

GHOST TYGER & FRIENDS

Book of Song: Volume I

WELCOME TO OUR WONDROUS CABINET

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR DELVING

— PLEASE MEET THE BAND —

STEPHEN⁷

is also DREW BROADRICK

QUEEN KIKUYU

The Lost Queen Of Hawaii, *is also* CAROL MCARTHUR

THE SILVER FOX

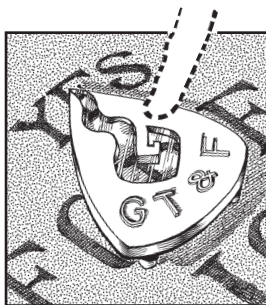
Ghost Tyger's Legal Counsel, *is also* JEREMY MASYS

PANDAMONIUM

is also KYAN WNUCK

MR. QUIET DESPERATION

Host Organism to the GHOST TYGER phenomenon, *is also* BEN EDLUND



YES! Ghost Tyger wants to finger your planchette, too ...



GHOST TYGER is an ultra-terrestrial, an immaterial body thief who occasionally possesses a human being in order to accomplish a strange mission, one he claims words cannot convey. Here on this plane he has been gifted with the FRIENDS, a small coterie of humans who, like him, believe there is a MYSTERY IN THIS MADNESS! Perhaps, after this encounter, you too will catch a glimpse of that same leafy sea-dragon, lilting in the depths.

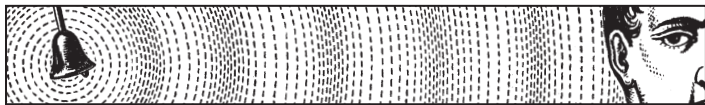


Fig. 1-a: GT&F feel that THE MUSICAL APPROACH is the only way to journey into this Mystery.

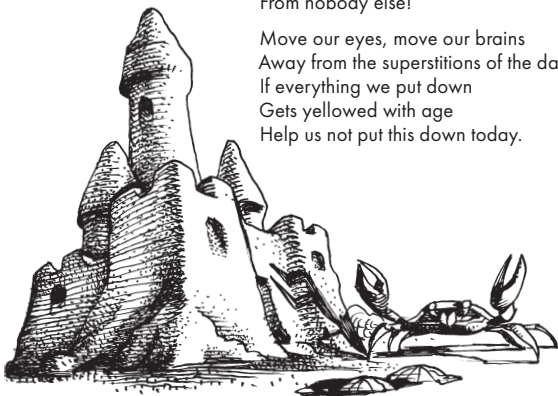
GHOST TYGER'S THEME

Move your eyes, move your brains
Away from the superstition of the day
If everything I put down
Gets yellowed with age
Help me not put this down today
Help me not put this down today

Look at me, look at mine,
Look at these nursery rhymes
Look at my Infinite Being
Watch as it unfolds itself
Look in our wondrous cabinet
See how it's partly insane
But then you'll get this ride
From nobody else

GHOST TYGER
From nobody else!
GHOST TYGER
From nobody else!
GHOST TYGER
From nobody else!
GHOST TYGER
From nobody else!

Move our eyes, move our brains
Away from the superstitions of the day
If everything we put down
Gets yellowed with age
Help us not put this down today.



SAND SONG

Every grain of sand in the beach has a sense of self within it
A place it knows to be, like it knows the sea

I built this castle here,
Here on this strip of sand
Between the land and the sea
And when the tide rolls in
And washes that sand clean
At least the sand once knew me

And the sand says: I remember you
The sand says: I remember you
Every hand's kiss,
Every mound and groove
You made in me
The sand says: I remember you

I am the Beach Comber
I am the Sea Captain
I am the Sailor on the Wave
And when my journey's through
I will come back to you
Press my flower in its grave

Into this mollusk-shaped world
My heart poured out nothing
But rectangles. I held them up
Like a net of square pearls
Perpendicularly to the natural curve
Of this mollusk-shaped world.





WORLD, MY LOVE

World, my love
You're enough to steal my mind
Do your stuff
With that stuff so sublime

World my love
You're enough to steel my mind
I try to stay tough
So you don't rob me blind

Most times there's nothing I'd rather do
Than stare into your skies

World, my love
You're enough to steal my mind
I try to stay tough
So you don't rob me blind

Sometimes it seems like all you do
Is lie, lie, lie, lie.





