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Mediocrity And You

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2021

So You're Feeling Mediocre

One of the more difficult, lonesome, exceedingly painful awakenings a painter can experience is the self-realization you're mediocre.

You are *not* Amadeus. You are *not* even Salieri—he was accomplished and successful. But like Salieri, you do have a special talent, the crippling ability to *tell* the difference between that which is significant and that which is not.

You can smell the difference.

Like the fragrance of warm spice in a kitchen. *What is that extraordinary smell?*

And on the verso—the malodorous scent of feculence.

This aptitude for discernment, being able to identify these two distinct poles, North and South, is at the heart of what makes you mediocre. That and self-recognition, which confirms the galling but factual realization you inhabit neither pole. You make your home somewhere in the vast middle.

It's okay, you're not alone. You never have been alone and you never will be. You are exceptionally average. A master club member of the mediocre society. Mediocrity is nothing new and it is absolutely nothing to be ashamed of—it means you're human.

Humanity is teeming, crowded with mediocrities. Odds are you or someone you love is living with mediocrity right now. Accept it. Embrace it. You can still be happy and productive.

Keep in mind—putting someone down, including yourself, is the Universe granting its ubiquitous largess. It's so easy and pleasurable, an effortless aspect of human nature. “You're an idiot.” Calling someone stupid could in theory unite all humanity because anyone can do it, it's accessible to all, and everyone has the right to express disdain or contempt. Some of us treat it like a duty.

Conferring the title of stupidity on others is easier than opening a jar or tying a shoelace. It's free and no one can stop you from disclosing it. Building someone up—this is entirely another story.

Mediocrity, the sense you are none among many, in turn can feel like a personal slight, a psychic wound that resists healing, but suffering beneath its burdens is a waste of time, since almost all of us are mediocre. It's a commonality we share with dopes and dunces. If they are dumb, chances are you are dumber.

If intelligence is a shining hill on the horizon, then many of us are staring down a mirage. And even if you are intelligent, remember, everyone you know, has the panoptic indiscriminate authorization, to say nothing of the desire, to call you stupid.

So it's okay to be mediocre. To be mediocre is to be in the middle, to be moderate, to be level headed, to see both sides. In a world of polarities, to be mediocre is like sitting atop the middle of a see saw. Mediocrity, therefore, is the centre of mass.





Yet, there is this enduring feeling the worst place to be is in the middle, to be a part of the mediocre class, the ordinary, the plebs. But history has proven that almost all of us are remarkable only for our ordinariness, one might even say extraordinarily so. So why are we not celebrating the middling class?

My impression is we are in an epoch, which currently amplifies these polarities, in fact, we reward and celebrate them and nullify or suppress the rest. The lights shine brightly on the best and the worst, with equal intensity. A spotlight is fixed both on the brilliant and the dull, irradiating without filter the grasping billionaire and the purposeful bum; ironically, they become indistinguishable as a result, except for their shopping habits.

Position yourself on the left or the right, take one or take the other, but choose a side, whatever you do. The only bad choice is sitting on the fence, or plopping yourself down in the middle of the see saw. To be quiet, moderate, thoughtful, temperate, to consider both sides, to be neither reflexively for or against—what are you doing? Are you stupid? Do you enjoy being mediocre?

In the world of professional sports, there are only two meaningful choices. Unless you are a championship contender, it is more beneficial to tank—to purposefully lose, in order to increase your odds of receiving a better draft prospect. In other words, there is a reward to be had if you lose the best.

In this prevailing philosophy and practice, the middle guys, the mediocre teams are situated in the worst possible place. They are perceived to be stuck in a kind of no man's land—mediocre town. Even though, out of 30 teams, only one team wins a championship and only one team will receive the first pick, the remaining teams are considered the misguided ones.

Arguably, this prevailing modern mentality has either infiltrated life from sports or vice-versa. Essentially, we are being sold a vision that posits the only desirable position is to be either a billionaire or a determined loser—the down- and-out billionaire.

In this scenario, the worst place to be and the worst place to position yourself is in the middle. The only problem with this, of course, is almost all of us live in the middle. We are the remainder, the majority, the other 28 teams.

