

**ZULF'S FEBRUARY 15 2022 8:46 PM SOME THOUGHTS
ABOUT M. H. ABRAMS *THE MIRROR AND THE LAMP***

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I have been personally strongly influenced by Percy Bysshe Shelley since my youth. Among the trio of English Romantic Poets, he was highest in his artistic sublime, far and away above Lord Byron and John Keats. In my younger years this was not as clear to me, but over the years I am astounded by the wisdom and the superlative genius of Shelley.

M. H. Abrams' *The Mirror And The Lamp* was a work of great genius in interpretation of literature. It appears to the world in 1953. He died in 2015 at the ripe age of 103 and taught at Cornell for most of his life.

I am personally a Romantic philosophically, and consider the fundamental emphasis of life to seek to express my individual self as a fundamental purpose of my fleeting life in this world. That is the fundamental quality of Romantics, that we consider the individual soul to contain some divine spark that we express in our lives. This I strongly adhere to for myself and I believe that the *Romantic Self* is even more necessary in an age with eight billion human beings so that we do not drown altogether.

But Shelley's work also contains an extremely strong sense of moral elevation, and his great work *Prometheus Unbound* was the expression of a god who expresses divine virtues. I find in M. H. Abrams solace in appreciating the most delicate issues that are still unresolved for me about life on Earth, and not merely to have better command of literature. Literature is part of our nourishment for life, something that, unfortunately not as clear to me in my twenties as it is today.

Do not think that I regret the upheavals of my life. I am the victim of one of the most evil human beings ever born on Earth right now, who sabotaged my ethnic meta and harmed my flesh with US and German War Power and many other things of great evil powers, this horrid, savage, abomination, the vile knave, this *Bill Gates*. I might lose my life in a nation that lies about its interest in securing natural rights to kill and bomb and maim innocent people pretending that *they* are the threats throughout Asia with machinery of death, these remote controlled drones, as my country, the United States of America has done to $N(11, 200, \sigma = 223)$ people in the past two decades while they talk of Liberty they do not even prevent a horrid monster like Bill Gates from using illegitimate powers to harm me, instead humiliating me with FBI visits that accuse me of being a sniper threat to Bill Gates because they found a poster. These are the sordid things that we face in life sometimes. But I do not have too many complaints, for I have been the greatest immortal genius, giving Man the Final Theory of Physics that shall be unchallenged for a trillion years in the future, completing Man's understanding of Nature above

$\delta = 10^{-15}$ cm. And so I turn to more subtle humanistic interests than questions of knowledge of this mathematical physics type.

I have given humanity the full spectrum of Virtues going beyond Aristotle, following Avicenna, the knowledge of which will allow humans to gain *Autonomy* for their own Life Satisfaction. This is a great gift of Heaven to the Human Race.

In the greatness of my immortal achievements, I have no regrets with my life. Obviously it would have been better if I were able to receive the \$620 million owed to me by Finance for my great works there, as D. E. Shaw & Co. is prospering based on my great work on Medium Frequency Alpha, and I had plans for Quant Positive Psychology and Quant Human Nature, to expand my Thyself, Inc. but alas dark clouds of Racial World Order hangs over Washington who have decided, to their own fatal peril, to support this *Bill Gates* over myself. A foolish decision that will be recorded in history as the fatal decision of the United States of America. But fools will be fools and there is nothing one can do about it. All our fates are written into the fabric of the cosmos and what must happen will happen.

Ah, here is the beautiful book of M. H. Abrams.

