

Cerebral Salt Peanuts

Aphorisms and epigrams are a philosophical vice. It is my intention to addict you. Look: There is a toy surprise at the end! Cerebral salt peanuts—Have a few from my book, *This New Day*:

1. Necessity makes a strong argument for a creative mindset:

One asks the philosopher, "When did you begin thinking deeply?" He answers, "After I drowned."

2. To use an economic term: Man is a value added product. Having no intrinsic worth, his value is measured only by what he himself has added.

3. People dismiss mental illness because it's psychosomatic--it's imaginary. What they forget is that they don't exist without consciousness, in short: That they are imaginary.

4. The purpose of having friends who do not know you, is to spare you the indignity of being introduced to yourself.

5. Someone who communicates using terms he knows you do not understand says but one thing: "I am smarter than you." Someone intelligent can be understood, someone pretending is just unintelligible.

6. Dignity is the grace of knowing

To pursue one's ugly truth seems to move against dignity, but in fact it is the truth which shames, that once understood, forms the pillow upon which dignity may lay her head. Many restless chafing years searching uncomfortable truths and wicked lies are the cost, if one is to afford a bed honest enough for dignity to remain near at hand, awake in a quiet moment, or slumbering comfortably still and undisturbed. She will scurry away from an honest man as likely as stay, since an honest man always unearths another undignified truth to be learned, a teasing truth which calls the restless child to grow, and dignity is no nursemaid! She loves a joke and can be counted on to return after the child is gone, and she hears your laughter replace its squalling. So here is the answer: Pursue truth, and grace will pursue you! It is lovely to have her gentle breath in my ear, but she never stays long in my bed. There are times when I think too much to sleep soundly, and my tossing and turning drive her off until I can rest with my new truth. I am restless all week and she only stays when I am sure in my truth, so as a result, I tend to see her most often on the weekends.

7. As a species people have the most in common with lice. Both demonstrate no discernible intelligence, and often leave you scratching your head.

8. The one who postures as if they are never wrong is the most deeply flawed.

9. When entertaining new company it is best to admit some weakness and watch. Like blood it will bait the leaches. See who feasts on your pain and know your enemy.

10. To be happy with what you have made of yourself, is to be free of the guilty burden of justifying your failure. Should we not be grateful for any mistake which turns out so well?

11. The Ruthless Circle of Mirth

One is rewarded with a copious bountiful laughter, a laughter of affirmation when our long promise has been met, our finished work finds a laughter which quenches all sacrifice, and it seems I know laughter, and we are friends. Be warned! Our happiness knows too much, and we pursue ourselves around a ruthless circle. Motion holds our happiness, and our circle of mirth also knows another laughter. This laughter cleanses us of all self-importance and inertia at a single breath! Our ice laughter scorns and humbles, merciless in its delight at our ridiculous appearance before time, and we shiver, longing for our serious meaning, our sunny lie which becomes real in the telling, where in contempt of time, laughter and I might find ourselves as friends, again aligned together to choose any meaning. No longer lazy we in the ruthless circle of mirth fear our laughter and what it knows far more than our work, and so have reason to begin again. Laughter is our most potent enemy.

12. Why we can't trust ourselves--What do you love?

A beautiful conviction. The philosopher wishes the truth were a willing woman. The truth becomes most seductive when it has been gutted, its pointed teeth dulled and softened, its substance pressed through our imagination into an image veiled in mist; she warms the eye to belief, her corners and edges distant, she glows without speaking. Once spiritualized we may admire her and feel comfortable enough to believe we love her, now gutted and boned, she has become beautiful.

13. A tradition is often just a deep rut in the earth worn by the footsteps of its followers. Be cautious around traditions; once you fall into one the neck strains to look up, and it may be difficult to get back out.

14. Wisdom is an old man who has seen too much and understood too well. He is exhausted and can ill afford to waste his energy. Ultimately this is why we trust him, he is too tired to pretend. He can be recognized by his sparkling eyes. Alive and bright, he is too wise to wait and can not pretend there is any other time with more hope, more promise or reason to begin living.

15. Confidence and Beauty both know that the highest truth often comes into being first as one of Hope's lies. "It will be easy," she tells our will, and we are the ones who must make good on her promises. It is a lot of work and I am happy to do it. She is one hell of a liar, but even with such an expensive habit, she's the only one who gives me a good reason to wake up in the morning. So I must conclude that lies and all, Hope will always be a bargain, at any price.

16. Without truth beauty is lost.

Without beauty truth is depressed.

Together they can see clearly and imagine more. Truth is not in the habit of tolerating Hope's company. He considers her a liar. Beauty is the ultimate, most seductive and perfect of all liars. Truth has come to love her and has inadvertently swallowed some of Hope's poison. With Beauty's help, Truth now sees more than what is. He hears Beauty's voice, and mistakes something new and hopeful, for truth itself. He sees what might be, what could be true, and can not help but hope and rejoice. Truth is practical, and so he loves Beauty. After all, she is his most hopeful and productive lie.

17. The beautiful need

The need for the beautiful lie becomes greatest as we look into the heart of man. An honest man looks into himself to see his energies, instincts, and motivations laid bare before him. Does he see beauty and hope in his natural form, or rather is he compelled in his honesty to create beauty, and make higher use of his natural endowments? He does not imagine himself beautiful, he knows himself too well to imagine, he creates instead.

18. Beauty and truth walk into a bar. Beauty orders a large Tequila Sunrise, a most beautiful drink to see, made of many layers of different liquors. Truth knows what he wants and orders straight Everclear, pure alcohol. The drinks are different but the effects

are the same, and soon truth and beauty are drunk in the alley behind the bar throwing up. They pause long enough to look into each others eyes, and then do what comes naturally. As you might expect, the resulting child is born confused, and sure to become a philosopher.

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