

Politics, hope and the international character of science: Kissinger in sweats

I woke before the dawn, my eye wide and empty, an invitation for the day to fill. Slowly she rises, and spills her heart awake, a prayer ripe upon the lips of hope, as warmth. Birdsong and woodland chatter accompany each careless second, and it appears, that I am complete and alone...but I am not. It is unfortunate in a sense, that I am not a little more selfish, for then, I would remain here, in my sacred pocket of complete forgetfulness, alone and filled with new warmth and silence...but I am a fool. I wish to improve the state of this world, and as a fool, I turn on the computer, now intelligent enough to have shed my phone with its incessant ugly ringing to alert me of a dull thing best ignored, my TV also, long discarded for silence, but, the computer, has filled their place. So...I am a fool.

I want to help. A fool's calling, and a strange addiction, most unwise... but it has gripped me for some time now. I began Mind magazine, and then Think Net, an attempt to harness the power of the high-IQ community to get real work done...and it has functioned as planned to a small degree...and research proposals have been created for Parkinson's treatments. One idea which landed in my head after reading a dubious paper is potentially groundbreaking, and it appears that I may well be correct. This hope is held hostage to money. The modern scientific system relies on grants, and those are allocated to folks who are professional "grant getters"...which is what PhDs have become. New work and new ideas are always treated as a sort of disease to be avoided. So, I had an idea: begin an entirely new way to fund research which will not need millions of dollars at each step, and millions more to bring any idea to fruition. Those figures are indication of the true underlying problem...money. Science is bedfellows with cash, and we all know what happens to any virtue, no matter how pristine and beautiful, once such a wedding is undertaken and consummated. The resultant child, is inevitably deformed. Honesty, human kindness and money, are rarely able to occupy the same space, and scientific truth...flees such company most of all!

There is another disease which has sickened the very marrow of hope, and brought poisonous cancer to inject into human promise and height: the politics of nationalism, concealment, deception and hatred. In short..."all politics." In international affairs, all have secret clandestine operations, and so, all governments are filled with disease. Human trust is the bedrock of human cooperation, which is the only alternative to the current state of sickness, hatred, and squalor which has consumed us, in pursuit of secrecy, domination, and most of all: profit. Most people are quite cowardly...they avoid confrontation and sneak behind the backs of those close to them as weak and untrustworthy children, in need of a spanking and a mouth full of soap. If only the cure were so simple, but alas the disease is pungent beyond simple measures. Concealment is the mark of deep illness, and, greed is as well. All secret keeping, is pathology. Physics says so! See the following:

[The Affect Information Model of Physical Consciousness: A = O,
http://media.wix.com/ugd/cf8614_723131bdcd794cf087513411e9f738c9.pdf]

Yes, my beautiful solitude was ruptured by the stink, of disease: international politics. My wonderful new idea could help millions! Oh boy! This is the joy of new thoughts with point and purpose! This—is why I am alive! Soon, I ran into the wall: labs and scientists understood, and gave me very low prices to begin the experiments...but I had not a penny! Nothing...I am but a thinker, an autodidact who lives in the woods on eighty cents a day. I can not afford dental care, new clothing, or a third meal each day...only two, and one is quite scant. Jeans are expensive, and I live in sweat pants and sweat shirts in all seasons. My life is rich...in thought and creativity! Those are true riches, but, leave me incomplete in my fool's quest. How am I to help, if the ideas just sit there?...so I began to search, and found my quarry: a new partner! This team of renown scientists is researching the same topics I am proposing, although the specifics are different...perfect! My team is superb, and contains some of the most advanced and highly trained scientists living. I trust these people, and will admit, several are well beyond my level of competence...and so, provide the very most valuable of resources to me...truth! My proposal was accepted by the Russian team of researchers. Then...the troubles.

The current situation swirling around Russia with its blood soaked history of invasion and terrible abuse, has left severe, irreparable damage, damage so deep, so steeped in history and sickness, that it can not even be fully understood by a naive American in any way. This level of pain, is incomprehensible to us. For this, we are grateful. The result of this sort of abuse, is insanity. Nothing less than that. The pain is that severe.

