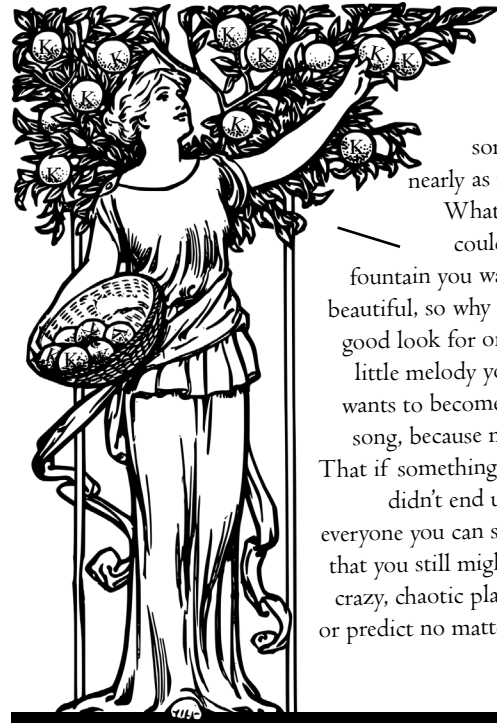




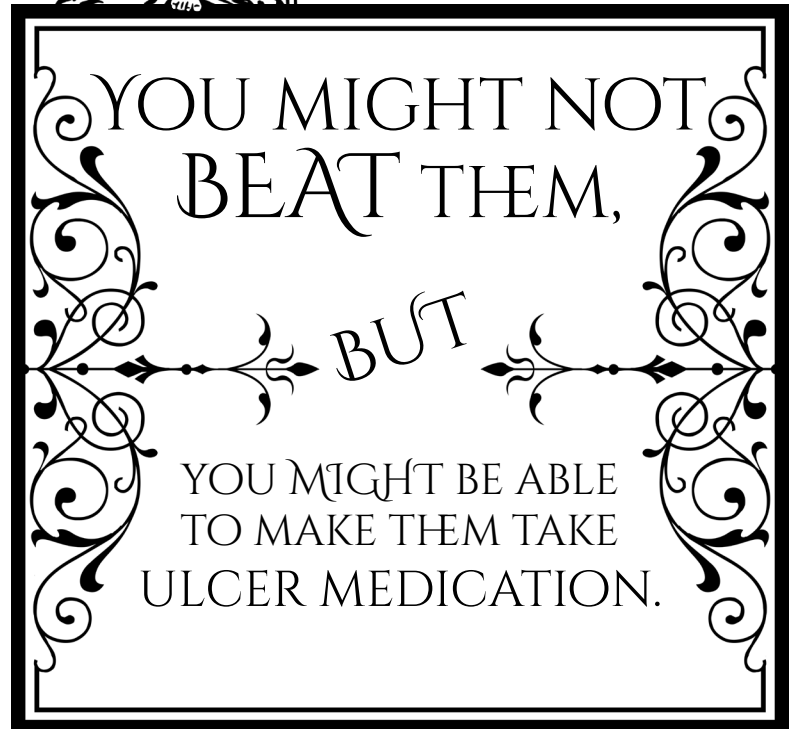
HEAVEN

is for

CHUMPS



What if a bunch of us got together and convinced some people that there weren't nearly as many rules as they thought? What if we told people that they could choose? That the drinking fountain you walk by every day was secretly beautiful, so why don't you just give it a really good look for once - go on, it's ok. That the little melody you've had in your head really wants to become a song, even if it's a crappy song, because music just wants to be made? That if something horrible happened, and you didn't end up making more money than everyone you can see from where you're sitting, that you still might be ok? That the world is a crazy, chaotic place that we can't fully control or predict no matter how much science we buy, and that's perfectly all right?



YOU MIGHT NOT  
BEAT THEM,

BUT

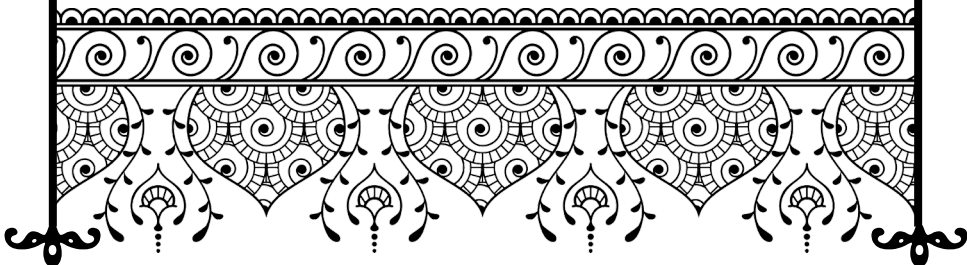
YOU MIGHT BE ABLE  
TO MAKE THEM TAKE  
ULCER MEDICATION.

# THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE JOB

This morning I was working on something and made an interesting metaphorical observation. The cutting discs used on this rotary tool are very brittle. You can break them with your fingers. However, mounted on a spindle and spun at thousands of RPM, those same fragile discs can cut through steel. So the next time you're feeling weak or useless, consider that you may simply not be getting utilized properly, and that your true potential awaits.

