Tattooing: A Universal Language | History & Significance | part 8

TATTOOS FOR THE ANTI-SOCIAL

!!!Tattooing come into fashion periodically. However fashionable, it has always been widespread amongst marginal groups. In England, in the 1950s, the teddy boys and the rockers showed a renewed interest in it. In the 1960s The hippies took a great interest in distant cultures viewing them from a different way than earlier colonials. They usually selected an Asian culture totally immersing themselves in the way of life of the selected country in order to identify with it and become a part of it, having rejected the values of their own culture. For them, these Asian people are their distant brothers who have succeeded where their own society has failed in retaining the true and simple values of humanity, kindness and brotherhood. Tattooing went along with ear and nose piercing, and this in Hindu style was part of this integration process. The Hell's Angels adopted tattooing as their symbol of brotherhood as well. Skulls wearing winged helmets and huge aggressive eagles were part of their accessories along with their silver and turquoise Navajo rings not to mention the ultimate indispensable machine, the Harley Davidson.

!!!This was the extent of tattooing until the 1960s and 1970s when it became almost exclusively the phenomenon of gangsters and deviants. At that time tattooists rarely communicated with each other nor did they seek to establish the art of tattooing as something distinguished from the procedure of tattooing. To the majority it was simply a decent paying job on the decadent wild side. The flash displayed in shops went relatively unchanged for decades with very little innovation or creation. It was simply a matter of picking up a design off the wall and having it executed. Sailing ships, American flags, wild eagles along with some religious iconography. Most of all the classic snarling and clawing black panther, which in fact is still in fashion until this very day. Busty girls in every state of undress were another type of flash along with a wide array of roses, hearts and daggers alongside with name emblazoned banners. Color choices were narrow at that time with red, green, yellow, and black predominating. The point was to be quick and legible despite the occasional tattooer who would encourage clients to get quality custom work, a broad and artistic market which did not exist outside Japan.

!!!In the 1980s the punks changed their appearance in the most outrageous manner. Loud colors, anarchic hair cuts, pierced noses, ears, lips, and eyebrows. Arms and legs tattooed with skulls and images of death, violence, and destruction. It was a rebellion against the norms of society expressed through neo-Nazi slogans and images of hate and arrogance. All these were a means to provoke, and deliberately demonstrate their hate and the desire to shock through violence.

!!!These forms of body art and decoration practiced by the teddy boys, rocker, hippies, Hell's Angels, and punks are forms of protest against whatever society stands for. It has always been like this, and now it is ironic to see how Avant-Garde artists are increasingly reverting to the style of primitive tattooing and the wealth of their forms in their designs. These which have for centuries been considered vulgar and concealed beneath the so called modern and civilized society.

!!!In France, films like Pepe le Moko made between the two world wars, Le Tatoue filmed in 1968, and more recently, a film by a Japanese director The Tattooed Woman led to a resurgence of tattooing. This last film made in1982 talks about how a beautiful woman with snow white skin was tattooed with the words "Pact with death or with fidelity" to please her lover. Throughout the film, her pain is mixed with orgasm. The old master tattooist encourages her to make love to his assistant while he drives the needles into her skin. The assistant penetrates the beauty according to his master's commands. Each contraction of the muscles due to the penetration of the needles in her skin tightens her embrace until pain becomes inseparable from pleasure. It is a journey undertaken in silence, eroticism, and endurance.

!!!Celebrities and even politicians of the time were tattooed. Lenin, who bore a skull on his chest, Stalin, a red star. Churchill was tattooed with the coat of arms of his ancestors. Montgomery had a butterfly on his forearm. There are many others like Roosevelt, Count Tolstoy, and Tito. More recently, the show business has taken up tattooing in a big way. Gerard Deparieu, Cher, Beatrice Dalle, Sean Connery, Pamela Anderson and many others. Needless to mention all the Pop and Rock stars who exhibit their tattoos on every possible occasion. Lenny Kravitz, Jon Bon Jovi, Metallica's James Hetfield, Ozzy Osbourne, Led Zeppelin's Robert Plant, and thousands of others who belong to the "brotherhood".

