

As the ancient proverb so aptly states: "No prophet is recognized in his own land.";
And thus it came to pass that men conceived of the idea of, "The out-of-town convention".

While in the midst of making his first music video
This one man suddenly discovered he couldn't sing a note!

...(Good thing stuff like this doesn't happen in a man's "LIFE")

Thinker's Question For The Minute:

Does the fact that: "Only the desirable is forbidden.",
for-sure apply to thinking?!

If the local herd intelligence likes you -- and finds you sufficiently dense --
-- it'll let you shill for it.

I guess there's some consolation in the fact that even if you do work for the collective --
-- you're really never much dumber than it is.

...(Of course I am duty bound to remind you of the fact that
A man who can be consoled
Can also be tricked, robbed, maimed, lied-to,
And slowly tortured to death with no one ever suspecting a thing.)

The weakness of man gives him mighty, mighty dreams.

At a very early age --
Through some sort of unaccountable accident and mix up,
One man got separated from himself.

Thus concludes today's little piece of:
"Smart-Ass Psychological Humor."

Many who want to be true rebels -- through lack of direction -- become artists instead.

All news coming from the collective is old news --

And all old news is "bad news" --

...Unless it is old ENOUGH -- and then it becomes *History!* --

And then you can try and pretend that it wasn't so bad after all! --

As opposed to "right now" -- when you know darn good and well that it IS!.

Torpidity: *The unkindest slice of suicide.*

One man's mind was like a "filing cabinet"! --
-- But it got all rusty -- and the drawers wouldn't open good....

"The Theme Song Of Man":

" 'One man' is every man -- and every man is he."

In one city they decided to hold:
"The Supremely Stupid Occupation Contest", but no one won.

In the city --- Ah yes.- *In the city:*
Humor without hostility -- makes no sense!

(Okay) --

Expansion-cum-exposition --- Ah yes - *Expansion-cum-exposition*:
Civilization without serious -- doesn't, "make it".
(Ah, yes.)

(You might want to remember this for your next birthday):

Whenever life says to the collective: "Let's have a contest." -- YOU lose.

A cow who tells you he *chose* his particular life style is a bovine-with-a-lie.

One kid's personal version of, "Adult Contemporary Music":

*Into each life
Some rain must fall;
Too bad it's not true with
Skulls and brains.*

Quote Of The Day:

"Hey! -- people who really know how to live -- ain't got time to think."

Another way in which the dance is kept moving:

The ordinary promote, "Good taste" as a cover for actual thinking,

While *lounge-lizard-rebels* offer up the offensive as their substitute for good taste.

To hormones, their host's body is as an infinite universe.

...(I don't suppose now that you'd like to come up with your own simile,
Wherein you substitute "you" for, "hormones".)

*Yes, that's right, children --
In today's sophisticated times -- strength doesn't count for anything.*

So concludes this evening's little piece of sarcasm.

If you learn how to look at them right: All advertising that has people in it — is funny.

When one would-be thinker read of, "mystical enlightenment" as being a "New union between a man and reality.", he mused:

"I don't think an additional *joining-up* with something is what I'M after."

It takes a man who REALLY knows where he's going --

That no matter where he goes -- says: "This is where I wanted to go."

Just as dogs must forever stare at their master's ankles --
so too must ordinary men, (*blah-blah, blah-blah, blah blah*).

Medical update:

The cause of almost every known disease and psychological trauma is -- *being alive.*

(This information of course is totally useless if you're ordinary.)

A man who can diagnose himself is no longer sick.

Those who believe a distinction between reality and art -- do not know art.

Real Thinker's, "Off The Books" Medical News:

Dying won't kill you, but aging will WEAR YOU OUT!

Slaves are always serious when they speak of their master.

Go Figure:

It is the dancers without dates who most dread the playing of the last song for the night.

Mental Health Update:

Serious men are collective men;

Thus are: Serious men dangerous men.

(Parenthetical Followup):

Least you overlook the point-blank point -- ask yourself:

How else CAN the dumb act but "serious"?!

Whenever he'd see listed, something that was currently nourishing
To the intellectual health, (if you can call it that), of the collective,
This one man would experience a kind of brief, unnoticed, "gag reflex".

Without bothering to say so -- some will no longer dine on crap.

*The life of man
Seems fraught with fraught,
But a thinker sees
That's it naught.*

Thus wraps up our: "Metaphysical Verse For The Ages -- And Right Now."

Whenever your aggressive, critical hormones are really on a roll,
you can always at least do this -- LAUGH!

The importance of man's dreams can at best only be partially compared to that of his
day time thoughts.

