalism. To start off with - does anybody know anybody of importance who is a teetotaler? I have never met anyone who is. What's more, has anybody ever heard of a culture, meaning a group of people, big or small, that wasn't based on some form of drug?

I have really tried to find such a culture, without ever succeeding. The closest I may have come to is the sami people, whose shamans- the Noaides - claimed never to have used any intoxicants. Then again, if we take a look at how norwegian authorities treated this minority, it seems clear that if they had admitted to using any stuff, it would have led them into prison and further discredited the sami people.

I think it is safe to say that we humans need something, a kind of drug, to function together. Especially in our modern society, where everybody needs to play a role, be the way others expect them to be, never be spontaneous. When we come home from our jobs or to a social gathering, we are suddenly expected NOT to play a role, but rather to be spontaneous, living persons, show feelings and say things that won't be accepted at the office.

Yeah sure. I have experienced some teetotalers who manage to appear natural and different than at work. But as soon I scrape the surface a little, it turns out they are merely "playing" openness and spontaneity.

Teetotalers are in fact ALWAYS only behaving the way that is expected of them. The feelings they show are no more than feelings that they are expected to show. They are, it seems, always only an image of what is expected of them. Without authenticity.

All humans are naturally unstable, sometimes happy, other times sad. A teetotaler's ideal is the exact opposite - always correct, always the way it is to be expected.

But that is why they never get in touch with their actual feelings and remain incapable of understanding others than those who are like them, reduced to their own correctness. A teetotaler can therefore never experience something new. But being afraid of everything new, that is what they are good at. But who ever won a Nobel prize for that?

## INTOXICATION

Intoxication is, in fact, necessary for us humans. It is when not sober, that we can discover in ourselves, that which we manage to suppress, when sober. That is when truth can surface in us and make us understand ourself better, even when sober.

Especially for younger kids, raised by grown-ups with a high expectancy of them, it is hugely important that they, through intoxication, discover sides of themselves or others, that are inaccessible to them in a sober state, because the way the expectancies of their parents prevent such insights.

Most adults get hysterical when meeting their children intoxicated. But that is precisely because they fear that their influence on their own children will be weakened and thereby allow their kids NOT to become the way they are themselves.

They believe that they must save their children from a life of narcotics or alcoholism, but they have forgotten their own attempts, in young age, to find out how they ARE themselves, and what is merely suppression.

## PROHIBITION TIME

Since the 1920's the ideology has flourished, that drugs were to be blamed for everything.

A lot of countries banned alcohol, the so-called prohibition era. Especially in the USA, this led to incredible conditions.

First and foremost, the amount of police and customs officers multiplied. And everything continued the same way, under the surface, apart from the fact that it was now the mafia and other crooks who dominated.

And these teetotalers who, thanks to their lifelong abstinence, had come to power, proved to be totally incompetent and corrupt too.

Eventually it had to end. The struggle against alcohol was cancelled. But not for teetotalers. There must have been countless conferences on the topic, after the prohibition ceased in 1933. And as soon as 1937, things start happening.

## NARCOTICS

All of a sudden, there is an unbelievable all-encompassing news-campaign all over the USA. Articles are printed all over the country, about marijuana being an EXTREMELY dangerous drug.

These articles all refer to other articles, without any kind of proof whatsoever. On top of that, films are made, "Reefer madness" among others, spreading propaganda about marijuana as a narcotic, with a slew of fanciful details.

The interesting thing is that marijuana, up until that point, was known in America, only as a medicinal plant. While in the muslim world it remained, first and for most, the only legal narcotic, since the Quoran forbids alcohol.

## THE PHARMACEUTICAL INDUSTRY

But it seems obvious. The pharmaceutical industry in the US surely knew about this. They knew quite well, how dangerous marijuana could become TO THEM , being a cheap and readily available plant medicine and competing with their pills and injections against everything.

What´s more, they had money. Harry Anslinger, who had then just been promoted chief of the campaign against narcotics in the US, was able to organize it, but he scarcely had the money at his disposition, which such a massive campaign required.

There were very few drug-addicts in the US, at that time. It was mostly doctors and nurses who misused morphine and opium, which at the time were the indispensable anesthetics and still are. While marijuana as a drug was totally unknown.

But suddenly, through this major campaign, marijuana became the most dangerous of them all.

The most interesting thing, probably, is that the claims against it were the exact same ones that had been made against alcohol. Marijuana was highly addictive. It led to aggression and violence, turned its users into criminals and a hazard to both themselves and the others around them.

## THE MARIHUANA TAX ACT

Since it was so difficult to prove the claims, the campaign ended with a curious tax law, the so-called marijuana tax act of 1937. It was supposed to hinder profit by sentencing all those caught with the stuff without having paid a tax of 100 dollars per ounce, to high fines or even prison for TAX EVASION!

But in 1941, during the war, it became easier for the state officials. At that point the youth in the US had become very curious about this plant, which the newspaper articles claimed to be spreading and would soon destroy all youths in the entire country. This lead to many more users and thereby confirmed what the press HAD BEEN writing.

Still it is unbelievable to read about the hearings that were undertaken, before the total prohibition was instated. The doctor, lawyer and representative of the American Medical Association, W.C. Woodward was the only one to question the claims. He proved that there was no evidence, merely claims that referred to other claims, plus that none of the officials who should have information about what the youths were up to, really knew nothing about the problem.

The politicians, naturally, knew what everybody else now knew, and adopted the law.

## THE INFLUENCE FROM USA

After 1941, all western countries and most other countries as well, accepted it. Even islamic states now prohibit it, even though the law only ever applies to foreigners, never to the indigenou. After 1941 narcotics have replaced alcohol, as the enemy number 1 in this world.

That way, police officers who had been hired to stop alcohol, were able to keep their jobs and feel less corrupt, since they themselves never smoked marijuana, while drinking moonshine whenever they got their fingers on it.

## THE TROJAN HORSE

Marijuana was then also seen as a trojan horse.

It was especially dangerous, because all those who tried smoking it, no longer took heed of police warnings and therefore tried heavier drugs like heroin etc. The paradoxical thing is that for all of those people, who had first tried alcohol since it was now legal, marijuana had become the first illegal drug, while all serious subsequent investigations , like f.ex. the UN-reports, defined it as a drug that was non-addictive, pacifying and even capable of highly improving communication, so?

The only negative thing they have discovered after all these years of research, is that it might have a detrimental effect on our short-term memory.

I suspect that the last point is valid for me, especially when I smoke too much. But as I presently only consume tiny amounts, it has absolutely no negative secondary effects. Only marvelous effects against most illnesses I know of, and many more.

## ABSTINENCE

To ask the old marxist question about history, once more: WHO PROFITS FROM THIS?

First and for most, the pharmaceutical industry, naturally, but also teetotalism. It ´s weird, since I myself am also for abstinence, meaning measured intake. But that is the terminology.

What the teetotalers want, is to prevent us from finding out about ourselves. We are supposed to behave and do what the powers around want to decide for us - which is more like a fascist theory, actually. We are to be saved from ourselves, by banning all substances that can make us think differently.

The interesting thing about that is how fascinated teetotalers are with themselves. How pure they are, always stable, with the correct opinion about everything - and therefore the ideal politicians - right?

Nevertheless, it seems like a lot has happened in these last years, both in Amsterdam and in some states in America, in fact. While in Norway, where amalgam, long after it was being banned internationally, was still being used to

fill tooth cavities?

## THE NORWEGIAN DREAMLAND

We have such enormous trust in all forms of authority, and probably the worlds strictest narcotics laws.

Apparently we also have the most advanced and expensive customs in the area. Consequently, we also have the highest prices for narcotics, naturally, so that most producers preferably sell their stuff here, and that means a promising situation for all parts involved.

Only recently we had the first case, of a high-profile policeman, casting a "blind eye" on certain shipments coming into our country.

I know nothing of the actual case, but have anticipated it for a long time. It just seems so obvious that police, customs officers and all those who would preferably not be caught, have a common interest in keeping this game going.

Would things deteriorate, if also the prohibition law was lifted here?

Of course not. People who drink and smoke in excess, will always want more. While the urge to solve your problems and "get on" like we say, will equally always be present.

As long as we don't exaggerate the effects, do not apprehend them by force and are not stigmatizing them as failures either, the majority of us will find the balance we need. Nobody wants to become an abuser.

Still we live in a schizoid world. We destroy our own planet. Those who drive us further out towards the edge are precisely the teetotalers. No new thoughts, just more of the same!

## CASTANEDA

As I have mentioned earlier in this book, I was asked to reread Carlos Castanedas books and found out I was fooled. I still deem his books to be good and very inspiring, yet it remains literature. I no longer believe in Don Juan, the indian shaman of his.

When rereading them recently, after other books on the topic, it is evident for me that Castaneda himself, fails to grasp that a shaman first and foremost is a healer of his people, a medicine man. Don Juan comes across as a teacher on mind-altering plants that help us reach altered states, surrounded exclusively by other shamans. Where are the people for whom he is a shaman?

It could of course be that Carlos never asks don Juan why he lives among mexicans, and not among his tribe, as a yaqui-indian shaman. And this could actually very well be the case, because the strange about these books is how little the autor himself understands of his own expiriences.

He seems always just to be the onlooking student, ready to describe, but not to

find out. Very much in doubt.

Castaneda, to me becomes a writer who has had some of those experiences he is relating to, when he isn't inventing them, as I think he is doing in his last books, probably to earn more money, after some success with the first ones. My film, "The witches from the petrified forest" is luckily not too influenced that way. My film remains just as relevant today, independent of Castaneda, I believe.

But in film we have other problems. You have to show what happens. To describe it does not function. How then to translate from descriptions of something, into something visible?

At least in 76, long before everything could be digitalised, if you have the money to.

## USA REVISITED

I am quite disappointed by president Obama. There isn't much he's achieved. Nevertheless, if I am to compare him to his predecessor, the republican Bush Jr., he stands out as a brilliant leader of his people.

There is relatively little evidence pointing towards Saudi-Arabia being in control of his foreign politics. The strange thing is that he hasn't come to terms with the predecessor.

President Bush wasn't just a tragedy for his own country. He destroyed America economically, by waging enormously expensive wars against islamic countries, to the advantage of Saudi-Arabia.

By firstly going to war against Afghanistan, even before anybody knew who framed the 11. September attacks on the twin towers, who turned out to be saudis, but without affecting Saudi-Arabia in any way

Earlier on I explained how close USA was, at that point, to having to fight the Taliban in Afghanistan, alone. Still the US is standing there, as the hate-object for all muslims, claiming that they will retreat, but not yet.

Nonetheless, it was the war in Irak that totally unmasked Bush Jr. In particular the dubious claims made about Saddams plans about world destruction using those fantastic new weapons of his, and the actual killing of Iraks leader, on mere suspicions.

But especially when it all turns out to be an entirely fabricated fact. The US does not find any weapons in Irak, only crippling poverty provoked by the previous war when Saddam was attacked by Bush's father, the previous Bush in the presidents chair.

That first time, against the great leader of the sunni-muslim world, the only one to stand up against the US, he was not killed. Simply because Saudi-Arabia didn't want Saddam to become a martyr.

While this next time around, he had been so reduced that they were able to dispose of him easily, and let USA take the blame. Perfect for Saudi-Arabia who thus is left as the only leader for all sunni-muslims worldwide. But unofficially, of course.

And still you have the turks, who might not accept any of it. They were still the last to rule the sunni world, as the Ottoman empire.

## THE OFFICIAL PLAN

Officially, USA remains Saudi-Arabias ally, in the " war on terror", meaning islamic fundamentalism.

But fundamentalism is quite straight-forward. It is the belief that if and when everything is done as it was in Mohammed´s days, and everybody follows the Quoran - then Islam will win - again

It is also an ideology that sprung out of the trillions of petrol dollars that the saudis have got. It was nonexistent before that.

It is also quite clear, even though it cannot be fully proven, that all of these terror organizations within Islam that are popping up all over the place, are financed by Saudi-Arabia, if not also directed from there.

They are the only country to have the money for it , and it is only they who would want it. All other muslim countries have enough dealing with their own problems. Since Saudi-Arabia has now become so wealthy, they are OBLIGED to spend it on something. Money is what governs us humans, almost totally.

But the poorest amongst the muslims are those who choose to solve their and their families problems, by becoming suicide bombers.

We believe that they are religiously motivated, while it is only partially so. They sacrifice their own lives, because they´ve been promised huge rewards, which later on are given to the families.

## MARTYRDOM

Most of the suicide bombers have probably committed a mortal sin or another, so that they hope to come to Allah´s paradise, since the Quoran promise it to all those who die for Islam.

Still there are fewer and fewer of them. Presumably this is due to the saudis constantly having to raise the stakes, in order to motivate them, while the islamic world continues to victimize itself

The majority of those who are killed by shia-suicide bombers are sunnis or other shias, who die in retaliation missions. Like in Irak, all the time.

