

# DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

An Honest Discussion of Politics, Religion, and all Kinds of Things we are not Supposed to Talk About.  
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## **A CONTINUED LOOK INTO THE KORAN**

**Penguin Edition, c. 1968**

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### **PART VI**

## **YOU HAD BETTER WAKE UP RIGHT NOW**

**BECAUSE WE ARE AT WAR!!!**

**Whether You Like it or Not**

Justin Trudeau must be immediately removed from the office of Prime Minister and his entire cabinet relegated to a dumpster. Opening our borders to sub human, Islamic *üntermenschen* who are now raping our children in swimming pools just as they have been doing for some years in Europe and for 1400 years everywhere they set up shop. Federal ministers have even admitted they are morons not deserving of human skin by allowing unvetted 'refugees' into Canada from countries where there is little to no paper work on the human chimp hybrids with an average IQ of 60! The national health minister thinks there is no problem with the diseases those humanoids bring with them and the immigration goof off minister moron traitor tells Canadians that ISIS and the like will not try to get in to the country within a refugee stream. Give me a fucking break! Are those ministers even awake? They are likely Archon infected Zio toads and must be citizen arrested and tried for treason. Death by hanging is still on the books, last time I looked, for treason.

Take a look at the photographs and videos of those *poor refugees*. Most are young men, dressed well, carrying expensive cell phones. Where are their women? Since in Islam those beings are less than dogs in the eyes of the men, they don't care if the women are left behind in war zones to be blown up or whatever. Since Muslim men have all been circumcised, and so have their women, they have a natural sub conscious resentment for life since so much of the joy of being human has been forcibly removed; either at birth, as in the Jewish tradition, or at whatever age the children are when it is ceremony time. The author has witnessed first hand film of the circumcision ceremony performed by one of the retarded Negro Muslim tribes. Eventually the knife became dull and yet the psychopaths continued slicing the hapless 14 year old boy. I have also witnessed first hand film of a female genital mutilation in such a primitive Negroid tribe in that Dark, Dark Continent of retarded human chimp/bonobo hybrids with Muslim mind sets. The women who were performing the operation were using bits of sharp tin can and a piece of glass. No anesthetic. When the Caliphate takes over your country, if you let it, your women will suffer clitorectomies for sure, if they are not killed for refusing to convert to Islam. Without a clitoris you watch how happy your women will become. NOT!

Muslims do not appreciate the beauty of this life. Our Art is idolatry to them. The great paintings and sculptures of the Masters has no meaning for the particularly retarded Muslim. To be fair, there are scholars who are Muslims and who do appreciate and indeed, are

supportive of our primitive attempts to recreate the world in pictures or sculpture. By 'primitive attempts' I am being facetious. Perhaps that is what is in the mind of a Muslim; that they see our Art as something of a lesser nature, rather than the physical manifestation of our Artists' attempts to achieve a sublime object worthy of admiration and something which gives us deep meaning and a better insight into the human condition. All the Muslim art appears to be repetitive decoration but not with imagery of existing creatures, especially human ones recreating scenes from history or a view of a pleasant panorama. Making an image of a living human being is considered idolatry. However, I have seen framed photo portraits of important Imams and Ayatollahs, so the restriction regarding imagery is not exactly set in stone. Regardless, I am extremely nervous about the Art Museums in Europe, especially the Louvre, at this moment, since the Muslim invasion has become a non stop riot in Paris. Half of France's army has been called out to deal with the onslaught. Alas, tourist traffic to that fabulous urban symbol of White Peoples' brilliance and imagination is no longer advisable.

Let us return to the Koran and the chapter, THUNDER, which I thought appropriate since the thunder of political errors is reverberating in the capital of Frankia. 'He, (Allah) hurls His thunderbolts at whom He pleases. Yet the unbelievers wrangle about Allah. Stern is His punishment.' p. 141. Again, note that Allah is capricious, just as the attacks by Muslim extreme psychos are capricious. They hit you here, they hit you there, you are not aware of when or where it is coming. At the bottom of the page we read, 'All who dwell in the heavens and on the earth shall prostrate themselves before Allah, some willingly and some by force; their very shadows shall bow to Him morning and evening.'

