

# Alpine

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Aside from things like planets and the universe, we, as a single global populace, made up the world in which we function. I enjoy sitting around staring at my ceiling and thinking that for roughly 10,000 years the human species has endlessly been playing a vicious game of capture the flag or hide-and-go-seek.

It might even be the "Hokey Pokey." The world may never know. This knowledge is one of my favorite tools that I picked up traveling. It makes matters seem far less serious.

One of the problems we have here on the planet is that of people taking life too seriously, taking themselves too seriously.

This is a quote from a number of different thinkers sharing each other's ideas:

"Life is too important to be taken seriously."

...

I keep no one story retaining this tool alone, I do what I can to work it into the underlying themes category in any story I write. Some get closer than others, this is the way things work out.

The idea here is that if it doesn't work quite right I can throw it away and create a new story from a few of the same and a few different tools and materials I keep around in my head. Many times I get these tools from books but sometimes I need to run to the hardware store, which might be someplace like San Paulo, Brazil, Bangkok, Thailand, or Wahoo, Neb. You'd be amazed at the things you can learn from people in Wahoo. They'll tell you everything they know if you give them an hour, but Bangkok is helpful, too.

I came across a humble piece of work by Robert Fulghum. This is all I know about this man, what you read here, and I think it supports, in essence, what I'm writing about, so I'll share it with you.

All I really needed to know about how to live and what to do and how to be I learned in kindergarten. Wisdom was not at the top of the graduate-school mountain but there in the sandpile Sunday School. These are the things I learned.

Share everything. Play fair. Don't hit people. Put things back where you found them. Clean up your own mess. Don't take things that aren't yours. Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody. Wash your hands before you eat. Flush. Warm cookies and milk are good for you. Live a balanced life -- learn some and think some and draw and paint and sing and dance and work every day some.

Take a nap every afternoon. When you go out into the world, watch out for traffic, hold hands and stick together. Be aware of wonder. Remember the little seed in the Stryfoam cup. The roots go down and the plant goes up and nobody really knows how or why, but we are all like that.

Goldfish and hamsters and white mice and even the little seed in the Stryfoam cup -- they all die. So do we.

And then remember the Dick-

and-Jane books and the first word you learned -- the biggest word of all -- LOOK. Everything you need is in there somewhere. The Golden Rule and love and basic sanitation. Ecology and politics and equality and sane living.

Take any one of these items and extrapolate it into sophisticated adult terms and apply it to your family life or your work life or your government or your world and it holds true and clear and firm. Think of what a better world it would be if we all -- the whole world -- had cookies and milk around 3 every afternoon and then lay with our blankets for a nap. Or if all governments had as a basic policy to always put things back where they found them and to clean up their own mess. And it still is true, no matter how old you are -- when you go out into the world, it is best to hold hands and stick together.

-- Robert Fulghum  
"Uncommon Thoughts on Common Things"

So there it is, then. I'll be. I feel like I never should have left that first kindergarten experience more than 20 years ago.

Things change, however, and I am willing to accept change as an inherent consistency in the universe. As humans, whether we like it or not, we are not forever the static masters of the universe.

We still are not totally sure, for that matter, about our own solar system, further, our own solitary planet and moon.

I've thought often about why we place so much significance on ourselves, I suppose it's our big brain keeping us from getting lonely so we create these things to keep ourselves busy. We are freaks of the evolutionary process, and as mutants I'd expect great things but we've shown very little progress in the spiritual realm in the last 10,000 years. And inasmuch as people sometimes like to think of themselves as biological and other times as spiritual depending on whatever suits their argument at the time -- until we can annihilate monetary greed, fear of culture and the violence stemming from the root of that fear from the confines of our society here on the third planet from the sun -- then we exist forever as nothing more than domesticated and lingual dogs and cats who can never reach some common understanding with the mice they live with.

Which would be understandable if it weren't for the ultimate joke which is this: We are a race with just enough brain power to conceive grand ideas, but still are far too primal to carry them out of our brains and make real aesthetically and socially pleasing creations.

Evolution, my friends, is not finished with us. But I think we resist evolution because most of us are too busy watching football, baseball, basketball or "America's Most Wanted." These things, by nature, hold limited and tribal notions.

The arena-field of the very near future is mental! We are on the verge of expanding into entirely new and awe-inspiring, other-worldly realms right here in this world, and I think it would be best

if we worked all this out before we fiddle with ideas that we are not real sure of, yet. Nuclear energy is one idea made real that now haunts us with endless barrels of toxic waste. Can we simply continue to stack it on top of each other for all civilization?

"Let the next generation worry about it. We made it up. Let them figure out how to clean up after themselves or live without it," one politically conservative person might mumble to themselves while they avoid the issue at hand.

It is crucial, in my playground opinion, to attain this child's mind way of thought -- a mature child,

rather than this undeniably selfish immature adult we've created as a social norm.

School is part of it, dance and music and comedy and sculpture, painting, design, and yes, science and technology. Life, our lives here on the planet, must become individual works of art to survive, prosper and evolve. And in this age where tele-media makes the world smaller every day, as does the growing population, manipulation of the masses moves to a mental rather than physical game.

It is by far and large worse, of course, to destroy one mentally and leave them living than it is to

kill them.

I guess what I'm saying is that the world take a week or 50 off of politics and economics and concentrate solely on getting to know one another in a friendly and celebration-like fashion. I think the world should take time out for a milk and cookies break and a leisurely game of tag. It's easy. I'll even start.

Tag!  
You're it.

**D**

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