

Life is arranged so that the majority of men develop a mind and thus become humanly conscious; It is further constructed so that a few can be conscious without strict reliance on mentation.

Truth: It's possible for a few men to make themselves so capable.

Inside of everyone is a voice that's not their own --
Guess what it's normally called?!

Those who do not recognize that human consciousness and mentation are both quite physical,
From their closest touch to their furthest remoteness,
Are themselves not far removed from feral bogs and primeval caves.

One man thought:

"I don't need a tv, stereo, or pc -- I've got a mind! --

A mind with 24 hour service, and no shut off switch."

The mind is to consciousness as a ship is to the sea --
Except in man's instance, the vessel now seems to control the medium through which it sails.

Internally, one man tried to pursue a policy of telling himself: "Slow down -- shut up.",
But soon became accustomed to hearing himself say: "Shut up".
What, I ask you, is a poor man to do!?

Once men get a personality they forget that they were once simply "conscious".

(Although this is the way things normally work, and is not at all unusual,

I thought I'd mention it just the same.)

Query: Can the mind be too clever for its own good?

One Response: It can be too noisy.

Within consciousness is another consciousness.

* * *

Within consciousness is another consciousness --
Within the mind -- just more mind.

Man's system is arranged so that
Abstinence from a particular drug
Can itself become an intoxicant.

A man thought:

"Inside of myself, I hear something calling to me --

It is not my own consciousness -- and yet it calls to me."

To function -- the mind must make comparisons;
Comparisons breed unrest -- unrest, annoyance.

Those who say that it's difficult to recognize real art when you see it
wouldn't know real art if they saw it.

Man's imagined exile from a past paradise is aftershocks of speech breaching silence,
and construction done on the barren plains of consciousness.

Cells have a nucleus,
Dogs have fleas,
Consciousness has the mind,
And our solar system, the sun.

Once men aspire to become "intellectuals" under city conditions, they have two choices:
Become philosophers -- and ask questions,
Or become greeting card writers and supply answers.

Life controls the body,
Life controls the mind;
There is nothing a man can profitably do regarding the former.

When you can hold consciousness in constant focus you have more than routine,
mentally driven consciousness.

One man said: "I hear voices.",
Some hear voices when they're young -- others, when they're old;
Everyone hears voices -- the sane and the not-so sane,
But one man -- at a quite specific time -- quite specifically said to himself:
" I hear voices."

Regarding The Matter Of Personality And Perceived Individuality

Consciousness is no particular, "kinda guy".

The personal enjoyment of one's talents is the only audience a real thinker ever needs.

To himself, a man said: "I reserve the right to be conscious without thinking about it.",
To which his mind retorted with a snort: "The 'right'!?"

A Conversation

"There is only one true warfare."

"And what is that?"

"The struggle against death."

"Nay -- it is the resistance to aging."

"Aren't they the same thing?"

"No, they're not."

"Well, wait -- let me think about this for a moment....."

.....is it that one of them is more physical,
and the other more mental?"

A man wrote to his mind: "Why don't you shut up!?",
And his mind wrote back: "Why don't you make me!?"

The mind is never at a loss for words;

Bravo!, mind,

Hooray!, mind;

The mind is never at a loss for words.

A man wrote to his mind: "Why don't you shut up!?",
And his mind wrote back: "Why don't you make me!?"

If you don't believe that life itself speaks, just listen to your own mind talk.

If consciousness were an airplane, the mind, sad to say, would be an auto-pilot.

At the odd times this one man was actually at home, he wouldn't allow himself to speak.

No one gets the matter of consciousness right the first time round,
'Cause the first time round it's supposed to be *just* like it is.

Whatever your mind thinks -- you stole.

Whatever your mind thinks, someone else stole and forced on you.

Every thing that everybody thinks and stole -- life forced on them.

If consciousness is like the illumination from a lighthouse
Then the mind is like that towering structure filled with the ever-busy descendants of Babel.
(And glancing toward his own intellect, a man mused: "I wondered where they all went.")

The Landscape Of The City

The highlight of many people's lives is their death.

Note Enclosed With The Invoice: Life charges everyone the same.

There is no "why" to what the mind does --
Such as with a driver who continually curses other motorists mentally,
Then one day asks himself: "Why do I do this?" --
But there is no "why" --
The mind just does what it does,
And that -- dear traveler -- is that!

Mused a man:

"It is certainly difficult to think and simultaneously be focused in consciousness." --
He further reflected that if this were not so, he'd have very little interesting to do in life

A tree looked at its limbs and said: "What do I care if a bird dumps on me!?",
And a bird looked down at its limbs and said: "What do I care if tree sap sticks to my feet!?"
And a man's consciousness looked at his mind and said: "I care! -- I care!"

The absence of time,
The loss of anxiety,
The retreat of anger;
Many things are possible -- just beyond the mind.

If, in your thinking,
You refer to the lives of others as examples,
Speak of the living as though they were dead,
And of the dead as though they were fictional.

Internal Meteorology

He looked at his *map-of-consciousness*,
Then at the approaching *mental-front*, and said:
"If the weather doesn't clear --
I'm outta here!"

Inside of everybody is somebody else --
Some men conclude that this "somebody else" is not necessarily them.

The Mind -- As Regards Consciousness:

A living ink blot on a blotter.

A Thinker -- As Regards His Mind:

A man trying to bring an ink blot under control.

Another History Of Man

Disturb the peace,
Bemoan the uproar;
Now what?!

The ability to be conscious beyond the confines of the mind
Is like being able to fish without ever tossing your bait out of the boat.

If they had a theme song, the mind's might be, "*In The Still Of The Night*",
While consciousness's would be the night, the day, the stillness, and the other-wilfull-wise.

Heroes don't have heroes --- heroes are heroes.

All dreams of glory are dreams of control;
Control of the mind -- a clearing of consciousness.