To be part of a herd,
And have no other talent than of being a cow,
About leaves one left with only the possibility of being a *poseur*.

Men cannot think until oceans are turned into ponds,
And will not then continue to do so without being made to believe:
"Goddamn, this place is stifling!"

Whenever you're handed back your change in life, remember that
The concept of honesty was an invention of the poor.

(As to how this might apply to the mind rather than to money --

-- I'm pretty sure you don't really want to think about.)

Man's generally poor, "intellectual posture" is due to him carrying around everybody else on his back.

Note: In this instance, "Everybody else" consists primarily of Everyone who ever lived before.

Remember: The dead are not BURIED! -- you just THINK they are!

When it gets warm, everybody wants to "head south"! --
-- even if it's only in the direction of their own pants.

Another kid's private "Nursery Rhyme":

"Serious people have serious looks,

Serious people have serious books;

I don't want my sister goin' out with no -- serious people."

Part of the benefit of being part of a herd is that individually you need not wide sight.

Civilization has subtly cautioned and prompted many a man:

"Come on now -- make your parents proud of you -- *be-dumb*, and *get-serious*."

In that human intellectual activities are not intended to succeed,
In the sense of ever completing their own stated aims,
But rather, come-to-be for broader reasons that are never noted,
Consider the example of Philosophy;
It's proclaimed purpose was to, "Discover the truth.",
But instead -- it discovered itself.

At the thinker's ice cream parlor they have every flavor but *Bittersweet*.

And now — our, "Inspirational Thought For The Day":

"Anybody that likes to suffer -- **DESERVES IT!**"

...(Both Mr. Bastard and Mr. Robbins seem up-lifted by that one.)

A man who knows what to do -- and tells you -- just forgot.

No matter who you are,
Intellectually, you're probably overweight.

Yes,

You can -- spit at the king,

Give the finger to a priest --

Even -- shit in a Buick,

But what? -- what then will you have LEFT

In the way of virile insults

When the day comes when they might could be of some meaningful use?! --

...like the day you finally realize just how much you intellectually owe the collective!

Sexual relationships are normally terminated by one party or the other --
So as regards man's affair with his mind -- how come they don't have a "Leash Law"?!

One artist said: "Hormones do not dictate MY art!"

Thus concludes our, "*Wishful Thinking For The Day.*"

At the professional level -- as regards insincerity:
It's a matter of you either "practicing it" -- OR,
Having it practiced ON you.

And remember -- all of you up-&-comers --
Without a trace of sarcasm, or *non sequiturs* in sight:
Wilfull pretense is no pretense.

The secret is in the eyes.

(Clarification -- perhaps?!):

The secret is in the eyes -- in that if man did not look - nothing would be "hidden".

The distillation of butter is sweet -- of info, noxious -- or even sweeter.

A happy thinker is a brief thinker.

The Way Things Work Down Here On The Ground:

And the day came,

That though cherish and honor it he did,

One man's beloved, personal, "Book Of Facts" overnight turned into a Book Of Farts.

A man thought: "If the world were not round -- we could *get off!*" --
And his brain got wide-eyed and said: "Don't you even LOOK this way!"

A tip for all of those ordinary soreheads and phoney rebels

With an imagined grudge against religion and other routine human institutions:

We could be done with them all if we could just get everybody to be satisfied with being
a dim-witted, plagiarising, no-talent philistine.

Man's mind: *A dream his brain once had.*

In human conflicts,
Explanations without regret are just explanations -- and not excuses ---
-- And few have any interest in hearing same.

Time out -- Time in -- Time's up:

Spin the wheel,

Pick a meal;

Call your uncle's truck, Lucille.

-- NOW:

* Only philistines care what other philistines think of them.*

Those of the collective always believe that there is something of great importance "out there"
Their culture, their religion, the history of their life thus far,
While an individual finds the only thing of possible significance to be his own thinking.

Thinking that becomes localized is no longer thinking, but gossip.

Safety tip for all you model train enthusiasts:

Remember: A man's mind that'll run around in circles will never jump the track.

And now -- for your dining pleasure --

Justice piled as high as a New York deli sandwich with a glandular condition:

Who but those who "can't think" can think that it's possible to, "think too much"?!

Man's routine reality is not produced by "social consensus" -- but the other way around.

Whenever he wasn't having any fun,

This one man would often say to himself:

"Boy! - we're havin' some fun NOW!"

...(He said he kinda hated to lie to himself like that,

But that he was actually too dumb to know the difference any way.)

Collectively -- Man is the only herd that'll charge the future
While believing it is headed for doom.