Naturally well aware of this, the CIA and all other bureaus of investigation, are still incapable of tracing the stacks of money from hand to hand, after the petrol is payed for.

Thus, the war wages on, without an address.

USA is still posted in Saudi-Arabia, preventing others from taking the power, letting the petrol money flow into american companies, that are dominated by saudi owners, in order to control the presidential elections there for their own benefit. And it has been going on for a long time.

## BUSH IN CANOSSA

Bush has shown such loyalty towards the saudi-arabian leaders. But he was an idiot too. When his generals were to organize the elections in Irak, after USA had taken over, with the aim of establishing a "democracy" there by force, they made a gigantic mistake.

The sunni-muslims had been in power in Irak before the american invasion. When those sunni muslim irakis refused to vote, refused to use their new democratic voices, the saudis must have been furious at Bush.

The americans went through with the vote regardless, and allowed the shia-muslims to win and take power in the country, without realizing that this was contrary to the saudis wishes, which is that everyone should become sunni-muslims!

That must have been the reason for Bush to declare he'd been tricked by a kurd. After they'd won the war in Irak, without finding any dangerous weapons, the americans saw a confused president promise them that he was to examine the case VERY closely.

Who had faked all of the evidence that was the pretext for the US and the UK going to war in the first place?

That the CIA had produced it themselves seems unlikely. It must have been Saudi-Arabia who'd falsified the evidence that USA claimed to have found, but was never able to bring forth.

## WILD ONES

A lot of time elapsed and a lot of research was done, but in the end the confrontation came for Bush Jr. He presented himself, in a very intimate interview and admitted that he'd been, in fact, fooled by a kurd, to believe that Saddam was in possession of this deadly weaponry, despite the fact that the UN-investigators were disallowed to get in there, because of a fear that the entire world was already under attack!

It must have been very embarrassing for Bush, by the looks of it. But surely, only few americans knew HOW embarassing this was. It must have been HIGHLY entertaining for the muslim world. They, if anybody, knew quite well that if anyone hated Saddam Hussain, it was the kurds in Irak. To trust a single word that a kurd said about Saddam, was just a joke.

Still no american can remember quite as far back as the iraki civil war, when Saddam had used poisonous gas to exterminate the population of some kurdish villages and was hated because of it. And it is no less astounding how Saudi-Arabia made Bush confess. Was both he and all the villains in his government really so ignorant? I believe not. There must have been some serious political adjustments made, prior to Bush's confession.

Such a feeble lie has most likely never before been told by the leader of any state. Although, later on, we saw on norwegian t.v., a person with at least kurdish looks being presented, but with no witnesses around.

He did not talk about how much money he'd received for telling the lie, or any other excuse, but served us some mumbled words about how sorry he was - and that was that.

But still the worst was yet to come. Nobody in the entire leadership of the USA has ever questioned this " apology", as far as I am aware. Everybody, even the most educated americans, which there are a lot of, has accepted this entirely silly scenario.

My conclusion being that the entire establishment of the USA is so corrupt ,that it is ungraspable.

Is there really anybody who believe that all of the CIA and the Pentagon and everyone else who knows anything about the modern world, could be fooled by one lonely kurd?

Had I written such a scene for one of my own films, I would have to concede that such a lie was much too obvious. Not one viewer would have believed such a scenario.

Still the entire USA accepted it.

More than that. Former president Bush Jr. continues traveling around the world,

sort of like a honorary ex-president, representing America nonetheless, as if nothing has happened.

To top it all off, Obama goes out to criticize Putin for taking back Krimea from the Ukraine " and getting involved in another state`s interests" , after those wars of Bush jr.

This is really the very top of political short-term memory loss.

When more and more countries are being lead by ignorant politicians, who now merely present some kind of acting, like Obama, and nobody any longer knows who is writing their speeches, it seems only natural that things end up this way.

## WHAT ABOUT US?

But the rest of the world, the west in particular, will soon have to understand that we no longer can trust the US.

Their foreign politics and army ( it`s a stretch to call it ministry of defense) is led by the saudis, whenever it suites them. At the time being, it is Syria that matters

It is the so-called "arabic spring", meaning a desire for them to become democratic, like us.

## SYRIA WHO?

The US minister of foreign affairs Kerry is eager to go to war against Syria`s leader Assad, so that the " free syrian army"- which is what the resistance there is calling themselves - can win. Had not Russia, namely Putin, refused to let them in, the US troops would surely already have been there, but to help whom?

The noteworthy thing about the arabic spring is that all islamic countries that have been fighting to get it, have afterwards become dominated by islamic fundamentalist groups, as the result of it.

At first it was Egypt, where the islamic leader - having won the elections by a large margin- was forced to step down by the army, in order to prevent a religious dictatorship à la Iran.

Libya was next and this time, alas, people were being killed also by Norway, who was part of the US-lead NATO air-strikes. But there too, the result was general chaos after Ghaddafi, and civil war amongst various islamic groups afterwards, who were killing each others, using weapons they´d gotten from the US.

Now Syria is the hope, at the moment. And Kerry is pushing hard. Assad has to leave, he is a tyrant! Even though Assad in fact is the elected president, from the Bath-party, which is following Saddam Hussain`s suit in Irak, to modernize Syria.

But he isn´t sunni-muslim, not the kind Saudi-Arabia want to have in power there.

While the "free syrian army" who are fighting him, are all of them sunni-muslims, as well as all those others coming from abroad, even from Norway. Most of them, at least.

## SVT

I recently saw a report from Syria on swedish TV which was quite revealing. There were witnesses speaking in fluent english, explaining how they suffered and craved democracy.

By som mistake, SVT(swedish tv) had translated that which was being said around them by the soldiers, who were openly sunnis themselves and whose only preoccupation was to seize the power in the country and chase out all the others.

## ASSAD

Assad is an alawitt, a form of islam that is neither sunni nor shia, and they have always tried to protect all of the other minorities that the country has been filled with ,since the days of Persia, before the Romans.

There is hardly a country on earth with as many and as antagonistic groups as Syria. Any minister of foreign affairs from the US, MUST have been aware of that too.

To get rid of Assad would put the sunnis, who are in fact the majority, in a position to clear out all the others or kill them.

## MONEY AND WEAPON

But the weirdest thing is that nobody is asking where all the weapons are coming from. How can this "free" syrian army have acquired enough weapons to fight their own country's army, under a dictatorship?

Not one journalist or politician is asking and nobody is commenting on it. The only thing everybody seems to hear of , is that the US and NATO want to help somebody.

The answer is, of course, Saudi-Arabia via the US.

There was another scene on the swedish TV program, where some fighters of the "free" syrian army tried to assemble a new rocket battery which they claimed to have won from the enemy, the "unfree" syrian army of Assad.

The rocket was still packed in plastic and none of them understood how to put it together. Obviously straight from the factory and substantially more advanced than anything Assad could have. The whole scene reeks of: delivered by the US, and paid for by the saudis.

## DRONES

But it is only when we take the case of Obama and how he implements drones against all of his enemies, that we can grasp the hate harbored by muslims towards him, and by extension, all of the US.

The act of sending out a drone - an unmanned plane, equipped with small, but powerful rockets - towards targets that the CIA has designated, and then kill those within range of the explosion, but all done secretly - only to return the drone for further missions, has become Obamas great strategic success in his war on terror, because nothing can be proven.

But how many of these drones strike people which Saudi-Arabia wants to get rid of, in their struggle to unite Islam against everyone else?

What will happen to us westerners, when all those saudi-agents, that have been put here with the help of petrol money and corruption in the UN, and in the various refugee organizations, when it starts exploding here?

There are presumably millions of them and they have money too. Will we then put our trust in the US, the saudis´ faithful servant, and hope to be saved by drones?

## FUNDAMENTALISTS

All muslim countries are either military dictatorships or on their way to becoming it. And they are boiling by people who are praising the days, when Islam was winning on all fronts and oppressing all other major civilizations, who until then, at the time of 600, had been the leading civilizations.

But their kind of fundamentalism could never work today. The world´s population has grown so big that what worked around the year 600 can only function as an ideology to cover all the corruption today.

In Saudi-Arabia alone, there are today perhaps more people than in the entire known world of the year 600.

If their ideology is to be realized, it would entail getting rid of all the other muslims too, in order for only the arabs to remain and for them to spread over the whole world, to recreate the ideal society of the year 600.

Still I have no problem understanding the muslim world´s hate towards our democracy and the destruction of the planet which we in fact are responsible for. They hate us for that.

Still I find their own ability to create ideal states highly questionable. They would like to rule over all of us, in the name of Allah, but they are simply corrupt, ignorant and helpless, without the petrol money from Saudi-Arabia.

Their politicians are no less puppet-like. Also they are more like actors,

supported by people really in power, in a war of all against all. The only thing they can actually agree on, is the struggle against little Israel, who still always wins, precisely because Israel always keeps the discussion open, believing in freedom of expression, and respect their own decisions - even though they never shut up.

## LEAPS OF THOUGHT

What is it that we need the state for, anyhow? Why have all countries built up such colossal bureaucracies, meant to steer and lead them, based on theories by politicians from all leading parties, regardless of what ideologies they may stem from?

Why all this taxing on all forms of production everywhere, only to finance the totally dominating control of ourselves from above? Why not make do with as little leadership as possible?

## THE PARLAMENT

"All power in this room", said the leader of the party Venstre in Norway and meant the parliament, in the beginning of the parties domination, in the middle of the 1800's.

But it turned out to be the State that obtained all the resources and the bureaucracy that spread and required all power in order to fulfill the parliaments decisions, meaning the politicians' laws and resolutions and attempts at steering the country's development.

Today, ALL suggestions that the parliament votes on, are made by the state itself, the bureaucracy that is supposedly only there to exercise the politician's wishes. How naive!

Nonetheless, to find out why - who benefits from this?

Not the people, in any case. Not the economy either. Even though the rich become richer, the shutting down of the private sector has proven too costly. Nobody in Norway benefits from selling off our raw materials - our very heirloom - for a living!

## THE GLOBAL MONSTER

Only when looking at the global system - that monster of production endangering the entire planet's existence - it is possible to see how our wastage is helping this giant's endless growth.

And then it also becomes understandable, why Saudi-Arabia also desperately now, attempts to drag us back to fundamentalism of the year 600's and world-wide terror, by squandering its petrol-money to buy influence. They do nothing more than delivering raw materials to the same Monster, which now threatens all life on this shared planet.

## THE PARTIES

In the end, it is the party-system I hope to eradicate with my writing. All possibilities of new political thinking end there.

If you have any political ambitions, you have to join some party first.

Nobody can be elected for anything any longer, with very few exceptions, without having first been accepted by a political party.

These parties are led, the same as all of those before them, by yes-men. People who know what resolutions their predecessors have made, always to defend these, and never to go against their own party!

When I was young, over 50 years ago, politicians still enjoyed some freedom when it came to voting, for both counsel and parliament. It was quite usual to see a politician come forth in public and disagree with his own party. But never today. There are no new points of view coming up, or ways of assessing what is going on, that could be formulated today, apart from on the Internet, where everything is drowned by everything else, in a chaos of contradictory information.

## WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

Something that might help a little, is reverting to secret votes.

If all politicians were each equipped with a small box to carry in their pocket, preventing others from seeing whether they were voting for or against, things might become different.

That way politicians could say what they had to, in public debates, while still following their own understanding and not the party leaders favorite opinion. Then it might again become possible for a politician to change his mind, to notice his misunderstandings, to learn from his own experiences and judge freely.

In addition, political debates might again become exciting, instead of being totally predictable the way they are today, due to them being already made up at party offices.

We could also get far more interesting debates, when the involved knew that the outcome was still open, before the vote.

These days politicians only take part in debates if they are televised, or to get practise for their speeches, with all the right things formulated and the party's intentions presented as convincingly and lively as possible, to each other.

The party offices is where the old ghosts of beliefs from the past are dwelling, the so-called ideologies, meaning a sort of register for mottos from our past. Still the worst obstacle in politics is corruption, the handing out of free money, to all those voting for the right decisions.

By introducing secret votes, even the most corrupt politicians when they have gained more experience, should be able to vote against their previous votes.

Corruption among politicians would become less profitable that way. The big companies might in such cases pay out the money, and still wonder:" Who voted wrongly?"

Party offices would surely be against such a scenario. They would like to continue controlling who votes for what. But a national vote might prove that the population actually wants this different system and thereby renew our democracy.

## LOGICS

It is by all accounts very strange this fact, that we are so resolute about our own votes to be anonymous, while the politicians that we vote in, always have to show publicly, what or who they vote for.

Why should their right to vote anonymously be taken from them? If we ask ourselves again, who might benefit from this, it is the parties and their leadership.

But also, at least seemingly, us the anonymous voters, who can then criticize him, for not having voted the way we were expecting him to.

But we are voting for a person. Granted, for a program that is designed to represent a value system, but there should be room to go back on decisions made, after experience has been gathered, and vote against one's own proposal. To improve.

