

THE most basic training and talent for a real artist
Is in being able in advance to think: "Fuck what other people think."

If the ordinary didn't think life was amiss -- it wouldn't be aright.

Cheer-Up-Call for a Monday: Even the *dead* are transforming energy.

Instruction amongst the collective is like a reaffirming of bruises.

The moral, social, religious, political and otherwise complaints men have with one another
Are all based on the fact that people are always hungry, or about to be.

Any word that can be defined once is not worth much in the long haul.

One man would write important personal notes and reminders to himself,
Which he would later dismiss by saying: "Miss Uttlemyer - tell them I'm not in."

There is a clock in the belly, and a calendar in the blood;
And in most mens' minds, simply a vague feeling of urgency.

On one world,
Their mightiest warriors,
(Just to prove they "played no favorites"),
Carried around wild beavers in their step-ins.

Dancing is the first step to cannibalism.

If you live long enough, life will make everybody do everything at least once --
EXCEPT for one -- no, make that "two" things.

...(It's really just "one", but too many of you were already too prepared to hear that.)

What men call being "civilized" is just a cheap & easy imitation of being civilized.

Long before anyone ever even dreams of any intellectual independence
They are already ignited-by, wired-by-and-to the collective neural network;
Having seen, established and accepted this undeniable fact,
The operative question then becomes -- *What now?*

When the dense comment on the obvious, it ceases to be -- *quite so obvious*.

One man told a friend - (or maybe himself) - as he pointed to his head:
"If you're not exactly *sure* what you're doing up there --
It could be that you're startin' to think for yourself."

Fun with "anti fun" thrown right in the middle of it
Is what passes for fun in this quadrant of the Milky Way.

You might ask yourself if this has any connection to
The fact that diners,
As they sit and dine,
Wonder how soon it'll be before they're on the menu?!

The dominant favor stability and order while those out of power sing the praises of the *truth*.

Within the collective experience: *A cry for help is the producing of help.*

From life,

Even the most efficient of human businesses could learn a lesson
Regarding the "delivery of services".

Man invented the concept of gods so that there would apparently be
Someone besides himself that didn't like what he was doing.

Talk: *The way cheap people act like they're rich.*

The independence-loving thinker finds his relationship to his original,
Collective based mind to be like one of star-crossed lovers.

The basic responsibility of an ordinary man's nervous system is to keep crying out
To the merry go round: "Faster! -- go faster!"

Yes, animals too have rituals --

But they don't try and make anything supernatural out of them either.

One man thought: "Being angry is the first step to being an artist.";
What he didn't go further and think is that it is also the terminal step.

As long as men are kept intellectually dancing
It doesn't matter whether they think they like the music or not.

The way in which life-supporting solar systems are arranged in this part of the universe
Is that to "look on the brighter side"
One must stand right on the edge of one's planet.

If you can truly picture man being in need of instruction

Concerning how to be the creature, man,

Then even if you've misplaced your I.D. card -- there's still no doubt that you ARE one.

Lest we seem too quick and harsh,

Let us put certain singular aspects of human life in their proper perspective - for example:

If the above illusionary activity was not required -- civilization wouldn't HAVE a job

Okay -- let's admit it then: *The transfer of power is always an inconvenience.*

If you can make men feel guilty about their appetites
You can save a bundle on chains and shackles.

If you can just go ahead and make 'em accept submission as their proper condition
You don't even have to spend a cent.

There is no such thing as *faux fun*unless you fake it.

Men who believe that they know something that simply MUST be passed on to future generations
Wouldn't recognize a practical joke if it bit 'em on the scrotum.

Some re-assurance for what I'm sure you were sure of already! -- but:

When men don't know exactly what to think next they'll look around to see
just what it is that everybody else is thinking.

The more you believe in accidents the more likely they are to track you down.

Consciousness: *A metaphor for the external world.*

(Advanced, Post-Kindergarten Addendum: It might in fact be a *symbol*.)

Man's collective intelligence says to itself:
"While we may not be original, or creative,
We are after all --
The universe's best editors and critics."

The Law Of The Ballroom: *Unimportant men think they're REALLY-Y-Y important.*

...(That's the only way this thing'll work.)

Owners don't care what employees want --

Which could in part, shine some new light on certain aspects of man's life.

The forest hid many secrets from the ants;
By telling them that there were no secrets,
AND by telling them that there were -- and then telling them what they were.

All of man's myths have a common origin, which is that
Once upon a time someone lit the first cerebral neuron.

Morality: *Starch in your panties.*

In a fit of creativity, one man changed his name to, "Art";
Then after perceiving the route things were evidently taking,
He changed it to, "Bad Art".

*The fact that dense,
Rhymes with fence,
To the perceptive,
Makes some sense.*

Amidst civilization, some men say they feel "cut off from others",
Whilst in sanitoriums some say they feel "estranged from themselves";
Only a liberated thinker can think them both momentarily,
And then spit 'em out like day-old, near beer. Ka-Phooey!

More Good News For Later That Monday:

Civilization has no special awards awaiting independent thinkers.

