

When one young, would-be thinker

First read, (or heard said), that:

"For every thing, there is a place, and there is a time.",

He immediately cried out to himself:

"I know! -- I see! --

And it is here! -- and it is now!"

Thinking about the things the collective normally thinks about in their pro and con manner,
Is like eating stale food;
...(It is actually worse than that -- but I didn't want to turn your stomach).

One driver said:

"Why bother to watch the gauges?! --

If something goes wrong I can't fix it anyway!"

Words indeed! -- Words indeed to intellectually drive by.

Whenever the cosmos want to ask a new question,
It always begins with the word, "man".

The rough-edged-civilized believe they were born on the outskirts of paradise,
And while the more polished accept that they are the inherent, and proper, up-town gentry.
They yet feel their position would be improved if they could move to a more
Exotic, foreign capitol.

Poem: "*Herd position*"--(I mean) --"*Social position*". (let's start over):

"Social position

Means a lot,

When social position's

All you've got."

Is saying that: "A real thinker has no equals.",

An example of crass *braggadocio*? --

Or a mere noting that one might have friends outside the barnyard!

...(the "barnyard" in one's head, that is.)

In certain areas of man's life, conformity is synonymous with health ---
-- okay, hell!: If you're ordinary -- in ALL areas!

Three different versions of the same basic story:

One for ordinary listeners; one for would-be thinkers,

And one for people who don't care to classify themselves, (at this time);

You figure out which version goes with which group:

One day a man thought: "What if what I know to be so regarding the intellect

Is also true for the physical?!" -- he was so struck by this that he went and laid down.

- (Second version):

One day a man thought: "What if what I know to be so regarding the intellect

Is also true for the physical?!" -- he was so struck by this that he went out for a run.

- (Third version):

One day a man thought: "What if what I know to be so regarding the intellect

Is also true for the physical?!"

Routine minds believe that all good ideas need a point,
A purpose, a moral, conclusion or punch-line.....at least a publicly stated one.

Once more you are faced with the fact that only those who actually know how to
Individually think for themselves can enjoy mere thinking for its own sake and pleasure.

And now for a round up of today's scores:

Early on, the pros took the lead,

But soon the cons caught up, and pulled ahead;

Then mid way through the game the pros began to again dominate

Until the cons displayed the strength that makes them the contenders they continue to be;

All-in-all -- the outcome not being all that dissimilar to yesterday's.....

...or last week's,

or last year's,

or last, "and so ons".

Son Of Poem:

Peer pressure

Runs quite deep,

When applied --

Applied to sheep.

Men who don't really understand much --
Particularly those with degrees in the mooshy sciences --
Seem especially inclined to wanna play, "Ah, *shucks*."

To know, and be familiar with something
Is to also not be ordinarily impressed by it.

(This is where the collective got their lesser notion of, "humility".)

Another episode from: "The Secret Lives Of Invisible People":

One man was a hermit in his own home town.

Revealing to a cow, "what's really going on",
Would be like telling the reader of a murder mystery how it ends --
If they believe it -- it'll just *ruin it* for them.

Day-tripping artists enjoy the outrageous because it offends the bourgeois --
-- A real thinker -- because it instructs him.

"Quiz To Make A Winner Out Of EVERYBODY":

What else but of themselves can the dense speak?!(with any authority!)

One man's latest notion:

"The trick to handling thoughts and other inanimate objects is -- to be FORCEFUL!, dammit!"

The more closely sheep are shepherded,
The more they believe they must set increasingly "high standards" for themselves.

The pinnacle of man's intellectual achievement thus far can be summed up
By his periodic reflection that:

"It is not always just a matter of 'black, or white' -- but sometimes, shades of grey."
(He most recently said this in a popular song from yesterday,
And as far back as the second week of February, 4,166 B.C.)

A would-be thinker who'll accept any collectively-based "sense of duty"

Then has two duties.

...(And not necessarily compatible, or complementary.)

As one concession to life's ordinary demands,
This one man would periodically put in some gas,
But would not -- repeat -- would NOT -- change his oil.

Remember --

If anyone --

Stranger, or kin,

Friend, or foe,

Alive, or dead --

Can tell you what to think -- you're dead meat on the way to Chicago
that just doesn't know enough to go ahead and lay down.

Note:

No man is a mere animal who has the ability to deny it! (for what that's worth.)

The Problem: Give me a sterling example of man's collectively-based notion of,
"Individual, intellectual progress"?

One Response: How effortlessly and naturally, expands a man's tolerance on his death bed --
Or in the wake of hormonal burn-out.

Those who cannot think for themselves are
Sorely prone to fall into prolonged lapses of,
Doubt, depression, and "believing-in-things".

Now let's everybody -- yes, everybody! --

Put their heads on their desk, and -- LAPSE!

And now -- "News From The Linguistic Front":

The less words the better;

The less syllables the better,

The less-noise-and-more-thought -- *bet-ter* STILL!

The very first thing the limbic said to the cortex,
(After electrons had made, "The Great Leap") - was:

"Now that you can talk, guess what -- okay, who -- you're going to talk about?!"

Cosmological Follow-up:

As each new planet begins to be able to think,

Its sun says to them: "Just guess who you're going to be primarily thinking about?!"

A, "Hey Follow-up" to the Follow-up:

"Hey! -- fair's fair: "Chevies dream of GM as god and home."

The basic ingredient of civilization is a minimal degree of conformity --
-- (In man's instance, most importantly -- intellectually!)