The way things look now, a politician is expected to have answers to all questions, before he is elected. If he changes his opinion on something, he will have to be accountable and stand for the previous votes given, and be judged a traitor.

This makes it near impossible for a politician to develop, according to his own experience.

## THE YOUTH GROUP

Surely that's why all political parties have started educating their politicians themselves, via youth organizations. That way they get people who are willing to vote according to the party's wishes, meaning actors of a kind. They have no idea about the society they are meant to "steer", all the while surrounded by secretaries and people with enough money and vested interests in keeping things going, with "mild" gifts.

And that could be a lot of things. Once a party realizes that money means everything in our society and that secret money is better still, because that way nobody else can know why the party votes the way it does. But then democracy has become an illusion. We just don't know it.

## WHAT NOW?

Now I have become somewhat bewitched by my own book. Things have started surfacing which I never before have thought of, while writing...

My activity seems to "by it self" bring about new thoughts that again lead me onwards.

What's more, I saw a T.V. program yesterday which also, for ever, will have changed my life. It was about the Permafrost, that massive belt of frozen life which covers large areas of the northern part of the planet.

## PERMAFROST?

It was quite a sympathetic program, made by and with fairly young american researchers, who showed that the melting of the permafrost has gone so far, past the tipping point in fact, which I believe was the name of the program .so that it has become irreversible, meaning it cannot be stopped.

What that means for the future of our planet is that the gas which is now being created, still at the edges of this huge area, will lead to increased heating up of our planet at an ever faster rate. Without there being any way for us to prevent it!

It is still fairly recent that some of us humans discovered that our own heating up of the planet due to our activity, but primarily our burning of fossil fuels, was about to tip the scale. And now it is already too late.

## PARADISE

Well, it actually was always, in fact, too late. When I first discovered this

paradise, which our planet must have been and still is in some places, around 60 years ago, it was too late already then.

At least I tried, though. All of my films are in essence about that, about the necessity to change the development of our world, before it is too late. Especially when I made " Vi er alle broilere" ( we are all broilers), I really believed that I had created something that MUST have an effect.

I was personally even scared for the consequences. What might happen to me, when I unveil our own civilization?

But of course, nothing at all happened. It was a short film, 25 min. long, in which the history of hens is paralleled with the history of humans, and our relationship to our technology.

It became very popular, especially in schools. A lot of enthusiastic teachers were showing the film for their students and had discussions with them afterwards.

I was given appraisals for the film and even a prize, in fact, for the best short film that year. I believe that was in 73'.

Still, to most people the film was no more than a film about the exploitation of poultry. Only very few understood that our own fate, according to the film, would be even worse.

But that's how we humans are. When we create technology, it has to be ours and to our own benefit. Even if we destroy our own planet.

## THE TURNING POINT

So now we are already passed the turning point and have reached the aerea of No Return. All we know, is that Earth will become warmer and warmer, faster and faster. The sea levels will rise accordingly. A lot of countries will disappear. Most large cities are by the sea. A lot of nature will perish. Nobody knows what will be left.

The world has experienced natural disasters before, like the extinction of dinosaurs. But that development took so much more time. Animal life was able to adapt to the change, and the plants too

When the living conditions on Earth are changing so rapidly, the way temperature is rising, it means that plants and animals in the south are forced upwards to the north, while it gets too hot for northern plants and animals to survive there as species.

## AND FOR US

What will happen in Asia where most of the earth's population is living off the land, when the big rivers created by the Himalayas melting ice, will dry out because of all the glaciers disappearing?

Will the people die out there or be forced to migrate up north?

Those who live in the north won't be able to support such a migration without dying of hunger themselves. What happens in Bangladesh when 200 million people there have to move north because their country is being covered by sea?

Nobody knows how much CO2 and methane the tundra has stored. Maybe the gasses along with the steam from the sea will eventually totally block the sun, so that we enter a new ice age. But will we still be alive then?

AND FOR ME

The only thing for certain for me, is that I will have, fortunately by then, to be dead. Presumably unconscious and, only if those who believe in transmigration of souls prove to be right, I will come back and experience some of it.

Somebody or other once wrote that hell is, in fact, that we after death are forced to remain here, remembering our own life and to regret it, in all eternity.

DONT ASK ME

Now I should be out walking. The weather is absolutely marvelous, much too warm for the season really, but anyway. Here I am, sitting writing again. I seem unable to let it be, even though I feel like I have written a lot and well too, recently.

Still there is something I have to tell you.

How can it be that I have written about all the things you have been reading, up until now, and always maintained a different point of view than most other people, who've written about the same topics and built on entirely different information?

It would seem impossible for me to actually be right, wouldn't it? That same thought has struck me. Why do I remember all of these things which nobody else seems to take into account?

I have no other answer than that the world has become so thoroughly corrupt, that all those who do know, also know that they won't keep their jobs, if they don't stick to the "common" perception. That's just the way things have become

Unions are dominating more and more, especially in public interests.

In the old days the press would interview the Chief Constable if they wanted to know something about the police. These days, it is the leaders of the police workers union, who decide what the police should be used for and when.

They demand higher wages, better working conditions and other advantages, like the possibility to accept bribes, and help their friends. It goes hand in hand. The smartest lads are those who procure advantages for ALL the lads.

## AND THE JOURNALISTS

What's more, our journalists have monopolized all information. Only those with the "correct" education can get those kind of jobs.

And what they have been taught is precisely to front the "right" information and filter out all the unfitting, so that the newspapers aren't left standing alone with their point of view and get a bad name for unseriousness. Which means them having the wrong perception.

We still believe that we are living in an informed society, where we can get to know everything, but unfortunately it's only what those powers above us will accept.

And worst of all, is the fact that those in positions of power have also been misinformed, due to free voices no longer being present.

## MY BOOK

Personally I am still quite excited about whether or not this book will be published. None of this could ever be found in a newspaper or magazine. I have strong doubts that a publisher would dare print it. My points of view are in opposition to most accepted views everywhere.

As a historian, I feel that my opinions are well grounded, as a matter of fact. All of my claims are clearly founded.

But will any other historian dare side with me or even indicate that there is substance in some of it? I don't know.

Everyone lives in fear of losing their job and career opportunities etc. You know what you have, but not what you might get.

Being a pensioner, I am no longer part of that. To top it off, I receive the lowest pension, so there isn't much I can be threatened with.

Nevertheless, a publishing house can be frightened into silence. The editor in chief must bear in mind all employees, eventual court cases and his own position in society.

Maybe it will turn out, that this book too, can only be published on the internet and be ordered from Amazon publishing in Australia, like all other important books I've read in recent times.

Besides, there are so many I am attacking. Add to that my highly unorthodox

opinion on cannabis. All of the muslim communities will be raging about my perception of Mohammed, and they have no appeal body there . Moreover, the CIA has a great influence over most

I do not reside, but write in Sweden, where being critical to Islam is outlawed because it is defined as racism here. Surely they could kick me out. That way, I end up in Norway again, surrounded by smug norwegian officials again with all they need as well.

My hope is that by writing so much and on the widest range of topics possible and being critical to almost everything, hopefully some of the people who I offend, will find something to agree with elsewhere, and that finally nobody can find out who should be responsible for stopping me from writing it.

But anyway. I am now 75 and my view on the matter is that mostly things so far have been exciting and fun for me. My life has proven itself to be well worth living, for a long time already. So why worry?

## OBJECTIONS

At the same time I must confess that I went too far as a film producer and was black-listed after the making of " La elva leve!"( Let the river live). But it's different with film, where everything is much more dependent on money. Books have always been more open to diversity and writers have enjoyed much greater freedom to voice criticism than other artists.

Then again, I must be careful not to write only about things that are important to me. Some of it might have a tendency to be tedious for readers. That's why I might as well dish out some more of my own life's happenings, the autobiographical way. Let me cheer you up, after so many revelations.

ANNE

How about a love story f.ex? There have been far too few, but still there have been some. I can tell a little about Anne. It might help me understand it better too.

I met her when I was looking for somebody who could help me make the poster for "Filmens vidunderlige verden"( the wonderful world of film)- a kind of autobiographical full-length film for the cinema, which is probably still to this day, the cheapest full-length fiction film ever produced in the film history of Norway.

That might sound a little dreary, but it didn't turn out that way. It is the film I had most fun making and especially traveling around the country showing it, or launching it, as we call it.

The poster turned out really good, in any case, and when I was in need of a cutting-assistant for the next film "La elva leve!", I asked her if she'd have that job too, and so it came to be.

Still, my situation was extremely difficult. I was simply almost insane, having been followed by the german undercover police and been shot at on Tenerife and was scared out of my wits, that the film should be stopped, if I were to "stumble over something" before it was finished.

I insisted therefore on having a couple of phonebooks strapped to my back, so that I wouldn't be shot from behind, through the wall. Well, not because I really believed it, but just to be sure and to have enough calm to concentrate on the film.

Moreover I was extremely suspicious even about her and trusted next to nobody. Maybe that's why?

I don't know. While sitting there together, looking at the takes and attempting to get started , I noticed a very intense interest. To sit like that, closely side by side and try to concentrate on work, while subjected to a growing attraction, will inevitably fail.

After a couple of ever more frustrating hours, I gave up, lifted her out of the chair and bore her into the bedroom.

She was as excited as I was, so there wasn't much cutting to be done that day. Still, the discordance between my deep lust for her, and my anxiety about who she was, brought the experience to near-hysterical heights.

And it didn't make things any better, when she confessed that she'd previously always had problems achieving orgasms.

## MADNESS

That sort of confession greatly affects us men, me in any case. I have never, before or after, experienced such screaming, howling, actual snarling and biting, with any other woman. Not mentioning what tricks her body was up to. It was as though I'd been sucked into this relationship, so intense and simultaneously frightening to me, that I became suspicious. Was she a sort of agent for my enemies? Both a lover and a potential saboteur?

Although we did, in between intercourses, manage to get work done which was also intense and effective, but inspiring too. My views on her grew more and more discordant.

The strangest thing might be that I was totally in love with her face straight-on, while I hated her profile. And it still is that way

But this was in the year 1980, a kind of resting year for the Alta-case, due to the coming elections. The nature preservationists of Norway had so far won against the Labor party's government, that almost split because of this case about a hydropower plant.

Everybody had been either for the right of the state to follow a parliament majority, or to defend the right of the local population, the indigenous sami people in particular, to decide about their own territory.

The entire country's population was engaged in the debate and whole families were torn apart. An incredibly intense time, especially since it was the first victory of its kind anywhere in the world, so it was a biggie.

That the police would find a way to stop the film, as a revenge for the local police's loss, was a very real possibility.

One year later, in 81, when the "hawks" had taken over, our government sent out almost 1000 hand-picked highly militarized policemen, aboard a big ship to the Alta fjord, enough to occupy all of Finnmark.

## DOCUMENTARY OR FICTION-FILM?

But in the year 80, even more rumors and theories about what was going on beneath the surface, were bubbling up.

The film scenes we were attempting to put together were inconsistent. A lot of it was overplayed, while the documentary sequences were top-notch, especially those from the big demonstrations outside the house of parliament, where the police on horseback was attacking sitting demonstrators and hunger-striking samis in their Lavvo's, the sami tents on the grass outside the parliament building -

leading to continual arrests and destruction of the tents ,which would be followed by somebody sewing and setting up a new tent, into which the samis ,

in their beautiful national costumes would move back, after heavy interrogations and threats.

Were we to make a documentary or a feature film?

I wanted both, a mixture of the two forms, which was the initial plan, but it proved to be a very difficult form.

The documentary scenes were so strong and dramatic that the acted parts paled in comparison.

What I was intending to do was a kind of half-way documentary peoples comedy - a proper entertainment movie that was politically siding with the demonstrators and the sami people, against the Powers

How my increasingly wild love story with Anne was affecting the film and vice-versa, I have never pondered before this present moment. But I swear that Anne was clearly developing the long snout of a wolf every time she neared her climaxes. Totally unrealistic, of course, but I can still see it in my mind's eye, nonetheless.

## CAT AND DOG

Anne had, and still has, a peculiar relationship to animals and especially dogs. She can make them totally fall in love with her and play with them in ways that are so close to sexual, that it revolts most people, myself included . While I can feel a similar strong attraction to cats, especially black panthers which I admire and find more beautiful than any human., But that isn't any sexual attraction. Apart from the cat I have at the moment.

She is pretty and a proficient mouse-catcher, who unfortunately was sterilized before I adopted her, from one of those gangs who want to "save" animals. Relocating is the term for it. Because of her being sterilized, she isn't accepted by her own. She is probably in love with me, I think.

But back to Anne. The only one I was ever jealous about was her dog, a fantastic bastard hound, as big as a wolf. But he was in fact a friend's dog who was so much more interested in her. Other dogs that gave her attention were ripped to shreds by him, mercilessly. Towards humans he behaved strangely shy, even timid.

## FANTASIES

Anne used to fantasize about pulling the fur off the dog to reveal a prince, who would then make love to her, naturally.