Man is not an animal --- if you don't believe it -- just ask him.

Note: By denying a charge,
A creature can accomplish two things:
It can believe it is not so,
While being a supporter thereof.

The weak never want to believe in art, humor, or the possibility that someone might actually know what's going on.

The phrase: "No man is an island" came from the collective:

An individual could have been the first to realize it, but he would have never mentioned it.

One man's beefy mind attempted to explain itself by saying:

"I'm just '*big boned*'." --

-- And even if he gets it off the ground --

Who but the ordinary would accept any form of rigidity

As being a natural part of the brain.

"An Unusually Brief History Of 'Comments' And Other Related Crap":

An expected comment is a stable comment;

An expected comment is a serious comment;

An expected comment is a civilizing comment,

And is thus a *wasted* comment and can never be a punch line.

Quiz: Name me two things not disposable, or fungible? --

Non-collective humor, and transporters thereof.

Religious Update: "*Sacred cows*" are serious cows!

-- (What else you need to know!)

To help make up for starting his sentences so abruptly
One man began cutting them off more quickly at the end.

Men who believe they can "independently think" --
As a matter of natural *birth-right*,
Are like trains who believe they laid out the tracks upon which they now run.

While the urban hunter cries out: "We are what we buy!",
The secret thinker is more like: "What he lets GO."

One way that the dense -- who know nothing --- will try to change the appearance of
Their position, is by becoming incomprehensible.

"Hey!", said one herd, "It worked on us -- we mean, FOR us!"

SURE! -- Talk about your EASY! --

Those who don't know what's going on -- can pretend to CARE.

The arts ordinarily are a reflection of man's attempt to spit while
apparently not using his mouth.

Stale ideas arrive at collective minds, fresh daily.

One *mad doctor* decided to construct his own "man-made-monster":
So into the body of a man, he placed the brains of a cow --
But only managed to come up with a rough facsimile of his brother Cletus.

People who "need a hero" -- need a lot more than a hero!

There is no substitute for what you really, really want!unless you find one.

One man thought:

"What's the funniest? -- how dumb serious people are -- OR,
how dumb I am to ever take them seriously?"

*The "wisdom of the ages",
To the herd smells sweet;
But to a real thinker it's,
More like bad feet.*

For a quick mind:

Info that has to travel from someone else's head to his -- takes too long!

Games weren't MADE for children! -- but for adults -- so they wouldn't realize
what's going on.

The normal intellectual life of man is like a plagiarised, ventriloquist's act --
-- do I have to tell you who the dummy is?!

The wisdom-of-the-collective is like a piece of original clay sculpture
That has been left out in the sun too long WAY too long!

Okay:

The wisdom of the collective: The original oxymoron.

A man who can think for himself may be going somewhere?!....
.....everybody else is -- for SURE!

The frugal say: "Waste not -- want not";
And the mystical say: "Want not."
Then along comes a real thinker -- and has 'em both for breakfast.

Art: Some men's cheap attempt to escape "seriousness."

The relationship between an individual's mind and the collective's,
Is sort of like that between a house and its septic tankexcept for one thing.

Rebellion which is visible is sham.

Hey barkeep! -- this time 'round
Bring my friends over here their drinks "straight up", and skip the chaser! --

If you have any more reverence or regard for any aspect of the collective --
Be it your culture, country, race, or religion --- you're a cow.

* Now -- *drink up!* *

When it comes to his, "private parts" -- a real thinker only HAS one.

First thing each and every morning,
This one man would look out at the breaking dawn,
And if he concluded it would be yet another day in which
Human life would be played out just as life wanted it to be played out. --
He would, with willful abandon,
Fall forcefully to his knees and cry out: "Damn!, that hurts!."

Hey, remember what I pointed out for you:
Even the lowly law allows a man to retaliate when attacked,
And considering what local reality serves up -- what're man's immediate choices? --
...a bit of humor?!...a well-placed *non sequitur* now and then?!.....

The closer comes man to a "Unified Field Theory".
The nearer he draws nigh to the "Universal Laugh-In-Your-Face".

Little, weak, baby-thoughts need to be wrapped up and protected --
-- that's what the herd instinct's for.

A real thinker is like a toddler-Moses who:
Eats up his grass boat,
Drinks up the Nile,
And yells to all his would-be rescuers -- "Get lost!"

The intellectual life of ordinary man is like a dream --
-- A dream that becomes deeper, the more he struggles to awake.

*Only the terribly, terribly dense,
Don't understand that it's all pretense.*

It requires cold blood to think correctly.

Progress Check: If you don't increasingly see human life as hilarious — you ain't makin' any.