My Father in Heaven does not require enforcers to make people love Him. I love Him unconditionally and He loves me back. I do not mind being good. I like being good. It feels much better to be good than to be bad. My Dad does not force me to either like Him or to be good. Hence, I AM my own boss and contemplate My Father in Heaven when we need to have a talk. Otherwise He leaves me to my own devices to make my own mistakes and quite often we share a laugh together since I AM still so far from being perfect and am still just a child. Jesus of Nazareth did advise us to, 'be as little children,' and I have been that all my life; just still growing up. Now, at 66 I AM beginning to 'get it' and am already past the age at which my own human father died at 63. Human beings die prematurely early because of machinations by those who want us to die earlier. <<<They>>> don't want us to 'get it.' When too many of us do, it spells disaster for they who want to control the planet. There was a time when human beings lived several hundred years. Oh, I would so love to be able to look forward to another four hundred or more years in which to write more books, paint more pictures, compose more music; perhaps an opera or twelve. I AM doing my best to keep these old bones animated for as long as I can. My writing these words and exposing the Koran and the Muslim agenda may determine a shorter future, I don't know. It all depends on you, as well. I can not fight this battle by myself, and neither can, Jeff Rense, Ernst Zundel, David Irving, Harry Cooper, Mike Walsh, Jim Stone et al. All Truth Warriors trying desperately to turn back an evil tide and prevent the death of the White Race, such as my dear friends in Facebook, Karlotta Imrichova, Debra Cox, Barry Tooke, Mike Walsh and others. You know who you are. My dear friends on Facebook, just like me, are regularly banned and placed in Facebook solitary confinement. I was confined for 190 days last year. Thirty this year.

Let's move on. My object is to move through the Holy Koran in such a way that you get a fair picture of what is in there because you can not make a decision and form an opinion about this most important issue without knowing what is in the book Muslims follow. Just as

you would have little idea about Christians without reading the Bible, or about Jews without reading the Talmud, Torah, and Cabala. Once we are done with a look at the Koran, you can look forward to my review of the quintessential biography of the prophet; The Life of Mohammed by Ibn Ishaq a hard cover Folio Society copy of which I am fortunate to have in my library. I will stay on this topic regarding Islam and Judaism for as long as it takes. So we will jump a few pages to 143 of the Penguin Koran.

‘Allah gives abundantly to whom He will and sparingly to whom He pleases.’ ‘Allah leaves in error whom He will and guides those who repent and have faith; whose hearts find comfort in the remembrance of Allah. Surely in the remembrance of Allah all hearts are comforted. Blessed are those who have faith and do good works; blissful their end.’ ...

‘Other apostles were mocked before you: but though I bore long with the unbelievers, My scourge at length overtook them. And how terrible was My scourge!’ ... ‘None can guide those whom Allah has led astray. They shall be punished in this life; more painful is the punishment of the life to come. None shall protect them from Allah.’ followed immediately by this verse: ‘This is the Paradise which the righteous have been promised; it is watered by running streams; eternal are its fruits, and eternal are its shades. Such is the reward of the righteous. But the reward of the unbelievers is the fire of Hell.’ p.144.

Note how Allah toys with human beings? He enjoys creating paranoia, fear, and hope for some sort of fabulous after life in gardens with flowing waters, wine, honey, boys, girls, greenery and so far, no mention of adult women. By the time girls become women, they must be highly annoying for Mohammed and Allah. He doesn't seem too well inclined towards them, either. What a bummer for a human spirit to be born into a female Muslim body in a hellish place like Saudi Arabia, for example. No clitoris. No joy. Covered up from head to foot in 40 plus degree weather, (90 plus F) whilst the men get to loll about all dressed in white with towels on their heads and smoking cigars or driving about in a gold plated luxury mobile. And to think that S.A was admitted to the Human Rights Commission at the Jew Nighted Nations. Everything is upside down now in our justified world run by sociopaths, psychopaths, morons, cretins, martinets, monsters, Satanists, pedophiles and aliens. Remember the Nobel committee gave a street N fraud posing as an American president with a Peace Prize and there was even talk of giving that Obamarama Ding Dong a second such prize. Well, of course I already knew the medal was worthless the moment such a thing was awarded to Henry Kissinger, who really should be killed slowly, right away before he dies in his sleep and avoids feeling our displeasure.

Killing slowly is something the Muslims seem to be into. Jews, also. The ISIS, (Israeli Security Intelligence Service) psychos will cut off a head with a dull kitchen knife. If you have not seen pictures of how those monsters do things to a living human being, take a look sometime, if you can stomach it, how Chris Stevens was tortured to death, or Col. Gaddafi, may they Rest In Peace. Why is Hillary Clinton not in jail yet?

Today, as I am writing this, a video was posted on my time line on Facebook of a young, very attractive White girl tearing up a Koran and urinating on it after which she set the book on fire. All the while she is looking straight into the camera. She has gone into hiding. I pray she will not be found by Muslims. What they would do to her would be so barbaric, so especially insane and horrible, it numbs the mind to consider it. I am well versed in the history of torture and executions, having read three tomes on the inquisition, a couple regarding histories of the popes, and a history of executions world wide. You may have an inkling about that stuff, but, unless you read eye witness accounts, you have no idea to what

depths of depravity humanoid creatures can sink to. Many of those humanoids, as we are learning, are likely not human beings at all but some sort of shape shifting alien reptoids. That cold blooded, reptilian way of being appears to be how some of our invading Muslims behave. Totally unempathetic, reptilian murder sprees seems to be the modus operandi we are seeing and to suggest those are human beings effecting the 'Scourge of Allah' upon White People are deluded. They are not human beings in the same way that you and I are. Neither are Jews. It is by looking at a creature's behaviour how you determine its character. Jews lie, cheat, steal, and kill indiscriminately as they are admonished to do in the Talmud. So do Muslims behave the same way. They cheat our welfare systems. They lie about their age and pretend to be elementary students. As for stealing, how are the Muslim invaders feeding themselves? Here they are already lined up in our food bank. Just covering a person up head to foot is a lie. I AM quite sick of it. How about you?

