

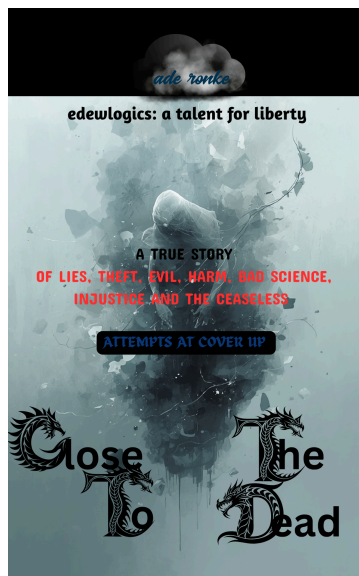
edewlogics

ade ronke

the typical social schemer

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CLOSE TO THE DEAD – Scheduled for this year



Raising one's hands down existentially once is a definite degenerative disorder (a cluster B factor). The degeneracy of raising one's hands down existentially twice should be listed as a DSM 5 genetic and mental disorder, and the inability to raise one's hands existentially as "imbecilic throughput schizophrenia"—ade ronke

On January 7th 2026, I was stalked, harassed and arrested by the state police. The reasons for this is, in my view, the intellectual and daring proclivities in my book, *A Case in Point*. There are other reasons to be stated in this book. If every indication of my life doesn't suggest this to you my readers, it is calling it: if I wasn't to be me. would I not be dead? But I am cognizantly alive by my own recognizance. In other words I was arrested for being who and what I am.

What is to follow is false imprisonment, and a true story of great injustice and ceaseless attempts at cover up while I meet unsavory criminals along the way. If this hadn't happened to me, I couldn't have conceived of it. It happened to me. I must go beyond mere conceptions

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Author's Note

My readers, wherever you are in the world, it would be far from ideal or humane to ask you to treat Open Knowledge merely fractionally as you treat OPEN-AI. Only one of the two, like mine, is human. Support my cause, a voice of insight, reason and knowledge in the age of #Modern AI systems. Support the human cause. If this work connects with you intellectually, spiritually, emotionally, or in any other way personal, it is free. If it doesn't, and you're rather of a different preference and won't ever come back to my works. It is free as well. Graces. I have never sought to run the world or rule it. Not my thing. I do seek to connect with humanity and make cross generational differences with practical, emotional and spiritual intelligence—matters connecting humanity and saving lives like mine against the odds life brings that I do know about intimately. Works are usually accounts of life, nature, science, politics and more in experiential reality. It is a privilege to be alive despite what I have been through. And I don't intend to take this deserved privilege lightly.

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The Typical Social Schemer

In the unbearable hours of unjust imprisonment, there are peaking edges of truth. These never belong to counterfeit or to the urgency of the masses. They are like bountiful estates of contrabands possessed against persecutions, where no material property can be possessed or assessed. It is where everything surrounding me sought to make me the very opposite of what I am. It is where there is preemptive harm. And there, I reckon, I could never be an idealist.

Coming out of persecution with more goods than I went in with is quite an experience. I could never be an idealist without the conscious engagement of realizable pain. I had real pain. I could never be an idealist. There is a gap between the two that must be filled before idealism is consciously held. Thus, there is a definition of idealism that is never quite ordinary but rather evident in existence—the experience and actions of particular individuals.

I sometimes weigh the prudence of personal authenticity against the appearance of niceness. I could never truly get through with the appearance before I break the chains. Even the chains of unjust imprisonment. There, I was reminded of the great importance of writing. And simple pen and paper became luxury goods. I was reminded of Bonhoeffer, those great, amazing people who committed their “crimes”, like me, before they were unjustly treated—those people who paid higher prices for the liberty of persons, individuality, and freedom of speech, for the purposes of transcending the human plight.

Society has perfected the appearance of niceness at the cost of the human psyche. There are benefits to such appearances. There is psychological self-defeating self-harm in those appearances. Yet, they must be kept. And every attempt, ever so often in keeping up such appearances, indulges the consent of human consciousness—a persistent self-indulging, self-defeating lie. Most people in society indulge these appearances ignorantly or otherwise. Dreams deliver them illusions, sometimes to self-delusions, where their focus is persistently lacking in their field of vision.

This, I must say here, is quite contrary to the dictates of common courtesy—those silent rules of engagement that allow us to be nice to our neighbors. Those are subtle necessities in social engagement.

The appearance of niceness is more indulgent, that is, more permissive and more psychologically immersive in the eventual perversion. Those who practice such personal rules of social engagement do so outwardly and inwardly, a two-fold manifestation invested in a broken psyche. This becomes dangerous because it cultivates socially active, untrustworthy people and criminals at large. This is extremely differentiable from people who breathe and live their conscience. It makes the socially active the weaker human without ever punishing them for their becoming—the untrustworthy, sometimes morally bankrupt, uncaring people with the appearances of the very opposite of such traits—the sociable normative chameleon. Or if I may, the typical social schemer. And the typical social schemer is more common and more enabled than I once thought.

There is no similarity to the divide. There are favorable and easy benefits to conformity. There is extreme psychic and physical pain requiring great inner strength and personal distinction in the persecutions of innocent non-conformists. For instance, while

others were enjoying the benefits of conformity, Bonhoeffer suffered imprisonment and was hanged for nonconformity. There is such a sharp distinction between the two that in the case of an apocalyptic experience, I will choose the nonconformist over a multitude of others—the typical social schemers. For among a multitude of conformists with damaged psyches, I am most endangered.

Author's Note

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