Now go out there and spin really fast.

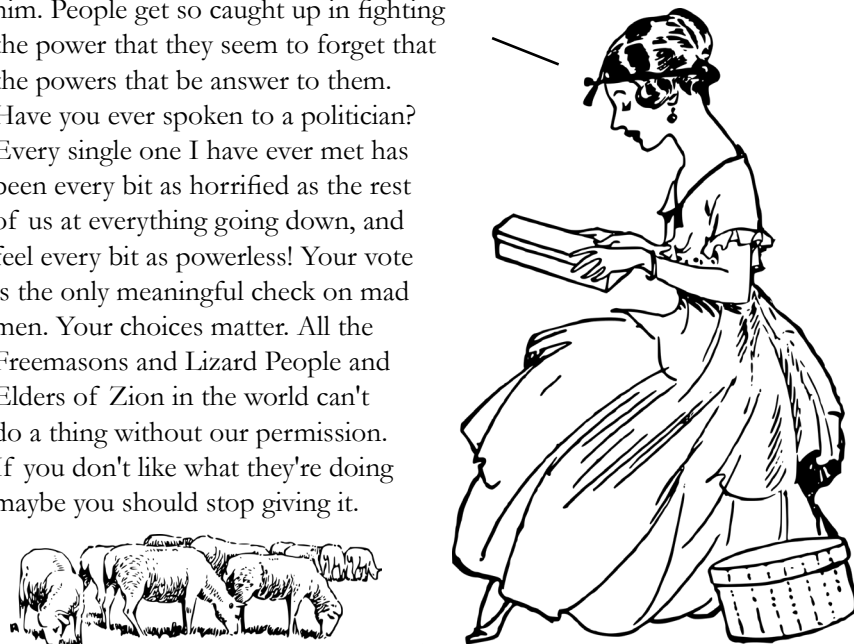
=VOXLUNCH=



*I always read "plant your seeds" as being more metaphorical, but I suppose that's the propagandist in me talking.*



The most frightening thing I've heard in this season of Whatever-The-Hell-This-Is was when a man insisted his candidate could not be racist, because "if he was, they wouldn't let him run." Sadly I was too gobsmacked at the time to respond coherently, and now the moment is lost. I wish I could have told him that the "they" he was expecting to intervene was actually him. People get so caught up in fighting the power that they seem to forget that the powers that be answer to them. Have you ever spoken to a politician? Every single one I have ever met has been every bit as horrified as the rest of us at everything going down, and feel every bit as powerless! Your vote is the only meaningful check on mad men. Your choices matter. All the Freemasons and Lizard People and Elders of Zion in the world can't do a thing without our permission. If you don't like what they're doing maybe you should stop giving it.



5. An Age of Confusion, or an Ancient Age, is one in which History As We Know It begins to unfold, in which Whatever Is Coming emerges in Corporal Form, more or less, and such times are Ages of Balanced Unbalance, or Unbalanced Balance. 6. An Age of Bureaucracy is an Imperial Age in which Things Mature, in which Confusion becomes entrenched and during which Balanced Balance, or Stagnation, is attained. 7. An Age of Disorder or an Aftermath is an Apocalyptic Period of Transition back to Chaos through the Screen of Oblivion into which the Age passeth, finally. These are Ages of Unbalanced Unbalance.

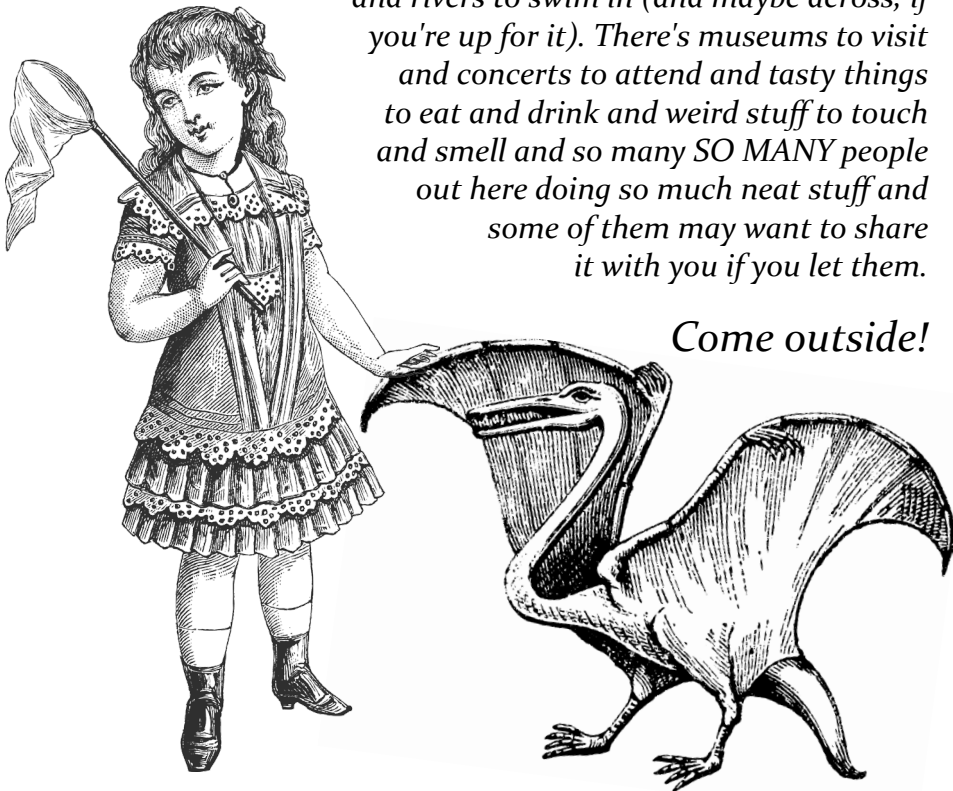
# Stop being afraid all the time!