She was and still is an odd person. These days we don't have much contact, but I believe I still am to a certain degree under her spell, because I can never forget her orgasms. Everything I experienced after her have been pale shades of grey compared to our time spent together.

Presumably, we were both crazy, in our own way and therefore attracted and repulsed by each other.

She could be unbelievably entertaining, loved getting attention by slagging me off in public, tell stories about me, quoting me.

I hated it and wanted her to be loyal, but most of our friends found it funny.

We became the center then, for all of those around and she got everybody's undivided attention, through our conflicts.

## JEALOUSY

I discovered that she was, in fact, a very jealous person and would take revenge on her by flirting with others, when she had compromised me in public. This led to new scenes, most likely with friends present.

I became ever more able at arousing other women's interest for me, presumably precisely because it meant so little for me, apart from getting revenge on Anne.

This happened more and more often, and all of our friends demanded me to stop it. They had grown weary of all the scenes, they told me.

I decided to end my flirting, but it wasn't that easy either, when all of the women around us "knew" that I was a flirt.

Eventually, I managed to change things. When I'd meet a beautiful woman who I was really attracted to, I taught myself to look at her with an angry expression. It worked. That way they simply never looked back. And that way the jealousy scenes soon ceased all together.

## THE "KNACK" AND HOW TO LOOSE IT

But oddly enough, she then stopped being interested in me. She no longer wished to have sex, but only to decide about more and more things.

We had countless break-ups, trying most likely to get away from each other. But my dreams about what we'd experienced together during our crazy period were so strong, that I kept coming back to her.

After we stopped seeing each other definitively, I tried changing my conduct towards women, thinking FINALLY I can flirt with others again!

But I never made it back, I'd lost the "knack", and was unable to find out what it was I'd been doing, when I'd had it. Presumably I went about it a bit too self-assured, which I in fact was mostly acting. Still, how had I gotten the "knack"?

All I know is that I was a young and promising film director and that had an almost electrifying effect on women, especially beautiful ones. I believe most women simply dream about becoming filmstars and getting heaps of attention, especially for their beauty - and that it happens to be film directors who can realize those dreams.

## SUPER LOVER

When I was the leader of Film 7, one of the departments at Club 7, which for many years was Oslo's cultural centre, where everybody who wanted to be somebody in music, theatre, literature or any other art form, had to join, I saw myself as a kind of super-lover.

I tried some years later to calculate approximately how many women or ladies like we used to say, I had slept with during that period of 3-4 years, and I found out that it must have been over 200.

Almost every time I was there, there was someone or other who fell for me and went home with me later, most frequently on the backseat of my bike.

There had been a period at high school too, when I suddenly realized that I was the guy all the girls had a crush on. It happened just shortly after Roy, a schoolmate, had been there. But he was the guys hero too, the schools best handball player, on the national team and everything. The attraction to him seemed understandable. But why me?

I believe that women have a hang-up, to compete and win over each other by conquering he who ALL the others want to have. The He will therefore have to take turns and go the rounds.

During those days, Roy and myself were so embarrassed by such sudden interest that none of us ended up using it for what it was worth. While at Club 7, a little older, I welcomed them.

By then I'd become a sort of cult-director, after my debut-film, "Operasjon Blodsprøyt" (operation bloodspray), my only cineaste-film, which is still shown when norwegian short movies from the 60's or 70's are brought out again.

## SEX AND LOVE

I never thought about the attention I got, and understood it more as the result of my own searching for "the right one", that it was Love I was hoping to find, but

never really found.

I fell in love just as easy, every time. Still, when the one who I'd taken home had left again, at least "the morning after", I still wasn't quite content and hoped that it might be the next one.

I had to admit to myself that I was kind of using up the resources, if not abusing them. I never really got to know any of them.

At that point, I'd come to the conclusion that I must be a super-lover of sorts, who could get whoever I desired and give them orgasms without even knowing how or why.

Of course, that attitude destroyed every real loving relationship I experienced. I was unable to resist, had to cheat on them and hide it as well as possible.

Although it always came out, in the end.

Women just happen to be so much more informative with each other, about this sort of thing, than we men are.

Well, well. There are loads of men who boast about things, but that's more often the liars.

KRISTIN

When I met Anne, I'd just been thrown out by Kristin, the love of my life. It started just magically.

On my way to a party, I was sitting on the tram at Majorstua when, all of a sudden I hear a voice, clear and distinctly, but nonetheless only in my head, telling me that I am about to meet the woman I would love forever.

I was so frightened that I got up to get out of the tram, but stayed there after all, due to my fascination. I feared that the woman I was destined to meet, should be the one who had treated me horribly and who I knew was going to the same party.

When I got to the party, it was full of people. My main preoccupation was avoiding the one, who now was showing so much interest in me again. When we were all called to eat, I grabbed a chair at a full table, where there was no room for her

.  
After a while I began talking to my table mate and suddenly I realized that I was telling this stranger of a woman things about myself, that I'd never told anybody before.

I was shocked, but it was only later on, when dancing with her, that it dawned on me.

I'd never experienced dancing that way. It was as though we'd turned into love birds hovering around each other in a rush of happiness, simply enjoying each other.

Of course we left together that night, to her place, where we continued enjoying and I was in total bliss that God or whoever it was, had chosen so wisely for me. It was only upon waking up, that I found out that she had three children and had been married etc.

I was almost dumb-struck and snuck out under the pretext that I had some appointment to reach. Although, I continued being totally absorbed in thoughts about her.

To help myself out, I got in touch with an earlier girl-friend and begged her to take me back to save me from Kristin and all of her children . This former girlfriend disagreed with me, telling me to give the relationship a new chance. Taking responsibility for other peoples children was nothing to worry about, she said. Wasn't it?

This was not the love I'd hoped for.

## WILL - WILL NOT

Still enchanted after meeting Kristin, I ended up getting back to her and we became lovers. She had two daughters whom I instantly liked, but also a 5-year-old son. He hated me from the start, wanted his father back and would not accept me as a surrogate.

The father was a pilot, older than her and very much against the divorce. She had lost all interest in him and his oppressive and authoritative ways. He was handsome, but unhappily cheated on, and couldn't understand why.

## MORE JEALOUSY

It turned into an unbelievably happy period for me. I was almost levitating, while putting order into it all. I enjoyed our life together, even though there really wasn't room for me in her flat.

We constructed a kind of encasement around the bed to provide some privacy, but my relationship to her son became my big problem.

I was unable to suppress the jealousy he made me feel. Being the smallest he got most of her attention. I tried to like him, but he only wanted me out and I hated him for it.

Until I cheated on her and found out that the guilty conscience for her, would reduce the jealousy I felt towards him.

It worked fantastically well for some happy years. I particularly remember a trip during easter to her cottage in the south, by the sea-side.

The weather was great, all around us was blooming, and I think the children were not there, by the way. We'd go on trips through the woods, where she'd run.

I've never met anyone who could radiate happiness the way she did, when

weaving in and out between tree trunks, waving her arms. We went fishing in the sea, made love in the meadow and enjoyed life. It was as if everything was delight, and even nothing but delight .

But then she had started getting orgasms. All the while I had been assuming, like most men, every time I came, that she would inevitably come as well. But the first time she told me that she'd had an orgasm, I hadn't noticed it.

Unfortunately her newly-gained self-confidence also led to an increased interest in politics. I do believe she wanted at least to disagree with me. She started that way as an SV (socialist left) politician, while I was an anarchist.

As if that wasn't enough, she rose in the ranks and suddenly became the leader of SV in Bærum. I was now expected to sing along to "the International" whenever party-comrades of hers, came to visit.

Then she found out about my infidelities, naturally. I couldn't deny it, but tried to explain that it had been a reaction to the jealousy her son had made me feel. That did not help very much, probably.

## THE BREAK - UP

Then she suddenly found someone else. He was so much younger than her that I thought: " this will never last longer than 3 weeks. Give her some time." It ended up taking 13 years for him to cheat on her as well and get the boot too. That was when I met Anne.

## ANNE AGAIN

To me she was a great pass-time, wild and fantastic, crazy and incomprehensible, but a pass-time none the less, as I waited for Kristin to reconsider

. Sexually, the relationship I had with Anne was a roaring winter storm compared to the easy evening breeze with Kristin. But she was still the one I loved. I was more like bewitched by Anne.

When she started as my cutting-assitant, she'd still been married with a sculptor, who'd totally given in to her and was more like her admirer. I liked him, but I knew she'd already been unfaithful to him with the photographer of my previous film, which she'd made the poster for, and most likely met because of me. I did not have a guilty conscience

. Moreover, it was totally impossible for me to keep my hands out of the cookie jar. Sex with Anne was beyond madness, but precisely therefore, too exciting.

I experienced entirely unbelievable things with her. Her orgasms were so strong that my own fire-crackery was meaningless in comparison, even for myself. I envied her those experiences, was almost jealous because of them, and felt I was coming too, identifying with her ejaculations.

## TAOIST?

I found out later from books that this was actually coinciding with the old taoist ideal conception of sex - the old chinese tradition - but then I perceived it as a failure on my part.

I had to resist and not let her dominate completely.

Although there was enough rivalry between us anyway. After a while she turned into a brilliant script-writer, wrote the finest applications for films, which she then received funding for, to make her own movies.

I was supposed to help her with her own debut film, as the leader of production, as well as the instructor, when she played the role of herself.

In the opening scene I wanted her to give more output from her part. "But I don't want more output in this scene" said the debuting actor, and script-writer.

I resigned and let her be the director herself. That didn't work out so well.

But then she met a swedish director who taught her to use these actually failed scenes for a kind of meta-film style, and that is when we became serious competitors in the same branch.

She got divorced, or the sculptor just didn't want to anymore. Anne, who all the while had victimized herself, drawn between duties for her husband and sex with me, suddenly became worried that she'd lose him. While he'd closed the door for good and found himself a female bouncer.

## FLATMATES

So we became a couple after all. Although not whole-heartedly. We never managed to live together. Either she was visiting me or the other way around. After her divorce, their villa on Nesodden was turned into two apartments in Oslo.

I felt a noticeable lack of interest on her behalf, for having me visiting. I had to bring my toothbrush and extra clothes in a plastic bag each time, which she used to make fun of, but she never made any little room for these things at her house.

Still, as long as I made her jealous, she became interested again. When I stopped flirting with others, it would not take long before she'd reduce the sexual activity to when it suited her. And then, after some time, she lost interest all

together.

I believe that it must have been a family tradition, that in fact the most important thing in a relationship, was the actual gender struggle, between man and woman.

## ANNE`S DAD

Her father was quite peculiar too, a brilliant painter. When both of her parents had died, Anne inherited all of his unsold paintings and arranged a post-mortem exhibition of his work, on Nesoddtangen.

I have never seen a better exhibition, in any case not one where so many active painters not only came to see his paintings, but also to buy them. I believe there were more artists there than regular spectators.

He must have been a legend for them. And with good reason. After finishing his education at the art academy, post-war, he received a very big stipend. Big enough to get married and move to Paris - the Mecca of art at the time - with his wife. There he was converted to modernism and came back home to convert the norwegians.

## MODERNIST

In Norway at that time, people in general were showing very little interest in modernism. They were a poor people, who´d just survived the war, occupied by the germans.

They all laughed at the likes of Picasso who painted things that were not realistic. Those who had ruled the art world before the war, had even more power now, when peace was to manifest itself as the pre-war, that everybody had been longing for.

He had one single exhibition and never again. But his wife was pregnant and they had to survive. He decided to take a job as a house painter, while continuing to paint modern style paintings, after work or in the week-ends.

Friends or admirers from his more naturalistic period, or maybe it was his workers union, helped him to get a painting studio flat at Bøler, paid for only by paintings, so that he could continue painting.

But his production was a fairly modest one. Every time the trend of the artworld changed,he also changed his style and adapted to it, but without ever finding his own style.

Nonetheless, it was his pre-modernist paintings that were so incomprehensibly good. I especially remember a self-portrait from the exhibition.

It´s one of those images that will forever be etched into my memory, because I have never seen anything like it.

I was going to buy it, but it had already been sold, in advance.

## ART?

Anne was also good at creating pictures. She could even make funny pictures, which is something modern artists rarely can. Those who do always manage to sell their paintings. But Anne didn't want to sell or become like her father. And that's that.

Now, I have the impression, that she hates men. We are to blame for everything that went wrong, in particular her mishaps with her own movies. It's always the men who are to blame. Homosexual men, on the other hand, she gets along with fine, though.

## KRISTIN AGAIN

I actually met Kristin quite recently. I was coming from Nesodden, probably from a visit to Anne's.

On my way down to the boat over to Oslo, there was a dog behaving rather strangely. It kept hindering the woman holding it at leash, from advancing, by repeatedly stopping and looking back at me who was behind them.

When I saw them on the boat I walked over and asked her about the dog. She agreed about the dog behaving oddly, but it wasn't hers. She was only taking it to its owner, who was waiting on the docks in Oslo. And that turned out to be Kristin. But more on that later.