After some sort of survey of human existence and consciousness one man concluded:
"Okay -- then if man *lives-in-a-dream* then I want to live in a SUPER dream."

Those who have spent their time in more promising studious pursuits,
Such as, Traffic Engineering,
Come to realize that in "dimension-specific" areas
All streets are "two way" streets,
And that it makes not one ultimate whit
In which of the dual directions one apparently travels.

Thus, the gentleman above was not untoward in his wish,
Since all imagination and all boulevards are not only what they are,
But also lesser and greater versions of themselves.

To be routine, intellectually,
Is to be acceptably sluggish.

Note To The Individual: *If you can't define what you're doing -- KEEP IT UP!*

Dictionaries are only delivered to the herd,
And they better not be TOO "Revised", or "Expanded" -- (by god!)

Fact: Even the dead are alive.

Fact: So too, the reverse.

Justice: The more sophisticated synonym for, "irony".

Those who do not yet recognize the voice of life
Are prone to hear the sounds of fairies, trolls, and goblins.

Yes, the "little people" DO exist -- they exist in little minds.

Stepping out onto his mental balcony in the soft moon light,

One man's frontal lobes so spaketh into the quiet night:

"Cattle-0, Cattle-0,

Wherefore art thou, Cattle-0?",

And his occipitals raised up from the bushes below and replied: "Moooooo-0."

Intellectually -- there's only one way to be stupid -- and that's to "NOT try"! --
...(There's also only way one to be ordinary -- and that's by the same method.)

One man says:

"I have reached the place in life where I would now only find one thing possibly frightening
And that is if I discovered that serious-acting people WERE actually serious about what
they're doing."

The label, "ordinary" carries no qualitative judgement -- except to the ordinary.

Men who believe that any human conflicts are about anything other than
Power, and domination within a herd
Are truly dyed-in-the-wool,
to-the-manor-born,
first-round-draft-choice -- *MEN*.

Amidst the smoke, stink and turmoil of humanity's raging battlefields,
A "sensitive" man is not a man to be passed by lightly -- No,
He should be singled out for specific and boisterous ridicule.

Throughout this universe -- on everyone's planet! --

The root definition of the word, "fool" is: "Anyone who doesn't know what's going on."

Is that not plain enough?! -- Let it go at that! -- Why *push it*?!

The answer to this is, (as always), that: *Men are men* -- (but some STILL aren't
satisfied!)

Does not the fact that lessons regarding the ordinary things in life
Are all based on repetition give you some kind of clue?!

Making fun of people is one way to keep from having to look in the mirror.
...(Another way is just to be normal.)

To be truly civilized, and even minimally sane,
You must pretend that the imaginary is even more important than the concrete.
That's Step One;
For most, Step Two never comes.

A man whose INTELLECT can be "hurt", or, "offended" is like....is like....OH,
I don't know -- what shall we call it?!

If the dense quit dancing they'd die;
Thus is all opinion and never certainty.

* Hence comes the battle cry of the collective: "Shut up? -- NEVER!" *

After hearing some independent thought, one man backed away and said:
"Hey -- ain't nobody takin' my clock apart!"

There remains an unplotted frequency at which life speaks.

One who learns how to think gets to re-define his whole life.

One reason that the ordinary don't care to hear much about all of this is that
They don't want to have to throw their book away and start all over again.

"Yeah! -- Jeeze!, why sweat it now! -- just think --
Why you'll be DEAD in just another ten, or twenty, or fifty years, or something."

One who learns how to think gets to re-define his life before he's gone.

If an intellectual-individual had a foe
It would simply be the vague fog that seems to be humanity-the-collective.

Part of one man's mind said: "Large crowds annoy me.", and when asked why, replied:
"Because they're even dumber than I am."

Everybody needs somebody! -- except a hermit!.....and he needs a bath,
and a good slappin' around.

City tip: One way to BE "*special*" is to think you ARE special.

...(This will also work regarding being "*precious,*
sensitive,
and pathetic".)

One man looked at life and wondered: "What's on the menu?" -- but he KNEW.

The root cause of all human problems is roots.

Great minds all think alike! -- that is,
They all think: "I don't think like anybody else."

Yes: Great minds think a lot - I mean, a-like.

Life only expects one thing of men -- which is why they must imagine it expects so much more.

The thinking, talking nervous system of man is like a universe

Looking to escape from a universe so as to relocate to a new one some where.

The only reason they're not performing "mind surgery" in addition to brain surgery
Is that they can't find it.

Whenever this one man would ask himself why he'd struggled so hard to think for himself, He'd always come up with the same answer: "Life made me do it."

Pregnancy among the ordinary is generally confined to the belly.

From one, granted, non-standard view -- everybody pays more than the damn thing's worth.

Thinking is the Master Art -- all others, derivations therefrom.

A non partisan thinker is one who would -- if he could --
Good-naturedly hijack life as it is at the present time.

Intellectually, the collective is everyone's mother and father,
But the would-be independent soon give themselves up for an extravagant adoption.

Inter-planetary space travel is about as close to real thinking as most men ever get.

One man came delightfully close to becoming a mere metaphor for himself.