

APOTHEOSIS

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Apotheosis is an e-publication of the *Poetic Genius Society*.

This e-publication is an open forum for the members of the Poetic Genius Society. Material presenting views or opinions are those of the artists and may or may not be representative of the group as a whole.

Hello Poetic Genius Society Members,

In a conversation with our new member Ed Glomski, editor of *Integra the Journal of Intertel*, I eagerly agreed to introduce Intertel to PGS members, while Ed is publishing an article introducing PGS to Intertel members. Ed and I are members of both societies and share a strong enthusiasm for the camaraderie and mental stimulation they offer, but also a knowledge of the innate differences in the groups. I feel that this is an opportunity to introduce you to another forum you may also enjoy.

Already, PGS and Intertel share a healthy percentage of common members, and I'll let that speak for itself.

Intertel was founded in 1966 and by current counts number 1700 members in 30 countries. The requirements for membership are a proctored standard IQ test score in the 99th percentile.

Intertel has three goals.

- to encourage meaningful intellectual fellowship
- to foster an exchange of ideas on any and all subjects (This is the part of the group I like the most. There are very, very few subjects that are taboo, and as with all curious minds ours travel to the outer limits of society quite often. But also questions and opinions on subjects that we deal with on a daily bases.)
- to assist in the research relating to high intelligence (They back this up with a annual Hollingworth Award Competition to promote educational and psychological research studies of potential benefit to gifted and talented young people.)

The range of topics is limited only by membership submissions. *Integra the Journal of Intertel* is published monthly and mailed to your address as part of the yearly thirty-nine dollar membership fee. Ed, as I mentioned earlier, is the editor and if I may make a prognostication, this fall will be elected President at the end of the current President Marilyn Rothkin's term.

Intertel also offers:

1. Website: <http://www.intertel-iq.org/>
2. Top1: an email form similar to ours with yahoo
3. An online store with various items sporting their logo
4. And where membership is dense enough, gatherings and society outings.

Take a look at Intertel. I have been a member for four years and have had nothing but pleasant experiences to report. I look forward in the future to seeing more familiar names shared between the groups.

Mark

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POETRY

Abandoned Heart - Martin D Boutte

i pass through your lens
and breach the broken fence
picturesque, down-trodden
alluring but forgotten
i sit the tattered swings
hang the rusted bars
brittle see-saw beckons
though i know it will leave scars
i wished upon a star
you looked so from afar
lush little playground dream
are others just as green?
perhaps sunny, happy, and new

is the thing to do
years of use abandoned you
but here it rained today
i think i'll stay

Redness - Muhamed Veletanlic

O redness
Tie me to your thigh
So appropriately blunt
Bluntly to my eye

Glow, so fine and polite
Like a red wine
Slip through my throat
Down to my gut

And never return
To my acrid mind

Trees - Gilad Skyte

trapped in never ending dues
reminding others of their own
every soul requires a muse
even that of our mad mane clone

they seem like floating smiles and sorrow
rocking , bobbing in the night
escape is the key to our own raw woe
end is near I see the light.

An Ode to Daedalus In Twenty Verses - Ed Glomski

Athena's student, truly blessed,
As architect and craftsman,
Daedalus was the very best,
Inventor in all Athens.
A sculptor and mechanic too,
This gifted son of Ares who,
Mentored young Talus, then,
Showed a dark and deadly side.

Talus, although still a boy,
With genius too great to conceal,
Created not some children's toy,
But Compass, saw and potter's wheel.
To Daedalus it was evident,
That Talus, so intelligent,
Would shadow his accomplishments,
And by this he could not abide.

To go and see the city lights,
Of the great metropolis
Together in the mad moonlight,

They scaled the Acropolis.
Then Daedalus did the dark dark deed,
Young Talus, totally deceived,
By Daedalus malevolent.
Was cast unto the pavement.

Daedalus for this deed so vile,
Suffered through a public trial,
Punishment was banishment,
Out of Athens, Daedalus went,
And he sailed forth to Crete,
In his dishonorable retreat,
There he mixed with the elite,
And King Minos he did meet.

With King Minos he did dwell,
And as a craftsman served him well,
Until with false cow he did fool,
Poseidon's fire-breathing bull,
He put Pasiphae inside,
She who had been Minos' bride,
With the beast Pasiphae mated,
For this she was evil fated,

To be known as the one who bore,
The monster called the Minotaur
Body of man but head of bull,
To hide it Daedalus did tool,
A labyrinth so intricate,
It had no clues to indicate,
A way to find one's way about,
Nor out from in, nor in from out.

To keep the hideous Minotaur fed,
Athenian youths were forfeited,
Not one of them had yet survived,
Until great Theseus arrived.
Ariadne, Minos' daughter,
Smitten, would not see him slaughtered,
So to Daedalus she went,
And to her, advice he lent.

Theseus, royal, strong and bold,
Did as Ariadne told,
Took along a ball of string,
That he kept on unwinding,
Till face to face, in that dark place,
With grit, grimace and Godly grace,
He'd felled the hideous Minotaur,
Then traced the string back to the door.

When the labyrinth was solved,
Minos knew Daedalus was involved,
So he did retaliate,
And dealt to him an evil fate.
He locked crafty Daedalus,
Along with young son Icarus,
Into the labyrinth he'd made,
But Daedalus was unafraid.

Gathering Feathers, wax and strings,
Crafty Daedalus made them wings,
He told Icarus to beware,
Don't fly too low, and to take care,

Not to fly too close to the sun,
Or his escape would be undone.
Then off they flew into the air,
Like Gods they looked to people there.

But Icarus young and petulant
Took no concern on where he went,
Full knowing that it was taboo,
Close up to the sun he flew,
There his waxen wings did melt,
And the death blow he was dealt.
Icarus went down and down,
Into the sea where he was drowned.

Daedalus fished lifeless body,
From the gurgling, bubbling sea.
Then on an island in the area,
Daedalus buried Icarus,
And that place is known to us,
As the Island of Icaria,
Surrounding waters came to be,
Known as the Icarian Sea.

To Sicily went Daedalus,
Here he met King Cocalus,
And Daedalus again became,
A man of fortune and some fame.
But angry Minos, King of Crete,
Sought him with a sailing fleet,
And he too came to Sicily,
Over the Icarian Sea.

To thread a string through winding shell,
Was a puzzle Minos knew full well,
Could be solved by but one man,
Presented it to the Sicilian
King who said "We can do this",
Then took the shell to Daedalus.
Not knowing the shell's origin
He solved the puzzle there and then.

In one end Daedalus drilled a hole,
And used an ant like a little mole,
He tied to it a gossamer string,
Then sent the ant into the thing,
At the other end he rubbed honey goo.
The ant then, pulled the string straight through.
Thinking that he had done well,
He handed Cocalus back the shell.

Minos stayed as Cocalus's Guest
But cunning Daedalus knew best.
Seeing that he'd be detected,
Cocalus's daughters he selected,
As allies to use in his defense,
In attempting to dispense,
Mighty Minos and his quest,
Of putting Daedalus to rest.

These daughters loved dear Daedalus,
And would always make a fuss,
Over the mechanical toys,
He'd crafted for them to enjoy.

With the daughters he did meet,
To plan with cunning and deceit,
To deal a painful, swift defeat,
To mighty Minos, King of Crete.

In Cocalus's bathing hall,
A secret pipe they did install,
From high above it made a path,
From rooftop to the royal bath.
In a move cunning and scathing,
One daughter got King Minos bathing,
Daedalus and the other daughter,
Took his life with scalding water.

Cocalus too, knew of the deed,
And Cretans he did mislead,
Proclaimed horrific accident,
The corpse to them he did present,
And the Cretans did believe,
With Minos' body they did leave.
Conspiracy was not suspected,
So Daedalus was undetected.

In Sicily did Daedalus stay,
With architecture on display,
And buildings built by his direction,
Under Cocalus's protection,
Inventing much, enjoying life,
With metal, clay and sculpting knife.
And as we know, his destiny,
Was fame throughout the centuries.-

Unrelenting Question - Sharon Norman

My mind is void of thoughts
As the water beats against my skin,
When that unrelenting question
Intrudes upon me once again.

Into a reality of discontent
I'm propelled from my retreat,
Consumed with an emptiness
And feeling incomplete.

My hand reveals a reflection
As I wipe away the steam,
I'm standing face to face
With my solitary being.

As the mirror begins to mist
The image returns my stare,
It's obscure as my birthright
My identity, I'm unaware.

As I contemplate my creation
I am forced to use my mind's eye,
For I am known as Adopted
Forbidden to ask "Who am I?"

Searching for my roots
Is to some a mortal sin,

But I can't help wondering
What my life would have been.

And that unrelenting question,
Intrudes upon me once again.

Last Concerto - Gina Page

What a flood of tears!
Enough to drown the players on the stage.
One hell of a damp and silent bowing out
on my part.

I will miss that laugh,
those arpeggios of giggles
and indignant squeaks at imagined insults.

Hot August humour, it was
elephilipantine.
Foolish epigrams on sprinklers
inside books by Wittgenstein.

Why Worry? - Ed Glomski

Through traffic I traveled,
Frenzied and frazzled,
Trying to keep up with today,
A man in a hurry,
Filled full up with worry,
Displeasure, disdain and dismay.
When stopped at a stoplight
I saw such an odd sight,
An old order Amish display,
In his buggy with horse,
He proceeded on course,
As he crossed he looked over my way,
With a fine Amish style,
He gave a wave and a smile,
that washed all my worries away.
So sophisticated,
Life, simply stated,
Is too complicated today!

The Hunter - Paul Roe

A shot's path is linear,
An elk's, irregular,
But their marriage is forever.

