

Mistaking Pressure for Pleasure

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First you pushed me into a cage so small that it was not possible to have two ideas in my head at the same time. Then I tried to breathe. When you are captured you soon start eating bananas. Then you become domesticated. Soon you are no longer sure if you mistake pressure for pleasure, or the other way around.

A cage is a frame and has no way out.

(I am not a female artist!)

One thing was sure; I could not figure out human beings from observations only. Their habits did not show much signs of consciousness of being in world, nor did their actions show traces of intelligence.

Some words must be about something else than words

One word cannot be described or explained by repeating the same word. Or by repeating what you already said yesterday, when I did not listen

I'm addicted to silence. Birds' song is not silence, nor is the river, or the sound of grass bending in the wind. Silence is what appears after the glass is broken

This is a cave. A cage is not a cave. A cave is an attempt to separate a phenomena from world to see it more clearly.

When you are captured you soon start eating bananas. Then you become domesticated.
(This is not a zoo)

I wonder how humans differentiate between *learning* and *understanding*.

Everything you do was first done by an ape.

I am not a female artist!

When you are captured you soon start eating bananas. Then you become domesticated.