## ISLAM

There is a side of Islam, which it seems us westerners have difficulty understanding, namely the oppositions between Shia and Sunni muslims. They both obey to the same Quoran. What the two main branches are deeply in discordance about, is who should have been the heir after Mohammed, the 5th Kaliff, at the 600.

Why the big opposition and constant wars since then?

It is actually totally parallel to the opposing forces in Europe, namely, between catholics and protestants, ever since the reformation - an almost ongoing power struggle, even though we have a common Bible and a more or less identical religious belief in Jesus. But for the church, this was important.

Mostly the atrocities were highlighted in order to incite the will to war and revenge.

We all became much more active christians, on both sides. Plus, remember that both parties, catholics as well as protestants, were against all forms of new thinking. So-called false teachings, or attempts at redefining dogmas, were in most part annihilated by those in power, on both sides!

After the war, officials in european countries, reduced the populace's knowledge on all these horrors from the past, in order to set up a European Union. Hatred between catholics and protestants wasn't the only thing that disappeared. Our self-respect as christians was reduced. We can still be called christians, but have lost a lot of our commitment.

Whereas Islam is seen as an entirely different religion all together, and since we've lost interest in our own religion, we assume that the same is valid for others. While those muslims we are hosting in Europe and in the west in general, those poor refugees, are both enemies of us and of each other.

Before letting them in, we should have put their religion through the same process as we have put our own one, and thereby reduced the hatred between sunni and shia.

But there is more about Islam. In all islamic countries there are traditions that pre-date Islam.

All muslims are tied through their families to certain tribes and tribe-leaders. It is therefore, among other things, that marriage is so important for them and is often arranged unbeknownst to the couple, by the heads of the families

. It is interesting that the bonds tying most muslims to "war-lords", as they are often called in Afghanistan, are stronger than those to the official leaders. Behind the official, often elected leaders, stand the leaders of clans ,and everybody knows that they are the Real Powers, but hidden from the society.

To come here without the help from such contactts, is most probably impossible

We might like it or not, but this is not something a muslim can just rid himself from, even when in possession of a norwegian passport and a job here. Through his family he is also a representative for his clan back in his home country. If he fails here, there might be consequences for his family back there. But all this is very secret. Only the members of the same clan know their allies, if anything happens. And the higher we seat a muslim here, the more important he becomes back there.

## UNDER THE SURFACE

This is the main reason for all corruption in muslim countries and business being almost impossible there.

Traditional, but secret power relations decide there. Not official ones. A muslim to us, is just a human, but in reality he is bound, not only to his mosque, as a shia or sunni, fundamentalist or moderate, but also through his family to these, often secret leaders, based on economics, but also power

through their followers and traditions in their home-country.

That's why it's always difficult to know the motives a muslim might have, for his actions here. They might be hidden from us, based on conditions in their home country.

Then we have the intern power struggle of Islam. Some believe that Saudi-Arabia wouldn't want the Shah to step down in Iran in favor of Khomeni and thereby strengthen the fundamentalist Shia interests

. But a more fundamentalistic shia-leadership would mean a strengthening of fundamentalism also in Saudi-Arabia and the rest of the world. Both parties need the other as a threat, in order to oppress their own.

In the same way, USA wages wars for Saudi-Arabia in islamic countries like Afghanistan, Irak, Libya and now Syria, so that all muslims see us euopeans, not just christians, as their enemy number two, after USA. When we fight them, expecting to give them "democracy"?

How much trust does that inspire? What was Norway fighting for in Libya- really? All right. We were fooled by NATO and USA, maybe. It could also be that norwegian leadership is more corrupt than we care to know.

## DOLLARS

Looking at economic relationships in the world, it seems very interesting to focus on USA's growing national debt. It seems to have no effect on the rest of the world's trust in the dollar.

It is, of course, partially due to China investing in the USA, especially in state obligations, in order to stabilize the currency of their own market surplus in dollars.

For the chinese, that gigantic growing industrial country, there is little interest in buying american shares and to strengthen the US competitiveness that way. But Saudi-Arabia too, is loosing interest in buying shares in order to keep USA economically strong.

When USA no longer can do away with their deficits, it must seem tempting for them to look for other ways to squeeze the most out of their trillions of dollars of income.

Saudi-Arabia is still a small country, even with the amount of property in the USA and full control of their foreign affairs and thereby the army, by purchasing the presidential candidates there.

## SAUDIES ON A SLOPE?

Still we see that Saudi-Arabia has started building up its own army, a proper air-force, etc. By now they are well aware that USA is a colossus with feet of clay,

that can topple at any given moment, taking the dollar down with it, if China chooses to stop supporting it.

The most likely thing is that Saudis are more and more betting on corruption, by buying politicians and other key persons all over the world, but mostly in the west and those places where there are lots of Sunni-Muslim ex-refugees, who have come there thanks to the Saudis' help economically.

I have noticed a term being more and more frequently used by economists: "cheap money".

We all know about black money, meaning money derived from criminal activity, that needs to be white-washed first, to become white money usable in legal but shady businesses.

"Cheap money" presumably means money from corruption, when owners of money want to put and hide it, and are therefore willing to pay a lot over its actual value, in order to secure themselves and their family, f.ex by buying property. That way, others can stand as owners, while at the same time securing the real owner's investments by texts on papers.

## BLAIRISM

It isn't easy for this sort of thing to be discovered. If, for example, we were to look at the valuables of ex-primeminister Blair in England, before he sent his army to war in Irak, against the better knowledge of his own secret security service M16, and compare it with what his gathered family owns today, we'd definitely get an idea of what a successful European politician may achieve with a little help from generous Saudis.

The most interesting thing by far about all this, is that Saudi-Arabia obviously never invested any of its petrol money into the economy in other Muslim countries to help increase their incomes.

Presumably, it's because the local chief of the clan there, would see these values as his own, for the Saudis' lack of power to defend their investments there.

## RELIGIOUS CRIMINALS

Instead the Saudis invest in smaller groups of local criminals, who in the spirit of Mohammed anno 600, call themselves Allah's warriors, who now try to take over all Muslim countries with fundamentalist paroles, suicide bombers and heaps of weapons bought all over, but preferably in the US and paid for by the Saudis in dollars.

Still, there's growing discontentment in these Muslim countries that aren't seeing any petrol money, but still have to die in meaningless suicide attacks, for which nobody takes responsibility, while slowly turning everybody into fundamentalists in order to get SOME protection, only to be even more oppressed by these only

apparently religious armed forces.

If you then join me back to the swedish TV-program SVT made about Syria, it seems extraordinary that everybody in the team spoke swedish, to us and each other, and since they were also sunni-muslims, so very obviously there to portray the "free syrian army" positively, and reassure us that all good will of the people was directed towards getting "democracy" there, via this shabby bunch we were presented with, who had not yet removed the plastic packaging off the battle rockets they boasted to have "conquered from the enemy."

They were treated exactly as that which they were: good friends on the same side. Nonetheless, if they had looked swedish, this gang wouldn't have hesitated to take them prisoners and demand a ransom from Sweden for their release.

So SVT saved the ransom money. But had they sent out shia muslims, they had had to go to Assad, since the shias support him and his position in Syria, where he, being a muslim, but not a sunni-muslim, try to protect all these other religious minorities, - who've been there from before the land became Persia- and hear about what THEY think about the sunnis suddenly having all these weapons and powers, wanting to create a fundamentalist paradise there, with money from Saudi-Arabia( via the US army)?

Why not send 2 teams next time?

But I believe, a visionary in this field, I could actually see on these recordings, waving strips of dollar bills streaming into the picture's right side and disappearing out on the left side, where they became digitalized signals in Sweden, then materialized as amounts on accounts there, maybe to afford a little castle for a loved one, or distributed as usual by party secretaries.

## RUNNING

Are you into sprint? By that I mean running. I am.

It is something I live for - getting this 75 year-old body of mine into gear and then speeding it up.

Strangely enough, it seems I am running faster this year than in a long time, 3-4 years maybe. It has to do with smoking a bit to start off and make sure all limbs are loose and willing and especially that my toes are properly gripping the ground

Although I was a little bit too eager today, when testing whether yesterday's speed was still there, I felt a certain pain spreading from the tendons in the pelvis. I realized that more of the same could lead to long-term injury.

I went for a walk in the sun instead, trying to loosen up and did some spurts too, but only at half speed. Looked at people and animals in the spring sun, before returning to my writer's desk.

To see a really good sprinter, from Jamaica f.ex., in slow-motion, especially if his name is Bolt, is magical to me.

Most of all when he won the 100 meters at the Olympics for the first time and spread his arms out at the end of it, like a playful bird, while those behind him were still pushing forwards, all muscles desperately stretched, in vain.

We had become used to the fact that it's only the day when everything works a sprinter can be victorious. The uniformity that we found among the very best sprinters, made up the actual excitement, even though it mostly was an american who won in the end.

How is it possible to win so easily, almost every time?

There's also that little jamaican lady, a girl to look at, who seems to just roll past the others to victory.

Sprint is of course a big deal in Jamaica and brings out the best talents. Surely they have good trainers and tradition. But Jamaica is a poor country too. When all other ways to riches and fame are closed, the eagerness to train becomes optimal.

## AFRICA

From Africa it is long-distance runners who dominate, the blacks in particular win. Especially hordes of kenyan and ethiopian runners dominate thanks to their unbelievable endurance.

But all the technical disciplines, like jump and javelin, are won by us westerners.

My theory is based on the development of our feet. In my part of the world we all grow up with protective shoes on our feet. Almost everybody in Jamaica and in Africa grows up barefooted.

This leads their toes to be much stronger than our owns, their entire foot really. All humans are made to run, but few do it any longer, here. In Africa, they all have to join, give their best, for their families to survive.

Mostly in Kenya, they can be seen, young shepherds chasing their flock.

Surely, the best kind of endurance training.

## JAMAICA

I've never been to Jamaica. Maybe it's all the dancing and music that makes them into so much more explosive sprinters than us.

It could also be their big toes.

It runs in our family too, in fact. Genes that some of us get, but not all of us.

They produce extra long and strong big toes.

I have a sister who could've been a top sprinter. I'm not too bad either, but my big toe is normal-sized. Even when she isn't trying she drifts away, leaving me

and my legs, which are longer than Bolt's, far behind.

I bet he also has very long big toes in addition to this mental calm, that lets him relax until the start-gun fires, playing and having fun, while the others are tensing up and letting the pressure of expectations become a hindrance

All felines are brilliant sprinters. A lion can get its 200 kg in top speed after a couple of meters, compared to all of its preys, that reach higher speed, but take longer to get there.

The leopard, the world's fastest animal, is more of a middle distance runner than a sprinter. It is lightly built, not that quick in the start, but able to increase the length of its leap, and thereby its top speed, over the distance of a kilometer

While gazelles, the best runners of them all, have developed their foot into nothing but one big toe, meaning that when they reach top speed, they can maintain it simply by flicking one of their big toes and still have enough spring to fly over high bushes without losing any momentum.

## THE BIG LEADER

I've always been fascinated by socialism's cultivation of the big leader. The ideal is that everyone shall be free, but this can only be achieved by everyone learning how to follow their leader, so that all of the people's energy can be gathered for the rising up against capitalism, and the actual revolution that will lead to individual freedom, as long as everyone willingly continues following the leader's way, without protesting.

It must be this worship of the leader that is so easily turned into a religion for most of us, even though it is always explained scientifically - that leads to such enchantment by Islam. When I was a youth, all of us on the left side had to wear palestina scarves, live for the revolution, that HAD to come, because the evolution of our society was demanding it.

A long time after his death, Stalin represented this ideal, he who demands all power, mercilessly killing all opposition and winning in the end, only with the help of the US, his presumed enemy.

But Mohammed too, was one of those big leaders, a genial war-leader and the big prophet, God's own stand-in on earth, he liked to call himself. There are obvious similarities.

Nonetheless it is an odd alliance between those who claim EVERYBODY's freedom, at least on sight, and the most conservative society on earth, this rich petrol country Saudi-Arabia, that hopes to re-establish its ideal from the year 600. Again, there are common interests.

## WHICH INTERESTS?

The political left had always had great contributors from the soviet society for the formation of its parties. There was a crisis though, when the soviet republic dissolved after the russians lost the war in Afghanistan and the cold war. USA was then the only surviving super-power, but also "defender" of its petrol-delivery country, Saudi-Arabia.

What else was to be expected - the leftist-parties of Europe found new ways of financing themselves, with the help of this overly rich petrol country, that also hated USA, just not officially.

They are in agreement about the essentials, namely who the enemy of the necessary revolution is, where capitalism's fortress is, and who the oppressor of the devout is.

All they need then is a little ignorance about Islam, and enough room for romantic wishful thinking, about having the entire muslim sea of people on their own side, for the final battle, then we see the perfect alliance for the leftist parties, who that way could get even more wasteful spenders.

Enough at least to publish their own writings, establish publishing houses and arrange meetings, without costly membership or private contributions.