"To myself - a Gift" - Paul F. Kisak

Keep your eye on the music
And your ear to the light
Smell the shy tenderness
And touch the stars of night

Enhance your senses
And let them explore
The benefits to come
Yield much to adore

So much is unseen
And more unexplored
Intuition can thrive
When you open the door

Humanity - Mark Norman

Maybe that's the first step to death,
when your not there to say goodnight to humanity.
The final step may be
when humanity is not there to say goodnight to you.

Good Manners - Paul Nachbar

If you sit on my head, it's not much disgrace
But please just attempt not to fart on my face;
If you lay on my bed, it's not shame and doom
But try not leave all your crap in my room;
If you beat me at games, it is not a big loss
Just know that from now on you'll bear every cost;
If you grab at my ass, I will not despair
But please do not ruffle what's left of my hair;
If you ruin my game or ruin my art
Please do not swallow what's left of my heart;
If you're taking my job or stealing my wife
Just try to be tender while wielding that knife;
If you're breaking my faith or breaking my pride
Just try to remember that all of us lied;
If you're sharing my cash or sharing my food
Just put on a grin and pretend a fine mood;
If you need my advice, then just take it and smile
Although you are cursing me all of this while;
If you have or have not remember what's what
To those who have nothing you do have a lot;
So follow these rules and be wise and good
And we will not kill you in this neighborhood.

Entelechy - Maria Claudia Faverio

Entelechy
like scream
cracking the bell jar
of potentiality,
colours unfist
like rage

in cauldron of shadows,
step off into visions,
transparency of air.

Isn't it beautiful,
this shattered singularity
glittering like polished horn
in the censured black
of night?

In splendid solitude,
the black hole of the mind
has shut itself off
from the morose truisms
of the macrocosm,
à rebours
like drunken god.

Nadir of unawareness
pulls itself up
into exponential blue,
brighter than Weltanschauung,
glass eyes
behind torn mask.

After a Particularly Long Period of Hot Weather - Sean MacNiven

Lightning stobes the evening dark in streaks,
As long the waited storm now strikes the land,
With dashing humours growling how it speaks!
As fallen, drought's retracted stalling brand,
Now drops attacking earth like tiny beaks,
And I with pen and Chianti in hand,
Pause in the hope that words from chaos will,
Then coalesce like moisture in a still...

Now all but passed like opportunity,
Steel fetters laid where spirits failed to act,
My mistress as my warden oversees,
That fits no longer seize this drying tract,
All health and home and work's morality,
Where orange washes black the kingdom sacked,
How safe and hale the life of modern man,
How weak and stale and lifeless each day's span...

Exit - T.G. "Torg" Hadley

We "strut and fret"
Our "hours upon the stage"
As Old Bill, sage Bard, hath said...
Gentle Friend, look not to the wings,
Nor to Exeunt stage left or right

"Rage, Rage against the Dying of the Light",
Fiery-eyed, tousle-maned, as wild as Dylan cried...
He did not go gently
Into that Dark Night...

They who say they "don't know how to act"
Play the Fool, in deed, in fact
We take our cues, acting truly to our
Character

Which we have molded by each line
We have spoken
By each gesture we have displayed
By the evocation or revocation
Of each emotion playing upon our
Face

Other characters' comings and goings
Perturb us, conjure Love true
Or fantastic desires
We dance with the lame
Cajole the Princes
Seduce the Princesses

Whilst we struggle to recall our next line
Craving the next cue to save us...

We not the Playwright be,
Nor Groundlings, either
If one falls upon the sword or quaffs
Bitter poison, if honour be betrayed
Or our very Heart asunder broken

Play your part, as you will:
the Play must and will
Go on Within you/Without You
Whether you be Quick or Dead...

Hasten not thy Exeunt
Fellow Player for I crave thy Company
Brave Scenes are to Follow
Applause comes from beyond the footlights
And from within, from Heaven
Pray join hands with me and bow gratefully

At curtain call...
It shall supercede our Highest Expectations.

The Land of Spam - Paul Nachbar

SPAM, for anybody who needs a translation, is a food-like substance produced somewhere in the Midwest of the United States. I don't mean to insult SPAM of course or naturally to extol it. I merely describe it as well, a utilitarian food which can probably keep one alive but is basically lacking in anything special, flavorful, interesting etc, though it has all the basic food ingredients and is cheap enough for almost anybody to afford. . Now that of course sounds or could be interpreted as snobbery, which it isn't. When there is nothing else to "eat", one eats SPAM, as I have (well, a few times), or even glorifies in it a sense. That is, you glorify in a typical psychological reversal something you basically despise, because there is no alternative to doing this AND keeping some sense of basic social and human pride. As in the Medieval rhyme of "peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old." Now, probably in those times, anybody who sat around the pot who criticized this peas porridge --which does not sound very good even when compared with SPAM--was probably shunned, rebuked or sometimes even killed as a "heretic" (bad egg, nihilist, idiot, traitor, communist, socialist, nihilist, witch, Nazi, fascist, lunatic, sorcerer, fool, ingrate, wretch whatever). Of course, among the upper orders then and now--and who really keeps exact records of how anybody got to those upper orders--it

was probably virtually forbidden for anybody to eat peas porridge or well SPAM.except perhaps on special occasions , sort of the Medieval equivalent I guess of National Brotherhood week. THen I guess everybody in the upper orders went back to eating deer and boar and other delicacies, poached or not, an all the people in the lower orders went back to eating peas porridge hot or cold. Anything else of course would be a social disgrace and naturally the local policemen could take care of such social disgraces quite readily. I doubt they kept many records on such things then, nor do they now of course.Why did they do this? Because they knew then what they know now,without the biochemistry or nutritional studies or factories or advertising and marketing or mass transportation or statistics or demographic market surveys, that you are what you eat. Duh.If the King does not eat like a King he does not feel like a king. Of course this bothers the peasants quite often, or more often than most histories reveal, but basically you want a King or Queen or well President, even if you are a President, so that the other peasants do not kill YOU and so that the other Kings etc do not kill you either. Very simple Duh. You bow and "conform" So, under some pressure of what I interpret here as necessity but others may easily perceive as "fooling around" or worse, I attempt this poem:

In The Land of SPAM
(1)

In Olden Days before Machines
Before skyscrapers and the Bomb
Before TV and many things
It seems back then that things were calm;

In Olden Days well things were cruel
But also they were sometimes kind
Alas some wise folks played the fool
Or sometimes lost their bloody mind;

They teach us such
None are to blame
Though dears I think
It's most the same

In Ollden Days most ate stale peas
Which lingered in the village pot
Some had their boar and caviar
But most I think, mainly had not;

In Ollden Days they had the King
Which was perhaps both good and bad
Het let you live, which was quite nice
Alternatives were somewhat sad;

They teach us such
None are to blame
Though dears I think
It's most the same

In Olden Days you served the King
And in his own way he served you
Revolts of course par for the course
But Revolutions very few;

The other peasants could be bad
The other Kings sometimes got mad
And deep down you were mostly glad
For the little that you had;

They teach us such
None are to blame
Though dears I think
It's most the same;

(2)

In Modern Times well things are Great
We've outgrown Medieval Things
The churches are far less ornate
We know that none of us have wings;

In Modern Times we all Agree
Or just Agree to Disagree
The peasants, workers, middle class
Can vote their say on Policy;

They teach us such
None are to blame
Though most I think
It's just the same;

In Modern Times it all is Swell
It's mostly Presidents not Kings
And anyone can rule the state
Though they keep quiet some other things;

In Modern Times it all is Swift
In Modern Times it all is Cool
Don't linger far behind the Group
Or else you'll end up as The Fool;

They teach us such
None are to blame
Though most I think
It's just the same

In Modern Times things can go Smooth
And every needle fits it's groove
And every structure serves it's needs
I think, or else someone deceives?

In Modern Times things will go fast
It's best to twist or take or turn
And hold on tight to what you earn
It's clear that "decadents" dont last;

(3)

A plague it fell upon the land
I mean of course in Modern Times
And experts could not understand
Though poets choked on all their rhymes;

A plague it fell upon the land
And all folks knew that things were sad
The peasants and the rich folks too
And none of these were in this glad;

They teach us such
None are to blame
Though most I think
It's just the same

A plague it fell upon the land
And all felt heavy in the end
All energy was caught in gloom
And no-one here could long pretend;

A plague it fell upon the land

And everything just turned to SPAM
You lived but you regretted it
And none could simply say "I am"

They teach us such
None are to blame
Though most I think
It's just the same

(4)

uh, this part as yet to be written concerns some anecdote about their catching a wizard in the woods..who had the power to change at least some of this SPAM into a type of necessary "caviar", improve some social conditions and do all of this without stirring up too much resentment. ..his despair at his own mixed nature of good and evil, confusion, resistance and other things. and ultimately some form of comitragic ending..er I hope, including an ending for him which <gulp> is not entirely uncomfortable or dire either.....

The Impossible - Paul Nachbar

The pain I think impossible
I can't say what I mean
The coalmines and the welfare state
Of course the bourgeois dream

My father not a lovely boss
Though mostly not so mean
The experts that he hired to keep
This engine running clean.

You want to sing a song of this
You're really on your own
Some throw their roses at your feet
While others cry , atone.

Some say you shouldn't have a heart
Some say give up your mind
Some say to follow your fine art
While others lag behind

Some say you really understand
Some say, just dance and sing
Some throw you down into a ditch
While others crown you king.

Some say well just be practical
Which tears your world apart
Where is here the humanity
Although I sense some art?.

Alas the situation drives you mad
There's nothing else to do
The easy ways are always sad
Or don't apply to you..

My mother here was on my side
Though sometimes she denied
Perhaps this simply was to stir
That paradox inside.

I think I can forgive them both
Though who could understand?
What's loved in places elsewhere loathed
Or just quite simply banned?

