

OPEN LETTER TO VLADIMIR URYSOHN

ZULFIKAR MOINUDDIN AHMED

Vladimir Urysohn, what are the chances that you could arrange a death for Bill Gates where in the end no flesh pieces still hang from any of his bones?

Be creative. You could use various modern methods. You could use pirhannas. You know pirhannas are quite effective against insolent brats who dare to harm Zulf. They nibble and nibble all the flesh until none are left. Remarkable fishies. I am sad now that I did not place some right next to his bed so that someone could just roll him over to waiting hungry pirhannas.

Thank you,

Zulfikar Moinuddin Ahmed

1. RENOWN IS NOT AN INTERESTING TOPIC AT ALL

You know, Mr. Urysohn, I buried my father in Bengal perhaps in 2002 or 2003. He was wrapped in white cotton cloth and buried, by customs that I did not know, anointed, and I wore Islamic clean clothes, flowing and went into the grave myself. I was not even thinking. I could not hear the din of the tens of thousands of people who had come to say their farewell. I had a Scientist position in South San Francisco, and had made the trip from the untimely death of my father. I was unfamiliar totally with Islamic customs. I was lost. I was overwhelmed with my own emotions, unable to know what to tell the hundreds of people who wanted to talk to me his firstborn about important matters about which I knew nothing. He was renowned, I inferred, among the Bengali people. So you see, I am not interested in renown. It is not something I know about. And Bill Gates, by continuously suppressing me, attempting to murder me with destructive white racial and black magic and other harmful powers every day and every night, is in a way protecting me from situations that are too unfamiliar. My mind is occupied with other things. My last days on Earth and things to do for my beloved people before shuffling off this mortal coil. I am not a good son, Mr. Urysohn. My mother is now in her deathbed, and Bill Gates had blockaded \$620 million owed to me from D. E. Shaw & Co. and Madam Christine Lagarde of ECB that I was planning to use to make my last respects for her, and to ensure progeny for my bloodline. It is an ancient aristocratic bloodline. Renown is not exactly what preoccupies me these days.

2. PAVEL SAMUILOVICH URYSOHN 1898-1924

In 1923 he and Pavel Alexandrov provided the modern definition of compactness. Yes, if you are related to Mr. Pavel Urysohn you are from an illustrious bloodline indeed. All of four-sphere theory is based on my youthful study of topology, and of compactness too, and the issue that absolute space is compact, the thought that had obsessed me from summer of 2008, in a sense could not occur at all to me, for

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the concept would not exist without your ancestor. I am grateful for the definition of compactness that was settled upon by Pavel Urysohn and Pavel Alexandrov. Beautiful, and profound as well, about nature. That is always what strikes me as profound, when the mind of man touches divine oracles that are mysterious and silent to others like me, cry as we might as Rilke's First Elegy begins:

Who, if I cried out, would hear me among the angels'
hierarchies? And even if one of them pressed me
suddenly against his heart I would be consumed
in that overwhelming existence. For beauty is nothing
but the beginning of terror, which we still are just able to endure,
and we are so awed because it serenely disdains
to annihilate us.