

# **A Sui-criticus**

by  
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## **Preface**

I have caused the death of a few million humans. Also, I had stolen the future of tens of millions of Iranians who either were children when I and others started the Revolution in Iran in 1978 or were born later.

I didn't want to harm anyone, but did it in practice. I participated in the Revolution with goodwill, or in other words, I committed homicide with good intentions because I was an unwise man and, without knowledge about politics, engaged in it.

Politics is an extraordinarily severe task. The entrance to politics without Wisdom is much more dangerous than giving the control of an airliner on the fly, with a few hundred passengers, to the hands of a man who has no knowledge about a pilot's job and lets him lead and land the airliner. That incompetent pilot can put his life and the lives of a few hundred passengers in danger. But an Anti-wise politician like Adolf Hitler or an unwise politician like George Walker Bush can cause the death of millions.

Anyway, I was involved in politics. I wasn't alone. We were millions. In 1978, when the Revolution started, I was 21 years old, but many were older than me with more experience. But neither the presence of the millions in Revolution nor my youthfulness can justify my crime against humanity. Again, I am a part of the repetition of another crime against humanity, this time on a larger scale.

Like last time, I am not alone; you, he, she and they are with me. We are stealing the future of millions who are children or will be born in the hereafter. Hundreds of millions would die because of climate change, loss of biodiversity and land degradation as the triple-cataclysm we are creating.

Criticising in both forms of sui-criticus and alius-criticus is painful. In sui-criticus, a man like me criticises himself, and in alius-criticus, a man accepts criticism from others. Self-criticism in psychology is typically studied and discussed as a negative personality trait. For that reason, I have coined "sui-criticus" because one criticises himself and brings the problem from his unconscious to the conscious mind to deal with it as I did.

By "sui-criticus", a person tries to find the reasons for a disastrous event. Then, by learning from his mistakes, the man endeavours to avoid repeating the same mistakes.

Many of my friends who participated in the Revolution blamed others for the catastrophic consequences of the Revolution.

By using "blaming", they satisfy themselves temporarily, but in their unconscious, they know their unwisdomness caused that disaster. They don't dare to bring the subject to their consciousness and deal with it via "sui-criticus". That has caused them to suffer from different mental problems.

Let me take you with me to what happened in 1978-1979. Then, in the epilogue, we will continue this subject.

## **The beginning**

When the protest against the king of Iran(the Shah)started in 1978, I was a 21-year energetic student. Like millions of other Iranians, I participated in any demonstration against the Shah.

Before the eruption of the demonstrations, when everything seemed calm, I was arrested twice by Savak(the secret police of the Shah).

Then, I knew state suppression very well, as many other Iranians did.

I and many others didn't believe in Islam as an ideology. I wasn't even Muslim.

We wanted freedom, justice, and democracy that the Shah deprived us of —as I believed then.

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Twenty-five years before starting those demonstrations, we had democracy. Our democratic government led by Prime Minister Mohammad Mosaddegh (1882–1967) was overthrown in a coup d'état. That coup was orchestrated by the United States Central Intelligence Agency and the United Kingdom's Secret Intelligence Service in 1953.

The U.S.A. and U.K., two superpowers, gave the right to themselves to interfere with the democratic process in Iran because of the oil that Mohammad Mosaddegh nationalised.

The U.S.A. and U.K. returned the escaped Shah from Italy to Iran to keep a rein on the political situation in their favour.

In the days after the coup, on August 19th, 1953, the arresting and jailing of political activists and journalists started. Mohammad Mosaddegh himself was among the arrested people. They tried Mosaddegh in the court-martial and sentenced him to three years.

Mosaddegh was imprisoned for three years. Then, the Shah put him under house arrest until his death.

Mosaddegh was buried in his own home to prevent a political uproar that could occur if his dead body were buried in a public cemetery.

Many Iranians have regarded Mosaddegh as the leading champion of secular democracy and resistance to foreign domination in Iran's modern history.

After the coup, the suppression of human rights continued until 1979. Savak, as the iron fist of the Shah, expanded its control upon society. Not only independent political parties were forbidden, but also, even reading prohibited books was a crime.

If Savak found a reader of the illicit books, they would be imprisoned for reading the banned books.

Censorship was a real obstacle for writers, journalists, poets, and artists.