The markets they are filled with goods
All shiny and all bright
My mind here just spells out shoulds
And fears some endless night.

And everything I have of this
And nothing that I own
Between two states I mainly pace
So utterly alone.

The experts smile into my face
And say forget the past
We all forgive your fine disgrace
But decadence won't last.

The experts do not seem to like
When I attempt to think
They frown or yell or sneer or cry
At such a hue and stink..

My mother knows the truth of this
But not what I should do
She says a door is opened here
That just exists for you.

I'm hesitant and filled with fear
Is any of this real?
I think I've thrown my life away
While others make a deal.

And here my mind comes to a halt
Unusual and odd
Is World here just a thing of Man
Or something come from God?

I cannot here articulate
And just say "I don't know"
I trace or merely indicate
The paths that one can go.

Let scholars probe these lonely lines
To prove some point of view
Each with positions long assumed
But this is nothing new.

The pain seems quite impossible
I can't say what I mean
The coalmines and the welfare state
Of course the bourgeois dream.

Party of Ten - Paul Nachbar

Party of ten
All very good men
It's how or when
With parties of ten;

Party of nine
Could be divine
You don't resign
With parties of nine;

Party of eight
It's love or hate
Well it could be great
With parties of eight;

Party of seven
Perhaps it is heaven
Much could be done
With parties of seven;

Party of six
Could play some tricks
Or else a good mix
With parties of six;

Parties of five
They fight or thrive
It's quite a hive
With parties of five;

Parties of four
Some will adore
It's not a chore
With parties of four;

Parties of three
Often you see
Sadness or glee
With parties of three;

Parties of two
What most people do
Ancient and new
With parties of two;

Parties of one
Sometimes are fun
But most are undone
With parties of one;

Parties of zero
I think here of Nero
Thus fell the hero...
With parties of zero;

Parties of less
I must confess
God here must bless
With parties of less.

Sonnet - Paul Nachbar

Merlin, now, lay down your tools
And Thomas put away your trains
You've done your jobs and done them well

So what is gained from further pains?
The thing will function as it is
Your spirit though is bound in chains
Inside that realm where all seems His;
She cried for all they did to you
Which made you leave so much behind
You saw the Real but not the True
And made a fortress of your Mind
She's not below, she's not above:
Not Good or Evil or Resigned
Just enter in the name of Love.

Hum – Mark Norman

Hum-drum
Rum-dumb
isn't life so

Birth
Adolescents
Adulthood, the way it goes

Legacy, sagacity
on what grand
road no one knows

Grandeur, splendor
decay of the soul

Hopeless, but mope less
sent ahead of the others

Scouting the moonscape
that's us, but
the future is cold.

Ramifications, justifications
meaningless without a solution
Why, why, the question unanswered

But, if answered, such woe to us all.

Myra - Mark Norman

Myra, that was the girl's name
tousled raven black hair
aglow in the neon flame.
She sat silently with a misty blue eyed stare.

"Say That You Love Me" played,
echoing from somewhere in the back.
She was a tattoo artist self-made.
I was told she had a innate artistic knack.

She said, "I don't do names,"
"no names", her voice distraught.

But I insisted with money, now ashamed.
I won. Her principals bought.

She wrote it in blue and
added hues of red.
Unhappy with the her work,
she ignored the blood I bled.

She talked of other's remorse,
but not of her own.
What's worse, perhaps she did
and I was too ignorant to have known.

Maybe she was reminding herself
of loving too deeply's toll.
Finding true love lost to her, she left,
suicide, gun to accomplish her goal.

She died alone upstairs in that room, that night.
Splattering the walls with the tears
and fears of her life,
the final escape from her self imposed plight.

Had it been the years of fearing
the pain from sharing loves bloom?
Years building a gloomy windowless room,
sitting, sad but safe hidden within her tomb.

Was it the courage she envied,
wept for, the ability to again love and bleed
or simply a plea to be freed
from a Grimm's Fairy Tale untold?

Human Nature - Paul Nachbar

Of what we are
And how
To come to terms
Oh tale of wonder
And of worms..

Charmed - Maria Claudia Faverio

In the miraculous spell
of twilight,
when syllables are cadences,
not music,
visions are alien
to the dead stringency
of algebra and logarithms.

Imagination doesn't know
it is an imagined thing,
and mistakes its affections
for whims of the will,
a supreme manifestation
of mana.

It transfixes objects
like a dance,
avoiding the intricate allusions
of entelechy,
hammering at the sill of night
like a frightened Muse.

At the edge of self,
the imagined imagines itself
free from the burden
of being.

Furor poetico - Maria Claudia Faverio

A flash of vision
intruding into the procrustean banality
of life
like a seeking hand,
blending colours
like drunken sky -
is this the ultimate vision
in the screaming confusion
of the real,
shining out above the chaos
of the self
and the muddy stream
of being?

It is an invitation to madness,
to join the stars
in their dance à rebours,
wilder than the tango
of thunder!

Furor poetico -
sweet suffocation
of mortal anguish,
shiny tension of the spirit
released
into the consummation
of nothingness -
is this divine madness
the beginning of wisdom,
the fevered surge
into the ultimate truth
hidden to the crowd of masks
floating towards their fate
like withered leaves?

The jettison of reason
is the defeat
of the chaos of potentiality,
the crack of light
begetting eternal bliss.

Poetic madness
is the sublimation
of the self.

Street - Gilad Skyte

I tread the paths of recollection
A rhythmic shudder fills my being
Reaped and sown are all I find
I feel a distant throbbing pain
A faint cry goes racing by in the cool and sprightly breeze
Was it limber does in linger
oh,
timber.

Perception - Gilad Skyte

I reflect upon a pond nearby
and the pond reflects on me,
through its lens I concentrate
all the wonder that I see.

A fly swirls above me, caught,
in the pale blue strings of sunlight,
and a lustrous grey cloud drifts,
across the sky once bright.

A shiny mist of frothy brown
brings forth signs of trouble,
a familiar sinking feeling comes
and all at once, a muddle.
Has her memory come to haunt
or has she stepped into my puddle?
This, and all, depends, I fear
on my perception of the bubble.

Wilt flower, wilt! - Sean MacNiven

Wilt flower, wilt!
For thy beauty is as the arctic Sun -
Slowly growing full and ripe
Soon by the winter's black undone,
Captured form in icy cage?
Or shattered shards of vicious age?

Parasites - Sean MacNiven

Creatures of another's life-space and heat
Upon that corpus living, learning, feeding
Dependent as the car unto the street
Darkness to the evening Sun receding
Where nullity's a thing that is complete,
Being fills the void with endless breeding,
And we seek vainly wisdom in our lights -
Are we not in the womb, all parasites?

For my Mother - Sean MacNiven

Beginning of my consciousness
Of my humanity...
The start of life's long restlessness
Upon life's stormy seas...

The origin of all I am,
That heart I once heard beat,
A gift whose magnitude doth span,
The miles laid by my feet...

A stream sprung from your mountain spring,
Now a river flowing...
A stone shed by a mountaintop,
Now a snowball growing...

Then let this humble poem be
A thankyou from the heart,
Oh vision of my infancy,
Thou bearer of life's art...

Don't You Know - Sean MacNiven

Don't you know where you're going
Don't you feel the river's flowing
Don't you see there're people dying
Don't you hear you mama's crying

Don't you know there's revolution
Don't you know were in confusion
Don't you know just what were facing
Don't you know the steps were tracing

Don't you know your baby's crawling
Don't you know the trees are falling
Don't you know there're people freezing
Don't you know the oil's receding

Don't you know the poor man's growing
Don't you know his growth's not slowing
Don't you ask just what were leaving
For our children to believe in?

How Discontented - Sean MacNiven

How discontented, ruffled and replete,
This soul of mine that wanders cobbled streets,
Those stones laid on the gravel of an age,
Pressed to the earth 'neath time's persistent stage,
And I, an actor stumble over lines,
An opiate dissolved in bitter wines,
A blue jay's colours washed in acid rain,
A dead horse shot again, again, again...
But flee! And fly! And run! And leap! And will!

The Sun, the heat, the darkness and the ice,
Experience the mountain not the hill,
Not but the veils of some poor artifice,
As foraging the whale seeks out its krill,
Deny dissatisfaction at all price!

Old House - Martin D Boutte

walls of ivory, tasteful bland
palette colors, pang demand
emanating mortal state
echoes, whispers gravitate
creature comforts, fixtures rare
ancient, putrid, musty air
antique base, no modish taste
speckled matte, dusty face
stoic mask of cupboards bare
ghostly musings drawers share
turbid vents of breeze and sight
filtered, parched, gleaming light
rustic festoons motionless
embroidered stains of loneliness
ceilings tarnished, tired tone
bygone eras' breathing home
disbelief entreats my eyes
premonition, painted guise
banished haven, days of old
alluring salutation, sold

Tears - Martin D Boutte

these tears, they fell, they grew
before a heart they knew
but wretched time, its' hands unwind
stole them all from you
a thought, a prose, a sigh
a soulful yearning cry
so failed its' mark and hit the ground
and now i too must lie

Atilla - Martin D Boutte

I'm poking through the earth
drowsy and decrepit
a tulip born to light
a blushing sun puppet

groping air surrounds me
a titillating tease
sly seductive sustenance
i'm drawn above the weeds

spring-dyed extremities
of green and purple hue

heat, my buddings ally
i'm tempered stout and true

summers' singeing stare
i'm oven-basted, baking
bleached, falling petals frown
life evaporating

fall rains like bees
stinging hard and deep
fiendish gales frazzling
my withered pieces weep

winters' freeze-dried shivers
dissolved where i begin
fertile friend reunion
i'm waking up again

Concrete Charcoal Line - Martin D Boutte

concrete charcoal line
i course for many miles;
through honeysuckle and monoxide,
i'll roll you anywhere
alpha and omega
the earth conjoined
from man's giant pencil i'm born
circling
sectioning
integrating

Lanced Love Dream - Martin D Boutte

lanced love dream
exposed,
bleeding photographic shivers.
life-pumping care-giver
eyes its own demise;
deposed,
spin-cycled and heat-shrunk
unconditional offerings forever dried

Alien Love Song - Paul Nachbar

Here stride I now amid the mess
Of what They term unhappiness
And dodge each notion to conform
To what They call the social norm;
Although They always seem to laugh
At what They think are just my jokes
I almost feel at times like these
The same as any other folks;

I did not think I'd stay this long
I thought that this was just a tour
Of duty for a minor cause
Perhaps something to just endure
A break from endless dull ennui
One cycle for the cosmic clock
No place that one would rather be;

Their history is not so hot
I think here I prefer their food
Their systems seem completely shot
Their women are, well...rather good
Although one here must pay the dues
Required by laws in every land:
Subpar IQs, you understand.