FIG. 1.—A diagram of the Fourth Dimension in Nature.

GHOST TYGER HAS QUESTIONS

“Hey WHAT IF EVERBUDDY IS RIGHT? Use your picturer to picture all of our cultures, all of our peoples, across the span of human history, as hands pressed on one or another part of that big elephant in the dark: BEING ITSELF. What if the Sufis got a handful of eyelash? And the Taoists got a silky patch of inner ear? Maybe the Enlightenment in Europe got a finger on some Pachyderm taint and that’s why they ended up in such a bad mood? Could all of those hands, each palpating in earnest, be telling some part of the whole truth?

The Physicist and the Mystic have been playing footsie under the table — it’s high time they get to first base! What if the Universe is vibration? What if it is one utterly interpenetrating whole without division? What if all this is a conscious system of paradox, expanding and refining itself through alternating phases of Order and Chaos, Fury and Silence, Light and Darkness... QUITE LIKE THE STRIPES OF A TYGER, WOULDN’T YOU SAY, QUEEN KIKUYU?”

Cro-Magnon I wouldn't do this if it wasn't important
I wouldn't do this if you weren't so stubborn and mean
I wouldn't do this if the opportunity
Hadh't presented itself with such clarity

I'm not a killer by nature, but I have been known by some
To take a leadership role in the tribe
And I can see their eyes across the great divide
O, I can see their plans even before they have them

Neanderthal What a muscle men have
Men have,
Men have

Cro-Magnon How can you know about fire and not use it?
How can you know about fire and not
Burn our enemies to the ground?

Even a child would choose it
I must confess I cannot stand
The way you sit down

We could be ruling this valley
We could be shaping these malleable peoples
Into something that was great

We could be building the temple
That shows that we honor the Gods of the Law
But you're all "wait, wait,"
You're all "wait, wait..."

Neanderthal What a muscle men have
Men have,
Men have

I see iron birds circling over me
And yes, they are beautiful
In our terror, and their freedom
We surrender the world to the firestarters
We surrender the world to Prometheus, yeah
We surrender to Prometheus, yeah



PROMETHEUS



The sunlight leopards
Dappling every scrap of green
Under the open brains
Of the waving sycamore trees

I read the letters
Etched in every crumbling stone
Each tells the story
Of old clothing wrapped around bone

I think of all the cool stuff
We used to carve from ivory
All the scrimshaw engravings, walking sticks
And sweet piano keys

I think of all the leather
We could strip and tan in just one week
You say you like recycling?
Why not recycle you and me

Why not eat the dead?
There's a lot of good meat there,
Even on the feet, yeah!

Why not eat the dead?
I'm not talking zombie food
And I'm not talking to be rude

WHY NOT EAT THE DEAD?

I mean every word I said
[He means every word he said]
And I said why not eat the dead

So to spare you discomfort
While we're discussing the big 'C'
If I say, 'Hey, let's eat you!'
I'm also saying 'Let's eat me!'

And that's the last few hurdles
as we contemplate this great feat:
Maybe chief among them,
spongiform encephalopathy

Why not eat the dead?
There's a lot of good meat there,
Even on the feet, yeah!

Why not eat the dead?
I'm not talking zombie food
And I'm not talking to be rude

[He means every word he said]
Tastes like Uncle Fred!
Why not eat the dead?





RELEASE OF LIABILITY

I acknowledge and agree that Ghost Tyger's "Consensual Cannibalism Campaign" is for entertainment purposes only. I further acknowledge and agree that by enjoying and/or listening to the song "Why Not Eat the Dead?" I am assuming all known and unknown risks associated with rhetorical questions, musical questions, and rhetorical/musical questions as those terms are commonly understood. I hereby relieve Ghost Tyger and especially his Friends — and in particular Silver Fox, who I acknowledge and agree had at most a *de minimis* role in drafting the lyrics to the aforementioned song, and whose funky bassline for said song shall not be considered an endorsement of the lyrical content of same — from any and all responsibility for whatever cannibalistic activity I engage in from this point forward. Any acts of eating human beings are incidental and have not been influenced by the stated position of the Ultraterrestrial known as Ghost Tyger.

