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POETRY

The Pulpiest Concentrate of the Soul of Poetry - by Hubert Wee

Come, dance merrily in the softly forgiving sunshine,
sense the mildly kissing zephyr on young, unblemished cheek,
driving intoxicating sweetness into remotest soul,
a washing tide of rising emotion, sensitizing bitterly, then
desensitizing again,
with heartening tenderness flowing warmly to bone.

Come luxuriate and revel, brood and dwell on,
drink in the richest essences of elaborate poetic flair,
immerse unappeased soul in finest literary craft,
feast on rhetoric, devour tangy rhyme,
chew heavily on authentic linguistic fare,
savour the exquisitely piquant blends of purest, wholesome delight,
oh, muster all invigorated energies,
tame rampant spirit and consume with truculent voracity,
nourish deepest soul, feed to it the purest essences of romantic stanza,
taste the absorbing fulfilment,
the searing emotion, oh, such vibrant arousal,
now, get severely drawn into this grippingly edifying realm,
tread the path of poetic composition, and reach out to soul.

Life - by Brennan Martin

Life is never ending, it is always, life has no escape, and not even the gaps between lifetimes can one be free. However, life is perfect.

Life is more precise than exact, more defined than it is real; its machine like design transcends power both spiritual and physical, It is furnace forever perfect, life is perfect.

Life is like a chessboard, the pawns, which roam its angelic surface, act as within a steady glimpse, and subtle movement from the beholders well executed move.

Life itself is bewildered by how it came to be, though life seemingly has many shapes and sizes, the truth is to be heard, life is everything, it is every imaginable shape, size and colour, constant euphoria mingles within its beauty. However, life is perfect.

Life is like a bio-sphere, life trapped in life and rounded off to create a peaceful prison. Life is like all our senses combined, no one to record has thought of it the way I have. Where others run, I stand my ground, I want to grasp its proverbial brilliance within my hands, know it better than one ever thought possible.

Bitter but sweet, life is like a matrix. We are the pips, if life were truly good to us it would show us a life from outside the apple....the real life. If life were truly good to us it would free us, give us emancipation. Only then would life really and truly be perfect.

Life is the pen, which we forge our own destinies with. We are as much in tune with life, as life is with us. We are equals.

Life is scarred, as the inevitable breakthrough of life's awesome barrier draws near, one can only laugh a polysyllabic tune. Life is scarred by the fact that we now know too much, and that we no longer need its eyes gazing upon us 24/7.

Life will sleep, birds will turp, and people will smile, for we all agree that the way of life is now overwhelmingly true, and freedom is anything but new. Everyone will stand high and marvel at life's true ingenious. We will forget the old life, move on, read and re-read this poem; the start of a new beginning is here. The life of life is perfect, this poem is perfect, and life is perfect.....I just want too know the TRUTH!

Ostium - Julie Tai

Harvesting poems that catch glittering shines in all
our awesome feelings
I actually expect nothing peculiar from widespread
human selfishness

Quarrying tiny spaces in the time of my waiting for
plenty of things
I grab some of your gems merging with past gloom and
darkness

Hurrying myself to some undisclosed destinations and
beings
I know that my very aim is to keep in your eyes the
radiance of keenness

The World - Paul Nachbar

The world is a bulldozer
That razes one house
And builds another
It is a sigh as well
And also a scream
Perhaps
Sometimes a poem...

Poem

Limb-erick - Thomas Hadley

there was a poet from Cyprus
who suffered an acute priapus
when he ran out of ink
he stopped not to think
his third leg became his stylus
to inscribe upon c l a y
of the immoral ways
of those who lived in Pompeus

Labor of Light - Robbie Dawson

I hate to equivocate
in this grey medium
but as of late
all writing is tedium
thoughts held tightly
fall to phrases
rather unsightly
yet rather contagious
unformed wanting
informed waning
felicitous flaunting
deceptively draining
where do thoughts turn
when syllables vanquish
crumble and burn
or sculpt a new language
if one must ask
one must not write
truth takes to task
its labor in light

Lackadaisically Intoned Whispers - Mark Norman

Lackadaisically intoned
whispers, lazy de Sade
bound to the moment
tethered, tied
to sadness.

Lead astray by the
not quite said
but easily read
careless empty eyes
of the prying stranger.