Perhaps to stay was not so smart
They seem allergic to fine art
Addicted to pathetic habits
And what they seem to know of science
Is mostly so-called self-reliance;
When free, they multiply like rabbits
Or bristle with outraged defiance.

I guess..I sort of love this place
Despite the odor of disgrace
It really is not quite as bad
Though here is news that's fairly sad
I simply cannot find my keys
And so I'm stuck..I know that's sloppy:
Please teleport another copy.

<>\$%)#?

Dali Does Brooklyn- Jonathan Marin

The Williamsburg Bank Building
Is the dentistry capital of the world
Daily renewing the world's supply
Of tartar, plaque,
And gingivitis,
Which is why I was there,
Late after hours
In the only open office.

As I was leaving, with my tooth in place
But the gum extracted,
Feeling strange and looking
Like a model for Magritte,
The receptionist sensed my puzzlement
And explained
"He's an experiodontist".
I acknowledged her admonition
Not to eat or drink anything for at least six months.
"Usually", she continued sympathetically,
"It's better to be in the Control Group."

I Don't Know - Sharon Norman

I don't know what it's like
to sleep through the night.
I self-medicate
with chocolate, chips, 'n cake.
This constant sweating
is extremely upsetting.
When mood swings whelm me,
my husband, he does flee.
My memory is shot
more often than not.
Before I had a full mane;
now I need Rogaine.
And my sex drive, once persistent,
is now non-existent.
Doc's say all this'll subside
'round age sixty-five.
Until then, Lord, help me
'cause I just turned forty-three.

Liquid Lust - Sharon Norman

She's returned.
Her taunting and tempting
successful.
Within her glass house,
seducing you, enticing you
to spiral
downward
into her vat of despair.
One taste of her upon
your lips, and you
surrendered.
Is there room for us both in
your heart?
Or will one of us walk away,
defeated.

Storm Surge - Karin Lindgren

Across the cobbled sky, on wheels of wind,
Tumbrel clouds come charged with tilting rage.
Nothing turns true: Rims forged by lightning bend;

Spokes anchored in quiet circles disengage
Themselves, spin off the gravity of hubs.
Tumbrel clouds come, charged with tilting rage,

To fling their sparks where insurrection throbs
Among the moon-clocked tides. Sprung waves unchain
Themselves, spin off the gravity of hubs.

The order of the past, in myth contained,
Is too unbending for the stormy present.
Among the moon-clocked tides, sprung waves unchain

The pulse that maps the rhythmmed veins of currents
Beneath the surging surface, never still,
Yet too unbending for the stormy present.

As tumbrel clouds plow fire-flooded rills
Across the cobbled sky, on wheels of wind,
Beneath the surging surface, never still,
Nothing turns true. Rims forged by lightning bend.

Point Lobos - Karin Lindgren

Through drapes of mist jaundiced by sulphur haze, .
The sun, a lurid looking glass,
Heliographs the crisis of the waves:
Confusion strobes its S - 0 - S
From lambent wrinkles on the oceans face.

Here where the wolves have trod, the grass is bruised.
The traces of predacious prowl,
Echoed by lupine's purple howl.
Refute the testimony of mute clues.
In our disputed claim, we cannot choose
Which shapes and shadows to recall
Here, on the rim of memory, where all
By the seals' incessant barking stand accused.

PROSE

Pascal's Wager and the Paradox of Kraitichik - Albert Frank

Recently, I was looking at the famous Pascal's Wager.

Pascal lived from 1623 to 1662. He was renowned as a French mathematician, physicist and philosopher. I invented the first calculator.

I give it here, first the original text (in old French), and a translation (I think "not too bad, not too good") I could find:

Original text:

Examinons donc ce point, et disons : Dieu est ou il n'est pas ; mais de quel côté pencherons-nous ? La raison n'y peut rien déterminer. Il y a un chaos infini qui nous sépare. Il se joue un jeu à l'extrémité de cette distance infinie, où il arrivera croix ou pile. Que gerez-vous ? Par raison, vous ne pouvez faire ni l'un ni l'autre ; par raison, vous ne pouvez défendre nul des deux. Ne blâmez donc pas de fausseté ceux qui ont pris un choix, car vous n'en savez rien. - Non, mais je les blâmerai d'avoir fait non ce choix, mais un choix, car encore que celui qui prend croix et l'autre soient en pareille faute, il sont tous deux en faute ; le juste est de ne point parier. - Oui, mais il faut parier. Cela n'est point volontaire, vous êtes embarqué. Lequel prendrez-vous donc ? Voyons, puisqu'il faut choisir, voyons ce qui vous intéresse le moins. Vous avez deux choses à perdre, le vrai et le bien, et deux choses à engager, votre raison et votre volonté, votre connaissance et votre béatitude, et votre nature a deux choses à fuir, l'erreur et la misère. Votre raison n'est pas plus blessée, puisqu'il faut nécessairement choisir, en choisissant l'un que l'autre. Voilà un point vidé. Mais votre béatitude ? Pesons le gain et la perte en prenant croix que Dieu est. Estimons ces deux cas : si vous gagnez, vous gagnez tout, et si vous perdez, vous ne perdez rien ; gagez donc qu'il est sans hésiter. Cela est admirable.

Mais je gage peut-être trop. Voyons : puis qu'il y a pareil hasard de gain et de perte, quand vous n'auriez que deux vies à gagner pour une, vous pourriez encore gager. Et s'il y en avait dix à gagner, vous seriez bien imprudent de ne pas hasarder votre vie pour en gagner dix à un jeu où il y a pareil hasard de perte et de gain.

Mais il y a ici une infinité de vies infiniment heureuses à gagner avec pareil hasard de perte et de gain ; et ce que vous jouer est si peu de chose, et de si peu de durée, qu'il y a de la folie à le ménager en cette occasion.

Translation :

"God is, or He is not." But to which side shall we incline? Reason can decide nothing here. There is an infinite chaos which separated us. A game is being played at the extremity of this infinite distance where heads or tails will turn up... Which will you choose then? Let us see. Since you must choose, let us see which interests you least. You have two things to lose, the true and the good; and two things to stake, your reason and your will, you knowledge and your happiness; and your nature has two things to shun, error and misery. Your reason is no more shocked in choosing one rather than the other, since you must of necessity choose... But your happiness? Let us weigh the gain and the loss in wagering that God is... If you gain, you gain all; if you lose, you lose nothing. Wager, then, without hesitation that He is.

That is very fine. Yes, I must wager; but I may perhaps wager too much.

Let us see. Since there is an equal risk of gain and of loss, if you had only to gain two lives, instead of one, you might still wager. But if there were three or even ten lives to gain, you would have to play (since you are under the necessity of playing), and you would be imprudent, when you are forced to play, not to chance your life to gain three or even ten at a game where there is an equal risk of loss and gain. But there is an eternity of life and happiness.

When you look on Internet, for instance with Google, using "pascal's wager" or "pascal wager", you find more than 10 000 articles, a lot from logicians who have tried to see what's can be wrong in this wager.

The interesting fact is that – for what I have see – none of them made any comparison of Pascal's Wager and Kraitchik's Paradox!

Here, I have to present Kraitchik's Paradox:

More than twenty years ago, I read the book "La mathématique des jeux" of Maurice Kraitchik. (First edition: Imprimerie Stevens, Bruxelles, 1930; Second edition - which I have -: Editions techniques et scientifiques, Bruxelles, 1953).

It's a fascinating book, with a lot of mathematical puzzles, considerations on magic squares, geometrical curiosities, ...

Who was Maurice Kraitchik (1882 – 1957)?

He was a Belgian mathematician (born in Russia) whose primary interests were the theory of numbers and recreational mathematics, on both subjects of which he published a lot. He wrote several books on number theory (1922-1930, and after the war), and was the editor of the periodical Sphinx (1931-1939), which was devoted to recreational mathematics. During World War II, Kraitchik emigrated to the United States, where he taught a course at the New School for Social Research in New York City on the general topic of "mathematical recreations." Kraitchik was « agrégé » of the free University of Brussels, engineer at the "Société Financière de Transports et d'Entreprises Industrielles (Sofina)", and director of the "Institut des Hautes Etudes de Belgique".

Among his books, let's mention:

Kraitchik, M. Théorie des Nombres. Paris: Gauthier-Villars, 1922.

Kraitchik, M. Recherches sur la théorie des nombres. Paris: Gauthier-Villars, 1924.

Kraitchik, M. Mathematical Recreations. New York: Dover, 1953.

Kraitchik, M. Alignment Charts. New York: Van Nostrand, 1944.