After the coup, Iran had a parliament with a few political parties. But they were the puppet in the hands of the Shah. In most years after the coup until 1975, two "Shah-made political parties" played their role as minority and majority in the parliament. However, there were no fundamental differences between the parties' programs and actions. The difference between those parties —as people said those days— was the difference between Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola. Like those beverages, they had the same colour and more or less the same taste.

In 1975, the Shah felt so powerful he took the democratic mask from his regime's face and proclaimed one political party was enough for Iran.

With his decision, the two-party system changed to the mono-party system. He not only established a political party and called it "Rastakhiz" —which in Persian means "Resurrection"— but also imposed its membership upon all Iranians.

That compulsion was bizarre because even in Communist countries, membership in the Communist Party wasn't mandatory. The Shah said all Iranians should join "Rastakhiz," if somebody did not do so, take his passport and leave the country.

## **Double Standard**

Since 1953, the Shah, on the one hand, suppressed the secular democrats and banded their presence in the political atmosphere of Iran. And simultaneously, on the other hand, it helped the Islamic ideology.

That duality meant the secular democrats could not exercise democratic manners and develop democratic values in the society of Iran, but Islamists could form a public opinion without competitors.

The Shah, the U.S.A., and the U.K. believed that by empowering Islam, they could stop Communism and reduce the influence of the Soviet Union in Iran. According to this doctrine, the Shah, despite his father, who cut Islamists' role in society, helped them in many ways and supported the clergymen.

The Shah made Islamic instructions a mandatory subject in secular schools. School students should learn Islamic guidelines.

The Shah and his government encouraged the mosques building culture. You could find mosques everywhere in Iran, from out-of-the-way villages to Tehran, the capital of Iran.

The majority of Iranians are Shiite Muslims. Shiah is a branch of Islam with an organisation that is more or less like the Catholic Church.

There are one or few Grand Ayatollahs at the organisation's top and many clergymen with different titles and importance under the Grand Ayatollah(s) position.

The clergy members presented the Grand Ayatollah(s) everywhere in Iran.

From Tehran, the county's capital, to every far-flung village, any mosque was the Shiite organisation's office.

However, the Shah helped Shiite clergymen. They received money and services without a faithful commitment to the king and his regime.

Shiism became a political party with more than a hundred thousand clergy members as trained cadres and thousands of mosques as that party's offices. They had the audience because ordinary people needed and were in touch with the clergymen for ceremonies like marriage and funerals.

The Grand Ayatollahs had a lot of money, and their supporters were ready to supply them with more if necessary.

## **During the Revolution**

When protests started, religious and secular Iranians participated in demonstrations, but with a big difference.

As I called it, the "Mosque Party" knew what it wanted and had an organisation to achieve its goal. But we seculars suffered from almost everything. We had no common platform, no suitable organisations, and not enough audience.

Despite so many weaknesses, we seculars had a common cause. We were tired of the extant situation and wanted to change it without knowing

the difference between "Constructive Change" and "Destructive Change". In other words, we were Unwise.

We wanted to overthrow the Shah but did not think about what would happen afterwards.

Without knowing their meanings and relationships, we wanted freedom, justice, and law.

After four decades, I see how stupid I was in retrospect. I was full of passion with no common sense. I was so scared of reasonable questions that I did not let them form in my mind correctly.

In those days, most people and I had no definition for Wise Concepts like "Right, Justice, Law, and Freedom".

Now, many years after those days, I see the same indifference and ignorance of these concepts among people who call themselves politicians.

When I ask such people about the meaning of "Wise Concepts", I see a combination of surprise, indifference, disgust, and fear in them.

I have tried to ask different men and women from diverse countries. More or less, they show the same reaction.

The escape from reasonable questions about wise concepts seems part of humans' common characteristics worldwide and emanates from our common unwisdomness.

In the days of the Revolution, I didn't know billions of other humans were suffering from the same weakness as I did. In those days, I had no notion about the malfunction of Homeostasis in humans. I had a flaw in my mind without knowing it. Two-thirds of my Homeostasis didn't work appropriately, and I didn't realise it.

If I had enough courage to let reasonable questions come up and compelled myself to answer them, I would have no bad feelings about that time now. But I suppressed the questions, remained ignorant and let the Islamic regime replace the Shah.