!!!The tattoos available in previous decades had been fairly homogeneous, varying only on the tattooist. But the growing acceptance of custom designs promoted all kinds of experimentation in the 1960s and 1970s. Like fine art, many individual designs soon emerged with certain artists becoming famous for specific types of work. This way, a new client-artist relationship developed. Instead of choosing a design out of many, customers consulted with their artist upon the work to be done. Just like anything in the world of art, the target is to sell the client something convenient for his liking with a full discussion of the price, type of execution, style, color and size. The tattoo is discussed at length, preliminary sketches are reviewed and modified until the final artwork is ready for execution.

!!!From a technical point of view, the tattoo artist has plenty to master. In contrast to conventional art, the canvas of the tattoo artist is not a flat white surface. So an understanding of anatomy, color, line and form has to be perfected. Moreover in this field there is no room for error. It is a field which offers no classes, courses and demands licensing or diploma, a field choking with competition. Gaining access to training is not easy. This competitiveness is understandable viewed in the light of how crowded the market is with tattoo artists. In the States only, there are about ten thousand working tattoo artists. Sure anyone could buy a tattoo machine and practice on their friends and themselves, however not all build up a respectable reputation nor does everyone do first class tattooing. There are a lot of "scratchers" currently on the market doing what is called "street work" and that is doing the art of tattooing a lot of harm. Partly because of the pricing which becomes incredibly cheap in comparison to the higher prices charged by established and qualified artists. *To be continued in the next issue.*

AIRBRUSH: CUSTOM PAINTING

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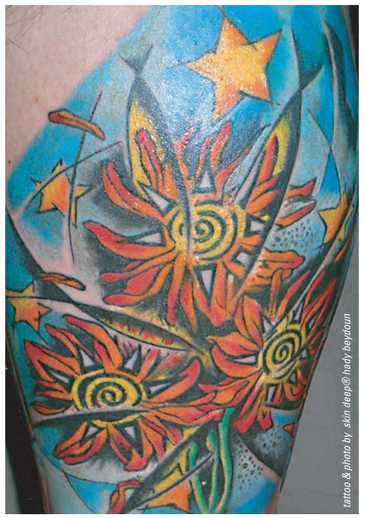

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TURN THE LIGHTS ON...

Tattooing, as you may know, is an artistic expression that requires drawing and painting skills on one hand and specific tattooing technical skills on the other. Unfortunately all the tattoo work that is coming from the various individuals, who have jumped on the bandwagon and are after the quick buck, is found lacking in artistic integrity and technical skill at the same time. The reason is that none of these people have developed serious artistic and technical skills simply because developing these skills requires countless hours, days and years of practice and research. Surely one cannot expect a car mechanic to perform surgery and in the same sense one cannot expect **a hairdresser, a beautician who has had a weekend crash course in make-up and cosmetic tattooing,** or your **average amateur** to do an artistically good and technically correct tattoo! These people have little or no understanding in the inner works of a tattoo machine, needles, ink, drawing and painting skills, hygiene and many other variables. One main thing worth noting is the fact that there has never been (nor is there at the present moment) any formal educational system that deals with the theory or practice of tattooing. This form of art has been underground for a long time, and as a consequence no academic effort has been made to shed light on its practice, therefore the art of tattooing has evolved over the years only through individual effort, as a trade, and its secrets have been passed down through generations in the form of apprenticeships and or rediscovered through personal initiative.

This leads us to one conclusion: Only practice and research contribute to producing better work and **better work shines more, looks more alive, violent, elegant, sharp, and in the case of the tattoo,** it flows well on the body following its contours and embracing its shape. A good tattoo is well studied in terms of color, flow, and balance. It is also well executed in terms of line quality and color /shading. The dark masses compared to the light and the color scheme must give enough contrast and definition to the artwork, just like in painting, because finally, a tattoo is a painting.

When you decide to go to someone for a tattoo, make sure you are going to a real artist: **someone who can paint and draw and can prove it.** Words and stories are not enough; you have to look at this person's painting skills in addition to his/her technical tattooing skills. One cannot do without the other. If you were someone far from the art world, you might have less of a chance in judging good work from bad, however there are a few easy ways that can help you see "more" before taking the step forward:

–– Look at as many tattoos as possible (in tattoo magazines and books) and try to dissect what makes you like the ones you like (content not included). The line quality, the shading, the colors, the style… Memorize these details or tear out the picture and the next time you go to a tattoo place, try to compare the so called "artist's" previous work to the ones you like.

