

COMMENT ON LIBER AL I, 31

For these fools of men and their woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones.

Fools of men – that is, worldly men, men of society, church goers, good citizens, average men, Rotarians, babbitts; their woes attendant upon their folly. The conflict of their desires, vanity, ambition, money, power, fame, the monkey morals, the barnyard babtistry.

They feel little – they are little, petty in mind, petty in spirit, puny in their pilfering, rabbity in their rutting habits, their love a piddling perversion of a castrated biological urge, seasoned with saccharine sin and slop bucket sentimentality.

What is:

While displaying an abject ass-licking servility to their superiors, they manifest all the feeble ferocity of a yahoo towards anything showing any difference in mentality, color, or physiognomy, so long as that thing be bound, chained, and completely hopeless.

Weak joys:

A \$10 raise, a model home, kiddies, a crack at somebody weaker, a bit of gossip, and accident, something newer and shinier than someone else has, weddings, funerals ---

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Thank God!

Jack Parsons

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