

from lessons

the people who begin to get somewhere, somebody comes up to them and offers to put their name on a board and frame it. right away the people think that this is what they want. they think that if their growth is recognized it will be valid. but once you start counting on that board for your validity, you dont grow any more and the man comes and tells you that they have somebody elses name to put on the board. a sort of natural remedy if you can take it.

— Jon Heinstein

The ears grip the side of the head like a rider's knees on a horse. In twos on every ark, which the male? They are like feet generally not much to look (praise to the exception) but are possessed of character and soul, habits, oddities and tastes and function in sleep as much as in waking. Sometimes they die separately in deafness or continue to listen after the person is dead. They are somewhat jealous of eyes and prefer music to painting. Related to mouths (for talking is eating backward with words) they gobble up nourishing prose dinners of sound and then drink silence until stone still, which, for ears, is ecstasy.

He perceived the world was senseless and went insane. When he died, they opened up his brain and found a tiny boat surrounded by sufficient wind and water to sail forever. He lay on his back his ears impaled by carpet tacks, while, on the sloppy deck, fish thrashed and sang in their rising falling monotone of song. Peering through the finest microscopes, expert lip-readers were agreed that what he said was "I have found the truth, I have found the truth" but themselves could say nothing, of course, of his tone, whether joyous or sad.

— Richard E. Lourie

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