A scientist on my team, one who is so very bright and correct in his analyses, a man who has never given any but correct advice, gave me the bad news: their work is a fake, I have been fooled by a bit of disinformation from Putin! This scientist lives in this embattled area, and knows more than I. I was left with little choice but to reject the new partnership, and this was quite sad for me. I still have a headache from all this...three days later. I sent the email, and felt quite down.

The Russians would not be dissuaded, and indeed contacted me again to inform me, that their team spans many nations, although the science is Russian. I have several Russian friends, scientists, and one is very bright indeed. She tells me I have been fooled, and should not be rejecting of these scientists, who are worth a chance, and I should drop my preconceptions. I was berated as if I was myself an intolerant and prejudiced man, although I am not. This physicist hates Americans, and I do not blame her much...have you met "us"? Go to Texas and see. Her reaction was quite unpleasant, but, no less than the bad news. Soon it was clear, all facts were lies, and conflict alone was available for me to observe, confusion the only available pathway of insight. Politics. All lies...nothing but concealment...pure disease. That which is concealed, is by definition, indication of cowardice, weakness, and disease. Open truthful expression and clean air...guiltless ease in plain living, are height, intelligence and health. Concealment, deception, is a sure indicator of a diseased, cowardly, and broken mind. Our world, so political and false... is such a place as this. International politics has no good guys on stage, no white hats...no grey hats...only black.

It seemed I had no way out. Then a plan was hatched, a "no plan" plan. I am not secretive, lying, cowardly or covetous...or particularly clever...so my plan has no plan: I would assure the science I proposed would be conducted in known labs of repute. I would assure the results would be published in a peer reviewed journal. And indeed: I have received commitments to that effect, a guarantee of publication no matter how the experiment turns out, a preemptive publication commitment... just to see the quality of the experiments! We will make sure the science is correct...ourselves. That is my plan. I wait for the reply from the Russians. If they accept, I am a bit of a genius, for having cracked a difficult problem: not the $P = NP$ paradox no, too simple, not the reason the Universe is expanding, no, not any easy problem like that: I will claim a better boast still!—I have solved the problem of: Politics. That...would be something! However, I caution you—Don't count on it.

Next...Please enjoy this silly bit of near-truth...I have been collecting data regarding comparative personality traits of various scientists by correlating location and ontological dynamism as manifest in personality. This may not be exactly true...but there is truth in it:

Each nationality is quite unique in the level of affective expression demonstrated by its scientists. I have found: Russians, and those who were part of the Soviet block, tend to be dry, mathematical, inanimate of tone, and when confronted respond with a deep intellectual snub. Pride is the active element in reaction, and an insult, usually most terse and personal aimed at the competence of the opponent, is the reply. Brits (my sample size is more limited here, and my accuracy may be off) are like pieces of furniture, and the essence of their reaction is a dry wit. The Brits give the highest praise with the word: "clever." American scientists, like Brits, tend to be deeply repressed, as an inanimate object. Some do not fit any mold though. Then there are Italians! (!!!) In groups...they are completely unique. They often attack each other! They are exactly as the others are deep down, but will admit their humanity, and have no repression at all! So creative, and so childish! It is stunning! Such passion! Such immaturity! Such...EMOTION! I love it! Sentences often START with three exclamations, and end with four! The Brits/Americans write personal email as if it is a journal article...only periods. The Italians...I have no means of comparison. These are the most creative people ever! Although I lack the level of triple exclamation typical of an Italian scientist, I believe it is because I can no longer drink wine, or any other alcohol, due to a bad gut. If I could drink, I would be indistinguishable from an Italian scientist. I insist, I am Italian...period. Never mind that I am not, and find the language as tangled spaghetti, never mind that. I fit the stereotype perfectly...only the absence of good wine stands between the entire syndrome and myself. Yes, it is true...this short Americanized German Jew, is an Italian. I am sorry, it can not be helped. I hope you are laughing. It is a beautiful day, the sun is warm and sweet, and I...have defeated: Politics.

You may contact me through the staff contact page at Mind magazine:
www.mindmagazine.net

This work is the sole property of the author, Rich Norman © 2015, and is used by this forum with both permission and gratitude.