**BRAIN ONE**

***A Tree Top Tell-Tail***

# PREFACE

We whack our brain,

It sits insane,

Twenty-five minutes before cold-Sun sets.

We toured the Mall,

The Goodwill Hall,

Through muse’s eyes of mysticism’s master, Sri Chaitanya!

Grey sky weeps,

Autos skweep,

Across the lot the Sushi Bar curtain flaps open.

[October is a cold, cold month, falling, falling, falling.]

Humbly begging the power of Sherlock Holmes, Doyle, Wu Kong, and mysticism’s all men’s master, Sri Krsna-Caitanya: Engines of the damned rise up from the earth. Howling and gnashing, great governments with atomic weapons flee from the field. Tom Brown and Buck White are about to write!

# Chapter One

Our aegis, reader, is for poetry, and articles all ‘bout space. We’ll tell you storys that are certainly true, though not within your place (or race). We do not write from ancelled hand nor pitten broom, but basket builded buffins.

I’m about to tell you things that give you different eyes, and see you things unseened.

A switch you’ll turn.

A phrase you’ll turn,

And an empire ‘ll rise or crumble.

Not YOUR frogg me hearty lad,

But only done with umber.

Who can understand us? Who will believe us? Oh, fortunate one, the Mantra we are about to give you is a torrent of ecstasy flowing into the heart. It is the secret of all secrets. Those who chant it purify those who know the rituals of the Vedas.

Without thinking of anything else chant this Mantra day and night:

**H A R E !**

All calendars and Daddy Dutys are dust beneath It’s feet.

# CHAPTER TWO

Probably the biggest problem any of us face is Plans. We plan for this, we plan for that, we become a laboratory rat.

But rats unneeded if you become a cat.

Confident of Dickey’s dumb-bells you’ll never have to tip your hat but this is not Blind Faint. Blind faith is not only useless, it’s condemned.

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 O

 N DEMN ED! ! ! We never ask you to do anything God wouldn’t do if He were in your place. Faith means you do what you actually know.

# Chapter Trhee

When you go out, tomorrow noon, you’ll meet a man named Bert. He’s working in the super-market; he’s wholesome though sometimes his words are curt.

He’ll tell you there’s a man named Brick’n Brack who has money by the sack and is looking for an investment.

...

Hue met Mr. Brick’n Brack, Monday the 13th of October. Hue made a proposal for a sport’s complex in Murfreesboro, Tennessee with focus on Track and Field events. The promotional tag was that they would give you the insight into life necessary to rise as fast as possible to the lead of your profession.

With such leadership, threat of nuclear war, over-population, boredom, and thence intoxication, could all be reduce to nil almost, and real work could begin.

# Chapter Four

[The font we are using is Harrington. Get it??? Hari’s Town! Sri Vrndavana dhama! Harrington]

Our practical work is suicide: Stop eating, chant the Mantra, and in three weeks you’ll die. Stop drinking [king] and in three days you’re dead. Stop breathing - three minutes.

[Stop chanting the Mantra once you start, in three seconds your spirit dyes].

Of course, there’s a million details and filler-brains. If we say, “Chant, Hare Krsna, and you’ll be happy”, it’s like saying, “Go to the hospital and you’ll be cured.” Yeah, it’s true, but you gotta go to the Reception Desk, state your purpose, follow the Doctor’s orders. . .



Got it!

Suicide means we go back to Goloka, the highest heaven, and help Krsna tend the cows, with His little friends,

**Goloka is** such a righteous place.

It is a little village lost in a great forest called Vrndavan. It’s cold in the Fall, and the frost is on the pumpkin, but inside the home’s it is quite cozy.



A road leads into the village from the right and goes out to the left. Sometimes people come down the road, but in general everyone just seems to mostly forget the rest of the universe unless it’s fun to talk about it.

I mean, sometimes they like to hear Sherlock Holmes storys or Sun Wu Kong. Everything is in Goloka in ecxtatic pro-por-shun.

[This is all our opinion, Buck White and Tom Brown. We’ve been thinking it over, after reading Srila Prabhupada’s KRSNA book, we definitely think, that perhaps, maybe, its like this.]

# Chapter Six

[We just skipped Chapter Five. If you want one, please write it. We’re idiots. Handel, or Bach or Shakespeare, wrote the “Hallelujah Chorus” in 72-hours straight without sleeping, I think? We’re trying to do something like that right here.]

The **Suicide Business** should go as quick as possible. Finish up your business in the funny farm as quick as possible. Get back to work!

Krsna **REALLY** misses your contribution. It gives Him an ocean of tears that you are not there helping.

**Don’t you know:** Heaven is only half finished? It’s not a mental adjustment. It’s a fact. Didn’t your teacher tell you that in Bible-Koran-Analects-Dhammapada classes? It’s a fact. The plans are there. The Excitement is there to see what it will become.

Get back to Goloka as soon as possible. Uncle Daddy Warbucks will take care of your crying babys, old parents, invalid Democracy. Don’t be a proudy and think that you are the Father, Mother, Son, King, Priest. You might try to be a grain of sand on the stimulating footpaths of Goloka.

Of course, some of us have this attachment, or that attachment.



Get through them quickly. For example, don’t be surprised if this is the last thing we write and then 27 November we are gone.

Other detainer is: God wants you to stay here and teach.

[What better way to teach Arabic than through the Koran]

So in either case, learn how to get out as quick as possible, the Art of Dying, or learn how to teach.



You’re actually an ignorant hypocrite but please tell us about both of these things tomorrow, if you can.