The Islamists were aggressive. Even before the Revolution's victory, they attacked secular and leftist demonstrators. But we didn't consider those events a severe problem that would destroy our dreams of democracy.

The signs of the imminent suppression were conspicuous, but I, like an ostrich with its head in the sand, didn't want to see the realities. More or less, the other seculars suffered from ostrich-like behaviour or the ostrich

effect, which is a cognitive bias.

## **The Revolution Won**

On February 11th, 1979, the Revolution won, and Grand Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini (1902–1989), a leader of Islamists, as a new but brutal dictator, replaced the Shah, a soft autocrat.

The Shah was an autocrat. He was sensitive about his throne and wanted to keep it without sharing political power with the people of Iran.

The Shah suppressed independent political activities but simultaneously was not against civil rights.

Any citizen of Iran was free to choose what they wanted to eat, drink, or wear. You could believe in a religion or not.

The Shah wanted the active presence of women in society. Then we had the freedom to our private lives, and nobody disturbed us unless we started to be engaged in politics and criticised his regime.

But Khomeini was a brutal dictator. He did not tolerate criticism and wanted people to follow Islam's instructions.

Private life and individual freedoms had no meaning in his mindset. Everybody should eat, drink, wear, and even have sexual activities according to those instructions.

## **After the Revolution**

The first victims of the new regime were women. Khomeini, on March 7th, 1979, less than one month after the Revolution's victory, imposed a compulsory Hijab on women. As you know, the "Hijab" is a veil worn by Muslim women which usually covers the head and chest.

The day after imposing the "Hijab" on women, on March 8th, the women protested in the streets against Khomeini's decision on International Women's Day. But they were cracked down.

Some of us —secular Iranians— protested beside women, workers, and minority groups, but it made Islamists and their leader, Khomeini, more aggressive. They had no tolerance for protests and increased their suppression.

On August 7th, 1979, Islamists attacked "*Ayandegan*" —an independent newspaper in Tehran. They arrested eleven journalists and shut down that newspaper.

Five days later, on Sunday, August 12th, we freedom seekers managed a protest demonstration. The reason was apparent. We believed we could not accept the attack on the freedoms the Universal Declaration of Human Rights asserted.

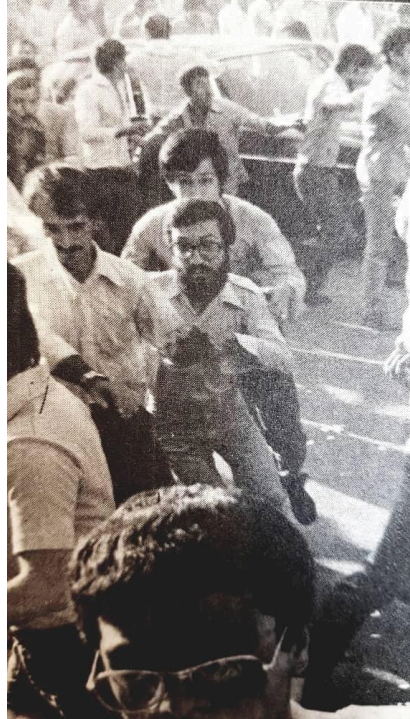
We were many and protested peacefully. But Islamists didn't allow us to stay on the streets calmly. I was near the main door of Tehran University. Suddenly, a Dump Truck appeared on the road and stopped about a hundred meters from where I stayed. Then, the truck unloaded rocks in the middle of the street. The angry Islamists rushed toward stones, took them, and started throwing them toward us. Islamists planned everything. They didn't want to let us protest against the violation of human rights.

On that day, the first victim of their attack was a man dressed in Kurdish clothes. A rock hit to the man's head. He fell on the street unconsciously.

Now, we were under a barrage of rocks. That was the first time the Islamists so vastly attacked us after changing the regime. That day was named "Bloody Sunday."

I run very fast to other streets to warn my friends. The photojournalist Reza Deghati, who worked for Soroush Magazin, took many pictures of that day. In one of them, he registered that moment I was running.





**The man with the beard is me**

On the "Bloody Sunday", I was not wounded, but in another demonstration for freedom two years later, my head was broken by Islamists' rocks.