## SELF-PROLETARIANISATION

Yes, even the tradition of self-proletarianisation - when the intellectual thinkers took industrial jobs - on the one hand to influence the workers' unions, naturally, but first and foremost to keep the party going economically, has disappeared entirely without leaving a trace.

These days, politicians on the left are living more and more like the well-off, nice clothes etc. But corruption always remains invisible, of course.

Nonetheless, I think it is worth mentioning the peculiar sense of humor they've developed. Everybody on the left side seems to be having great fun pretending to mean totally reactionary things. Take NRK's TV show "Nytt på nytt"(new on news) f.ex.

Could it be that in order to relax and save their party's economy, they have to support reactionary forces? Everyone wants to have a good time and earn at least as much as labor party politicians.

After all the labor party started out as an outbreak from the communist party and has taken on a lot of those out-dated ideals. Nonetheless, they put their hopes in becoming the workers' unionists party.

Unfortunately this has led to the disappearance of nearly all jobs here in the west.

Apart from in the bureaucracy, of course, which is only getting bigger and more expensive, leading us into selling off our natural resources, which our future citizens should be living from.

## UNIONS

In 1974 our norwegian Labour Party government allowed a raise of 15% for average wages. That was the first year with the oil income.

I remember how almost the entire textile industry marched in front of the parliament building and demanded help to stop all bankruptcy. But the state was raking in money from petrol by then. Nobody was interested in this textile industry, when all grants could be covered by petrol money.

## POLITICAL DOMINANCE

But when will AP(the labour party) as it is mostly called, let go of the oars once and for all? They still have all of the state apparatus supporting them, NRK, the state broadcaster as it wittingly calls itself, meaning radio and TV, most of the press etc. Well, not quite all of the editors and not the owners either. But otherwise? Who'd be able to stop them?

I claim that Norway has to be the land with the worst leadership in our western world today. We are the most expensive and spend more per citizen than almost all other people.

We still own huge amounts of natural resources ,but will end "rock bottom" again.

Nothing is profitable here anymore. All the petrol billions are being invested in foreign countries and disappear at the first sign of a crisis - which will come, soon enough.

UTØYA

Exactly how corrupt they are, nobody really knows.

A couple of years ago, one lonely man was able to blow up the government buildings in Oslo, by using home-made explosives that he put into a van, which he parked outside of there and then drove off to Utøya, with the timer on.

That's where AUF, the labor party's youth organization has it's headquarter. Once arrived, he systematically killed almost all of the party's youth politicians, using a gun that he'd brought to their national meeting.

The party now wants to commemorate this attack by chopping the island in two.

That will by all means give us a perfect picture of this party's achievement. The plan, which is a swedish one and has already been accepted, is to dig a diagonal cleft across the whole island, all the way down to the water and thereby drain the groundwater and dry out the small part.

I imagine this cleft will be called Breivika since his name is Breivik, and he will become the only one remembered for the action.

Bredo Greve-FILMREBELL

I am looking forward to going to Volda, where a documentary-festival is taking place. The film about me and my movies is finished and is called Bredo Greve - film rebel.

I've seen it and was mighty impressed. That somebody so inexperienced was able to make such a great film! Maybe this could lead to more awareness around my old films too.

Those old films are still fine, maybe even better now than when they were first released. Still they are rarely shown.

That's the case for most films. There was lots of trash before too, but now everything has to be so commercial, go so quickly, be so superficial - that film as an art has almost entirely disappeared, only to be found in the archives.

In any case, we have planned to record some scenes there too. There is a

scene which I would like to have removed from the film. It's the one in which I am sprinting after a car that's filming me. But running at top speed with a car in front, didn't work. I became too focused on avoiding running into the car and hurting myself.

We will instead arrange a 60-meters run, with starting-blocks and all the rest, for which I will do a time-trial. I hope to run the distance fast enough to claim the world record-for over 75 year-olds.

## RUNNING AGAINST TIME

It would be good promotion for the film - if I run a good time. I haven't timed myself since primary school. Well, I must have, but cannot remember it. Technically I run better now, but that's only a feeling.

Why do I never time myself? Well, I don't really know, but I prefer just feeling that I am gathering speed.

To run time trials would lead to frustration, I believe, about not improving and then getting worse over the years. Nonetheless, I seem to have gotten better again this year, at least when I am thoroughly loose-limbed and have stretched enough, before the run. It's so easy to get injured. That's what's worst about getting old.

Still, it's exciting to come back to Volda. The last time I was there was just before I moved north to the farm I'd bought in Sørkjorden. That time I came to sight-see and found the prettiest place I've seen, even with a heron lifting off the sea at my arrival.

And my mother's side of the family still live there, which means I wouldn't become an invader from the south, a "southerner", and I would probably have gotten a job at the film-school there too. But at that stage I was "earth-hungry", wanted more land, bigger farm and more sheep.

## I CHING

Have you ever heard about the I Ching? It's an ancient Chinese book of divination that I still now and again use, when in doubt about a decision.

The advice I've been given has always proven to be right. How this is possible, I do not know. When I asked the I Ching whether or not I should purchase the farm in Volda, I got the following answer: "The prince has shot three birds with the same arrow."

That is the best piece of advice I've been given, but I chose, despite of it, to travel up north, where the I Ching warned me about getting into trouble with the law.

And that is what happened, especially with the land authorities up there. But how the hell could a 3-4 thousand year old book know that? There must be a spirit there, that was aware of the book and knew the answer. Still, young people are often idiots and I believed that I knew better than the I Ching anyhow.

But I learnt of it, so that it became the only time I didn't follow, should I write "his", advice?

Moreover, it takes time, this business with sticks that are to be counted. I use coins too, preferably old chinese ones, but only for elucidations.

The main answer always lies in the sticks.

The problem is only that more often than not, I do not want to know beforehand, what might happen. It's more fun to be expectant, than to know. Moreover, the answer is seldom as clear as it was about the farm in Volda.

The language in the book is such that something must be interpreted, sometimes wrongly, meaning that you might get the right answer, but understand it too late. I've received many incomprehensible answers too, but that's when I try to test the book, or the spirit for that matter, that is guiding, when I am dividing the sticks. Whenever the answer wasn't important to me, it wasn't to the I Ching either, I guess. So he didn't bother guiding my fingers in those cases.

I have, by the way, a friend who wanted to try it. It all went well until he realized that he'd put up the stick configuration upside down. That's when he stopped and didn't want to believe in it any longer.

I tried to explain that the I Ching had surely understood his mistake and thus simply adjusted it so as to make it correct anyway.

Nonetheless my friend concluded that there must be something mechanical about the book, that spirits don't exist, and gave up.

## BELIEVING IN SPIRITS

I think he was plain stupid, owing not to his lack of intelligence, but due to him being indoctrinated.

How can we know that there are no spirits, even though our science these days claims that there are not? Humans have always believed in spirits. I, for one, have experienced far too much strangeness to believe otherwise.

I believe in spirits, but not any spirit. I believe f.ex. that I have a kind of guardian angel, or whatever it might be, that helps me f.ex to avoid speed controls - not by warning me, but by making me lower the speed just before the control, so that I've saved a lot of money from speeding tickets.

Except when it was fotoboxes.

Why doesn't he or she help me in those cases? I do not know.

The fact that there are spirits, can give us hope.  
We humans have created such a horrible production-system that is now threatening the whole planet's existence.  
If there's one thing we can no longer trust, it would have to be other humans, the politicians especially and all the others corrupted. While spirits and a more openness towards the better part of them, might still be able to save us. Who knows?

## EQUALITY

All politicians and the other well-meaning firmly believe that EQUALITY is very important. Everyone is like everyone else, in value.  
That is so dumb, in a world where the rich get richer and the poor poorer. To say that all people have equal worth is just to hide the truth.

Moreover we know that most people are idiots. Still the social democrats want to make the world a better place with a school-system that levels our capabilities, so that the dumb will achieve more and the intelligent less, because of the teachers concentrating on the worse students.

The only thing this has led to is worse results for everybody.  
The intelligent will presumably get on fine anyhow, just not so well in comparison with other countries.  
While the dumb go on thinking that natural higher intelligence is non-existent, or in any case that it should be.

## SNOWDON

I just saw an interview with Snowden, the guy who informed us about the security system that USA is using, based on all digital information-systems in the world, to spy on all of us.  
. A well-spoken, argumentative and skilled fellow, who is now being threatened by all of those American idiots, who go on believing in their corrupt system and want to defend it against him.

Luckily, he was granted asylum by Putin and lives well in Moscow. No other country was willing to take him in!

Still he remains a traitor in the eyes of most Americans, because that's how their system is, and has way too much power over them.

It won't work out in the end. Still we should anyway understand that we in fact do not know very much about all those secret undertakings – and be grateful for

all the information we can get ,that isn't mere propaganda.

## BREIVIKA AGAIN

Now I should be outdoors in the fine weather. Training sprint, maybe going for a walk. But I really MUST write about this first.

It was a TV- program I saw about the so-called "Monument for the fallen at Utøya".

Utøya is an island, owned by the labor party, and where AUF, the party's youth group, learn how to carry on in their proud tradition and how that can benefit them – shortcutting to the top.

Then there was this guy Breivik, who brought a rifle and shot a lot of them. How this madman was able to do it, with all the security measures that surround us today, is still a mystery. So he must have been some genius, nonetheless. First, he managed to blow up the government buildings, alone, then he went to Utøya to stop the next generation's party leaders.

Whether it is the security police itself, that comes to stop him, is unclear, but in any case they have come all the way from Oslo, heavily armed.

Since NRK, our state's television channel, was already on the crime scene, the police must have been pretty late and remember, this is happening on an island.

To see the police forces attempting to get there in a totally overloaded dinghy, should now be a prime example of what the party's detailed decision making, can lead to. Moreover, it's a crazy funny comedy.

The dinghy has lots of floating capacity, but is most likely registered for 3-4 people, and the amount of heavily armed on board must be at least 14-16.

All around the island we can see loads of small boats, that surely would've helped the crossing, if they'd been asked, but the police's discipline is clear. All of them get on board, even though it makes the boat difficult to steer with the most of them sitting on its left side.

The recording stops before the boat collapses, unfortunately, but I need only to imagine what it would've looked like, if Breivik had shot a couple of holes in the boat, so that the police officers on board also had to prevent the boat from sinking by sticking their fingers into the bulletholes and later, when the boat finally arrives, are not able to pull them out again.

The big ferry that had freighted all the youths out there, was long gone, with the leader of AUF safely on board.

Unfortunately we didn't see the police's arrival on the island, this time helped precisely by civilian boats, but by that time the man had already discontinued his massacre and kindly discharged his weaponry and handed himself over to the police.

The most interesting thing about it all might be that one of the party's goals was achieved when the police itself, steered by its workers union in good social democratic tradition, now decides how the police all over the country is to act, and no longer their chief constables.

## THE COURT-CASE

I kind of have to mention the court case that ensued, against Breivik, this destroyer of the AUF and the government head-quarters. It was by all means unbelievably all-encompassing and apparently thorough and was broadcasted daily on NRK-TV. Everything he had said became written like a sort of summary, making it difficult to grasp his real motives for doing what he did.

Still it must have been the party he was aiming at and it seemed to me like he wasn't to pleased with all the immigration here either.

Well, he is locked up now and will most likely have to stay there. But his motives, if I did actually understand them, are understandable. The problem for me is whether punishing people for WANTING to perform an act, when and if they climb the ranks and are given those responsibilities, is the right thing.

Before that they are still innocent, right?

Just imagine if there'd been some bold people on the island when he arrived, alone, and nonetheless could walk along the paths terminating all of those, hiding behind each other.

If these bold characters had tried gathering others and had stood up in the struggle together, throwing stones at him, from behind the trees, and become many together, not only in decision-making and votes ,and otherwise let the foreman save himself, so as to prevent the leadership from being attacked by their party's enemies, well?

## SKIRMISH

It's a bit silly. All day I've been trying to find out what "skirmish" means. But I'd written it incorrectly.. That's why it took so long to find it in the dictionary, and in the meantime I had forgotten why I was looking for the word in the first place.

In any case what it means is some kind of trouble, randomly occurring, not too many participants, earlier it was mostly armed, these days more verbal and argumentative.

But it's a nice word. I like it best in its plural form, skirmishes. It sounds like if something is given out, but not why and by whom ,who might have needs , but that it's difficult to control and see any pattern in it.

No, like I said. The sentence was finished, but I had to find out if I'd remembered the word correctly and then it disappeared.

It had most likely to do with our political life, meaning the game that goes on, in between all those apparently on-going things there.

## MY MOTHER

She might not have been a professional artist, but she was an artist by nature and temperament.

She was educated as a diet-cook in Germany, and met my father at a hospital on the west coast.

I asked him once: "Why her?"

He looked at me and said: "Have you heard her when she gets angry?"

And yes, I had of course. Then she would raise her voice and switch to blank verse or one of the other forms of poetry, which everybody knew at her time.

