

Us

Hello friends. I wish to discuss...us.

By "us," I mean those in the high IQ (and scientific) communities. Most of my life, I had no idea there even was a high IQ community. I only knew, I had too few friends, and none of them understood but half of what I was saying. After I cured my mental illness, my mental economy improved to the point, where not one person I knew, could communicate with me, unless I was telling a dirty joke. I was very lonely.

Then I discovered the high IQ community. Along with my new scientist friends, I had for the first time in my life, a sort of family. These people got my jokes, and better still, could teach me new things! I took to it like a fish to water, and now, lead several groups. This one is superb, and those who have detailed scientific knowledge and a case of idealism may wish to join: <http://squa62.wix.com/future-life-net> But there is a problem.

There are now over a thousand souls in my groups. I call myself the shepherd of the broken flock. So many, as myself, have had the worst sort of background. Many much worse than any of my experiences. Far worse. I will not comment on the connection between sexual, emotional and physical abuse and intelligence, for it would make you sick to hear my deductions, but instead will speak of the result.

Active vs. passive:

The predominant trait which comes of the damage is a reactive refusal of all passive traits. This takes on the most distorted forms. Once abused, denied affection and approval, once dominated and controlled, one demonstrates only active traits. One pontificates, and stops listening, one never reads another's theories closely with an open mind, one states one's own theories instead. One never reads in close detail! All active, no passivity whatsoever. Any thought one has not produced one's self, is incorrect. Responses are given in super rapid fashion, and no deep reflection is ever present. Competition, is all. Dominance, is all. I have seen such examples! One woman informed me that she will not read but to look at the page. Then, she is sure, without having read, to know enough. To take in information, is symbolic of something most unpleasant. I assume I need not say, what must have happened to her. Of course, there is a nonlocal store of information we can access, but, to know the specific work of any scientist, requires more than one's imagination, and any nonlocal connectivity which may be present. She had her facts flat out backward, and no surprise! To know a man's science, one must read each word, slowly, skip nothing and read in order. Footnotes too! Fail here, and know...nothing. To have my own work read without reading, led to a laughable result...ignorance posturing as knowledge. This woman, proclaimed frigidity itself, to be good parenting. One must hear, *receive*...then respond and give tenderness to a child. How unfortunate, to see the train of damage, spread along to the next generations, who will again be sick, just as the last.

Gratitude is absent. Gracious people are grateful and offer thanks in return for kindness

and good work. This...never happens. All act as if they simply deserve, but why? All expect adoration. But why? Have you cured a disease, given away millions and helped the poor...why do those who have high IQ feel they deserve what they in no way deserve: respect for no effort. Where is the device which will set the poor free?...cure the ill, create free energy for all...where? The intelligent live up to a higher standard or are worth nothing. Results are. Arrogance...talks, with but a sour shadow to fill the boast. If you are intelligent, and people serve you, thank them...deeply. Sincerity. To be gracious eludes all. All are ugly and I assert: stupid, in this. I am superior to all who show no gratitude. Much better. Smarter. Read that twice. Be gracious, or, be beneath me. Here I tease you selfish, hollow, competitive, boastful souls...can you stand it? I hope not.

Competition to see who is more powerful, argument is the supreme currency of worth. In this false cradle, is nurtured every false supposition of value. I argue better than any, save a few lawyers. Why? Because I am so wonderfully clever and smart? Hardly. It is because I am a trained verbal wrestler. I have a degree in philosophy, under an excellent set of professors...I will beat you bloody with words...not that it makes my point any more correct. What rot! It is a fake, be sure of it. *Competition is degrading*. No one, is able to cooperate. True fools are non-cooperative, the lowest of all idiots...fight. Argument is degenerate—Often: the sublimation of a regressed homosexual current. An..."embrace" which fills an unmet need for contact. It stands independent of truth at all points. Those addicted to fighting, are impotent and hurtful.