Putting the lies aside
the truths shed
in tears wept supine
sublimely dangling then dripping
from the earlobes to the bed.

Mere haunts of emotions
gasping to the surface
long lost in the past
desires now long dead.

Enmeshed, categorized, and spoiled
in the distance of time.

Strangers must not talk
of cares and caresses,
embarzened white bodies
tangled white bed sheets,
and such gone awry.

So long ago that
the weathering of life
has faded and washed
the heart
of kinder emotions.

The heart pickled and jarred
preserving only the flesh
still beating its hollow
insistent thud awaiting
an answer from a long lost passion.

Baffling - Julie Tai

Increasingly

All they were looking for was for holly redemption
Until dawn

They could stand, just stand on the whole mess
Shortening lives

Their lives showed to a world of decay they could not
miss
Anything, either

Whimsical dreams they carried along their madness
Though no one knew

Faint following what seemed to be hectic days of
confusion
Dust

Hence fell silencing dust on the few last incidental
souls
No consolation more

Meaning that you would not try to climb the scales
Anymore

They deciphered our enclosed but well-hidden fears
Dripping

Lines on the roads proved we all are touched on the
raw
Moved again

Or maybe stunned ?

POETRY (acrostic) - Faverio Maria Claudia

Proud of its noble diversity,
Oscillating between joy and sorrow,
Entrancing aristocratic souls,
The Spirit of Poetry
Roams among debris of dreams,
Yielding to their intriguing beauty.

Jacks Beans - S.L. MacNiven

So small, so white and so sublime,
O' how you steal my waking mind
And kill my dreams...

Crystal clear and effervescent,
Moonshine is antidepressant
Happiness teems...

Sooty rainfalls, through glassy shards,
Through glazed lens I see the bards
I see their screams...

Fantasy's reality returns,
Upon the pyre's nails I burn
Hunger redeems...

Again I die, again I die,
My personalities defy
Nothingness deems...

How beautiful the inky blots,
A fly, the Sun or just a spot?
Cold mountain streams...

Y para dentro little pill,
Go pacify this quirky will,
And eat Jack's beans...

Life's Symphony - Paul F. Kisak

On my way to serendipity,
I came across a place to be.

This place was visited regularly,
by those who love life's symphony.

To my surprise 'twas full of rules,
the foremost being to follow no fools.

The second rule was just as good.
It said do right whenever you could.

The third rule was just as wise.
It said be true with no disguise.

I read the rules into the night,
until I forgot my erstwhile plight.

These rules I knew before I read,

they were embedded deep within my head.

They needn't be on stone or wood,
they were here all along which is very good.

Quest - John Russell Sweeney

White-coated scientists, probing 'tween the warp n' woof;
amongst the threads of the Great Paradox;

and ask - "Ah, but How?"

Sagacious philosophers, probing 'tween their propositions;
amongst the hidden secrets of the Great Paradox;

and ask - "Ah, but Why?"

Ah, but above, beyond and even within the Great Paradox -
amongst the tangle of perplexity -

comes the Voice, to the truly seeking ear -

and that says - " I AM... (the Answer)

Glints - Thomas Hadley

I, a palpable Ghost,
become again Human
only to disappear, then reappear
haunting my Past

my Consciousness materializes
within this corporeal clay statue
realization dawns in brief glimpses
whilst gazing at tufts o' dandelion seeds
wafting away upon whimsical spring breezes

every Spring is every Spring Eternal
self-limitation begets the Infernal
the seed is the breeze is the flower
my dust swirls within an Ivory Tower

Tears - Mark Norman

Gully washer
torrential fall
tears of torment
one and all

Falling, cascading
washing the cheek
mascara rivulets from
a soul's little leak

Emotions withheld
the body revolts
telling the truth
when it won't help

Sob rack from
deep within, where the
body's betrayal
always begins

Telling the secrets
held tightly sequestered
of passions denied
and love left unanswered

Miscalculation - Tine Wilde

A boundary – a line
of which you think
that that is what it has to define:
the outskirts of a memory
the conclusions of a mind –
Shimmersharp horizon.

All that gathered on one spot
a niche, a station in the evening sun.
The circle that closed in on life
where it once had all begun –
Crossing border to far side.