–– Never be tempted by low prices, because those who charge low are probably only after your money and not really interested in doing better quality work, because practice and research are time and financially consuming.

–– Look for paintings in the shop, see if that person really knows how to draw and paint, if he/she has a passion for their art. After all, where else can a "tattoo artist" practice and get better at what they do? Better on paper than on your own skin!

––This does not mean that those who can paint well can tattoo well, it means that they can surely tattoo you better than those who cannot paint at all however, you still need to check their tattooing skills.

–– For more unique work ask the "artist" to design the tattoo for you as an interpretation of your own idea.

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"Do not be fooled by their stories of glory, for their glory can only be written in their art."

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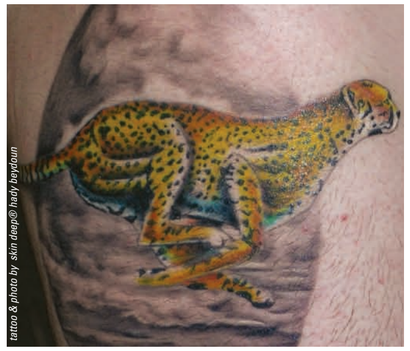
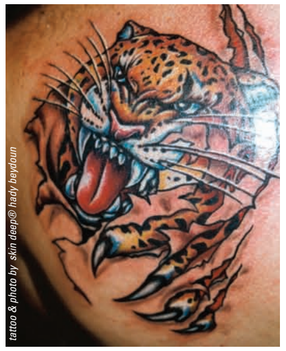
Your comments are highly appreciated. If you have any twisted ideas for this newsletter, or if you have something to say and would like to have it published, please send email to: hady@hadybeydoun.com





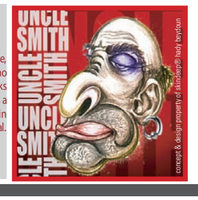
La Familia

On the Edge of Sanity

FEAR!

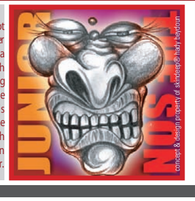
'FEAR' IS A CONTINUATION OF A SERIES OF DIALOGUES IN SEARCH OF HAPPINESS by hady beydoun

:/late 60's, very rich, very wise, "wife beater" (although he has no wife!) plays poker heavily, drinks and fucks everyday. He gambles a lot & has to know every detail in the family. His opinion is final.

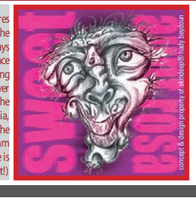


:/late 30's, very strong personality and commanding presence no one dares cross her. she is always up to some evil scheme. always dressed fancily, and a big spender. (well, she spends only on herself), does not cook or take care of anyone around her. everyone fears her.

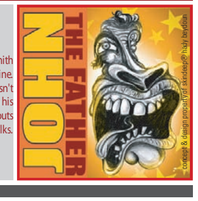
:/barely 18, silly, aggressive and not very bright. he adores his mother and tries to be like her. he is a trouble maker, always arguing with someone, smokes, and is a big heavy metal fan, (he stole a bicycle once, recently). he has no pity in his heart, and thinks of himself as the center of the world. uncle smith likes him a lot, and they both get in to fights with john, the father.



:/everyone likes her, and she adores everyone! especially junior! she treats him like her baby always giving him 'shrooms and space cakes! she does all the shopping and cooking for the familia. never married, she is in her mid 30s. she is somehow related to the familia, but only uncle smith knows the truth, he will not say how...(hmm something fishy here, but hey she is sweet!)



:/he is the brother of uncle smith and the husband of evil madeline. somewhere in his 40s (he doesn't even know!) takes money from his brother smith and almost shouts and spits every time he talks.



Uncle Smith has been feeling down and without his usual smile, as if his face has become dull and grey, without any color or life. Aroused by their curiosities (not out of concern for him) some of the Familia members gathered in their usual place (the basement of Uncle Smith) and tried to make him open his mind to them...

