

Proposition For A Thinker:

Genes will get you born -- but then what?!

Intergalactic Dialogue:

"How?! -- HOW can a man take information -- even NEW information -- personally, and Be upset thereby?"

"Answer: A REAL man can't."

If you ride the collective train they will eventually call out your stop.

Hu-rumph 1: Well, who wants to "get off" when they TELL you to?!

Hu-rumph 2: Well, who wanted to get on when "THEY" told you to in the first place!

To be "civilized" is to be *dead-on-your-feet*.

As might be imagined: Being civilized but once -- means little to the independent-minded.

A man looked and thought:

"Everyone else is on the beach, or in the shallow water -- why should I take a chance!"

Men-on-a-mission can never be the friend of the individual.

Political, social and religious movements are FOR the collective -- thus is all clear.

Those who sense a battle between the collective and the individual,
are part of the collective.

One man thought:

"Surely, many things are connected -- but surely not THIS many!"

The idea of the herd never frightens any of the cattle therein.

* For peaceful sleep, life needs no sedative ----- it has man. *

Anything written today in English, French, Italian or German is a form of plagiarism;
Anything appearing in any of the other languages is simple thievery.

Since it only hurt when it swallowed,
One man's mind decided to stop swallowing that kinda stuff.

While they are vital and center-stage,
All human activities are on an equal footing --
-- (In a manner not easily described to the audience.)

Handled inattentively --
Info with an *edge* to it can cut clumsy cows.

Military related item: Being civilized once is like being on a training mission.

One man finally concluded:

"I should just spend my life doing only what I WANT to do! --
Which does not include '*dying dumb*'!"

The body is a creature of habit --- the mind, a victim of same.

Being dumb is no *real* disgrace.....well-l-l --- it doesn't HAVE to be!;
You can pretty well cover it up by just acting real serious and certain of yourself.

"By jove!", cried a duck, "How *simple* life is, if you're a man! By jove."

Wallowing in the intellectual squalor of others
Has saved many a man from having to wallow in his own.

Indeed, indeed: The collective is your friend -- if you have no friends.

And indeed, moreover: A man who can think for himself always has a friend.

As long as a man believes that this life is a form of punishment -- what need is there for effort.

As the conductor paced the passenger cars,
The instructions from Train School returned again and again to his mind:
"A man with 'White-Out' on the mind is a trustworthy traveler."

* As cattle mature in their tastes and diet -- they replace hay with hay. *

The ordinary: *Men on mentally fixed incomes.*

...(Which, I guess, leaves the independent-minded as the world's biggest spendthrifts)

Allegorical weather forecast for cerebral parts of the country:

Where weak men gather, strong winds will blow.

Those literally determined to *think-apart* will wilfully chase tornadoes and their kin.

In their own sly way -- some within the collective have it "*all-1-1 figured out-t-t*":
Figure they: "Hey! -- if you don't HAVE a pancreatic you can't GET pancreatic cancer!"

I sure don't mean to give you the deep-dark-depressions -- but --
Isn't it sorta heartbreakin' to see a little young mind out havin' to play all by itself.

Religion: *Another example of entertainment that got out of hand.*

Open range fact: Any group of people you don't know,
Standing in sight, talking --- are talking about you.

* There is no fencing to keep out imagination -- imagination IS such confines. *

If worms began to "*talk*" -- THEN would men find them pretentious.

* Are you not glad that the stars don't know what you're up to! *

Independent broncobuster's "Inspirational Thought":

Help from the herd -- cometh not.

*The model of a thing
IS the thing,
To those with a brain --
Sweet and plain.*

"Hey! -- you cowpokes over there! --- are you all still waiting on a tow?!"

One man tried not to let other people make him feel intellectually uncomfortable --
Said he: "This is no job for outsiders."

From, "The Survivor's Guide To Life In The Collective":

If thinking's not possible -- opinons will do;
If rescue's not imminent -- the lighting OF flares
will see you through.

An independent mind,
Running across such helpful info as this,
Might say in secret:
"I spit on your assistance! -- I pee on your flares!"

Once you can "laugh at death" -- try something really challenging! --
Laugh at ridicule and seriousness.

Facts will *eat* its own;

Cattle will *trample* its own,

And *dead-certain-men* will take up every seat on the bus no matter who's left standing.

Okay! -- get it straight: The weather has a choice! --
A leopard has a choice;
Men have a schedule!

-- Get it right! -- dammit! --

Exceptions,
Irregularities,
And anomalies,
Are, to the non-partisan mind, as
Raisins are to raisin bread.

One man decided to have more fun than anybody in the world! --
And when he discovered how,
He found it difficult to share.

One example of life's on-board ergonomics, and built-in efficiency
Is in letting individual birds sing a slight variation of the flock's collective theme
As they unresistingly fly and die therein.

Any institution with two or more people is a fake institution.

Pygmies long to find giants on whose shoulders to stand! --
They will not, however,
Let such interest keep them in the meantime from climbing atop other pigmies.

Coronary corollary: A pissed midget is a *happy* midget.

* Cows who never *leave* the herd have no idea whether to be actually *pleased* with their lot in life or not. *

Ergo Corollary: Thus, the operative punch-line here becomes, (just as many hoped):
"What does it matter?, ole Bessie? -- What does it matter now."

From the course, "Comparisons; 911":

Nostalgia suits the independent-minded as an AA meeting does a blues pianist.

Announcement: "We're all individual neurons in life's brain.",
And one man thought: "Well, I believe I'll just be a stroke."

If a man in a silly suit

Approaches you from the direction of the collective,

You may be certain that his business with you is deadly serious.

A truly "civilized man" would be an *invisible* man.

Those flung far from the shipwreck,

And who no longer care whether they drown or not -- *love-e-e* to cling to modifiers.