So tragic this miscalculation:
the line was drawn at random.
A deaf-mute transposition.
The boundary was merely a coincidental
indication of a separation –
Erased horizon

Careening to the Centre - Faverio Maria Claudia

Slivers of light
pulsing among snapping synapses
of waves,
broken neon lamp
in crowded shopping centre.

The gravitational pull of the blue
weighs on my eyes
like dream dancing
in jungle of gray,
angelic voice
choked by the cigars of drunkards
at the local pub.

Careening to the centre,
I throw overboard my pride,
my ego struggles
in the coiling syntax of the waves,
becomes one with the undiminished blue
hatching vulnerable hope.

The mighty hands of the sky
lift my soul
into tameless light
roaring at the ignorance
of the *conditio humana*,
somersaulting acrobat
delighting my inner child
giggling among debris
of illusory self.

In the seamless patterns on the water,
the concentric circles
of my drowning ego
turn into parallel lines,
joining the waves
in their eternal tango
under the furtive light
of dusk.

The Ascetic - Faverio Maria Claudia

Secluded in light,
the ascetic sees things
that common eyes
prone to darkness
don't see.

Things of angels,
tentative blue breaking through
like a scream
or insight, -
the vision of Truth
face to face,
when visions cease to be
visions
and claim the monopoly of reality,
like dawn.

The Will pants and raves,
it knows it is losing ground,
hunted by the unmuddled self,
who finally dares to be.

In the amassing harmony of songs
and sounds without words
intruding into fallacy of being
like a helping hand,
when wings don't know they are wings
any more,
but swing like a conjugation of air
and sky,
the ascetic forgets
what he is not supposed to remember
in the stringency of becoming light.

The abrupt disturbance
of the calm of nothingness
through birth and death
and the tragicomedy
in between
loses its contours
like things of stone at dusk,
when images go on the stage
to fulfill desires
that shouldn't be,
and cicadas sing
to complete the circle
that looked square
under the fake sun
of the afternoon.

The catch of a song
can be the seed

of a symphony.

The Hermit - Faverio Maria Claudia

The dullness of the world
has lost its grip on me,
swarthy clouds of indifference
have drifted into the untimely dark sky
of my hope.

I watch without thinking,
touch without feeling.
The caustic breeze of life
immunized me against sorrow,
the charm of the Queen of Death
holds me captive
with promises of unquenchable love.

Solitude is my bliss,
the plinth of my microcosm
of valiant vagaries,
far from the piteous platitudes
of conceited conformity.

The warm hands of desire
have turned cold
in the winter of mortality.
I have laid down the sword.

In Hobbitlands - Paul Nachbar

In hobbitlands where'er they are
They regulate their habits
Some reach out for some distant star
Most propagate like rabbits
Some hesitate before a bar
Some spy Success and grab it.

Bliss - Paul F. Kisak

Bliss desired and unretired
gives speciation to emotional inflation.

Bliss must end to return again
so that appreciation maintains it's station.

Blissfully,

Carmel Table Top Dregs - Mark Norman

Carmel table top dregs,
concentric coffee cup imprints face to stare at me
asking questions of the day to be.
"Sanitized rationality," I state, predicting gleefully.

White Styrofoam insulates
The insulting, cool opinions
of those in the gaseous state. Hence all grate
in their fourteen point five pound voiced misconception.

"I am right, you are wrong,"
no, neither entirely.
"My way or the highway," you know the saying,
but no, not necessarily, though quite fiery.

Is it a cop out to defend then assault
when you're bright enough to see both sides,
with no strong opinions as a result
and remain pro/anti undecided?

Well, cup is nearly to the bottom,
time now to decide today, left or right,
conservative, liberal, side weak or those of might?
I don't know, but sure hoping to enjoy the fight.

Poetry of a Lost Soul - Mark Norman

I gaze to the night sky
to the expanse of stars
and scoff at its promise.
Shaking my head from the firmament
back to the earthly unkempt
path I travel,
twisting into the darkness of future,
I stumble, again.

Raising my eyes to the heavens
in despair, I realize that promise
is all that keeps one foot
moving in front of the other.

Poetry of a Lost Soul Found - Mark Norman

It doesn't always happen, you know,
the lost soul, the bad things,
nightmares, cold sweats,
worries, and frets.