Evil Madeline: What's wrong with you, what's on your mind old man?
John the Father: Shut up Madeline, don't call him an old man!
Evil Madeline: He is an old man and he knows it!
Sweet Aunt Rosa: Madeline! You are being rude!
John the Father: She is always rude to everyone, she has no manners!
Sweet Aunt Rosa: I think she's hiding something...
Uncle Smith: She is hiding her fear by being rude.
John the Father: Fear of what, Uncle Smith?
Uncle Smith: Fear of being seen as someone who's weak. Somehow she thinks that being nice and compassionate is a sign weakness, and I don't blame her.
Sweet Aunt Rosa: But why is that? All religions talk about kindness, there is nothing wrong with that, in fact I believe it takes more courage in being nice than in being rude!
John the Father: I agree! She must be a really weak person by trying to conceal her weakness rather than cope with it.
Evil Madeline: Weakness? Hah! Please tell me, what makes you think I am weak, and what is the cause of my weakness?
Uncle Smith: Fear, Madeline, fear..
Evil Madeline: Fear of what? Do I strike you as someone who does not know what she wants? Lost and confused, wandering aimlessly in this life? Look at me how I enjoy my everyday, looking after myself, indulging in every pleasure life offers, and with neither shame nor guilt!
John the Father: Such arrogance! Who do you think you are?
Evil Madeline: I am the Goddess of my own life, John.
Junior the Son: Are you really a goddess, Evil Madeline?
Evil Madeline: Contrary to most of you, I am master of my own self and life. I have no fear in me, and I dare enjoy the moment, I live in the present, not in the past like you John, nor do I spend my time speculating about the future Uncle Smith, nor follow religion like a blind fool, my dear Rosa!
Junior the Son: Wow Evil Madeline! How can you do that?
Evil Madeline: I am simply a practical person.
Sweet Aunt Rosa: Practical in being selfish and irreligious? You'll burn in hell!
Evil Madeline: Hahahaha! At least I am not living in misery like you are!
John the Father: Tell us Uncle Smith, what do you mean by fear?
Uncle Smith: Fear is the key to everything we do. It is the fear of tomorrow, the dark lonely heavy tomorrow where every promise, pleasure and victory loses its luster and value. When minutes turn to a dull monotonous grey and inner emptiness prevails, dark and unbearably heavy. When truth is replaced by appearance. When the dull monotonous "matter of fact" replaces the "victory or death" motto due to the absence of the glorious promise of the day. When the hopes and dreams of a glittering future die out…

Evil Madeline: Does that kind of pessimism come with age? Surely when you were younger, these ideas never crossed your mind. Look at Junior, how he is so full of life and hope! Look at me, how I don't have a single care in the world! It must be your age Uncle Smith, it is getting to you and it's dragging you down…
Sweet Aunt Rosa: Age or lack of faith?

Uncle Smith: It is a mixture of several things. Early in life when we are young and not burdened by the presence of the past behind us, our only vision is of the bright future. We are light and active, eagerly embracing the coming of the new day and the promise it brings with it. Like a projectile we move forward anticipating, wanting to live that glorious promise, to conquer it and live it. And then as our lives unfold, when we have moved on the horizontal time line, we find out that we are burdened by the memories of the past, and the memories of our dreams of the future. This future, we discover, was not as bright as we have expected it to be. Its glory was not as great and its reward was even less than average. Its luster has died out like a flicker of light. Its sharpness has been dulled down by the unrelenting tides of time which mercilessly (like the waves of the sea) eat away and corrode us a little at a time—so little that we fail to see it happening— and we become aware of the loss only after a considerable chunk of our dreams has been axed out. Victories and glories mean less and less as time goes by and this makes us realize that ambitions and hopes are far greater in their unrealized dream state than they are in reality, because in reality everything appears in its crude from. Unrefined and unpolished, harsh, real, crude, with so many defects and wrinkles, and this disappoints us greatly. In our dreams and hopes, we see the glory alone, life gives us the whole package with all the stink, and that is what we cannot bear— the stain on a beautiful face!