*Of course there are dangers in the world, any fool can see that. But the foolish are constantly miscalculating risk. Why, you're more likely to die from a bee sting than a shark attack, more likely to be struck by lightning than killed by a foreign terrorist. The car in your driveway is far more dangerous even than your neighbor's collection of replica swords! You could slip in the tub and die tomorrow, it's happened to more dignified souls than ours, and that's a fact. You're already taking risks every day.*

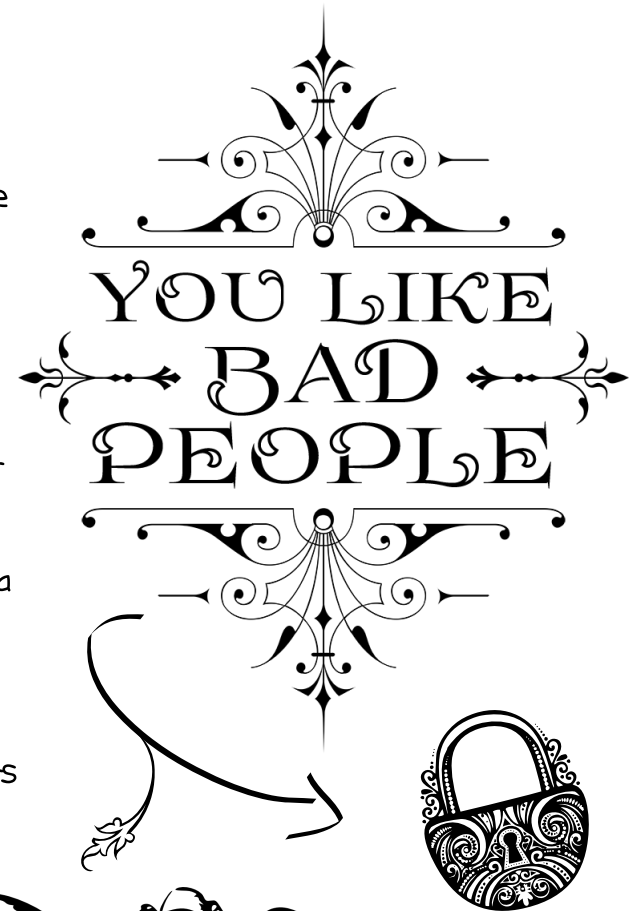
*The world is full of fantastic things, if you go looking for them.*

*There's art and music and wild animals that look right into your soul and mad scientists trying to cure cancer and madder scientists trying to transplant human heads. Someone out there wants to make out with you and they don't even know it yet. There's mountains to be climbed and caves to explore and lakes and rivers to swim in (and maybe across, if you're up for it). There's museums to visit and concerts to attend and tasty things to eat and drink and weird stuff to touch and smell and so many SO MANY people out here doing so much neat stuff and some of them may want to share it with you if you let them.*

**Come outside!**



We become what we pretend to be, so we must be very careful with our fantasies. The dollhouse of course represents domestic submission, but even this may be subverted. Look, Dolly! I have created a space under the cupboards to hide the persecuted dinosaur refugees. Tomorrow, we shall graffiti anti-establishment propaganda all over town. Never forget that our forebears were abolitionists and suffragettes, law-breakers and dissidents all!





BLESSED ARE THE  
TERRIBLE, FOR THEY ARE  
CAPABLE OF GOOD ON  
A SCALE THAT THOSE  
WHO ARE CONFIDENT  
IN THEIR OWN VIRTUE  
MAY NEVER ACHIEVE.

# The Meaning of Life

Once, an old man told me he had learned the *Meaning of Life*.

I told him I didn't want to know.

It should really haunt me to this day that I never heard his solution.

But he was kinda a doofus.

And fat.

*If there is a meaning of life, it seems to me that it should be a very personal thing, and not universal. Therefore anyone promising you this knowledge either is in possession of a lesser truth, having not come to their true answer yet, or is the kind of person who does not understand that their experience is not in fact all the universe has to offer.*

