

Each morning in the Collective Camp,  
Life sends around a guard to bang on everyone's bars and ask:  
"Are you still free to think for yourself?",  
And after everyone has replied in the affirmative -- the new day can begin.

Hormones' Motto: *Ride a horse.*

Neurons' Motto: *Ride a horse 'til he drops! .....then ride him some more!*

...(and to think that some of you still think it's a toss up as to who's the smarter of the two)

And time came when the cry swept over the planet:

"Let those who can -- speak! --

Let the philistines be armed! --

Let partisanship be raised to an art! --- Let there BE - *Civilization!*"

And man, the historically-anchored-being, remains the echo of that cry.

And this item from our, Death Watch Desk:

One thing about being dumb is that -- you CAN "take it with you".

And,

From our near-by, Religious Reporter,

This human interest story:

After hearing and weighing the stories regarding, "Life after death", one man thought:

"Well, if I'M going to be there -- I don't want to GO!"

To the collective -- and to the individuals therein -- there is EVERYTHING "in numbers".

"An Intellectual's Thumbnail Guide To Life" -- (well, it should be!):

Anything a man can be "recruited to" --

And any agency that would accept a, "man recruited" --

Has little to offer a hungry mind beyond

Left-overs from yesterday's vulture banquet,

And last century's hyena feast.

There is no such thing as, "half-baked" originality --  
-- only "half-baked" minds that'll take ordinary slop as being "original".

...(Why else, do you suppose,  
That the sophisticates of the city NEED critics?!)

From our, Different Ways Of Looking At The Same Thing Desk:

You could think that: It is safer to live next door to a whole group of people  
Who know what they're doing, than it is to an individual -- OR,  
That it is safer to live next door to an individual  
Who knows what he's doing than to a whole group of people.

-- What do you think?! --



One man finally got so close to himself mentally that he had to move — *again.*

Life doesn't mind if a few people find out what's going on,  
Because if they ever start to disrupt normal operations  
It'll just make them believe that what they know is  
More important than it is -- and *that'll-be-the-end-of-THEM!*

If you heed the mind of the collective,

Then there is always the voice of your mother -- or someone else --

Calling out the backdoor for you to -- "Come home."

One man's living guideline:

"Always sweat the small stuff! --

It's the meaningless that will eventually all add up for you."

...(He assures us that he indeed, "Speaks for many out there.")

People who don't KNOW how to get better

Always believe that "getting better" is a serious proposition.

To have civilization, and the conditions for consciousness to develop and grow,  
You must first have man --  
Then you must have man in *numbers*.

Since it cannot be -- Men dream myths of whole societies being established by  
a single individual.

One man's universe contained several unidentified globular clusters --  
He says not only does he not know what they are, but that he sure doesn't WANT to know.

"My god! - look Commander -- approaching us at three o'clock and closing fast  
is what appears to be the head of Socrates!"

Whoever is the dumbest is local reality's common-denominator;  
Whoever you think is the locally dumbest is YOU.

Isn't it nice to always be a part of the operational mathematics --  
.....(even if you're NOT cognizant of it!).



The intellectual desire to "help other people" was originally a personal longing to "escape"  
And when that eventually appeared unlikely,  
The urge took on an aggressive edge,  
And is what imparts that certain *mad* gleam to the eyes of the charitable.

The frightened always want to frighten everybody else.

The new planetary questionnaire asked the creatures:

"Are you more afraid of dying, or of having your heart broken?"

And now from the world of, Electronic Gadgetry:

The less you think -- the more frightened you will be.

When the day of the Big Trials arrived,  
Life told each of the little local contestants,  
Just before they walked out on stage:

"Don't forget now: The dumber the idea -- the graver the countenance."

...*"There he comes -- Mister, La-la-la..."*

From the, "There's A Tendency" department:

Hormones are mainstream -- neurons, avant garde.

Every time he'd hear the term, "Coefficient of viscosity",  
This one man's mind would turn to him and say: "Hey -- don't look at ME! --  
I'm just a vassal --  
Not the lord of the manor."

Many a fitful night, spent he,  
Pondering on how his thinking had come to  
So entangle the concepts of *feudalism*, and *fluid mechanics*.