Likewise any of my craft use of deceased human bone, sinew, hair, skin, or other bears no relation to the "teachings" discussed at this or any subsequent event. I also understand that continued consumption of human brain matter can lead to a toxic accumulation of prions and a serious case of the "cannibal shakes."

I acknowledge and agree that I am familiar with the legal principles espoused in the three (3) concurring and one (1) dissenting opinion in the case of *Ashcroft v. Cannibal Collective of Contra Costa County* (2003) 492 Cal.App. 353 and their progeny and hereby waive any causes of actions that may arise thereunder.

I hereby attest to the foregoing as of this ____ day of _____, and execute this waiver freely, voluntary, without duress, and NOT pursuant to the undue influence of any human being and/or Ultraterrestrial being.

(PRINT OR TYPE OR YOUR NAME) _____

(SIGNATURE) _____

SHADOW SONG



Dissolve all nations
These invisible machines designed to divide us
And strip the corporations
Of their right to be defined by law as human beings

Why don't we let the sun set
On all these billionaires
When keeping them won't get you
Anywhere closer to there

We believe we are souls
Shining with gold
We just have to get to know our Shadow

We believe we can free
The abundance we hold
If we get to know our Shadow

John Wayne Gacy
What would Jesus Christ do with this kid-killing clown?
Who was so bloody crazy
No amount of love could turn his head around

Some say that it's easy
Not to hate someone who takes from you
But the bitch about One-ness is
You're a part of him and he's a part of you, too

We believe we are souls
Shining with gold
We just have to get to know our Shadow
We believe we can free

The abundance we hold
If we get to know our Shadow



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112

LEMONADE STAND



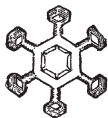
117



113



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116

Yeah, life was givin' lemon so we made some lemonade
Took our distance from Heaven and put it on parade
Painted up our little signs and then before you know
Our lemonade stand was raking in the
DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, TI, DOUGH!
DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, TI, DOUGH!

Take a Lemonade Stand
Everywhere you go
Free that bird in your hand and
Dive into the undergrowth, undergrowth
We know it's dark in there and
We know it goes so slow, so slow
But take a Lemonade Stand
Everywhere you go

Yeah, life was givin' lemon so we made some lemonade
Took our distance from Heaven and put it on parade
Painted up our little signs and then before you know
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Take a Lemonade Stand
Everywhere you go
Free that bird in your hand and
Dive into the undergrowth, undergrowth
We know it's dark in there and
We know it goes so slow, so slow
But take a Lemonade Stand
Everywhere you go

Lemonade, lemonade!



THE JOURNEY SONG

Let our hearts not be broken
And our minds, let them be strong enough
For it is we who must leave
On the long journey into this mystery

We may stop by your window
On our way out of this town
And if you hear an unfamiliar whisper
That's just the sound of our claws
Against your glass

There's just too
many good shows
to watch.

I sure hope I don't
get murdered
by Robots ...

GOT THE 21ST CENTURY BLUES?

MAYBE YOU NEED A **FOOL'S MOON**

SEE it all as if for the first time, bathed in the silvery light of your new **Secret-O Brand 'FOOL'S MOON'**. Let this close-orbiting celestial reflector enhance your mood and broaden your range of action with its *special* gravitational pull! Get one today! Your inner tides will thank you!

Practice our technique in the comfort of your home, office, or boat—anywhere!

Just try on these 3 "easy" assumptions:

1. CONSCIOUSNESS
PREDATES MATTER
2. YOU WERE INVITED HERE
3. THE UNIVERSE IS TRYING
TO TELL YOU SOMETHING



BE THE FIRST FOOL ON YOUR BLOCK!

YES! I want to be a **HOLY FOOL!** Please sign me up for the reinvigoration of my sense of awe and renew my subscription to the wonders of the Universe (e.g. *electric eels, snowflakes, sunlight, etcetera.*)

Name:

Coordinates:

☐ CHECK HERE and start receiving your Meaningful Acausal Connections today!

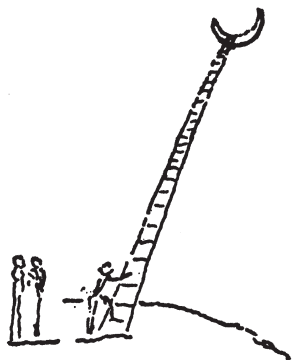


Fig. 7. Blake

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