We non-Islamists were many. But we had no common platform. Thus, we suffered from sufficient cooperation to stop the Islamists with a coherent organisation and Ruhollah Khomeini as a charismatic leader. Also, the Islamists had governmental facilities and no hesitation in misusing them against everybody who didn't want to surrender to their ideology.

Most non-Islamists organised themselves in many political parties with different platforms. Some accepted Khomeini's leadership, but most took their distance or started to resist him. This group claimed Khomeini stole the Revolution and blamed him as a cheater.

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When protests against the Shah erupted in 1978, Khomeini was in Iraq, where it was his exile, but he went to France in the same year and, from Paris, led the Revolution.

When Khomeini was in Paris, the journalists rushed to his residence in a suburb of Paris, interviewed him, and broadcast them worldwide. During a few months, Khomeini played the role of a prophet of peace and freedom who wanted to rescue Iranians from the dictatorship of the Shah. In 1978, Khomeini was 76 years old. Many Iranians and Western intellectuals accepted him as the new Mahatma Gandhi.

Who could believe an older man, especially a high-rank clergyman, lied and cheated his audience?

## **Who Was Guilty?**

Of course, Khomeini fooled us. But was only his wrong, and were we innocent?

I believed if we were wise, Khomeini couldn't cheat us. The lack of Wisdom caused us to fall into Khomeini's trap.

I am afraid to say none of my friends didn't want to put a question mark on his manner and revise his own mindset.

I was under pressure from friends to join their political parties. I couldn't join any of those extant political parties because I was so confused about being able to make a decision. But I was assured that what the Islamists were doing was wrong. According to this belief, I participated in the protests and the demonstrations against the Islamists —no matter which secular party called to protest.

Never in my entire life have I experienced so much pressure that I took at that time from my friends.

The defeat of the Revolution itself was painful. My self-criticism made that defeat more painful, but it seemed those were not enough, and the pressure from my friends should have been added to make the situation

unbearable.

I was a defeated, confused, and lonely man. But I felt that I deserved that painful situation because I unintentionally helped the Islamists and their leader to take governmental power and let them establish their brutal regime.

## **Trial by Conscience**

In the court of my mind, my conscience was divided into three parts. The first part played as a prosecuting attorney who wanted to condemn me. The second part defended me against all charges. At last, the third part became a judge who should decide about the subject.

Many reasons could help me to claim myself "not guilty":

**1.** I was not alone. Millions of other Iranians were in the streets of many cities in Iran and protested against the Shah. The majority of them believed in Islam and desired the leadership of Khomeini. But I didn't want it.

**2.** I didn't launch the Revolution train; with or without me, the Revolution went on its rail. One person less didn't stop that journey.

**3.** Staying at home and not participating in the Revolution meant the Shah's regime remained in power for more years. I was forced to choose between two evils: the Shah and the Revolution for an unknown future. The Shah, who, with the help of the USA and the UK through the coup in 1953, humiliated us.

For 25 years after that coup, the Shah proved his intolerance. He jailed even the softest liberal democrats who dared only to mention the existing failures in his system. He was blind to see flaws and deaf to hear our discontents. The Shah disappointed and outraged us. I have no regret for the uprising against that system. I regret my attempts caused another evil to replace the first one.

**4.** I was very young. When the Revolution was over, I was just a 22-year-old student with insufficient experience. Many professors who were much older than me and had adequate knowledge made the same mistake.

Within my conscience, the prosecuting attorney rejected my defences this way:

**About points one and two:**

If we listened to any of those millions, they could individually claim the same as you did. If millions of individuals didn't participate personally in demonstrations, the Revolution couldn't occur.

**About point three:**

You confessed the Shah managed the political situation in Iran in a way that forced you and others to protest against his regime as evil. But Wisdom requests that the uprising against one evil shall not cause the appearance of another evil.

The lack of Wisdom caused you and most people who participated in the Revolution to fall into Islamists' trap.

You have done a crime against yourself and the next innocent generations.

**About point four:**

At 21 or 22, a man can think and must take responsibility for his behaviour. The mistakes of the professors cannot justify your wrongdoing.

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After lengthy discussions between my three ingredients of conscience, the third party or the judge found me guilty and sentenced me to search for Wisdom. Judge Said:

You participate in the Revolution in good faith and intention without thinking about the consequences of your actions. You were unwise; your unwisdom has caused many troubles for others and will cause more problems for people in the future.