Sometimes, just sometimes
the sunshine can only carry
the essence of good, instilling a mood, soaking deep,
gently chastising the shadows of doom

To a world of possibility,
hope, and desire
to a sunlit bathed room
of promise and passion, retired of gloom.

Where problems become a challenge
and failures a mere ironic grin.
I like this place.

Love Song for A Woman with a 186 IQ - Paul Nachbar

Perhaps in heaven we will meet
Far past those forces which defeat
Our impulses to quite aspire
Beyond the central burning fire
And we should see the face of God
In whose sole eyes we were not odd
And there we will feel truly great
Though down below it seems too late;
Perhaps there some angelic choir
Will sing us songs to keep us warm
Above the chill of earthly swarm
I think they will not celebrate
The glories of the welfare state
Nor hold in very high esteem
The pleasures of some bourgeois dream
On earth most things will tend to lapse
I dream, in truth, dear, well, perhaps...
I claim, in truth, dear, well, perhaps..

Pretty Good - Paul Nachbar

S/he had a pretty good career and a pretty good apartment, with a pretty good collection of various things that were pretty good. S/he ate pretty well at pretty good restaurants. S/he had pretty good friends and a pretty good therapist. At work s/he had a pretty good boss and pretty good coworkers. When things were not pretty good, they put him/her on pretty good medications or recommended pretty good vacations to pretty good places. He/she also read all those books which promise one a pretty good life and attended the types of religious and social organizations which pretty much do the same thing. In his/her spare time he/she read pretty good books and watched pretty good movies. In his/her relationships he/she had pretty good sex and pretty good conversation. S/he had pretty good investments in the stockmarket and pretty good hopes. In the future he/she wanted to move to a part of the country where the weather was always at least pretty good.

Who could ask for anything more?

Who could ask for anything more?

Who could ask for anything more?

PROSE

To Be or Not To Be - Paul Nachbar

Voice from Outside) To Be or or not Be?

Man. Uh guess it could be a woman, but let's stick with my first supposition:

Man: To be or not to be? What kind of question is that? Can I just say here "I don't know?"

(Silence)

Man: To be or not to be? Well, yes! Or no? Maybe. Sort of. Look, I gave at the office. Could you please come back next week? Or call back some time next week?

If I'm not there, you can leave a message on my answering machine or cell-phone. I guess you know the number. Don't you? Er, don't you? I guess so.

(Silence)

Man: This is very irritating. Not just on the surface but the ramifications.. give me the creeps here. Well, to be sounds final, but of course isn't final at all. In the long run we're all dead. Didn't somebody big in economics say that? I forget who. From a long, long time ago. Well, never mind. Anybody out there?

(Silence)

Man: Wow. Now I'm getting obsessed lol. Irritating. And damn, I forgot my pills. Well, the question makes you think, doesn't it? Hey you out there, you MADE ME THINK! Isn't that enough?

(Silence)

Man: It doesn't say here, you can be A, B or C..or X, Y or Z. Very unfair! It doesn't SAY here, on a scale of 1 to 10, exactly how much do you want to be and how much don't you want to be. That is, the question--or test? Maybe it is a test? Is inherently flawed. It gives you no margin. Either this or that.

Either left or right. You can't just stay in the center. Or can you?

(Silence)

Man: Very unfair. And I can't STOP thinking here. It's too difficult. Look, whoever or whatever YOU are..I also went to a good college. I do very well with the Sunday New York Times crossword puzzle. I haven't applied to play on Jeopardy, but I could. Everybody says I could...and maybe earn a lot of money too! No, of course I don't get every question there..Nobody does. I work on margins..like any rational person. Doesn't that make sense? Or well, multiple choice questions too..Look I did very well on my SATs. THEY did not ask you:

To be or not to be?"

(Silence)

Man: To be or not to be..where, when, how, with whom? No, it really is not specific enough and I will not think about this any more. To be or not to be is such a damned general question and every single psychologist I've ever consulted--not that I have consulted more than the average number of

psychologists that people consult mind you--has told me to think specifically and not generally. No, this is too vague..Or perhaps it's too...clear?