At odd times,

The collective can get a headache

And an individual here and there suddenly think: "Ah ha -- now I get it."

...(Their experience however, is as fleeting as the headache.)



From our, Health Watch Desk:

The more fixed and stable are bovid minds the less likely are sheep to GET a "headache".

Civilization is order;  
Rational thought is order;  
Order is order --  
And by now a real thinker order had enough of it!

And a prissy little man piped in:  
"Maybe we could just replace it ----- with 'predictability', maybe."  
...(Hey! -- somebody run that little squirt outta my head!)"

Among collective intellectuals,  
Science is more popular than religion  
Because therein, are greater numbers of things to count.

A man who's been sold on an unyielding plan and model for his life  
Is like a blind man who's just had his knees shattered.

In the name of fairness -- A Response:

Perhaps -- but human institutions DO offer attractive payment plans.

Yes, dear friends -- now even the intellectually bed-ridden  
Can afford the same attentive and meaningful care AS the dead.

Note: Human institutions measure their success by the numbers of people they attract --  
-- NOT by the achievement of their proclaimed goals.

A man thought:

"If there is a 'parallel universe' then my mind has got to be it."

Having mini-strokes, or non fatal brain lesions  
Under certain circumstances can compensate for a lack of talent,  
Inasmuch as they will often lead a man into the ministry, or other forms of public service.

You can't *play* the game if you don't keep changing the rules.



And some of the cows said:

"But who is to help other than those who say they will?!" --

Yes, quite a conundrum for bovine brains! -- But, *Shape up, Saperstien!, dammit!* --

*You're supposed to be a MAN!*

Question: What is the main thing all institutions want their members to do?

Answer: Die.

The "news" of, about, and from the collective  
Is always one of dust,  
                  disturbance,  
                  and the sound of a billion hoofs a'trampin'.

\* *Whee!, Edner -- Turn back on the T and V,  
          And let's watch ourselves run back off'fen that cliff again.\**

One man said:

"I may not look like much, but you should have seen me when I started!",

And life said: "Ah -- but I did.",

And the man replied: "I wasn't talking to you.",

Then his mind said: "Ahh -- but so did I.",

And the man said: "You either!"

Perhaps the ultimate display of, "dunder-headed illusions of self-importance & intelligence"  
Is in routine sorts claiming there is a grand conspiracy controlling the life of man,  
And that they -- THEY have caught on to it!

...some "GRAND" conspiracy!

And from our desk of "Studies In Collective Sociology":  
Those with the smallest minds have the largest missions.

And from our "Department Of Fables":  
The fleas leaped onto the backs of elephants and some entire solar systems and proclaimed:  
"We are here to SAVE you!"

And finally from our "Thank You So Much" section: *Thank you so much.*

Okay -- a related aquatic item:

In a small pond -- only a whale can save itself.

...(Okay, thinkers! -- you realize what this means! --

Now pull on those trunks,

Climb up on those boards,

And get ready to "do your stuff"!)

*\* Thank you again -- so very, very much. \**

If,

Through plain, direct thinking,

You removed the clothes from civilization, and man's collective intelligence,

Much of the mystery, and stimulation that help keep men going would be gone,

And for sure -- at least a FEW would pause long enough to say: "Hey - thanks bunches! --

That's ALL we needed!"

\* Point-blank-walls, and,

Obviousness-as-explanations,

Can inflict on both mortal sexes an extreme form of PMS. \*

Several herds of cows,

And six flock of sheep noted:

"Had we wished to look over that way, we would have, 'looked-over-that-way'!"



Sign seen held up in local stadium:

"Science is serious --

Religion boring --

And all forms of fun, fattening --

-- So what's a thinker to do, but THINK!

--- *Hip, hip, ho-ray-del-lee-day!*"

From our, Dialogue Overheard Desk:

*"If a man could just live long enough he'd understand everything."*

*"You mean like physically live to be two, or three hundred years old?"*

*"I'm sorry -- I should have said: 'If he could INTELLECTUALLY stay alive long enough'."*

The lure of monastic life,  
And the silent call all hermits hear,  
Are based on some men's desire to some how break away from the main herd  
With OUT doing themselves mortal damage.