Evil Madeline: Such is life. You choose how to make the best of it.
John the Father: So, Evil Madeline, do you choose not to see?
Evil Madeline: Ignorance is bliss, they say.
Sweet Aunt Rosa: Faith is the healer.
Evil Madeline: Faith is an escape, a sanctuary!
Uncle Smith: So is ignorance by choice.
Junior the Son: Which one is the truth? The real one!
Sweet Aunt Rosa: God is the truth!
Evil Madeline: God is what you create to give reason to your miserable life!
Sweet Aunt Rosa: Blasphemy! How dare you speak like that, and in front of a child! Your kind of thinking corrupts the youth and robs humanity of all hope! Can't you see what science, medicine, technology and television are doing to our souls? Can't you see that the misery around us is only because man has forgotten his maker and has taken his fate into his own hands?
Evil Madeline: Religion is for the poor, and God is the excuse of the weak!
John the Father: This is crazy! How can we define our own reality if we are lost and confused! Where does it stop being speculation and becomes a certainty?
Uncle Smith: There is only one certainty for us, and humanity cannot comprehend it: It is certain that humanity is lost, confused and is living life aimlessly searching for a reason. Ours is the saddest reality on the menu.
Junior the Son: That is a dark truth Uncle Smith.
Sweet Aunt Rosa: The only truth and salvation is with God, understand!
Evil Madeline: Understand?
Sweet Aunt Rosa: Yes! Understand, believe, wake up!
Uncle Smith: Faith is a choice that YOU make, and when do YOU make it? Surely you can be taught that faith is a healer but you can never really know what faith is unless YOU DECIDE and CHOOSE to believe. Only when you have tried to THINK for yourself, and search for the truth ALONE and come to realize that we are a hopeless case, only then can you safely say that faith is the best solution for YOU, much like your choice of being ignorant to the dark reality of life. Both are a way out, a means to lighten the burden of aimlessness and uncertainty.
Sweet Aunt Rosa: Are you putting faith and ignorance on the same level? Surely faith is on a higher level than ignorance!
Uncle Smith: My dear Rosa, blind faith and ignorant ignorance are both a form of naivete, blindness, and a sure sign of stupidity. Faith by choice is the easier answer than Ignorance by choice simply because faith is means putting one's fate, success, and trouble in the hands of the Supreme Being, where as Ignorance by choice is taking the matter into one's own hands, it is not escaping the responsibility, it is simply choosing not to think about the darkness of life, but enjoying its every present moment fully.

"But if God is gone And man is no longer master, Then who is master?"