Man: To be..To be..what..alive? Obviously, on one level. And not to be of course being dead.Well, evidently I AM alive here. Everybody knows that. I know that. You know that. Uh, I have a pulse. I have blood pressure.I also (walking back and forth) engage in behaviors, that is I act..Well, obviously. People like me, people have always liked me. I like me..I guess. Therefore I am. I'm sure I am. I must be. And therefore I have already answered the question. Very simple there. Haha. Very loaded.Yet why do I doubt? I HATE doubting...

(Silence)

Man: I am because I act. Well, yes, I also think. But not too much. Not more than I'm supposed to think.Not more than my peer group. And we're all very intelligent people here at the firm.Also I feel, well, something about all of it. Therefore I do act, I do think and I do feel. No..No. This question does not make me feel too well. It's not fair.

(Silence)

Man: I was...in the army. They were pretty good to me, though things were a bit rough. Tough love I guess. It wasn't always fair. I was kind of angry, sort of had an attitude. They said that.Most of them said that. Everybody I knew was in some kind of army because there is, well, always some kind of war going on. They said there, and of course I made my cynical jokes at the time, "Be all you can be:Join the Army". Well yes I was there and I learned...discipline..and responsibility and reality..and how to achieve..goals..Whatever. I kept thinking when I was in the army of this stupid and mean idea for a cartoon I never did: "Be all you can be" was the slogan and then there was this big pile of corpses. No I don't want to think about THAT. I never ever want to think about that. It's...antisocial..

(Silence)

Man: I did what I was supposed to do. I did what I did not want to do. I had to do it? Did this mean there was less of me? I don't know.To be or not to be. Hell, was any of this really in MY hands? No.No man is an island. Some poet or rock star said that I dont' remember who.I'm not sure if that's true or not. Maybe we are and are not islands. But to be or not to be? Look, whoever you are, I do my job and you should do yours!

(Silence)

Man: Damn, this question is a plague! I hate this sort of thing. What was that license plate slogan I read haha: Keep it simple stupid. This is NOT a simple question...and well I am a simple man. I think. Ordinary? Nothing horribly different about me? I am a tolerant man of course. We all are here. And of course, well, people who are horribly different..well they should just go away, shouldn't they? They don't belong here with us. US!!!I would not want to enforce this or anything. I am not a Nazi or anything like that. I just don't think that "they" should BE...well, here. I should be here and they should be there. We should agree to disagree. And never the twain shall meet. Or is it so simple?

(Silence)

Man:No, no, I know I am indulging myself here.Too much time alone is not a good thing. Everybody tells me that. I'm not a LONER or anything. I'm a people person. Always have been, always was.Why can't I just be certain here. Okay, I made MY decision to be. Maybe not deliberately. Maybe I am not all that I can be or could be..Maybe, well, this is enough. I should lower my expectations. Shouldn't I? Fake it until I make it? Haha..When in Rome live like the Romans. Haha.Smile and the world smiles with you, cry and you cry alone. Haha.God helps those who helps themselves. Haha.I think well. Maybe I am just confused here. I really have nothing original to say. Ah, to be or not to be. I have nothing original to say on

that matter. So, could you please let me out of here?

(Silence)

Man: Well, everything was perfectly happy and perfectly fine until YOU asked me this STUPID question.

(Silence)

Man: I don't know who you are but when I find out who you are I am really going to get my lawyer after you for this one. It is not fair. You ask me this impossible question and then you don't let me out of here...wherever...wherever...here is..Where is here anyway?

(Silence)

Man: Damn. I have friends. I have good friends. I have associates. I have, well, some connections. I'm not like really well-connected of course or else I probably wouldn't be here. I'd be -I guess- singing and dancing and having a grand old time with the ones who are, hmm, well-connected. Shiny happy people haha..Wherever THEY are. Now if I just call....or I write an email to...or send a letter to....Well, yes they will help me with this. And maybe, maybe that fellow with the REALLY high IQ can help me with this ridiculous question. It does kind of explode in your mind, doesn't it? Where are you?

(Silence)

Man: Somebody else must know the answer here, the truth, the real answer, the real thing. I never claimed to be a great mind. I never claimed to be a great artist or anything like that. Oh I respect the great minds and the great artists...but they are just not practical people. Well, I'm not sure if that is true, really, but every single movie and book and play and article I've read suggests exactly that: they are not, not a single one of them, practical people. No, not like us. Us! Us! Not like Us!!!