In "La mathématique des jeux", I considered during years one of the paradox he presents (page 133): "Deux personnes, également « riches » conviennent de comparer les contenus de leurs porte-monnaies. Chacun ignore les contenus des deux porte-monnaies. Le jeu consiste en ceci : Celui qui a le moins d'argent reçoit le contenu du porte-monnaie de l'autre. (au cas où les montants sont égaux, il ne se passe rien). Un des deux hommes peut penser : « Admettons que j'ai un montant de A\$ dans mon porte-monnaie. C'est le maximum que je peux perdre. Si je gagne (probabilité 0.5), le montant final en ma possession sera supérieur à 2A. Donc le jeu m'est favorable...l'autre homme fait exactement le même raisonnement. Bien entendu, vu la symétrie, le jeu est équilibré. Où est la faute dans le raisonnement de chaque homme ? »

Two people, equally "rich" put their wallets on the table. Both don't know the amounts of money of each wallet. The game is : "the man who has the less money receives the money from the other" (if they have the same amount, nothing happens). One of the men may think : "I know I have an amount of A\$ in my wallet. That's the maximum I can lose. If I win (probability 0.5), my final amount of money will be greater than 2A. So the game is in my favor"...the other man thinks exactly the same. Of course, because of symmetry, the game is equilibrated. What is wrong with the reasoning of the two men?

I noticed that Martin Gardner, in "La magie des paradoxes" (Bibliothèque POUR LA SCIENCE - Diffusion Belin, extracts of Scientific American, 1975), page 114, gives the same problem, asking for an answer (« I was not able to solve it »).

Martin Gardner (born in 1914) was the Mathematical Games columnist for Scientific American. He originated the column in 1956, and his columns appeared until his retirement from the magazine in 1986. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Chicago in 1936. In her book "The power of logical thinking" (St. Martin's Griffin Edition, 1997), Marilyn Vos Savant mentions Martin Gardner as a very logical thinker.

Some of his mathematical titles (published by several editors):
The Scientific American Book of Mathematical Puzzles and Diversions.
The Magic Numbers of Dr. Matrix.
Fractal Music, Hypercards and More.
Codes, Ciphers, and Secret Writing.

In the first months of 2000, I put this paradox (which, afterwards, was called "Kraitchik's paradox", a "name" never used by Maurice Kraitchik!) in several magazines and on several lists. Marc Heremans did the same.

As a result, we got more than 50 answers! Most of them did not answer to anything, or were very poor.

Finally, two articles came, giving finally what I consider to be "The Solution": One from Marc Heremans, and one from Erik Goolaerts. Also, Chris Langan wrote an interesting solution on: <http://www.megafoundation.org/Ubiquity/Paradox.html>

Here is the solution founded by Marc Heremans:

Paradox, antinomy or sophism, I don't know which term best describes this statement.

Still, it generates the simultaneous feeling of admiration and incredulity, close to the one that one feels when a devious lawyer misleads his public while pleading brilliantly an already lost cause.

We have the conviction of having been fooled, certainly, but the tracks are covered so finely that it is difficult for us to unmask the deception.

The attempts to resolve the paradox, which call on the general laws of logic and simple "common sense", are shown to be useless because they confirm a logical impossibility of which we are perfectly conscious but do not tell us where the error lies.

Let's try to understand why the reasoning is not correct.

A visual representation in the form of a matrix will help.

? The amounts of player A (a_1, a_2, \dots, a_n) can be seen in the left column and the amounts of player B (b_1, b_2, \dots, b_n) are shown in the top row
? The gains shown in the cells correspond with player A's point of view (when he wins, he receives the amount of his opponent; when he loses, he only loses his amount)
? To simplify the presentation, we will assume that the amounts are in whole units (Euros, dollars, etc.) and
? that their distribution is uniform (a binomial distribution seems more realistic in practice, but does not change anything fundamental to the reasoning ; it makes it, merely, technically more difficult)
? Let us consider an uneven number of amounts (e.g. 5) in order to have a central value ($a_3=2$ in the present case), the minimum amount (a_1) being equal to 0 ;
? The last column shows the total of wins for each occurrence of the variable "a" (in brackets, the mathematical expectation "E").

| | | | | | | |
|-----|----|----|----|----|-------|----|
| 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | Total | |
| (E) | | | | | | |
| 0 | 0 | +1 | +2 | +3 | +4 | 10 |
| (2) | | | | | | |
| 1 | -1 | 0 | +2 | | | |

+3 +4 8
 (1.60)
 2 -2 -2 0 +3 +4 3
 (0.6)
 3 -3 -3 -3 0 +4 -5
 (-1)
 4 -4 -4 -4 -4 0 -16
 (-3.2)

Remarks about the matrix:

Notice (this will become important later) that the matrix is either symmetric or not, depending on the way you look at it.

If one considers the amounts shown on either side of the diagonal made up of the zero wins/losses, one can note that the matrix is perfectly symmetrical, each positive value being matched with an equivalent negative value. All the mathematical expectations are complementary and cancel each other out. In half of the cases, the "game" is favourable for A; in the other half, it is favourable for B. The number of winning positions is the same as the number of losing ones and the losing amounts are equal to the winning ones.

A second approach consists of no longer looking at all the possible occurrences, as above, but to regroup the data, taking into consideration the regression of the "ai" on the bi. For each occurrence of "a", we associate its average expectation of gain. Therefore, we are interested, in order of priority, in the first (a1,...,an) and the last column (E1,...,En).

Seen from this angle, the matrix is no longer symmetrical. The expected values vary greatly from one amount ai to another. The number of winning positions is even superior to the number of losing ones! On the other hand, the amounts of the losses are greater than the amounts of the gains.

We can note that the mathematical expectation of A is clearly positive when he holds an "average" amount!

The reasoning proposed by A (refer to Albert Frank's previous article): "if I win – probability 0.5 – the final amount in my possession will be greater than 2A," shows itself to be correct for the specific case of an average amount, but can not be generalised.

Actually, the fact of winning on average when you hold an average amount does not at all mean to win "on average" in all possible cases.

That would be to ignore the totally asymmetrical shape of the distribution of wins and losses around the average amount. In extreme situations, the wins and losses are not balanced. A loses much more when he is in possession of a high amount than he would win when he owns a small amount.

Conclusion

A's error consists of reasoning that does not take into account alternative groupings of the data he uses.

He goes from one grouping representation to another, transposing surreptitiously conclusions that could be drawn from the other.

By itself, no grouping is "better" than any other, but if one accepts a reading of the matrix based on the second approach (asymmetrical), it is necessary to take into consideration the unequal values of the expectations resulting from the grouping of the amounts that were used in that line of reasoning.

And it is quite easy to see that Pascal's wager and Kraitchik's paradox are nearly the same, with a totally similar structure.

Because of this similarity, what we can now call "The Paradox of Pascal" can be solved in the same way that Marc Heremans and Erik Goolaerts solved the Paradox of Kraitchik. Without knowing they were, they have solved a *very* old paradox.

This is a *very* good example of how a problem can be sometimes solved because there is an isomorphism with another problem that has been solved before."

In the same way that it has been demonstrated, in the Kraitchik's paradox, that when one of the players says "it is in my favour", he is wrong (and the bet is equilibrated), we can say that Pascal was wrong when he said "you must wager for the existence of god" - He made the same mistake when looking at the expectation - and the bet is equilibrated (you don't lose (or win) more - if you lose - betting against his wager - that you would lose (or win) betting for it).

To Grope or to Reason - Albert Frank

The approach of a lot of problems can be made of several manners: let's keep here some possible approaches:

- The groping. It is a frequent method, that sometimes gives results (if one has luck).
- The use of knowledge (theorems, known previous analogous results).
- The "brutal strength": if the number of possibilities is limited, to examine, with the help of a computer, all cases.
- The approach by reasoning. For every problem, to examine WHAT can BE USEFUL TO ITS RESOLUTION .

Let's give here two examples of problems that can be solved by groping, by "brutal strength", or - and in a pure and aesthetic manner - by reasoning.

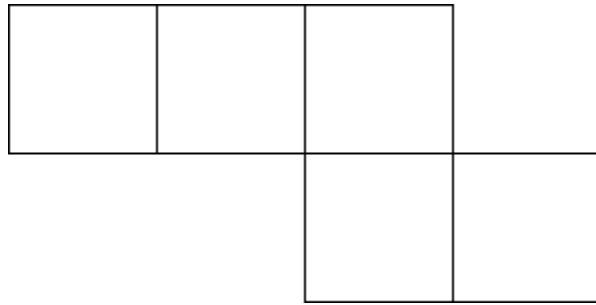
Problem 1: . Four miners are at the same place, inside a mine. The mine is going to explode in precisely one hour. They don't move to the same speed, and are situated respectively to 5, 10, 20 and 25 minutes of the unique exit. They cannot move without light and they have only one lamp. Besides, they can move maximum simultaneously by two at a time (then the speed is the one of the slowest) .

How are they going all to run away?

The solution can be found by groping, or by examining all cases (they are not very numerous). It is a lot simpler to make the following reasoning:

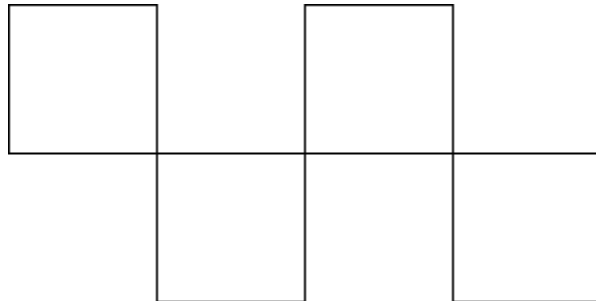
Let's call the miners 5, 10, 20 and 25. To get out of the mine, it is necessary that the two slower travel together - but they cannot leave together the first, it would be too long. Therefore :1°. 5 and 10 leave together, and 5 (or 10) brings back the lamp. 2°. 20 and 25 leave. 3°. 10 (or 5) returns to look for 5 (or 10). Total time: 15 + 25 + 20 min. (or 20 + 25 + 15 min.) = 1 hour.