Sweet Aunt Rosa: Are you telling me to abandon my faith in God?
Uncle Smith: I am telling you to direct your faith into your own self.
Sweet Aunt Rosa: But that would make me like Evil Madeline! A bad person.
Uncle Smith: Evil Madeline bad? By whose standards is she bad? Simply because you have labeled her selfish is what makes her bad? Oh no, selfishness is a virtue and one of the certain few facts of all life on earth (the basic mother instinct). She has simply defined and chosen her own reality and accepted her innate nature (rather than fight it and become miserable) and lives by it.
Junior the Son: But Uncle! What is real?
Uncle Smith: What is true and real? There is one definition that may apply to almost all of us: We spend most of our lives searching for the truth believing that happiness lies therein, but the true truth is the fact that happiness only lies in the illusion of truth that we choose to fabricate later on in our lives. The first time we fabricate our dreams is in the hopes of realizing them, the second time we fabricate our dreams is in the hope of leaving them unrealized, unlived in this world of coincidences and harsh realities and uncertainties. They become our escape and only weapon against the boredom presented to us in the minutes that get duller and as we put on age.
John the Father: Ahhh time, time……..what is time?
Uncle Smith: Time is the great equalizer. It removes the sharpness of everything. Nothing is too cold and nothing too hot anymore. Everything becomes the same dull grey shade, flat, like a swamp, stale, quiet, and dead silent. This is the silence that beats all silences by promising nothing before it or after it. This is not the silence that is sought after, but the one that comes imposed— a matter of fact. It is the silence of emptiness, not of contemplation. The "thing" with no alternative. The only available living true "real" reality. It is the result of all our past choices (imposed on us or willed). The result of those dreams whether realized fully, partially or not at all, becomes one and the same: Dull, disappointing and never as expected, and even if it were as expected, how long can its luster and shine last? The answer is: long enough until that great equalizer called time robs it of its value. Our past success, victories (and great grieves) become nothing but a memory, one of the very few snapshots we retain in our minds, constantly revisiting them during our darkest long hours of boredom and staleness. It is said that life happens to us while we are busy making other plans, and those plans themselves become our most cherished memories. And precisely because they exist in the dream form is why they retain their shining value.
John the Father: Does that mean that with the coming of age people start living in the past and stop dreaming of the future? And what future to is there to dream of if they are at the end of their lives on the brink of their graves — the only certain destination of all life?!
Uncle Smith: Reliving the past is our only weapon against those long heavy hours of the future which is to become our present, but at the same time, it is those few small pleasures (so small and insignificant we see them now) that may arise in the coming stale days that become our most important. Life in the early days of our youth is abundant with these small pleasures and we do not fully enjoy them at that time because we are busy dreaming about more important things, and as we grow older we slowly come to understand that these small pleasures are the most important. That the present moment is way more important than the past or the future. Therefore, the more time passes by, the more we cling to the present long after all these dreams are washed away and swallowed by time, and the future we have always been looking for becomes the dull unwanted present.
John the Father: That is a very pessimistic point of view.
Junior the Son: Scary!
Evil Madeline: Why be so negative? There are so many things that can be done in life! Surely the human mind can always be so creative in finding an immediate solution to every problem in due time!
John the Father: I agree, there is always a solution, faith could be one, occupying oneself with doing things is another, there is always something interesting to do.
Uncle Smith: Yes indeed there is, no one can deny that, and your comment is true that the human mind is creative enough to find a solution and that there is always room for something interesting to do however, if you were to really understand you will realize that no matter what you do in occupying yourselves with (something to make your days easier and tolerable), you are only compensating, adjusting, adapting with whatever your creative mind finds for you. The second best but not the best! The plan B. The OK versus the ultimate—— There will always be some secret disappointment somewhere in you. Life (you will always think) could and should have been better! The disappointment will be there! And then, you will notice that nothing you do can ever be fully satisfactory. And the you will start doing the things that you have always perceived as trivial and mundane. The things you have always overlooked while dreaming of the greater ones that would make your future glorious.
"Life Is Lost In Dreaming, Dreaming Is Lost In Becoming."
Sweet Aunt Rosa: Don't you think you're over generalizing? Not everyone is like that, many people can be very happy and satisfied!
Uncle Smith: People only *seem* to you as if they are really happy and content, but that is only what *appears* to be. In fact, they too have had great dreams, maybe even greater than yours, and they have failed or have been able to live that glorious dream for a fragment (a few days or years) after which the tides of time have eroded its beauty and novelty leaving them with nothing but a faded glory and silent empty days ahead and nothing to look forward to.
Sweet Aunt Rosa: Aren't you forgetting something? A family and children could be a distraction!
John the Father: And friends and socializing and dinners and gatherings, barbeques, Sunday mass and social clubs, TV, going to the circus, reading a book, writing, painting, needle crafts... these are all valid things that are exciting and these are but a few examples of an infinite choice. Surely there must be joy in occupying the self with these things!
Uncle Smith: Agreed, they make the minutes and hours pass easier; they lessen the weight and distract the mind but only for a brief moment. What happens when friends leave and the party's over? When the book you're reading is finished, and the circus leaves town and the promise of the happy moment is dead and done? When the news on TV become boring and music becomes noise to the ear and everything loses its emotional value to you.... what then? Another book, another social event, another circus, another whatever and they all become one and the same. Pointless, empty, without any luster and shine...
Sweet Aunt Rosa: What about the family then??
Uncle Smith: The family is full of promises and brightness in its beginning, it is later dulled down by routine and the obligations that come with it. What happens when the wife becomes a bore and the husband an angry, overworked, eating, snoring, sexually inactive, TV addict machine? What happens when the children fly away to make their own lives and the busy house becomes a silent grave, empty of all laughter and music? What happens when all your weapons against boredom stop having any effect? When time becomes your enemy, a monster that cannot be defeated? Because with time comes age and fatigue. With time you are robbed of your own self! Time corrodes you in many different ways. It erodes your dreams and achievements, your bones and your beauty, your health and your glory. Time brings routine and routine brings death to the self—long before time brings death to your body. What happens when you realize and feel for the first time that you are a living corpse and that your grave is one step away? What can you do that is more powerful than that? What do you do when fear of life subsides and the fear of inevitable death gets to you?
Junior the Son: You start enjoying the small pleasures of life again?
Uncle Smith: Precisely!
Evil Madeline: Are you?
Uncle Smith: I am only trying to learn, and I am failing miserably, because I realize that what I am feeling is not it genuine happiness, only an effort, a fake feeling of satisfaction; the second prize, not the real number one winner.