Let's jump ahead to page 145 in the chapter titled: *Smoke*. Just in case you did not hear this before, Allah says, 'Wait for the day when the sky will pour down blinding smoke, enveloping all men: a dreadful scourge. Then they will say: "Lord, lift up this scourge from us. We are now believers."' But how will their new faith help them, when an undoubted prophet had come to them and they denied him, saying: "A madman, taught by others!"

'Yet if We slightly relieve their affliction they will return to unbelief. But on that day we will inflict on them the sternest punishment and avenge Ourselves.'

Jumping ahead to page 146 I am going to type three consecutive verses for you. I picked them, as I have carefully handpicked underlined and annotated passages I assembled as I read the book. For those of you still not sure about this, a book is just a book; it is not a sacred object. Books have margins for a reason. It is to write your observations in. The only way to get anything out of a book is to underline and circle things. Number consecutive observations. Cross reference things. That way, if you ever need to get something from that book, you will find what you need. Now that I am essentially doing a second read through of the Penguin Koran, I am discovering ever more references to the scourge and unbelievers than I had not caught in the first read. This is so much like editing one of my manuscripts. Generally I work through five to seven drafts before publishing. In the case of, *A Pirate's Tale*, it went through nine drafts, just as Tolstoy worked through nine drafts for his tome, *War and Peace*. I read each issue of DtRH many, many times to make sure it is as perfect as I can make it for you. If ever you find that I have missed something or made a mistake, please email me and let me know. I AM not perfect like My Father in Heaven. I AM striving to be perfect but, being only human, it is still an uphill meandering path. Sometimes there are rocky boulders and poisonous plants along the way and other times there are glorious vistas, pleasant aromas, and fabulously delicious food to eat whilst we wash it down with an excellent Pinot Noir or perhaps a lovely Spanish blend fresh from the casks of a wine shop in Barcelona. If you have not done that yet, it might still be safe to go to Barcelona, although Spain is having its share of Muslim Mayhem. Anyway, here are the verses:

'The fruit of the Zaqqum tree shall be the sinner's food. (Remember that tree? cf: DtRH #12) Like dregs of oil, like scalding water, it shall simmer in his belly. A voice will cry: "Seize him and drag him into the depth of Hell. Then pour out boiling water over his head saying: "Taste this, illustrious and honorable man! This is the punishment which you doubted."' Muslims just love pouring boiling water down people's throats and on their heads. Boiling water is quite scourging, wouldn't you agree?

'As for the righteous, they shall dwell in peace together amidst gardens and fountains, arrayed in rich silks and fine brocade. (Allah the haberdasher) Yes, and We shall wed them to dark-eyed houris. Secure against all ills, they shall call for every kind of fruit; and, having died once, they shall die no more. Your Lord will through His mercy shield them from the scourge of Hell. That will be the supreme triumph.'

'We have revealed this to you in your own tongue so that they may take heed. Wait, then, as they themselves are waiting.' The tongue is, Arabic. Hence, the Koran is not meant for non Arabic speaking people, so why do they want to apply it to everyone? Oh, perhaps it is that you can not say No to learning Arabic because you will have to convert to Islam if you want to continue living and they will have you study the Holy Koran in Arabic; which in its written form is really strange and alien but yet, very beautiful. Islamic scribes take great pride in their calligraphy; just as a Japanese scribe will study his art for many, many years before he can call himself a Master. Of course, to my way of thinking, even me, with my many years of research and development in Fine Arts as a: painter, potter, sculptor, composer, and author, I do not say I AM a master. My older Brother and Sovereign said to call no one Master. I agree with him. Mastery takes an eternity to achieve. If you consider yourself a Master, you tend to think of yourself as fully evolved when that is not the Truth. I intend to live for ever and if I was a Master than there would be no more to strive for. Every time I paint a new picture, for example, I learn something new. A new combination of pigments, some interesting brush work, whatever. Maybe it's hearing something in one of my symphonies that could use a tweak. Anyway, I digressed. Let's return to that amazingly depressing book, The Koran by Allah and Mohammed. Not sure about their last names. Oh, yeah, like other celebrities, they only need to go by their first name, just as Cher, Madonna, and Mister T.