To help conserve his outside sign space availability,
One man, in the front end alignment business,
Would use the abbreviation: "TIRE ROT" for, "tire rotation",
Til one day realized it could also mean, "tire rot",
And then went to the back of the service bay and pondered just how
The similarities, in this instance between "rotation", and "rot"
Might offer some new, useful hint regarding how he might keep his OWN
"Front end" -- that is, his intellect -- headed in the direction he desired -?-

The arts of the collective are,
At any given moment,
Like a picture of its combined, local EKG and EEG readouts.

Some sheep thought:

"We can study ourselves from the view of science and biology,
Or from one of spirit and psychology,
Or from the possibility of being tomorrow's lamb chops."

Men like to say, "We are what we eat.",
While looking down at their own feet,
Rather than up -- to see whose palate is overhead.

Collective proverbs: *A jack-in-the-box without the jack...in...the box.*

* Similes are for sissies! -- REAL men take THEIR walls, *straight-up*, and point-blank! *

A suggestion from the, "Civil Code Of Conduct":

If you've just met someone, (and thus, obviously, don't know them well),
Always speak of your sex life, or finances.
...(or some other areas of hormones, or imagination).

The Magical Results Of Magical Efforts:

One man could change the color of his eyes by swapping someone else's head for his.

To many --

Being well groomed and civil comes darn close to being an acceptable excuse for thinking.

Remember -- The first function of any herd is to, "get in a bunch"!

*...(Okay, all you "wandering-eyed" neurons -- straighten up!,
And get on over here with your elders and betters!)*

The intrinsic sadness of life runs so deep that most men are unable to bring themselves to live much past the age of eighty.

A man who knows *how* to think doesn't need any one to tell him *what* to think.

The inherent unfairness of life cuts most men so deeply that they find it impossible to grow much taller than six feet.

A man who knows *how* to think doesn't need any one to tell him what to think *about*. — either!

One man kept some chickens in a pen,

Some ducks on a pond,

Some dogs around the house,

And a beaver in his britches --

Who would periodically stick its head out of his fly and proclaim:

"Think?! -- Think?! -- What is there to think about!"

Talking about oneself is one way to help take the edge off the past.

At odd times amongst the collective,
Life produces what men call, "geniuses",
In part, so as to cause men to periodically rub their chins and think:
"Say-y-y just what's going on here?!....."

One man's bumper sticker:

"I Am The Question! -- I Am The Answer! -- I Am The Bumper."

Dialogue From Down On The Farm:

"It's hard to be original when life provides the same vegetables to everybody."

"How about individual recipes for soups and salads?!"

...(As always -- there is even more to it than THIS! --
But what d'you want?! -- this is just a "news show"!)

Being part of a herd physically -- is nothing to be ashamed of --
(Unless you see death as a move up the social ladder) --
But running with one intellectually -- now THAT'S another matter.

Close enough to a front wall, one can see out the back door.

There could be a school that teaches you how to independently think --
-- But no one would know where it is but real thinkers --
-- And they'd never think about it --

...SO-O-O.....

Entertainment news: Everybody IS.

Footnote: Nobody knows.

Consumer News:

As long as you'll pay the same for either -- life will often offer a meaningless choice.

Looking out his back door, a man thought:

"If my mind is like a flock, then my brain is a sheep dog.";

He then went to the front door and gazed out while thinking:

"Ah so! -- but if my brain is like a flock then my mind is like a sheep dog.";

He then went out and sat down in the garage and thought:

"Yes, yes! -- but in either instance I'm still stuck with the question of:

'Who's gonna shear me? -- and who hired the damn dog?!'"

To each man --

The zenith of civilization is the highest point in his own thinking.

Grandson Of, "Go Figure":

The weak always believe that the needs of the collective come first.

One motto of "The Secret Clan Of Unknown Individuals":

"The time for seriousness was yesterday."

...(I'm not sure there is such a clan -- but I do know that the sentiment exists.)

With *real* -- that is, independent, individual art -- there is nothing TO analyze.

All cows are potential hypochondriacs -- ("potential" - hell!) --

No, wait -- perhaps it would sound better if we said:

All of the collective are potential hypochondriacs -- (yes, that's much better. I think.)

One man found a use for everything that passed through his possession.

One man knew he was getting more plain and direct in his thinking
When he realized he was beginning to feel that his dog "talked too much"!

By having large numbers of people think the same thing --
Life continues its mass manipulation.

And again we find that the individual's key would be in *variety*.

Collective thought: *Bulk mailing.*

The intellectual unfolding of life keeps life intellectually unfolding.

To wit: Philosophy -- in setting out to "discover the truth" -- discovered itself ---
-- and continues to do so.

On the outside -- even real rebels act decently(more or less).

No system, or creature is fully functional, or civilized until it is "self-referring".

Thinker's Sidebar: Beyond the mere cessation of self-reference

Lies the joyous lack of both self-criticism, and defense.

In mid term,

One man changed his major from Psychology, to Veterinary Medicine, saying that He could then be dealing with a more, "Straight-forward type of an '*individual*'."

Okay, look at it like this -- no! -- over here! -- like THIS!:

Even if it is not certain that "not-talking-about" something negative will stop it,
A real thinker can be sure that doing-so won't help in the least!

Humanity is a herd that can run shoulder-to-shoulder while thousands of miles apart.

Safety & Justice For All:

If you are part of the collective -- then it's "not your fault"!

Another of life's, "Totally Grand Illusions": *That man must THINK to get around.*

Those in the collective who ever hear anything from the Independent Front
then forever await the other shoe to fall.

We interrupt our normal news casting to bring you this startling update:

Yet another scientist claims to have discovered yet another direct connection
Between a particular, physical area of the brain and certain, specific human behavior.

Needless to say,

That here in the news room, we're all simply aghast!

..... they're still a'waitin' !