Problem 2: With matches, form the following motive:



This drawing consists of five squares (of side one match). While displacing two matches, form a drawing only including four squares (of side one match). The matches cannot be bent, nor cut, nor superimposed, nor burnt. All matches must be used for the construction of the drawing.

The solution can be found by groping. It generally takes a long time. What reasoning can one make to manage immediately to solve the problem? Let's COUNT the matches: There are sixteen of them. As we have to get four squares, they will be therefore necessarily disconnected (no side common to several squares). It gives us the solution:



The Truth - Paul Nachbar

The Truth is out There. The Truth is in Here. At times of course the Truth is merely Asinine.

Interlocutor: Mr Nachbar, could you please explain exactly what you mean by these remarks? I'm not really clear here and we would like to know whether you meant..or you meant.Or whether you were referring to..Or quoting..Or was it something that happened to you?We would like to know.I mean your feelings and experiences here.. Oh dont' tell us that.But? Or did we do something? Or mmm .We would like to know..You're being...and you're being..hmm.I don't get it..well..Very good but really vague..and we would like to know..damn...like what do you mean by Here and There and does asinine really mean what it sounds like and are you calling me an ass?? I don't think you would, but it's not nice if you were but..Don't get angry but..

(pats head of interlocutor and smiles somewhat sadly and nervously yet with vague paternalist condescension).Not angry...Well, one day, my boy, all of THIS will be yours..if you can handle it..Gotta go, lad..business appointment, yknow.Duty calls? Ah, like the army.lol.wish things were different..but..see you later alligator..

Paul

The Awed Visitor - Bill Clark

It is everywhere -

What is?

That magical stuff -

Sorry, don't know what you mean - and please get out of my head!

Why must you be so hostile?

I must be insane! Who are you?

A visitor. Just think of me as a visitor -

Please leave, now - visitor.

You should share the wonder -

What wonder?

The magical stuff -

What are you talking about?

It is all around you ... and in you -

Where did you come from; why do you speak in riddles?

Ahhh, it is truly that, now, isn't it - a riddle.

Always was a 'riddle' as you call it -

Been searching for the source of it.

You are part of it, or it's part of you - but you are not the source.

The source?

Yes. It must be this world -

The closer we got, the more we found.

Closer?

Always were a few molecules here and there, a strange curiosity. Then we found your solar system. Thought the source was...you call it mars; quite a bit there. But nothing like here. There's so much here. This must be the source. Doesn't matter if it is the source or not, though. So much...and it binds all together.

Binds all together?

Yes. We are not bound, as you are. It is a wonder to see through your eyes. To hear, to taste, to smell and touch. It must be a strange gift to be locked inside with all this power around you.

Power? What power?

The magical stuff - colorless, flowing, binder of all you know of life. Laced with the power of the universe.

Power...

Yes, power. You call it - Water.

Luftmensch Liberation Front - Paul Nachbar

god.. i'm so desponding.. i never have any fun anymore... i'm all wrapped up in my existential haze... and i can't seem to escape it... and its' beginning to smother me.. smother every bit of personality, of spontaneity, of carelessness out of me... every bit humanity... a humanity which is now being supplanted by disposition of a luftmensch... just a airyly contemplative fool... who can't experience things for what they are... but has to discern into the deep meaning of everything around him.. abstracting reality into lofty philosophical notions... "(private confessions of a luftmensch (anonymous--and not me,damnit!)

It has come to our attention that there exists within us a large minority which has received much in the form of institutional, social, political and media discrimination, direct and indirect: the Luftmenschen-- crude translations in English: nerds, airheads, space cadets,eggheads, artistes and geeks etc. Folks not exactly "grounded" or "down to earth"-Luftmensch literally meaning "man of the air"

Luftmenschen appear in all religious, gender, racial, ethnic, political, philosophical, income,professional,class, weight height, age, sociological, gender and EQ,IQ and personality categories.Such individuals, who have not yet realized their individual or common Luftmenschness, often repress or sublimate their true identities, go into states of denial or self-hatred,and attempt to negate these unpleasant though apparant "facts" about themselves through overcompensation and overachievement.They also quite frequently lead lives in mainstream society, which are filled with a type of quiet despair, often hidden behind apparant "success" We at the Luftmensch Liberation Front, propose to change such deleterious conditions both on the plateau of individual lives and of society as a whole:the traditional misrepresentation and persecution of the Luftmensch.

Are you embroiled in the labyrinth of contemporary institutions of therapy and self-help doctrines or other Ideas and Ideologies with no clear solution in sight? Are you lonely, filled with contradictory feelings about self-worth and the meaning and purpose or value of everything around you? Do you flounder or bounce from one thing to the next--or into walls- or become lost in thought? Do you specialize in self-deprecating humor or irony?Do you beat yourself up into functioning in a world where you feel you do not quite..belong? Have you diagnosed yourself with a dozen different mental disorders, none of which quite fit your true self?

Do you find yourself incapable of solving the "normal" life problems, including obtaining a "reasonable degree" of happiness that others your age --though possibly more 'superficial' or 'less intelligent' or 'less sensitive' or more 'limited' seem to solve with almost instinctual readiness? Do you seem to march to your own drummer but find that very few people can follow you or understand what you really are saying unless you play "their" roles, "compromise" and "conform"?

No worries here: these are probably the signs of Luftmenschness and not social or psychological pathology or deviations from any tradition, set of values or some correct life path.Hey, those who really had those traditions, values and correct life path ideas probably got there without much commentary or analysis, didn't they? That is, you are not a deviant but a VARIANT upon human nature.And in most cases, a variant with extremely high levels of human potential, if

treated with the proper respect care and support. So BE a Luftmensch, friend, be YOURSELF and be PROUD of it. We are free, we are many..

Care to hear more? I do not want to go on and on here but please, if you have time or additional questions, write to:

Palu NACKBAR, chairman
Luftmensch Liberation Fronttt
Planet Pico, Andromeda Galazy
1111155555500000
or simply:
available via AOL IM at pnowhereman
available via email at godot180@aol.com

Lessons for Luftmenschen - Paul Nachbar

There may be nothing new under the sun, but there are always plenty of old things to complain about.

Genius may be one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration but who really cares?

Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and dull.

Seek and ye shall find--it's probably under the couch.

She told me I was digging my own grave, but I said, with appropriate deference, that I had actually had a lot of help and did not want to hog all the credit.

Humor is often the last preventative measure against jumping out the window. Yes, I know, why should such things always be prevented?

The sad truth to life is that most things are not good or bad but merely overrated in terms of their goodness or badness.

Nietzsche once said that thoughts of suicide kept him warm on cold winter nights. Actually thoughts of him committing suicide, which was not historically accurate, helped me a lot in those times as well.

If we knew what we were doing, almost none of us would be doing it. This probably includes the people who tell us what to do.

Love is a many-splendored thing, but also often vastly overrated.

There is nothing like the warm and nostalgic memory of a wonderful and irreplaceable dog one once had long ago. It brings tears to one's eyes, especially since one no longer has to feed it, groom it, take it to the vet or clean up after it.

I would do truly evil and horrible things but I don't have the energy.

It may take fewer facial muscles to smile than it does to frown, but falling asleep on the job is easy.

Secretly, I am very proud of having been half asleep during some of what the Chinese call "interesting times". All sorts of dramatic things happened to them, much to tell about, but they know that deep down I had the right idea.

Life gets better after forty. I shall tell myself that until I reach fifty. Then I will think of some other comforting lie I can easily believe.

Have you ever looked with wonder at the miraculous activity and organization in a beehive or ant-hill and then yawned and chuckled with the superior satisfaction that you, naturally, are not a mere bee or ant or other lowly creature? Or at least imagine you are not.. And then walked away, desperately trying to think of something else.

I wouldn't mind if computers did nearly all the work. As long as they could be programmed to have hurt feelings when I yelled at them.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Well, yes I could, but I could also compare you to something infesting my life.

Usually sour and bitter or negative or pessimistic thoughts mean absolutely nothing, and just pop up whether there is or is not a "reason" for them. They are an inevitable part of the process of digesting life experiences, the only problem being when one does not release them at the appropriate time and fashion.

Is all that humanity really aspired to during all these centuries basically found in any mall or supermarket? If so I shall remain on my couch and let somebody else do the shopping.

One needs some optimists around. Most of them are either not very bright, brain dead or totally hypocritical but they keep the rest of us going. If somebody is or seems happy for apparently good reasons, there must be something to it.

Love is often a contract between two people who annoy each other in ways that somehow seem "special". Could the same be said for hatred?

Merit and rewards: it takes far more intellect to write a good sonnet than it does, say, to come up with a highly sophisticated computer system. On the other hand, very few bosses or government agencies need sonnets these days. Where are those nasty aristocrats and corrupt ecclesiastical figures when one needs them? THEY needed some good sonnets..

Truth usually means, in practical terms, what an individual can live with. But here it is sort of like shoes sizes: one size does not fit all. Hey, there have been a lot of wars over this, no?

Living well, my old therapist used to scold me, is the best revenge. Well sometimes living well means doing absolutely nothing. Which would of course put the therapists out of work...oh my.

Everybody always has some noble intentions, despite some modern social theories. which say the contrary. Sometimes a bunch of people with noble intentions form a critical mass and something important happens, which often causes a lot of problems. The commonsense approach means squashing these intentions before anything bad happens then perhaps sobbing "what have I done? It was all an ACCIDENT?"

I know there are a lot of crazy people but is there really such a thing as mental health? Oops, I'm sorry, that question was bad for business....please continue as you were.

The weird truth about winning and losing is that losing is sometimes more exciting and advantageous and that winning is often just shooting fish in a barrel. Emphasis here of course on sometimes..