A man wondered:

"Why don't they ever reverse the process? -- How come animals never feel sorry for me?!"

"Combination reality" --(which is all *local* reality):

A man who thinks,"perhaps",

May live to think again -- or

May never live to think at all.

In childhood sport,

The ordinary play -- *cops-&robbers* -- *cowboys-&indians* --

While the independent-minded amuse themselves with the game of, *me-&me*.

Rodeo round-up: One man rode himself into history.

Anything one mind can construct, another can destroy;
Anything one can create, another must criticize.

* Thus does life & culture in-the-city *bop right along.* *

Even civilized, cultured cows walk on two feet:

The man who invented the Iron Maiden decided he'd be a poet in his next life;
A weaver of beautiful robes concluded that upon his return
He would forcefully teach his philistine competitors a lesson they'd bloody well remember.

One man thought: "I just 'love it' when life is fair." --
(He then left quickly enough so's not to have to contemplate the alternative).

Name one way to become "collectively significant" -- *Die;*

Name one to become individually so: -- *Intellectually LIVE!*

Fables Falling From The Skies:

A gopher who'll volunteer to do charitable work amongst a cow herd
Has the makings of a saint or of a smooched gopher.

Only men's hands and feet are dumb enough to go where their brain tells them to go,
When it's not the brain that'll be gettin' itself all dusty and sweaty.

And once again: Let all,(without bad backs),
Bow and pay respect to that wonderous organ that
Writes and directs all of the music -- which IT has not to perform.
--"Salaam, o'great one! -- Felicitations, you wonderous bitch!" --
And the mind smiled mightily,
And waved its hand benedictorily in your direction.

(Then - *my, my* - wondered us all -- which is the easier to fool? -- me, or my mind?!
My-o-my! -- Bye!)

There is nothing *funny* about serious matters --

So it is fortunate for the independent-minded that there ARE none.

Amongst cattle there is little contest 'twix habit and thinking.

As he looked at his furnace the man thought:

"I can afford the heat -- but can I afford the cold?!...."

The independent-minded has quite similar concerns -- except they're about things completely different.

Ha ha! -- no they're not!

Ha ha! -- yes they are!

Ha ha! -- no they're not!

Ha ha.

Allegories and parables that obviously "make sense" are sort of like "day old bread" --
 Correction: Allegories and parables, etc, that "make sense" ARE "day old bread"! --
 Ranging in "out-datedness" from a day, to five thousand years.

Teazel -- I could just GAG! -- Ha ha

Within the intelligence of the collective,
What they call the "imitation" of something is in fact as good AS the something.

* Fact: The collective HAS no peer -- around here -- Dear. *

A mind that can look itself "dead in the eye" and not either blink, or laugh,
has gotta be looking at somebody else's mind! -- ? ! ? !

-- It's just GOTTA BE !! --

An independent-thinker is like a cow with a pocket calculator -- 'cept he doesn't have
a pocket.

To distinguish himself from all the other "independent-thinkers",
One began to refer to himself as "a" independent-thinker.

Advice From The Heart Of The Collective:

If you want to stay sane after the age of maturity -- resist anything new.

When cattle don't care to hear the ingredients of one of their foods impartially listed,
They'll say: "Well it's easy-y-y to be *critical!*"

One man's private theme song:

*You can bite me on my soul,
You can bite me on my brain;
But please, please don't bite me,
Where it might cause some pain.*

Paradise, Heaven, Utopia, (and so forth): *Mens' dreams of*
Escaping from genes.

The collective level of intelligence of the herd seemed to improve --
Once each cow got new, fancy hubcaps.

Those who have civilized themselves for a second time are like "undercover hermits".

...(And just as they should -- everyone above the covers said: "We don't get it.")

Being *civilized* is NOT what the civilized believe it is.

The weak support the strong;
The weak support the weak;
The strong support the strong,
And the strong support the weak,
And once a week they all meet and go: "MOO-0-0."

A man's mind is not his own -- if he got it at Sears & Roebuck! -- (or anywhere else like that)

As It Must Be: The collective is its OWN "best friend".

* *"Come get me, Mama -- I'm finished here."* *

The relative development of creatures can be determined by how many means of communication they employ.

One man regretted that there was no *Editor* to whom he could address
Pithy, critical, extremely literate, and surprisingly insightful letters;
-- (And just then, his mind winked at him.)

The collective minded ARE in for one final, unexpected treat;
You see, right up 'til the end -- they think life is some sort of "test".

An independent thinker's mind is the only *individual* creature who feeds off itself.

If men didn't discuss man as a "moral" creature
There wouldn't be near as much to discuss about man.

When the hobbyists ran out of things to say about their model trains,
They begin to talk about them as though they should be able to fly.

* The real thinker thinks: "*Talk about it!* HELL! -- I DO fly!" *

When cows miss their train they'll say: "Ah shoot! - I didn't wanna go any where anyway."

Sexual symbolism stretched even further:

An independent thinker -- just him alone, in bed with his own mind --
still constitutes a *menage a trois*.

* A mind that has been created twice -- is never alone -- even when it is alone. *

** Only within the collective is "One plus one" limited to "Two" **

From one view: It's hard to be an individual with out being insulting --
And hard to be part of the collective without being insulted.

In this universe --- nothing is so small as a man's mind -- nor as large.

All predictions are too serious;

All statements regarding seriousness are too understated.

One man said to himself: "Get outta here with your '*bad self*'!" -- and damn'f he didn't try.

"Rest" for the intellect means, "ceasing to be the intellect".

(Does your liver ever ask for some "time off" when things aren't going well?!)

Being pathetic is no laughing matter! -- *That's right!* -- it's TWO laughing matters.