At the bottom of page 146 the chapter, *Ornaments of Gold* begins: 'In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful. Ha mim. (?\*) By the Glorious Book! We have revealed the Koran in the Arabic tongue that you may grasp its meaning. It is a transcript of Our eternal book, sublime, and full of wisdom. Should We ignore you because you are a sinful nation? Many a prophet did We send forth to the ancients: but they scoffed at each prophet that arose amongst them. We utterly destroyed them, though they were mightier than these.'

I have quoted the beginnings of chapters before. Many chapters have these odd cryptic words to begin the thing. Words such as, Ha mim, or Alif lam mim ra, or Ta sin mim. Mister Dawood, the translator in the foreword to the Penguin Koran states that he has no idea what those cryptic words mean. Perhaps they are some sort of incantation. Words are not always about overt meaning. Some words are composed for the vibration the combination of letters achieves. Think of the word, AUM, for example. Just repeat that sound for a while, letting each letter sound its resonance and letting the M linger. That vibration is very relaxing and is used by eastern meditation practitioners. It is because of the resonance of certain words they are not just the name of some object, but the vibration also brings with it an emotional reaction; perhaps of fear, anger, or peace and harmony. Love is a word that has a good vibe, if you will. The word, Fuck, if expressed in a certain malevolent way can give an old grandmother a heart attack. So, be careful with the words you use. Words do hurt, even more than sticks and stones. I find lots of words in the Koran very hurtful and mean. In fact there is a lot of overt racism, (the bad kind, not the defensive racism kind that I practice. The word itself is a Jewish construct, as you know and really makes little sense in the way most people apply it.) Islam is a very hateful ideology and poses a serious threat to humanity. It must be stopped from spreading with extreme prejudice. For everything

there is a season. The season of the witch. The season for treason. The season for slaughter and the season of peace. That is how it is on an imperfect planet such as this one. According to the Urantia Book, this planet is somewhat odd in that good and evil exists side by side. On most inhabited planets it is either that the sentient beings are totally good or totally evil. The mixture, such as we see on Earth is not so common. Hence, the idea of a Klingon planet is not far fetched but in fact a reflection of the Truth regarding the inhabitants of the Grand Universe.

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Since this is the weekend edition, it is important, I think, that we end this diatribe with some humour. The Koran is a pretty depressing read and not humorous, at all. In fact, I have yet to discover a sense of humour in a Muslim. They seem to be fairly stern; the men for the most part, and most of the women. I have come upon some friendly Muslim women, such as the girl with her shawl who works in a local shoe store. She would not shake my hand, though. I made no comment. What good would that have done, really? She's just a girl; a teen ager. She was very pleasant, but of course she was, Koranized.

Anyway, here are some jokes, in my own words.

A longevity researcher in Colombia was studying porpoises and discovered a formula consisting of crushed up baby sea gulls in various solutions which had an awesome effect in prolonging the lives of the sea mammals. Many lived well beyond normal life span for a porpoise. His laboratory sat along the sea coast. The rookery for the seagulls sat a couple of miles north along a winding road. One day, a lion from the state zoo in Bogota escaped and found his way to the coast. It was a hot day and the lion decided to lie down and sleep on the road where the shade of a large tree gave him some respite from the heat. As he thusly lay in the shadow the research scientist happened to be driving down the road with a load of baby seagulls in his truck. He never saw the lion and drove over the beast, killing him instantly. The unfortunate scientist was arrested and immediately charged with a heinous felony: Transporting baby sea gulls across a state lion for immortal porpoises. His trial comes up next week.

In the middle of the Dark Continent, in a land called, Ooga Booga, a dark as coal chief of the local tribe decided to send his only son to Oxford for an education. Over time, the eager scholar learned all kinds of important things. One of the things he learned about was the connection between thrones and kings. The boy figured that, since his dad was a king, or sorts, he should have a proper throne instead of the mat he presently used to sit on in his grass palace. On a lovely day in spring, the Ooga Boogian scholar discovered a beautiful used throne for sale in an antique shop near Trafalgar Square in London. He bought the thing and had it shipped home where his dad received it happily, replacing his mat immediately and assuming a regal position in the royal chair. However, as time passed, the old man realized that he did not like sitting on the marvelous throne, preferring his worn old mat. So, the old chief had the throne hoisted up into the open attic of his palatial grass hut, where it hung from a rope and pulley system, tied off on a cleat attached to the hut's center post. A few months went by. On a lovely day in summer, the chief received a letter from his son advising him that the scholar would be home for the holidays. The old man thought about his son coming and realized that the boy would like to see his dad sitting on the throne, so, the old man decided to let the chair down from the attic. As he released the rope from the cleat, it slipped through his fingers causing the throne to come crashing down on his head, killing the old man instantly. The moral of this story is: People who live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones. :) You may groan. Until Monday then....