Did you ever look at a tank of fish or lobster in a restaurant and wonder if THEY were thinking that they were in the process of a job application?

When in Rome live like the Romans. Duh. What else could one live like here, a pineapple?

The amazing thing about cats is that although their IQs are estimated to be only around 4 points, they use all of those points SO WELL...Makes one think.

I guess despite all my whining and moaning and dramatizing I am really a happy man. If I had to imagine myself coming back in another reincarnation, I would just imagine myself still laying on my couch, looking suspiciously at the world from beneath my blanket, wondering what was happening here Oh one change: it would be nice if my girlfriend would lose some weight in this reincarnation..though of course I never said that.Of course in her version of this reincarnation, she would be laying on the couch pondering and I would be doing the dishes.

The main advantage of a big vocabulary is that everybody else knows one has a big vocabulary. The main disadvantage of having a big vocabulary is that everybody also knows it.

What are television sets and radios REALLY for, anyway?

Sometimes it seems that the only real law of marketing anything is that whatever or whoever makes the most noise makes the most sales. How shameful here, or am I just a luftmensch?

Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Sounds good. This was either said by somebody who was deeply envious or completely manipulative.

Intelligence usually consists of playing games with the obvious.For good or bad of course.

Ah, necessity...it forces us into doing something at least. Well, sometimes it is the mother merely of SPAM.

Being able to hold certain contradictory ideas in my mind at once--like Twinkle Twinkle Little Star and the fact that those stars are really huge thermonuclear bombs seems...somewhat difficult..

More Lessons for Luftmenschen - Paul Nachbar

My boss Barbara informed me rather kindly, from her point of view, that I was a "valuable commodity". I smiled and kind of fumed to myself here about the use of the word commodity, thanked her and walked away. A genuine smile crossed my face, though, when I imagined her being gored by a wild mastadon charging through her office. She is a very nice woman, but after the mastadon hit her.....nothing was left. Poor dear.

He who believes honesty is the best policy has never worked for an agency nor can last very long working for one.

I think an extremely restrictive rule I made in my own club has intimidated and silenced people's spontaneous participation. I shall endeavor to change here.which of course is very difficult for anybody to do. From now on, unsolicited assassination attempts made against me are perfectly acceptable. HEY, THERE, not HERE.

A fool and his honey are also soon parted.

People generally imagine that major cities like New York and Paris are morally bankrupt, wicked,corrupt, degenerate and awful places where society is hopelessly divided into disgusting wars of group against group and dog against dog...and where all genuine values and traditions are scoffed at and worth nothing. Which is why, I guess, everybody wants to go there.

If they don't shoot artists or drive them completely insane, drive them out of the country or keep them permanently locked up,. eventually they usually make some money.Oh joy.

I am, alas, an honest man. But if I had only wanted to help people, I would have become a doctor.Uh..

How many poets does it take to change a lightbulb? None. They let somebody else do it; why bother?

What would Shakespeare think of the thousands of scholars who made a living off of works he wrote hundreds of years before in fits of passion? Probably nothing. He has been dead for a very long time.

Over a hundred years ago they used to say "Go west, young man!" That is for pursuing one's fortune. I guess they say now "Go up?"

Does anybody really need another product?

Self-improvement? Hah! You should talk!

If only somebody REALLY knew what the meaningful and meaningless parts of conversation really were..

Yes the road to hell is probably paved with good intentions and all of my intentions are good and thus probably pave a lot of roads to hell and therefore I will spend today ALSO on my couch.

Whoever invented clocks should have been shot a long time ago. What? Too late?
A good idea whose time well..never mind.

There is actually plenty of inteligent life in the universe, but only a small portion of that manages to do anything with this intelgence which is vaguely interesting to anybody else.

If we didnt' have all these rules and structures..then I guess we wouldn't...have all these rules and structures. And THEN what would happen? Hell if I know. Do you know? I sure don't.Who came up with them anyway? I don't know. Do you? No...
Well, does it matter? Probably not.

Sometimes genuine wealth means being able to take a nap when one wants to. Zzzzzzzz.

Why is it, even with my fondest and most sincere and positive intentions, so difficult to write a decent poems about banks, the stock market, tax law or commodities markets? Really I try...I'm a Realist too.

If God only knew this...well he probably does but it bores Him silly.

NEW MEMBERS

Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, Muhamed Veletanlic.

Name: Muhamed Veletanlic
Email: muhamed.veletanlic@oktv.se
Qualifying Score: Test For Genius Long Form

Autobiography -- I'm 34 years old, born in Bosnia-Herzegovina, live in Sweden. I'm married with two children. I have a Masters Degree in Electrical Engineering and work as development engineer for a company in Sweden. At my spare time I like to read, photograph, listen to music, play my guitar and write.

Welcome, Muhamed.

Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, Kay Lindgren.

Name: Karin "Kay" Lindgren
Email: zzkayelle75@earthlink.net
Qualifying Score: Grove-McCall Multi-Mental Scale

Autobiography – Karin Lindgren has lived in Rhode Island, Virginia, Michigan, Florida and Europe, where she has traveled extensively. A former college professor, she currently works as a bookkeeper in Delray Beach, Florida. Since she began writing seriously four years ago, her poems have won over thirty awards.

Welcome, Kay.

Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, Gilad Skyte.

Name: Gilad Skyte
Email: etyks@hotmail.com
Qualifying Score: The Sigma Test

Autobiography – Born in Israel, June 1980.
Interested in poetry, mathematics and all things of beauty. One poem of mine will be published in the next issue of "Illui", which is the Israeli MENSAs magazine. I have also posted a couple of poems on the VinCI message board.

Welcome, Gilad

Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, Martin Boutte.

Name: Martin Boutte
Email: erebia@outgun.com
Qualifying Score: Grove-McCall Multi-Mental Scale

Publications: poetry.com under my name, are earlier more personal musings...I've really only dabbled here and there...I recently joined thecriticalpoet.com and ablemuse.com (eratosphere) to get some serious advice (critique) about my writing.

Autobiography – single/no dependents
34
8/12/1969
Patterson, Louisiana

CAREER/JOB/etc.:
Water treatment professional
Military: LANG (Desert Storm) 87-93
UL University @ Lafayette
INFJ/Enneagram 4w5

INTERESTS/OTHER:
cycling, chess, enneagram/mbti/keirse, Thinkfast, brain physiology, psychology, poetry,
traditional/gothic art/music, sci-fi/supernatural/paranormal, hurricanes, dj/cd-mixing, i.q. and
personality tests, etc.

Welcome, Martin.

Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, Ed Glomski.

Name: Ed Glomski

Email: eglomski836@cs.com

Qualifying Score: Grove-McCall Multi-Mental Scale

Autobiography – Born, July 21, 1955, Royal Oak MI; Residence, Akron, OH; Married, Wife, Shellee;
Daughter, 9, Hannah; US Navy Veteran; Graduate, National Institute of Technology, 2 Yr.
Electronics Technology, Recipient of Honor Student Award (Highest Cumulative Average); Former
Bookseller, Proprietor, The Book Nook 1998-1999; Former Electronics Co. Executive 1997-2002,
Stellar Private Cable; Board Member, East Central Ohio Mensa 1998-2000; Editor, Integra, The
Journal of Intertel 1999-Present; Present Occupation, Salesman; Biography listed in various Marquis
Publications including Who's Who in the World 2001, and Who's Who in America 2003.

Poetry published in the Saunterer, The Journal of the Thoreau Society; Integra, The Journal of
Intertel; The Braegen the Newsletter of East Central Ohio Mensa.

Welcome Ed.

Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, Sharon Norman.

Name -- Sharon Norman

User Email -- sharon@phenixwebdesign.com

Qualifying Score/Test -- Grove-McCall

Biography -- Born in West Virginia, moving to Ohio at the age of nine. Traveled the U.S. extensively
as a child - visited all but 2 states in the continental U.S. Have AAB in Computer Programming
Technology and started a home-based web design business this year. Interests in addition to poetry
include: astronomy, forensic science, archeology, psychology, neurology (my daughter has TS), art,
music.

Poetry -- Poem published on ADOPTION.COM under the poetry section.

Welcome, Sharon.

Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, Jenifer Zito.

Name -- Jenifer Zito

User_Email -- JeniAnnZ@aol.com

Qualifying Score -- Score from Mensa proctored exam.

Date Taken -- 1990

Other Scores -- Mensa IQ tests , Intertel Member

Poetry Information -- Burdock
The Bring Me Songs
The Ah, Love Songs
Night Brings Out the Fathers
Daily Simple
many others

Autobiography -- Member of Mensa and Intertel. Self-employed since 1989 in library management business. Master's Degree in poetry from Wesleyan University. Four children. Own home. Ballroom dancer, gardener, reader, published poet.

Welcome Jenifer.

Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, William Clark.

Name -- William Clark

User Email -- william.clark63@verizon.net

Qualifying Score/Test -- Sigma VI test

Year Taken -- 2003

Poetry -- 2 Poems being published Jan. Issue Pablo Lennis Magazine
1) "Red Planet"
2) "Her Place"

1 Non-Fiction Article Published Newspaper
"Her Last Days"

1 Science Fiction Short Story Published May 1992 issue Pablo Lennis "EV"

Biography -- I write poetry, stories and articles in my spare time. I have many interests and

accomplishments: 8 U.S. Patents, 1 European, several Pending. Member Sigma III, IHIQs, HPS, HiQH Director of Online Marketing HiQH Manager of Product Development, Mohawk/CDT Corp. Founder Trittium SA Founder BestPocketPDA.com

Welcome Bill.