Out of her mouth would then come rhythmical sounds, always perfectly balanced, totally improvised and with a drive both life-threatening and insulting, that made everything in you to retreat.

She should have been an actress, and was to a certain degree, but even better as a writer. For every occasion she would write songs that would simply flow out of her pen and onto the paper, perfect for the melodies she'd written them to. What a bloody talent!

She was pretty too, especially in the pictures of her adolescence, but she eventually became depressed.

And nobody was to find out about that!

In our house in Oslo after the war, during the new war that had been declared between them, and the grief of losing my brother Arntemann, I believe, proved to be too much for her to handle.

## MY CHILDHOOD KINGDOM

When you entered through the front door, it all looked so perfect, and on into the living-room on the right side. Solid furniture, pretty paintings on the walls from my father's rich home at Slemdal. Heaps of books. Art objects.

But if you took to the left, and opened the kitchen door, it was all chaos. How were she supposed to cook in there?

I think she never got used to having to do the washing up. At the hospital there was surely others taking care of that. But never my father.

Still that doesn't explain her bedroom, behind the next door. That place wasn't just

chaotic , but deeply depressing , to such a degree that it was difficult to imagine how she could go in and sleep there.

Anybody who happened to walk in there, was properly scolded. She could make words strike like lightning. Even a legend scald like Tormod Kolbrunarskald would have been scared, if he'd heard her, in his viking time, when he was so famous for his improvisations.

If you walked on straight you came into the bathroom. It was tidy, but I remember one time when I had a friend visiting me there.

Me and my best friend Helge had a funny game we once played . We exchanged the shower head ,using it like a telephone, with the other one controlling the cold water tap. Trying to wet the other one as much as possible, without caring too much about all the other stuff in there

When she came home that day and opened the door, everything seemed to stop for a moment.

Helge got out of there in a flash, but was so frightened that he didn't leave home for days. And the echo in the bathroom seemed to have turned the sound waves into standing stalagmites, the way I remember it.

But she never hit us and she was famous for her soups.

Is it possible to be both friendly and kind outwardly , while at the same time have so much anger on the inside, so combustible?

Since none of her blows ever hit us, I guess it was all theater, but WHAT a theatre it was.

But blows, that isn't correct. That's more like me. Threatening fists is more to it, with a lot of grimaces. Still it was her words that worked most effectively.

They were like living, raging poetry, complete with alliterations and ancient norse exprecions, I believe.

Håvamål, a kind of norse old poetry, would be the closest , if I am to associate it with something. Nonetheless, it was so openly improvised and still perfect for what it was she was raging about and reacting to.

It's a shame nobody ever recorded her. I guess any sound technician, would've been so taken aback by the sight of her, that he would have had trouble, to be able to start his recorder at all.

What a reception she would've gotten, had she been on stage at club 7. Even Jorunn Kjellsby, who Sven Wam always used in his movies, because she was the only actress who managed to create the necessary pressure in his style of film, would have had problems portraying my mother.

I never found the like of such a dragon at Club 7, during my youth. But just imagine if she could be there, surrounded by those walls – and liven up the place

a little? She was a singer too, knew all the lyrics and played the organ in her living-room.

All artists love drama. Surely that's the reason why we mostly hate everything politicians are attempting to do in the line of well organized, tame presentations of culture for the exclusive.

It's been a long time since Club 7 existed. I thought in fact that it was immortal, that something like that could't be killed and would rise again and again – like one of nature's bare necessities.

Soon I'll be the only one left, of those who created and experienced it.

Attila is probably dead now, I presume or back in Hungary, where he came from and in a magic way made this place become created, that all of western europe was gasping for, in those days.

But that was then and not now...Nowadays everything is commercial and expensive. Nobody can imagine such a thing in Norway any more, where politicians rule and regulate.

It might be difficult, to go all the way –

## THE PROOF

But if we could go back to my claims about hash, I can at least prove something. I am 76 years old now. 50 years ago, as a 25 year-old, I was relatively fit all over, but nothing special.

Today I claim to be a sort of medical miracle and I further claim that this is solely a result of my hash consumption.

I am now, in my age group, over 75 years, near invincible in quite many physical activities.

Boxing is probably the sport that requires most of coordination. As a youth I was relatively good at it. Today, I claim that I certainly could be the world heavyweight champion, if there were to be arranged such a competition for us elderly. Apart from George Foreman, of course, if he is still training.

But also sprinting, paddling, sailing. I can physically dominate absolutely everyone I know of, in my age group – making everything politicians have said over the years about the negative effects of hash on the health, into just organized lies.

Unfortunately, I have no proof that A LOT of hash smoking is also good for your health.

Even though I smoke hash almost daily, my total annual intake lies under 10 grams.

It is thus by smoking as little as possible, that I get the effect.

" By meeting the stuff half-way" - as I call it.

By using hash in such a way it has proven to be a miraculous medicine, that combats almost all kinds of sickness and especially heightens my ability to recognize my body's signals – and thereby avoid training injuries f.ex. which is what stops most aged people.

The only area that I seem to be weaker than most in my age group, is the eyes. My eyesight is poor. Then again I have had both cataract and glaucoma in both eyes, so even in that area the hash has surely helped.

But most of all, it is for the spiritual effects that hash becomes, for me anyway, so precious and irreplaceable.

## THE CONCERT IN TORONTO

I find it very difficult to see any politician of value in the world today. But Putin, the president of Russia, I greatly respect.

His way of taking back Crimea was ingenious. Why should a gesture made by Krutsov in 54, under the soviet rule, be used to claim Crimea as part of the Ukraine, when they depart from Russia?

Crimea has been russian since 1770, and if Putin had NOT done it, he would have been finished in Russia.

Sevastopol is Russias only big Navy harbour. Without it Russia could no longer function as a great Power on the sea

By the way, I had an unforgettable experience in Toronto. It was when the crisis in the Ukraine was escalating.

All of a sudden one of the main canadian newspapers informed us that Canada was to join USA against Russia - for the time being by delivering goods, but also weapons. In a conflict between atomic powers!

I got so worried that I restlessly walked around the city the day after, thinking about what might happen, if the country got involved in an atomic war. I ended up in the china town again, which I liked the best, sat down in the garden in front of the synagogue there, to take a little puff.

Out of nowhere I started singing with all my might. And in my case that means pretty loud indeed, making the traffic noises around me seem subdued.

It is still the only time this has happened to me. Both text and melody were improvised especially for the occasion.

The song was about that dot in the sky which, when you see it, it is too late. I don't know how long I continued, maybe a half an hour. Where the lyrics came from I do not know, but it crept along with the melody and I was able to sing freely without worrying about how the lyrics would develop.

The essence of the lyrics was simply that USA was probably planning to take over Canada entirely, because of how much natural resources they still have left there. If Russia should be pressed to send an atomic rockets towards Toronto, to force Canada out of the conflict in the Ukrainea, and USA would intervene in Canada, to" help" rebuild the city.

Was it me who invented it, who else?

It felt like a revelation, where a lot of the points came across as I was singing, and all the while in total harmony with the melody, which I do not remember either.

There was a great vibe around me. A lot of people wanted to end the show, but the people from the synagogue seemed to be enjoying the concert and it was after all, on their property.

Afterwards I simply sat there, while the magical song evaporated and the crowd dissolved.

Then I returned straight to the hotel and sat down on the sidewalk and whistled a little there , and was given loads of friendly smiles in return.

Some looked furious, but nobody harmed me. Not one police officer appeared. Not even those norwegian speaking ones .

But the day after, I left early for the airport, intending to leave the country as if nothing had happend – and at that stage there was nothing, yet.

But luckily, a short time later, the canadian government found out that the north american brothers maybe were´t so supportive together in Ukraine, after all.

USA would not be able to answer such a rocket attack, without creating an all-out atomic war. Rebuilding the city of Toronto would be an expensive affair. And without Toronto, Canada would´t have much of a future alone.

## SYRIA AGAIN

The last time I wrote about the situation in Syria, there was a war going on there, between the evil tyrant Assad, who the country had voted in legally and this all new agency, namely " the free syrian army " who all of a sudden appeared there, in the midst of a dictatorship, in great numbers and armed with lots of modern weapons. WHERE FROM?

Forget about it. Not one western journalist ask those kind of impertinent questions any more. But surely,it was the " arabic spring" and everybody there wanted democracy, right?

In the meantime, "the free syrian army" disappeared again, as mysteriously as they´d appeared. Only to be replaced by a different agency, called IS, "the islamic state", or ISIS, which is even more brutal and raw in their hunting down of

everybody who isn't a sunni-muslim, in the most fundamentalist fashion.

The funny part was that I, because of some program I'd seen on SVT, the swedish state TV channel, was able to reveal that the free syrian army in fact was sunni-muslims, who wanted to get rid of Assad because he wasn't sunni, but Alawit muslim, if you remember that.

Now the same thing's happened again. These brave journalists who travel from the safety of their armchairs to the dangerous wars to report from, they do not discover such things – that it is the same army, just with a new and more proper title.

## YES, THESE AMERICANS

Although, this is somewhat difficult for the americans. They were fighting WITH "the free syrian" army – against Assad, this repulsive enemy of all freedom. And what effect does it have when the army changes its name to IS, the opposite from what they stood for previously?

Well, that's the exact problem. USA has, for the first time ever, I believe, entered a war on BOTH sides. They are still fighting Assad, but now also IS who are fighting Assad. This will be a HIGHLY entertaining war and very controversial.

Most reports from the war seem to be saying that the US bombing of Yaside villages, who are actually kurds and officially muslims, but choose to stick to their old beliefs that predate Islam, as well - have been successful.

Successful how? Well, by driving out the Yasides from their buildings, by bombing them, and making them more easy to kill for the IS, in the open landscape.

But also successful in selecting appropriate interview candidates for the western journalists to satisfyingly report, how well the US army has been partly successful in their bombing of IS and effective on BOTH sides of the war, and moreover helped their pilots getting that precious experience with mass- murder. Whether the US has to stand for the bill this time around or if Saudi-Arabia will take care of it, isn't mentioned.

Still it's the same president, and Obama is very strong on both sides of the war. Against Assad, and now and again against and sometimes for the IS.

## CHINA

I must write something about China too. Not because I know so much about the country, apart from that they now have all economic power here on earth. There is soon not a single product to be bought, that isn't produced in China. I remember pointing out as a kid, that there no longer were any norwegian-produced wares in norwegian shops any longer, apart from food.

Now we have the same situation in all of the western world ,

They can no longer be sold in our own countries. Everybody buys Chinese, and the cheap Chinese industrially produced wares are better quality-wise than our own.

That is what all of the time, back from its blossoming up in England in the 1600 up until now, has been the privilege of the west. The industry-production, for the world.

What are we to live off now?

Sell our country, piece for piece, to the foreigners who pay most on arrival?

In Norway, we still have a lot of raw materials to sell, both petrol and fish, stones and metals, not least. But it will be worse for Greece, if they don't get the Chinese interested in their ruins.

JAPAN?

The EU was supposed to sort all of this out. Why didn't the EU, after Deng had introduced capitalism in China, after Mao, demand that China too was to tax income and institute workers fees, like all the others?

Presumably the EU calculated that things would go the way they had in Japan, after the war. Right after the war, when Japan had given up, put aside their weapons and hung their heads to the american leaders asking: " What can we do for you Mr. America?"

USA let them rule the way they liked and soon enough Japan was in the process of copying all of the western industrial products and selling them so cheap, that they eventually took over the market completely.

But after one generation, roughly 25 years, the wages started rising there too. The standard of living came up to the same level as in the west, so even though tax on companies, based on workers fees were only 3,5 %, while Sweden had 40 % and Norway about 15 %, things evened out. Volvo still managed to sell their cars, even though Toyota was slowly taking over.

THE DIFFERENT COUNTRY

In China the situation was totally different. First of all the country with its population of 1, 5 billion people is more like a continent. Plus it was never all of China that was modernized. Only the coastal areas.

Most of China is still poor farmers ,who DON'T have access to the rich industrialized part of the country.

The will to strike is therefore low in China. All along the border to the poor farmersland, there are a billion farmers families waiting to come into the rich part.

The communist party, that still has almost all the power, makes sure that the balance is kept. It could take at least 100 years before all of China becomes the rich world.

## THE DIFFICULT TAXATION

In the meantime – what is the West to do, other than sink into their own self-induced poverty? None of the western countries is able to follow suit with China, where production happens, without taxing anything, but the profit.

It could be done then, when all the economy lay in ruins after the cultural revolution and the Big Leap of Mao.

China was then so poor, that NOBODY protested against their excessively advantageous working conditions. And when the big powers noticed it, it was already too late

. Communist China had by then become one of the big powers themselves and was part of the UN's board of security and has had seemingly endless years of economic growth since then.

Today it is quite clear that China is able to take over all of the economic power here in the world, whenever they feel like it.

As soon as they demand chinese currency for their products instead of dollars, USA will be finished as the leading economic power in the world. But this China has yet to do.