I had a dream last night. I saw suspended in space, a piece of dodecahedral geometry, a changing sphere made of clear crystal, its angles shifting and reforming, ebbing and flowing with purple-blue light. I knew, this was unity, the fount of all things, a symbol of the pre-geometry from which the linear springs. It exists, as I was told, between states, a dimension itself created of superposition, and... it was "singing"! It vibrated faster than light...neither solid nor liquid...pure superposition. This is symbol of the hidden dimension from which the others spring. A dynamic nonlocal harmonic oscillator. The hidden dimension. It was the most beautiful thing, I have ever seen. So clear and perfect, infinite potential, a semi-crystalline pre-geometric relational form...pure potential...absolute beauty. Unity, before time.

I awoke with tears flowing down my face...so beautiful was the thought! I have seen... perfection. Then, my mind's eye is again filled up, with scenes of blood and horror, war and human division, hatred, and arrogance, heads cut off and placed on spikes, fathers beating their children, starving hordes, women raped, men raped, the Nazi camps, then...the beautiful image again. My eyes fill with tears to see it...so perfect. And look, what we have made of this promise. I hear a single word: "Write!" So...I tell you of it. It is this, which we are too ill, to embrace. It is this, which we have disgraced. I believe, I know, how to find this answer, and will write of that later next week.

Many understand the words: The Grateful Dead. These words mean something. I speak here, of the lesson taken from the meditative traditions and the rock band...both of those. Meditation and psychedelic drug use deconstructualize DMN, and that, IS the ego.

Oh...how we cling to this sick thing. I am "dead," so shattered that there is no way to find even a hint of the pieces. In this I am most happy... and deeply grateful. At last, I can see. Broken eyes, cleanse broken I's. How beautiful, is what remains, when there is nothing left. Of human history, we could have no higher wish, than to forget. Hope... is the grateful dead. Let this be: Us. We may hope to remember the beginning, and recast the end. We are not competitors. We are each as the next. A singing promise—spent out.

We are but a song, a melody imagined and cast out...before time.

For I am not

Ah my love...
Nothing is unknown to me
You are a flower upon which dew might nestle
And Time may yet covet
Sweet and turgid is the drop
Upon which you are nourished
...and into this moment
All others are anointed and spun
As prism and light bend color into hue
A splash upon your cheek
—for I am not—
And glad of the sight
Which remains.

For the world is cleansed
of ending.

As pebbles of glass crushed into light
and shimmering dust
A diamond's heart crushed, cast out
As plume and dust spent in shifting sun
Prismed color ripples in wrinkled air
Graced with a diamond's heart
Flecked in prismed mist
The shimmering air
So pure
Crushed into dust and plume
Are all past worlds
Burnt up into prismed mist.

So are all old places
Conjoined and recast
In light.

Shimmering drops of silver
Skating downward upon web
Trickling as sound—is light.
Poured diamond, bashful and winking
Teases and covets the silver moments
Drops of light
Nestled in folds, of clear liquid jewel
So is the sound of diamond light
Once tasted
So pure is the prism
Of Time's spending.

Oh how glad is sight
Once spent
For I am gone
Now
I can not refuse.

I am glad
For I was foolish
and now
Only sight remains.

I am but gone
A hollow
A shout...long faded into nothing
So am I
Tragedy spent
Cleansed
Forgotten.

For I am lost.

Ah... my love
You remain
Looking
Nestled within my hollow heart
Now unbeaten
But an echo
Long forgotten...and unimportant.

I am blessed
Blessed, and long dead.
Only you, can see
Only you, can hear

Only you, are worthy
Of what remains:

Of the swollen arch of a glad heaven
Light spills down
Poured and pouring
Prismed and dancing
Cupped in tender leaf and green palm
Trickling as silver rippled sound, folds
...and retreats
Into the clear marrow of time
...and spills forth
Glad and full
Silver and pure
Drop by round drop
So swollen and glad is the heart
Of new light.

How beautiful is what remains
So perfect is the sound
Of sight recast
In still air.

How perfect is what remains.

Oh, my love
Please take this from me
It is too beautiful, and you must have it
...for I am gone.

Oh, how glad am I
How perfect, is what remains.

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www.mindmagazine.net

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