(shouting)

(Silence)

Man: There was an us..there is no us here, is there? How am I to exist if there is no us? I am not the measure of all things. I am a component, a part, a piece of something larger than myself..I can't exist if I am not a component or a part of a piece of something larger than myself. Nobody can. It's not human. Wow, they won't believe this at the office..they won't believe any of this at the office, will they? This strange place and that one question and my pacing back and forth here like a haha idiot talking out loud and trying to figure out something as..absurd as this.

(Silence)

Man: The question makes you feel brain-dead. Haha. It melts in the hand and explodes in your brain. And damn, I have nothing to eat...here..Well, maybe it is, as they say, an oral fixation..well it could be..though everybody eats. There is nothing damn it to snack on. I am not used to this much thinking..without a snack. If none of this was good enough..why isn't any of this good enough? I am not good enough? If I were good enough, I would have known the answer here..I am this that and the next thing and deciding not to be..well,that's suicidal. It's mentally ill. People like that need...well, help..It's antisocial. It's barbaric. Ah, this question is SO unfair.

(Silence)

Man: I said "Your question is NOT FAIR!"

(Silence)

Man: The question is not fair because it leads to another question which leads to another question which leads to another question. And who the hell wants to question? It's not fun, it's not reassuring, it does not make me feel..important.No I am not that important a person of course. I'm not a narcissist or an egomaniac or a megalomaniac. But why should I feel compelled to think about things which make me feel even less important than I am? There really should be a law against this!!

(Silence)

Man: Okay, maybe I wasn't. Maybe I am not. Maybe I am a faker or a joker.

Or maybe I am just deep down damned ordinary. And who said the world was difficult for ordinary people?? I don't like my job. I act like I like my job. Mostly. I don't know anybody who DOES like their jobs. Ah, well, it's a free country. If you have a job you don't like you can either adjust to it or get another job..which you....probably don't like and adjust to that too. Haha.

Who said life was fair? And anyway, in these times, problems like this are just...not to be solved by individuals. Maybe in some earlier era they were..Before think tanks and research teams and computers.And tons and tons of funding, which I just don't have..I don't read much of course. Have no time to read much with my job. But maybe with those quantum computer things..operating at a zillion times faster than the current computers. THEY could figure it out.

Okay, Sir, whoever you ARE. I just can't answer this one. BUT you could contact IBM and I'm sure they have a great computer that will suit you fine!!

(Silence)

Man: This really isn't good for me.This wouldn't be good for anybody.

Now..I've known people who were, like, very religious..They could answer this question. Hell, they probably wouldn't even ask this question. Maybe it's their illusion or their delusion or maybe they're right. I really don't know.How much of this type of certainty have I had in my life anyway? How many truly inspired moments? I can hardly think of any..I know that some of the very religious devote their whole lives to these contemplations and they, well, find God or what they think is God..and that's the answer. Or their answer. Didn't some advice columnist once say that the easiest thing to do in the world was to deceive oneself? No, no, I do NOT have the answer here and I feel horrible that I don't have the answer.Why?

(Silence)

Man: Why ask me this NOW? Everything was going fine or relatively okay or maybe it was so-so but who cares? You do what you have to do. Who the hell said that in this life you could do what you wanted to do? And besides that HURTS.

You...well, you choose from a menu here, modern-style. Do you want to be an A, a B or a C. Like voting. You vote for the party of your choice. Which I might add, WHICH is what makes US free..And party A has plan A which has it's pros and cons perhaps and party B has its plan B which has it's pros and cons perhaps..But all of this is the real world..and hell, what else IS there besides the Real World? You can't avoid it. You have to deal with it..DEAL

WITH IT.

(Silence)

Man: I never...liked ..dealing with it.I must confess. I don't know if anybody is listening. It is really not such a nice place, is it? No, the world is not such a nice place. It hurts. Of course, well I am a practical man and I know that not every policy or act can help everybody without hurting somebody, maybe almost accidentally or inadvertently? But who likes complainers??? We don't need any more whiners and complainers here. Adults who act like infants over their little gripes. So it's not a perfect world. Well it is getting better al the time. And maybe the process isn't always a smooth one. And maybe some of this is not so nice..No, really really not so nice..is it?

(Silence)

Man:I was nice....once.Well, they said and always do "nice guys finish last."

Who the hell wants to finish last? I don't hate the person who finishes last.

