

SAD STORIES ARE WORTH A FEW DOLLARS

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We all love to believe that we are generous, warm, and good. We love to believe that but in fact, the world is cold and when you have a sad story, then you can expect a few dollars from here and there.

Years ago, I used to take the 1 train, the red line, all the way from 207th street downtown. My ex-wife Natalia Brizuela and I had wanted a bigger place and she found an apartment on the tip of Manhattan on 207th street with three bedrooms and hardwood floors. I loved those pre-war buildings. Our cat Rulfo died from rat poison left over. This was when, maybe 1997. At the time I did not know she, my ex-wife, would leave me in two years. I was settled into married life and I thought we would grow old together. When Rulfo died, she told me she pitied me because I did not go to work for two days and was so affected. She later said that affection was not enough and she was not in love with me any more.

I cherish still the happy years we had together, and do not denigrate it. My family was never so happy and thought that she was bad for me. Maybe they are right and maybe they are wrong. I do not dishonour her, and wish her the best. You see, I do not believe there is anything good that can come from denigrating any woman you ever choose. You denigrate yourself when you do that. And I had determined that my life on Earth is short, and so every ex-lover of mine I will honour for my own sake, to secure my own honour, and accept the tides and ebbs of love and loss as they will come without flinching. It has been a good decision for me as a man.

Now going back to sad stories. I can construct sad stories of my failures. I, at 49, who started at one of the best points in career world, Lehman Brothers quant in 1995 working with some of the best people in Wall Street, now in penury without a pad, without his own pad, without any income worth much.

And I am owed \$620 million that no one believes. And it is true, as you can query Christine Lagarde and David E. Shaw. And so that's a pretty sad story. And that story is worth a few dollars. That's just the way things are. You can cry and weep or you can celebrate. Sad stories are not worth more than around \$5.

Now we return to taking the 1 train from 207th Street all the way Downtown. There was a man who would make his living by panhandling in the train. He would go from one cabin to another with his "I don't want to have to do this, but great misfortune befell me. I had a good life and now I am destitute." People would be quite focused on their own worlds, reading, listening to iPod, and some would feel bad and give him a dollar or two." And that is what a sad story is worth. That's the market price of a sad story in New York Subway train.

You see, I was inflamed with passion for doing greater things than I was in the period 1995-2008 in that summer. I was in love, not reciprocated, and I wanted to do great things. I left every single one of my possessions and took to the streets.

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A decade later I had succeeded in my Four-Sphere Theory. It was a grand success, and I was hoping for many accolades, tenures, Nobel Prizes, but nothing of the sort happened. Gollum, the Evil One – i.e. Bill Gates – intruded in power meta destroyed everything he could and plotted to destroy my life after the success and I never received a single congratulation from the world's physicists. I had to carefully evaluate my own success. I had succeeded beyond the wildest imagination of Albert Einstein and Erwin Schroedinger, overthrew Big Bang Cosmology, and yet, not even a peep. I was a Princeton educated Mathematician and so I could evaluate my own success and so I was amused. In 2018 I had achieved the greatest of immortal genius in physics. Then I decided to stop being so humble and toot my greatness in genius to the world.

You see, there are no laws of nature that constrain you from singing about your great genius. Those are your decisions. It does not matter what people say is appropriate. I am free to sing praises of how much greater genius I am than Einstein, Schroedinger, Kant, and Nietzsche, and let the world do what it will. There are no laws of nature that will be able to stop me from doing that, so what do I care?