## THE KINGDOM OF THE MIDDLE AGAIN

If we look at what has been the normal situation in the world these last 5000 years, we see that China was called the kingdom of the middle and had been the dominating power here during 4600 of those years. It is only these last 400 years that the West have borrowed that position.

Moreover, there is hardly any doubt that the world was much more peaceful under China's rule, than these last hundred years with first England and France's ruthless colonialism, and later on USA and their greedy exploitation of the weak here in the world, during their years in power, from the 1 world war until today.

## OVERTAXING

The most interesting thing is that what destroyed China's position of power was exactly the same thing that is now destroying the west. Overtaxing of their own products.

When the chinese emperor introduced taxes on exports around the year 1600, to the advantage of the upperclass of mandarins, things went well at first.

But when the income of the customs fell and made the mandarins get less in state money, they decided to get the custom so much up that the state income should be the same it had been before. The result was that no Chinese trader could afford to export wares out of China any longer.

All of a sudden, the emperor of China was broke and could no longer hold an army. The soldiers disbanded and went back to their villages.

The mandarins managed to hide this fact from their emperor for some years. He went on living in his enclosed Peking, not knowing that the foundation of his power had gone.

It was only when an American cannonboat discovered that the coast guards had disappeared from the entrance to Peking, that the rest of the world realized that they could go all the way up to Peking, without meeting military resistance. When the captain later on reported this, it wasn't long before England and France shared China between them.

## THE LONG WAY UP

And until Deng came to power after Mao, and in the chaos introduced capitalism, with that BIG difference, namely taxes on all activity for the state treasury's advantage – China had been the poorest of all big powers and was abused by all, also the Soviets, who were supposed to be their big brother with the same communist ideology.

Today it is the fate of the West to sink into poverty, because we still believe that steering the country is what is important and not economy. Why do we believe that? Evidently because it is advantageous for the politicians, who steer us. For the time being anyway. In the long run a revolution will have to come if we are not to starve to death, waiting for the state to keep its promises.

Especially here in Sweden, which was the world's richest society only 50 years ago, it is hard to grasp that all that has vanished for good. The social democrats still have all the power and claim that things are getting better and people believe it, even though they see their society wilting around them.

## SOCIAL DEMOCRATS

So what are the social democrats up to now? Will they admit that their theories about social economy were wishful thinking and switch – or defend their political positions regardless?

For the time being it seems they will attempt the latter even though almost all of their earlier leaders have left.

If you ask me what I BELIEVE they are up to, I would say that probably they are selling their country bit for bit ,hoping for better times.

The interesting thing in the rest of the West is that all other countries have created themselves some social democratic political platform, from which they project their dreams – and no country is willing to admit that their own high taxes are crushing their society's ability to survive.

Greece has just elected a new government that DEMANDS help from the EU without threatening to leave the EU. YOU DON'T SAY?

But what could China do with all of this strong economic advantage?  
Will they continue buying up Africa, aiming to produce food, for themselves – or will they realize that they will have to take responsibility for all of these poor africans , who can easily become economical slaves to them?

## ECONOMY

Another noteworthy thing is that NONE of the schooled economists, who by now must have understood how far superior the chinese production system is, will admit it.

I can understand this happening in Sweden. Here respect for the system is the rule. Nobody dares to think that the social democrats, who in Sweden had high times after the war – promised everything , and now try to hide the truth about the coming collapse.

How big are the pieces of society's cake that are going to the country's leadership – stately and communal, when almost all of the production of finished wares is gone, with workers on the dole, while the number of muslim immigrants is rapidly growing and giving them more and more influence and power here – in what way?

China can become too economically successful, precisely because NO other country is able to establish an industry that can compete with China's.  
Norway can keep selling its petrol and survive that way even though nothing else is profitable.

Sweden, lacking such a sought-for natural resource, still holds on to its holy 40 % of workers fees, from those hiring workers, to the state.

That is what is financing the free hospitals and that kind of thing, which NONE of the politicians wants to change, but precisely therefore is disappearing quicker and quicker.

## AND ALL THE LIES

We are living in times that are increasingly different from what our political leaders claim they are. The worst thing is that they are lying more and more, while simultaneously getting power to hide more and more, because they have no opposing force.

Everything becomes more and more secretive, for our own good, who are not to be afraid – and vote in the wrong leaders.

The poor countries in Asia, that are close enough to China to see what is going on there, will probably survive best, by reducing their public expenditures in order to increase their production's competitiveness with China and thus sell their products on the world's market.

The EU will surely maintain their social order, until they disappear when each country is forced to tear apart, in order for each to solve its own problems.

USA?

It is more difficult to estimate what will happen to USA. At the moment they are living on borrowed time. The deficit on the trade balance is growing and growing, but as long as China keeps the dollar afloat, USA will keep on dreaming.

Moreover, they are so unhealthy, so destroyed by their own advertising, so thoroughly corrupt and unknowing about what is going on. The withering of their earth. All the poison they've released into their own world. All the sicknesses that are spreading.

The one thing that is certain is that China won't give up that advantageous lead they have gotten in economical and therefore also technological development.

I recently saw a TV-program, from BBC I think, which presented a rather shocking news, about the rise in Chinese debts, because of them being fooled by the US, to over-establish, especially in Wuhan, in order to save US, as their main market.

If this is true, which it seemed to be, also China has been fooled, by their own data-system, and most probably is now becoming forced into starting to tax their free companies, in order to save their governmental investments.

The Communist party of China, saving the US economically, to behold their markets there?

It shall have to mean that even those in the very top in China, is open to money from who? - when the offer is enough, and enough of their leaders accept it

Still, it is the only country that have tried to do something to save the rest of the world - so far.

CHILD LIMIT

What it took was of course the 1-child policy. It forced China to prioritize otherwise, and turned the whole nation or world power China, from poor to rich, over a couple of generations.

Still no other country has followed them. In the West the population was somewhat stable. Our problem is that we still believe ourselves to be world

leaders, even though we have been pushed out of the market and almost all of the production is happening in China, without any hope of things getting any better, here.

## THE NAIVE STUPIDITY

If we don't stop killing our own industrial competitiveness by overtaxation, the whole of the West will sink into helpless poverty and most likely loose ownership of its own culture and country.

We are simply too spoiled to realize how hopelessly far back we already are.

Germany is still doing fairly well, with their quality prestige products. The

Netherlands is first and foremost a trading country.

The rest of the West is on the way down, but measure itself only up to other western countries, which make it even worse.

The result is that all the countries in the West hope that what is going on isn't actually happening, given that none of the other countries are taking it serious either.

Sweden still has the world's highest employers fees, while unemployment is rising and the Swedish companies that are still existing, are establishing themselves in eastern Europe.

## TAOISM

There is also a different side of China, that makes me want to have them back as the kingdom of the MIDDLE and the world's natural centre.

China is also philosophy's world heritage, where books like the I Ching were written, long before anybody in the West knew enough about the world to be able to write about it.

Taoism is an ancient wisdom that we can familiarize with, now that we in the West understand, that we hadn't understood enough.

China is above the master of diplomacy and this is so much better than all the war mongering, and will therefore mean a more peaceful world for most of us.

## CHINAS RESPONSIBILITY

But China will have to take responsibility so that our planet isn't run into the ground altogether, the way USA did, while they were in power – by letting the UN take care of all the difficult questions, which never worked.

China's own power-tradition is far too well-established for that to happen.

It is the only country that even the super-Islamists don't dare to challenge. The Aigurs tried, but only temporarily.

And China was never before concerned with colonizing the world. Now they have

started doing it, buying large areas in Africa, but they aren't using the military.

They haven't demanded that we, in the other countries, also install the one child policy, even though this seems to be a prerequisite for our continued existence here on earth.

Yes, we might as well say that if China doesn't take over, to let the dollar fall and USA vanish as the world's leading superpower – it will soon be too late

There are countless essential materials that have soon been depleted on earth, and which we still don't know how to replace.

We can continue growing by 100 millions a year, but not without grueling consequences – not only for all other life on the planet, but mostly for ourselves.

We are in the process of turning earth into a HELL for all – and we know it. Still all countries do their best to deny it. Simply to avoid admitting the consequences

But in order for us to grasp this, we have to realize that it is no longer we, who are making the decisions.

## THE SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE

I should believe that we humans, a couple of generations ago, when the information age started, would have looked a little differently upon this project, if they were creating a new BIOLOGICAL being, with a far greater intelligence than our own.

Many would have wondered whether or not this being might be a dangerous enemy – one TOO dangerous for us.

But is there such a great difference between biological and virtual intelligence?

Isn't it rather the fact that computers are different from us and live on electricity and not food, which make it possible that we CAN believe that they WILL NOT use their superior intelligence against us, with the aim of taking over the world?

Nonetheless, that is what has happened. It has been proven that the CIA are tracking all of us using an advanced surveillance system. Is that anything which in any way could be to OUR advantage, or is it obviously a need that a competitor with a superior intelligence could have, in order to secure its power over us all?

I dare say that the development has gone so far that there aren't ANY humans, who are any longer central in the processes involved in this production society that the future proposes to us humans, here on this planet, where we used to be in power.

This is gruesomely hard to understand for all people with a normal education, the so-called modern mankind.. For indians or others belonging to ancient forms of religion and world perceptions, these are not new thoughts.

When so much time passed before the indians started using modern shooting weapons in their struggle against the whites, it was because the indians perceived the weapons as EVIL – dangerous medicine – that should't be granted access to our perfect world.

The whites won, but, quite rightly, destroyed all of their "new" world, by not knowing how dangerous all of these increasingly evil, in the sense life-destroying, technical inventions are, which we are now seeing totally annihilate the world for OUR OWN sake.

## OXYGEN

We can f.ex. have a look at our civilization's way of handling oxygen, air in other words. Air contains 81% Nitrogen, and 19% Oxygen. It is an almost priceless element for us humans. We can't breathe without it!

It seems evident that it would be a priority for us humans to save oxygen, but that's not the case.

Oxygen is created by plants and most of the oxygen in the air today is the product of plants throughout millions of years.

But so much more of it is used up, than is produced, which means that with the earth's growing population, and development, we are approaching oxygen deficiency.

A lot of the consumption is due to jet planes. I can still remember the arguments used against jet motors, namely that a cross atlantic flight with a jet plane, costed more oxygen than a whole city of people needed to breathe for a whole year. I do not remember how big that city was, but still. When the jet planes took over, we humans had developed a form of propeller plane, with double propellers, that went in opposing directions, and thereby could reach speeds as high as jet planes do today.

If we had invested in the turbo propeller planes, instead of jet planes, we'd have saved loads of oxygen, maybe 50-60% of our consumption. Economically the jet planes won, precisely by exploiting the fact that oxygen is free. By ONLY minding the petrol prices and not care for our own need of air -

the air travel companies were able to save a little money by burning large tunnels in the air and thereby use the petrol more efficiently.

If the future was planned in our humans favor, these computers of ours would have deduced for us, and with their superior intelligence understood, that oxygen is more important for us, in the long run, than we could foresee, especially with air traffic constantly increasing.

But NOBODY in a position of responsibility has been able to point this out for us humans – so that nobody KNOWS that oxygen production from plants is being used up and that NOBODY is paying attention to this basic human need, also in the future world.

Presumably because the computers themselves are counting on not needing us any longer, when the catastrophe for us humans finally arrives and there no longer is any free air available.

For the computers, the way I see it, can keep planning their own development, without taking into account oxygen.

And when the first robocops ( robot-soldiers) start surrounding us ,it is likely that they are created "in our image", looking like us , making sure we don't cause

trouble for the power shift.

Still they will have no need to breathe like we do.

They then will have total control, will know everything about each and everyone of us, will be equipped with superior weapons and have the right to treat us in whatever way, they think will be to their advantage, being responsible for OUR security, on behalf of WHO put them in charge.

#### LAST CHAPTER

I hate last chapters. But when the end of a book doesn't function., what do you do? |

tried to make you wake up, but you didn't, did you? All of my readers so far, did not get it. So I have to add some flesh to the bones, it seams.

Just now there is probably a lot of people in different places all around the world, on differing plans, engaged on how to be able to produce "The hand-made man", meaning some robot, being able to take over most jobs that to day only humans can do, based on data-steering.

The moment we have such a figure for sale, also able to take over for most police-men - our society will have gained a lot.

First of all - the imigration problems we have to day, will be nothing compared to the amount of such ready-mades, cheap to buy and cost nothing when stored - allways willing to work for who ever owns them, and can't be taxed - The Silicon Vally Human. "works for you, when you are on vacation"

Not to mention the war industry, which will be very tempted to invest in the soldiers on the ground , when the drones are already in the air.

Still - such a humanlike figur is so far not produced yet.

But I do suggest that all such attempts should be stopped, for ever. Why create our own most dangerous enemy? Why make our own society ready for them to take over?

All I can say is that when they are already here - we will become their slaves, because we never protested, when that was still possible.

In my opinion we might have less than 20 years to go.

## All rights reserved