However, you take distance from the Islamic regime from the beginning, but it was too late because they gained power and established their brutal system.

Whereas you participated in the Revolution that led to this brutal Islamic regime, you were implicated unintentionally in any crime the administration commits now, and it will do in the future.

You shall bear your guilt as a criminal bore the cross on his shoulders in the Roman Empire. You must take your cross and go toward Wisdom. No matter if it takes time.

So, I took my cross on my shoulders in the Summer of 1979. Still, I am bearing it.

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My friends and even my family members joined different political parties and started to have endless political debates with each other. They unwisely blamed each other for various ugly political labels. They presumed each other as enemies and didn't consider that all of them would be suppressed by Islamists sooner or later.

A few weeks after overcoming the Revolution, Grand Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini attacked the political parties that didn't accept his leadership. When Khomeini finished with them, he went toward the others who took Khomeini's leadership and served him, but they didn't believe in Islam and Shiism.

The last political party that Khomeini suppressed was the "Tudeh Party of Iran". An Iranian communist party was formed in 1941. "Tudeh Party of Iran" served the Islamists honestly before and after the Revolution. Still, in 1981, four years after overcoming the Revolution, the leaders of the Tudeh Party tasted the suppression the other political parties bore before them.

Before Khomeini started suppressing the "Tudeh Party", its leaders and members either confirmed the crackdown of other political parties or remained indifferent.

During the 1930s, German political activists had more or less the same experience.

Martin Niemöller (1892–1984) was a German theologian and Lutheran pastor. He is best known for his opposition to the Nazi regime during the 1930s. Probably no one could depict such indifference among the people of Nazi Germany much better than Martin Niemöller. He said:

*When the Nazis came for the communists,  
I remained silent;  
I was not a communist.*

*When they locked up the social democrats,  
I remained silent;  
I was not a social democrat.*

*When they came for the trade unionists,  
I did not speak out;  
I was not a trade unionist.*

*When they came for the Jews,  
I remained silent;  
I wasn't a Jew.*

*When they came for me,  
There was no one left to speak out*

There is something strange in humans. We don't learn from history and repeat the same mistakes frequently because we are Unwise. Our Unwisdomness derives from the malfunction of two-thirds of our Homeostasis.

If the "Tudeh Party" members and leaders could understand what Martin Niemöller taught us, they should know the result of indifference to violating other rights, which, at last, would lead to abusing their rights.

The Islamic regime arrested non-Islamists—who once were enemies of each other—and jailed them side-by-side.

Some of them received the death penalty from the regime's fake courts.

The rest of them were sentenced to different years of imprisonment. But after the ending of the Iran-Iraq war in 1988, a few thousand of them were massacred by direct order of the Grand Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, the supreme leader of the Islamic Republic of Iran.

The rest of the members of political parties who were not arrested, or they could escape from pursuers, hid, and most of them left Iran and took refuge in other countries.

With time, most of the refugees lost their motivation to continue the activities once they were proud of them. In my opinion, these reasons have caused indifference among most refugees:

- 1.** The mistake of political party leaders in understanding Iran's political situation and showing suitable reactions. Their disability emanated from the lack of Wisdom among them.
- 2.** The beliefs of members of those parties in Ideologies like Communism and Socialism, which, by the fall of the Soviet Union, were shaken and later crumbled.
- 3.** The defeat of the Revolution and suppression after it shocked the members of most political parties. The lack of hope for returning home caused disappointment.

Our generation that participated in the Revolution was the young one. Most of us were single boys and girls. During and after the Revolution, we found our following life partners among the political parties that we had sympathy for them or were active in them. Marriage between friends was widespread after the overcoming of the Revolution.

With the defeat of political parties, the active young partners became passive and frustrated. Now, they had more time to criticise each other. The conflicts led them to divorce.

The exile per se is painful for humans, especially when a man has no target to justify the expulsion.

The most secular Iranians I know are not happy. Some seculars are depressed and have different mental problems. They only live and are alive.

My secular friends bear their cross on their shoulders but without knowing the destination where they can put the cross down.