And damn, there is always going to be somebody who finishes last. But should I obsess about this? No, you just GO. Who is to say that this is not enough?

Who could possibly judge me here? That I have not been enough..DO YOU JUDGE ME??? IS THIS YOUR JUDGMENT OF ME?? WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO JUDGE ME?? I DIDN'T ELECT YOU!!!!

(Silence)

Man: I am really very lonely. I'm bored..I'm stressed outI I can't really feel much of anything. Deep down. Everybody seems so..prickly..wherever you go. How can you trust anybody?Of course you can't say these things to anybody, they'd think you were CRAZY. I never tell anybody these things. You can't tell anybody THESE THINGS. They'd think it's a come-on. Well yeah hahah sometimes it is a come-on. Uh, naturally. Consenting adults and all that stuff. Part of a...free society. I am really very, very lonely. I work. I talk. I watch television. Oh yes, well, I read..No, this doesn't seem worth it, does it? Is any of this worth it? I am so trapped here. And trapped here by this question. I have all these..things..and ccomplishments..and well I am very well-liked..and they say I am doing very well..and...and...(sitting curled up in a ball hands folded tightly)maybe it is all absolutely nothing..maybe yes..maybe no..I simply...do not know..

Voice: Now you may go...

Picosociety from The Institute (Final Solution) - Paul Nachbar

One day, not in the very distant future, we will have solved all of our problems with the human condition. Well, certain problems at least; others will take longer. It is clear however, that certain features of Western and other civilizations, including cultural, which deviate from what is by consensus the normal range of human emotions (reactions, sensitivity etc), though valuable as expressions of diversity, whether presently or retrospectively, can now be fully analyzed in terms of several factors for which contemporary psychiatry and related professions will provide viable solutions. That is, it is clear that the unnecessary suffering found in such traditions as existentialism or the works of Sylvia Plath, Shakespeare, Van Gogh, Nietzsche and many other writers and artists, politicians, philosophers etc can now be interpreted as the effects of biochemical imbalances, dysfunctional families and a collection of genetic illnesses of one kind or another. Although our free and open society freely welcomes all criticisms, including that which is perhaps on the negativistic or overly sensitive side, it is clear to our most avant garde thinkers that much of this fervor or Sturm and Drang or even psouris is due to purely material factors of the brain. resulting in an increased sensitivity to the very ordinary and inevitable stresses of the human condition.

The world of course is not a perfect place, nor is psychiatry a perfect science in any of its manifestations. Though we are getting there slowly but surely. One day, of course, through the evolution of our sciences, it is clear that even the most sensitive and disorganized souls will benefit greatly, both in their lives and work, from the concentrated application of psychopharmaceutical medications, psychotherapy, cognitive-behaviorism, personality adjustment and of course various techniques of modern management. Of course, we are speaking of a minority of dissenting voices, mostly individuals who mean no harm and who need special care and

treatment.

We wish them no harm of course, either in their lives or their personal work, only serenity, peace, adjustment, maturity and a greater vision of things, perhaps less self-centered. and narcissistic. And then we will of course look forward to their increased productivity in their various job slots as artists, poets etc etc. Which of course will benefit them financially and emotionally and of course serve the greater interests of social peace, tranquility, equilibrium, harmony within individuals and between the various natural groups which constitute society, general comfort and above all, national and international security
In God We Trust

The Institute
(Psychiatric Division)

Tip for Poetry Revision - Melinda Desir'ee Frye

Hello, everyone! This is a summary I wrote about a magazine article; some tips found in the article might be helpful. Best wishes, Melinda Frye

Article: "Revise your poem but keep your vision"
Author: George Keithley
Publication: The Writer, November 2001

"Revision is essential to publication," says author Keithley. He advises poets to

begin revision by recognizing and preserving what makes their poems worthwhile and

interesting. When a poem's essence is kept, a poet may feel more confident making

changes in its structure and theme. Revision is paramount to a writer's learning process;

we must trust our imaginations and take calculated risks.

Here is a summary of guidelines for poetry revision, given by Keithley:

1. Try to write a complete draft of a poem, pursuing all possibilities.
2. Make every line count; don't simply use lines as transitions.
3. Speak lines aloud, feeling verbal rhythms. Watch for stagnation of

repeated lines.