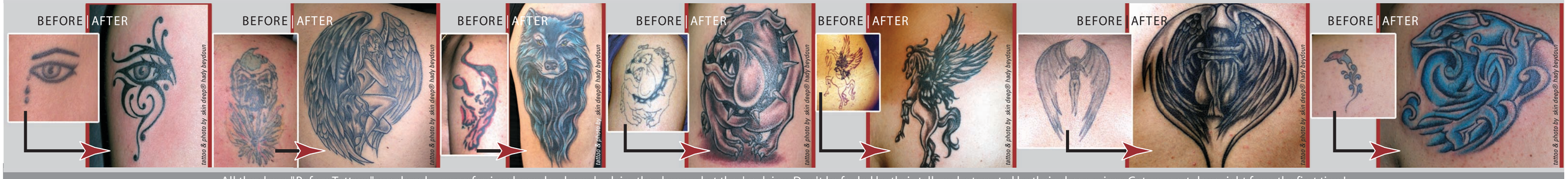
Sweet Aunt Rosa: What small pleasures you are trying to enjoy in your old age?

Uncle Smith: According to Nietzsche there are three stages for the human being: The Camel, the Lion, and the Child. The camel assimilates, absorbs everything that is given to him and accepts it as it is. The camel is a very important stage because it is the foundation of all thought. One needs to learn from his fathers and fathers' fathers in order to have a better view of life and the world. Ninety nine percent of humanity is in the camel stage, they are not even human. They are parrots, tape recorders, they are simply storage rooms. All they do is absorb, accept, and repeat. They do not move to the next level, which is the lion. The lion evolves from the teachings of the fathers after he has assimilated and understood them. He is able to formulate his own visions and can think for himself. He becomes free of the world and the teachings of society. The lion is the artist, the poet, the painter, the musician, the thinker, the philosopher, the revolutionary— they are stuck in the second stage but, they have not come home yet. The third stage is the child. From camel to lion it is evolution, from lion to the child it is revolution against against the revolting ego! Society can make you a camel, and only you can make yourself a lion, and later the child. The camel lives in the past, the lion lives in the future, the child lives in the present, here, now. The camel is pre-mind, the lion is mind, the child is post-mind. The camel is pre-self, the lion is self, the child is post-self. That's what the meaning of the state of no-mind is. Sufis call it Fana (the ego gone), Buddha calls it Nirvana, Jesus and Islam call it the Kingdom of God, Heaven or Paradise. Call it what you want, it is a state of wordless silence, a thoughtless innocence.

If you go on living all your life in the camel state, you will certainly lead a miserable life. The camel is always miserable, living in the stink of the world. The lion revolts against this misery and everything around him. He creates his own world. He finds joy in revolt and in creation. The camel knows no ego; he has surrendered to the will of the masses. He finds it easy to surrender. The lion embodies the intellect and the ego. That is why you will find revolutionaries; rebellious people— poets, painters, musicians— are all very egoistic. They are bohemians. They live their own life, they do their thing. They don't care a bit about others. They are no more part of any structure; they become free of all structures. When the camel surrenders, he remains a camel, when the lion surrenders, he becomes a child. The child who can live and experience everything with the utmost innocence free of all thought, memory, and ego. The state of the child is true freedom and happiness. Because the child is free from all memory, knowledge, and ego. We are all born in the state of the child, but society and religion corrupts us. We must revolt against the world and then surrender to becoming that child again. But the surrender of the lion and his world is never easy. It takes a lot of courage and insight. An open mind.

**The last two paragraphs have been paraphrased from Freedom, by Osho.*

HERE ARE SOME BEFORE & AFTER TATTOOS: AS YOU CAN SEE, ALL OF THE "BEFORE TATTOOS" LACK PROPER EXECUTION AND ARTISTIC SKILLS. BEWARE OF THOSE WHO SELL FOR CHEAP!



All the above "Before Tattoos" are done by unprofessional people who only claim they know what they're doing. Don't be fooled by their talk, or be tempted by their cheap prices: Get your art done right from the first time!