They blame Ruhollah Khomeini, the supreme leader of the Islamists, as a traitor who stole the Revolution, but in their unconscious, they feel guilty as I do. That guilt, like an arrow, pierced our psyche and remained there. The difference between them and me was dealing with that arrow.

I had enough courage to pull the arrow from my unconscious and studied it to know: Why and how did that arrow pierce me?

My friends didn't want to touch the arrow and pull it out from their unconscious because doing such a thing was excruciating. Instead, they preferred to cover the arrowhead penetrated in their psyche and let it remain untouched there.

When I pulled the arrow from my unconscious, I bore colossal pain and received a deep wound in my psyche, but it healed with time. However, like other bad sores, I feel it's still cicatrix. I know the scar will remain with me as long as I am alive. But that sore in my friends' unconscious is fresh and bleeds, and it would remain so until they pull that arrow from their psyche with sui-criticus.

I am sorry for them, and I hope, someday, not only my friends' wounds but also the other humans' will heal by Wisdom.

The question is: Who is guilty of what happened in Iran, and who is responsible for many human rights violations worldwide?

The answer is everybody and simultaneously nobody!

Our situation is very complicated. We live in a vicious circle. Each of us is born innocent but unwise. The adults who should teach us Wisdom were deprived of it. Thus, you and I became the victims of our parents, and soon, we will do the same thing with our children.

Myriad generations have been so and will remain so unless Wisdom cures the flaw of our homeostasis.



## **My Fear of the Questions**

Before and during the Revolution, I suffered from the "Fear of Questioning". Only the consequences of the Revolution shook me, and my guilty conscience forced me to gather all my courage and pull the arrowhead from my unconscious.

From the view of an outside observer, I was brave because I was not scared of dictators' police and soldiers. For instance, in the last months of 1978, before the victory of the Revolution, we launched sparse demonstrations every day in the streets of Tehran to wear down police and soldiers. We were numerous, but they were not many. We attempted to make them tired and forced them to stay on the streets, draining their energy.

Those days, people went out and rambled on the streets of cities and waited for somebody to start a demonstration, and they joined it.

My younger brother, one of his friends and I worked as a group that launched demonstrations. There were many groups like us in Tehran. It was enough for you to start to shout a slogan against the regime of the Shah; after a few minutes, many followed you. It was like you sparkle in a barn full of dry hay in a hot Summer. The fire was guaranteed.

One day in the autumn of 1978, we ignited a demonstration in the "Shah-street" (King-street). As usual, the three of us started to shout a slogan against the regime and repeat it. After a few minutes, we became many.

We three were in the first line, and the people behind us repeated our slogans.

In those days, most citizens were against the regime, and everybody helped demonstrators in different ways when a protest march started.

The motorcycle riders were watchful if a group of the military force approached demonstrators at high speed, reached demonstrations and warned them. The motorcycle riders' warnings allowed demonstrators to be dispersed to sidewalks of streets and stroll silently as ordinary pedestrians. Otherwise, if the soldiers surprisingly attacked the demonstrators, people opened their houses' doors and let them hide there.

On that day, when we reached somewhere in King-street a few military trucks appeared suddenly in front of us, and the soldiers with gas masks on their faces came down from the vehicles. They lined the street 20 to 25 meters in front of us. Each soldier put one knee on the street's surface and his rifle on his shoulder, ready for firing.

Everything happened very fast. The military trucks were ambushed on one minor street, and when they heard our slogans on the main street, they appeared very fast and surprised us. I shouted, "*farar konid!*" the means in Persian escape!

In a few seconds, everybody turned back. In the demonstrators ' first line, my brother, his friend and I became the last row of escapees. I hated to push others who followed me in the demonstration for my life or get shot in my back. In one second, I decided to turn back again and go toward the soldiers. Let them shoot in my chest instead of my back as a coward, I said to myself.

I strolled silently toward the soldiers who, with gas masks on their faces, were more like aliens in a science fiction movie. They showed no reactions. It seemed they and their commander officer were surprised. Without watching to my left or right side, I felt the gaze of people from the sidewalks of King Street. If a photojournalist had presented there, he could have taken a good picture of that scene. I reached the soldiers and passed through them with no problem. That day, we had no casualties because the soldiers didn't open fire on us.

What do you think about my actions on that day? Was I brave?