What happened? Why are we eating the schlock and throwing out the broth?

Was it always like this? Is this phenomenon cyclical?

Can we expect a revolt of some kind followed by the inevitable system reset?

In *The Third Man* (1949), Orson Welles' character Harry Lime says, "In Italy, for thirty years under the Borgias, they had warfare, terror, murder and bloodshed, but they produced Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci and the Renaissance. In Switzerland, they had brotherly love, they had five hundred years of democracy and peace – and what did that produce? The cuckoo clock."

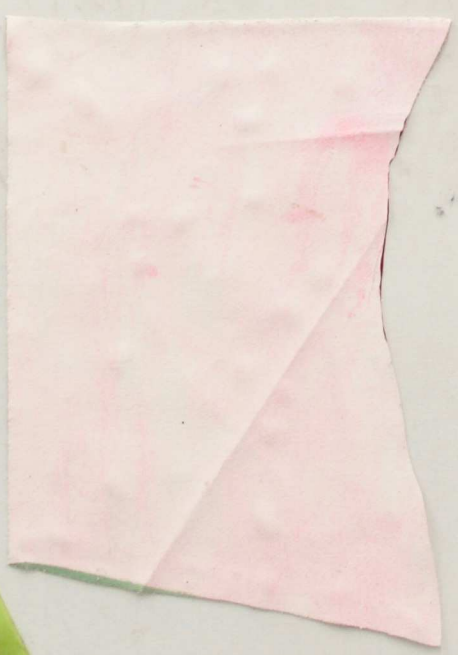
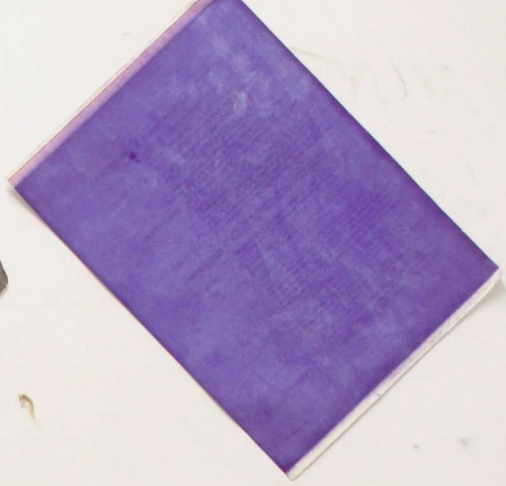
I mean, go ahead and savour your Renaissance. But remember, there's value in the clock. There's something to be said for taking time's measure.
It's important to keep on ticking.

Keep your Renaissance. I'll take the clock.



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MILLENNIALS
RELIVING
EARLY 2000
PUSSYCORE
ROCK

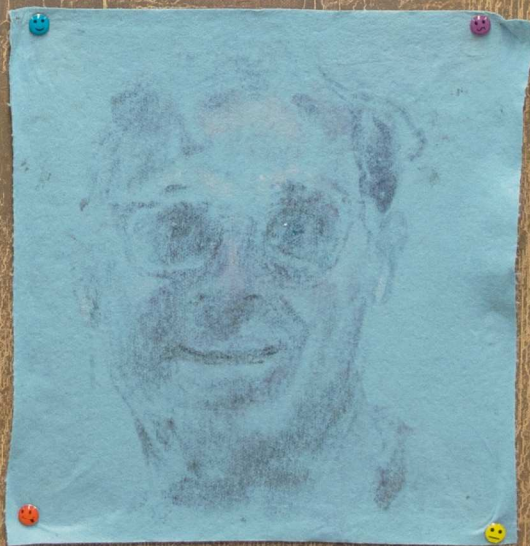












please Fuck right off

chief among the negative
aspects in her work was,
and continues to be, the indisputable
fact that **M** it sucks shit.

Boring

Stupid-

And etc

YES

RIGHT

WORK

Garbage. No

Boring-Garbage

Sucks Shit.

THAT'S

YOUR

SUCKS

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Thankx very much

H O O P D O G G



T r i l l i o n a i r e



fuck you





GOTH

NITE



ALRIGHT









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The Art of Mediocrity