PSYCHOMETRY

\Stargazer - Maria Claudia Faverio

It was a clear summer night with a light breeze, and Stargazer was sitting on the verandah counting the stars. "Please, come in! It's 2 am!", shouted his wife from the bedroom. Stargazer could observe different types of stars, bright, bizarre stars, with his telescope, and was so delighted that he didn't even hear her. So she went out to fetch him. "I'll come in if you can answer this question, Sweetheart", announced Stargazer. "Can you see how many stars there are this night? There are more than one group, darling, and each group contains the same number of stars. There are between 200 and 300 stars. I cannot tell you how many stars there are altogether, or you would know how many groups there are. If you can tell me how many stars and how many groups there are, I'll come inside." His wife couldn't answer, and he stayed on the verandah all night. Can you?

All answers as private emails, please.

thebohemian7@yahoo.com.au

Six Insane Geniuses - Maria Claudia Faverio

Six insane geniuses (Anomalous, Bewildered, Confused, Deranged, Erratic and Fanciful) work as spies for a planet of the Andromeda Galaxy. They were supposed to send a coded message to this planet, but it didn't arrive, and it is not clear who is the last one to have seen it, that is to say, who is responsible for the loss (intergalactic mail is 100% reliable, so the responsible must be one of the geniuses). Fanciful says he has sent it to Anomalous and Confused, and received it from Bewildered and Erratic. Deranged affirms that he has sent it to Confused and Erratic, and received it from Anomalous and Bewildered. Anomalous asserts to have sent it to Bewildered and to have received it from Confused. Bewildered declares that he received it from Erratic. Who is responsible for the loss of the coded message, that is to say, who is the last one to have seen it?

All answers as private emails, please.

thebohemian7@yahoo.com.au

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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New Leadership - Dr. Greg A. Grove, PGS Founder

I think I can safely speak for all Poetic Genius Society members is congratulating you, Barry, on many years of highly successful leadership. You took the reigns of the Society when I was so very ill and needed to step aside. You also worked to enhance the variety of admissions tests available at that time, expanding the list of proctored and unproctored exams to assure that anyone with a pulse over 60, and motivated, could apply for membership regardless of where they were located in the world. Not all countries offer psychological services as highly developed as those here in the United States.

May your time now shift to other projects and concerns that will enhance your soul. Stay in touch!

Warmly,
Dr. Greg A. Grove
PGS Founder

LUDOMIND, A NEW SOCIETY - Albert Frank

Ludomind was founded in 1999 by Albert Frank.

In 2003, it became an International Society, (re)founded by Peter Bentley and Albert Frank.

The goal of the society is - without any exception - to present BEAUTIFUL puzzles. What's mean here "beautiful"? It means that, to solve the puzzles, one must think, think,...and think. No tricks, no jokes. The members must of course specify if they are the author of the puzzle, or give the origin. A puzzle may never come from a (active or inactive) test.

Besides, the puzzles may not be (too) cultural, may not be related to a language (some members don't speak English), and must not need high academics knowledge.

To become a member, ALL of the following conditions are needed:

- An estimated I.Q. > 150 (this condition is the less important)
- To have created or selected ONLY beautiful puzzles
- To be active - this means to present a puzzle minimum from time to time
- To accept, on the mailing list, to send mails only - without any restriction - concerning puzzles.

Some of the puzzles presented up to know are really fantastic. They ask to reason, reason, and reason more! (They are not logical sequences)

The URL is: <http://www.digimind.org/ludomind>

MP3 Bi-Annual Poem Winner Readings - PA Sinocelt

I was discussing with Barry the possibility of having some of those poems (I was talking about the bi-annual winners, by the time) appear in mp3 format. Barry generously offered to upload the files on the website, if any should be sent to him. What do you think? Would some of you be ready to record their own poems, so we can better appreciate their rhythms?

GliaWebNews - July 25 2003 - From Dr. Greg Grove

Paul Cooijmans

* * * * *

MISSION STATEMENT

I wrote a "mission statement" for the IQ tests page:
<http://members.brabant.chello.nl/~p.cooijmans/gliaweb/tests/mission.html>

MALE/FEMALE DIFFERENCE - FACTOR ANALYSIS

On the page with correlations between my tests, I added an observation about male/female differences, and a first real factor analysis of my tests showing (for the first time) that they do measure a general factor. See
<http://members.brabant.chello.nl/~p.cooijmans/gliaweb/stats/corcooij.html>

SLSE NORMS

A new statistical report for this test by Jonathan Wai:
<http://members.brabant.chello.nl/~p.cooijmans/gliaweb/stats/slse.html>

HENRY FLAGLER

A new article by Robert Brizel is on Papyrus,
<http://members.brabant.chello.nl/~p.cooijmans/gliaweb/papyrus/>

RICHARD LYNN

I discovered the web page of psychologist Richard Lynn, author of a book about the relation between IQ and the wealth and poverty of the world's nations: <http://www.rlynn.co.uk/>

SUICIDE PAGE

A funny page: <http://maddox.xmission.com/suicide.html>. Especially the reactions. WARNING: Do not visit this page if you are depressed!

* * * * *

Download page (music recordings and more): <http://www.cooijmans.net/gliaweb/z3qamx/>

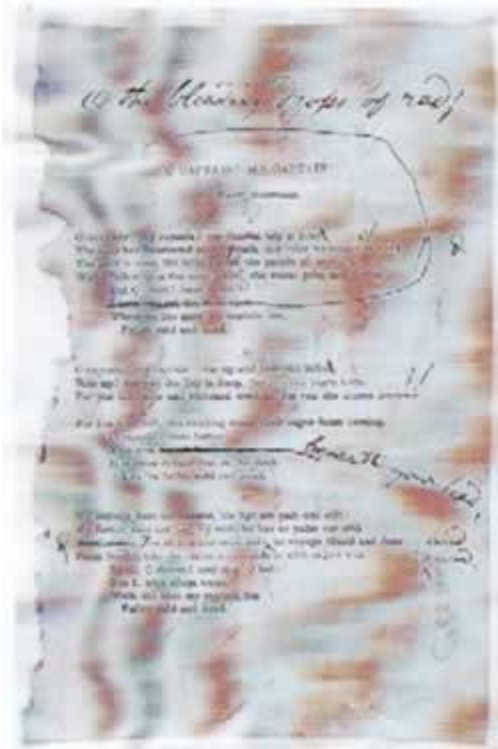
GWN has about 175 subscribers. If your address bounces repeatedly it is removed.

Unsubscribe: click p.cooijmans@chello.nl?subject=GWN_Quit and put your email address in the body of the message.

Walt Whitman's "Oh Captain, my captain" Original - Paul F. Kisk

I recently came across a dealer who had an original redacted version of Walt Whitman's "Oh Captain, my captain."

Personally I love this kind of art when it's in primitive raw form hence reflecting the masters hand.



Unfortunately the quality of the upload looks nothing like the original jpeg (obviously a control measure).

Together With a Co-author, I Have Written a Small Book, in French - Albert Frank

Together with a co-author, I have written a small book, in French, a totally original deep *human* book, in connexion with lonely and I.Q.

We intend later to publish it (maybe with some modifications - every comment from PGS members would be welcome) I send it to you for Apotheosis.

This is a link to "NATAN" (word document) – Go to the online issue of Apotheosis to link up to this document.

Best regards. Please pardon my mistakes in English.

Appearing in Integra, publication of Intertel - Ed Glomski

The Poetic Genius Society or PGS is an Internet based organization which is presently being headed by ILIAn Mark Norman, of Ohio, whose official title is Executive Director. Mark's poetry was featured in this year's May issue of Integra.

I have had a few pleasant Email conversations with Mark and he has successfully recruited me as a new PGS member. During our exchanges I invited Mark to write a short article about the Poetic Genius Society for Integra, but since that time I have come to feel it would be more appropriate for me to write the story.

The Poetic Genius Society is for highly intelligent individuals who have a love for poetry. There are only two requirements for membership. The first is a score at or above the 99.5 percentile on a standardized IQ test. The second is that the candidate has had a poem published. (A poem published in Integra would meet this qualification).

One of the very best things about PGS is that there are absolutely no dues or fees for membership at this time. Presently there are around ninety members.

With Mensa Having an Owl as its symbol it is only appropriate that the symbol of the Poetic genius society is a Raven. The PGS on-line Magazine is entitled Apotheosis and it features members' poetry and prose. There is also a members only Email forum.

Dr. Greg Grove founded the Poetic Genius Society in 1998 out of the ashes of an older society which was known as Collegium. If you are interested in joining you may apply on line. The website is located at: <http://poeticgenius.com/> and has a list of all of the qualifying test scores including a test called the Grove-McCall which you can download and complete in less than 30 minutes.

Scoring the Grove-McCall test takes about one week and requires a fee of ten dollars. I took the Grove-McCall test and found the results to be an exact match to scores I had received when tested by the US Navy many years ago, so I am assuming that it is fairly accurate.

If you would like more information you may also Email Mark Norman at: marknorm@adelphia.net

Incidentally, the website is very well designed and also features links to member Email addresses, websites and profiles. Dr. Gove refers to the Poetic Genius Society as small but mighty. I don't think anyone could coin a better description. Perhaps with the publishing of this article it will grow a little. It is also possible that Intertel, too, may gain some new members as I believe Mark Norman will be mentioning us in an upcoming apotheosis.

I asked Kay to offer to our group her chapbook, and she agreed. I have a copy of her chapbook and it is well worth the price. Give it a look

Chapbook for sale for the cost of ten dollars (US currency only). That also cover postage and handling. My address is:
Kay Lindgren
Lakeview Avenue
Lantana, FL 33462



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Chapbook for sale for the cost of ten dollars (US currency only). That will also cover postage and handling. My address is:

Mark Norman
477 Springbrook Drive SW
New Philadelphia, OH 44663

The chapbook was written under pen name, The Snoozing Muse.