I was simultaneously brave and cowardly. I had enough courage to go with empty hands toward armed soldiers face to face, but I couldn't do the same thing with the "Questions."

I escaped cowardly from reasonable questions. I didn't allow such questions to emerge in my mind. I suppressed any logical queries and tried to eliminate them.

I suffered from the "Fear of Questioning". Of course, in those days, I didn't know that fact. Now, in retrospect, I name it so.

During the Revolution, I grasped my character as a brave, educated young man who fought for "Right, Justice, and Law". I wanted to change the world. But I had neither a definition of "Right, Justice, and Law" nor a

notion about the mechanism of change because I needed Wisdom to understand these topics. At that time, I was an unwise man.

Without a definition of "Right, Justice, and Law," man cannot understand the dual mechanism of change, "Constructive Change" and "Destructive Change", and their differences. Any attempt for "Change" without "Wisdom" would lead us to Destructive Change. I needed four decades more time to understand them.

In the years after the Revolution, I forced my mind to overcome my "Fear of Questioning". It was a complicated and slow process. At last, I gathered enough courage to stay face-to-face with questions. Then, gazed into questions' eyes, said to them: I will find your answers.

As I wrote in my book *The Question and Criticism* —the second volume of my work— any newborn baby with a healthy brain can design reasonable questions when he starts to know the world. His parents confiscate that skill in the first place, and later, society will continue the parents' misbehaviour.

We confiscate the ability to reasonably design questions from our children and cram their minds with facts that we suppose are useful to them.

We do "fact-cramming" with the help of our education system, and we are proud of what we make of our children. Most graduated people are satisfied with what they studied, without the ability to design reasonable questions about abstract topics.

Even in philosophy, graduates from the official education system do not commit to defining justice, order, or law and describing the relationships between these concepts.

At nine, I started to read books seriously and soon became a bookworm. During the Revolution, I enjoyed comprehensive information. I was self-satisfied and arrogant. I was ready to become the elite of my country. But the consequences of the Revolution opened my eyes, and I found myself a fact-crammed man without the ability to answer reasonable questions like: what is Wisdom?

## Epilog

Now, I am a part of stealing the future of humanity. You are doing the same thing.

From 1978 to 1979, I stole the future of Iranians. Now, I am stealing the future of all humans.

I was an active-destructive participant for the first time, but now, I am a passive-destructive participant.

It means I am avoiding falling into the trap of the anti-wise persons because once I fell into the trap of Khomeini as a genuine anti-wise man and learned my lessons.

An anti-wise person manipulates the minds of unwise people, as Khomeini did with me and others.

The aftermath of the Revolution awoke me, and my conscience sentenced me to search for "Wisdom". But it was no simple task. For four decades, I tried to fulfil my mission. I found the last link only in May 2018 —the odd relationship of Reality with Truth.

For forty years, I was obliged to deal with any questions. It wasn't possible to answer questions only by reading books. I must find the answers to many questions by doing different experiments, some of which were very dangerous.

The experiments like going to Tajikistan in Central Asia after the fall of the Soviet Union during the civil war or tangling with bureaucracy —the factual government— in Sweden were dangerous. [1]

The question is: Could I avoid being fooled by Khomeini?

If I was wise, not only could I avoid being manipulated by Khomeini, but I could also help others not to fall into his trap.

If we could learn what "Wisdom" is at school, it would help us a lot.

Unfortunately, a group of philosophers have not fulfilled their tasks, especially those working in universities worldwide and receiving a salary for philosophising.

People feed them, but they don't pay back something sufficiently worthy to solve humanity's problems.

If Scholastic Philosophers did their tasks, it would not be necessary for a young man like me to pay for four decades of his life to understand the differences between Wisdom, Unwisdom, and Anti-wisdom. [2]

[1] Finding the answers to some questions compelled me to expose myself to the naked power of the Swedish bureaucracy, which caused the bureaucrats—who don't like to fulfil their tasks—to arrest me and hospitalise me in a mental hospital in Stockholm. Read the full story in another PDF on my website titled "A Mental Hospital Was the Realpolitik Answer to My Reasonable Request".

[2] In the book "Morality, Moral & Ethics" —Volume Three of the Six Volumes— you can find the differences between Wisdom, Unwisdom, and Anti-wisdom.