4. Consider eliminating words or lines that don't contribute to a poem's focus.

5. Or rather than elimination, choose to expand ideas that have little development.

6. Identify a poem's best lines, and use them as a quality standard for other lines.

7. Find out which aspect of a poem works best, then consider changing its significance.

8. Read poems repeatedly, and question any awkwardness; is eccentricity helpful or not?

9. Make a poem clear and understandable to readers, without compromising its integrity.

10. Strive for consistency and appropriateness. Don't be self-conscious about effect.

Keithley states that, "the mystery that moves us in a poem is not the meaning of

the poem, but how the poem achieves that meaning." In other words, subject is less

important than feeling. A poem's "music" is found in clarity, economy, and appropriate emphasis. Its voice will emerge naturally.

One challenge that poets often have is lack of consistency. Unfortunately, when this awkwardness is felt, one tends to fall back on "fillers" to improve flow. Yet

this article stresses importance of clarity and of economy. It's counterproductive to

expound on a particular line or theme in the poem when it doesn't belong there to

begin with. Meaning is found in inspiration, but understanding is best found through effort. Keithley's

article implicitly states that there should be no shame in editing; in fact, it can sometimes be a poet's

moment of truth. Pride has no place in revision.

NEW MEMBERS

Name: Robbie Dawson
Email: jeansgarcin@yahoo.com
Qualifying Score: N-VCPE-R

Autobiography -- Robbie is an artist and a web developer. He is from the United States of America, and resides in Berkeley, California with his wife.

Member of High IQ for Humanity
Member of the International High IQ Society
Member of the Mysterium Society
Member of the Sigma Society
Member of the Mensa Society
Member of the Cerebrals Society
Member of the CIVIQ Society
Member of the Glia Society
Member of the Ne Plus Ultra Society
Member of the ISI-Society

PSYCHOMETRY

The Nachbar-Smith Test of Eclectic Reason Abilities - Paul Nachbar and Tommy Smith

<http://www.summitst.addr.com/pico/pico.htm>

Holiday Resort - Faverio Maria Claudia

After a devastating fire at a holiday resort with 2,000 tourists, it turns out that 57.63 % cannot swim and 57.792 % cannot climb mountains.

How many died in the fire?

All answers as private emails, please.

thebohemian7@yahoo.com.au

Two Geniuses (Bright and Smart) - Faverio Maria Claudia

Two geniuses (Bright and Smart) are the lucky owners of a very rare series of wines. Bright owns 6 litres, Smart 9. When two new members join their High-IQ Society, they decide to share their rare wines with them in order to make them feel welcome. The two new members

(Brilliant and Sensational) reveal that they also own a series of rare wines they would like to share with Bright and Smart. If Brilliant has 7 litres and Sensational 8, how many litres will Bright receive from Brilliant and Sensational?

All answers as private emails, please.

thebohemian7@yahoo.com.au

New Contest - Albert Frank

Hi all,

A new contest of numerical sequences has been organized by Mr. Stanislav HATALA. The questions are from 4 authors, including myself.

You can find the contest on the *beautiful* site of Stanislav : www.iqtest.sk in the section YOUR TESTS/HIGH RANGE TESTS/INTERMAT 1

The answers have to be send on line (*never* to me)

Cheers Albert

Easy Puzzle - Faverio Maria Claudia

What does FDZFXBRBBBN mean?

All answers as private emails, please.

thebohemian7@yahoo.com.au

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Giga Society - Evangelos Katsioulis

Dear friends,

I am proud to inform you that I just entered the Giga society.

Best Regards

The GrIQ

HiQH! Announcement - David Udbj rg

We finally have a web-forum that really works !

Our own place, for free, and without annoying commercials.

We have a lot of activity these days; formed alliances with schools

in Bulgaria and Nepal, having initial discussions with the

University of Colorado, registered as NGO in Bulgaria, Nepal, Norway

and USA, and on the way in Canada, Belgium and Holland as well.

Please take time to sign in at the new forum at

<http://www.hiqh.org/xoops/modules/news/>, and participate in the

further development of HIQH.

Best :::: David

Great Link - S.L. MacNiven

<http://www.poemhunter.com>

The contest is now an annual event, and the prizes will no longer be financial.

Best Regards,

Barry Howard