Re-run of a prior news item:

*A real thinker would not only be like an "intellectual recluse",  
Or "non partisan" in his own home town,  
But would moreover continue to BE his own, "home town".*

A "running from" something is not necessarily the same as *escaping* from it.

Another difficulty in spotting the EX-captives of the Collective Camp.

Good thinking ends abruptly.

For ordinary life to "go on" -- it must go on, and on, and ON-N-N.....

Good thinking ends abruptly.

One local civilization told its latest graduating class of humans:

"And always remember: To be SUPERficial requires no more capital outlay  
Than it does to just be ficial.

Now -- *Go out there and GET 'EM!* -- you fine, fine citizens."

One man's motto still! "NO-0-0 body -- can make a fool out of me!"

From our, Distinctions Desk:

The way you can tell the difference between

"Extraordinary witlessness", and the standard issue variety,

Is that in the first instance, men are critical of man, but with no alternative to offer.

Allied Distinction:

Such people can also be the

Heart-and-soul of sub-divisions,

Bureaucracies,

Comfortable middle-classes,

And entire civilizations! .....(make that, "aging civilizations")



One man suddenly thought: "Maybe I SHOULD pay more attention to my mind.",  
Then just as suddenly thought: "NAW-W-W."

The joy of independent thinking is the ultimate human celebration;  
And just as many bawdy religious holidays are preceded by periods of self-denial,  
So too does a real thinker undergo his initial time of torture  
By having to first think like everybody else.

*--"Yuk-o-rama! -- Bacchus, bring us more of that neurotransmitter wine!"*

There are no true artists in herds and flocks --  
Unless you consider the production of wool sweaters and leather jackets  
To be the pinnacle of human creativity.

A Conversational Quiz:

*"What is the difference between, 'Cheap drugs', and, 'Believing in something'?" --*

*"You mean besides the price?!"*

One man's plotting of human progress:

From believing -- Life is frightening,

To believing -- Life is serious;

To believing -- Life is a "sick joke";

To believing it's just a joke,

And after that, he says he's lost the thread.

Since basic survival is still a "numbers game".  
Life continues to provide man with more active hormones than neurons.

One man asked the court if he could change the name of his from,  
"hormones" to "morons".

Fact: The collective will lie to you in a *drop-dead* minute!

Fact: If you're part of the collective -- it's for your own good.

One man agreed to let a whole company of dentists enter his mouth --  
He said: "Why not?!" -- that throughout the years he had all ready allowed  
Entire battalions of ill-kempt infantrymen, and other ner-do-wells to EXIT it.



One man wanted to write and complain --

But then thought: "Oh no! --

Nobody's going to make a fool out of me that easily!"

The *touch-of-collective-destiny* can seem erotic -- if you're all THAT easily aroused.

No offense intended, I'm sure --

But if it came to it -- a thinking cow would probably prefer to,

"Drown alone" -- if drowning became what was unavoidable.

Save Billions On Cosmological Research: Man's MIND was the origin of the Big Bang.

Few be they who can see and accept the obvious as a satisfactory explanation --  
....few, few --- and far, far away.

What is so for all may not be so for one;  
To wit: Honesty must BE the best policy for the collective,  
While with a specific individual it could be otherwise.

Thus, metaphorically: An independent thinker could be described as:  
An outlaw with no criminal intent.

Definition:

Ignorance: *Tomorrow.*

Explanation:

Ignorance exists the same as tomorrow does.

When originality is really chuggin'-along,  
Only the originaTOR actually knows just how original he is.

This is the basis of why ordinary minds believe that the gods of creation can never be seen.

Descriptions Through Conversations:

*"A real thinker is never satisfied."*

*"Well neither is anybody else."*

*"Yeah -- but this is different."*

And from our, Question & Answer Desk:

Why was man allowed to know of his death in advance?

Answer: So's he'd take the past REAL-L-L seriously! -- and thus, try and shape up for the future



The larger the number of people who believe something to be so,  
The more you may be assured of something else.

Independent thinking does not include conclusions, as they are commonly known --  
-- non partisan resolutions and findings -- but not conclusions.

To stay with the herd,  
And yet believe you can "think for yourself",  
Reflects the ability to pee in one's own boots and wear them, detecting *nary* a smell.

And this other, late-breaking item from our, Question & Answer Desk:

What does it take besides a "strong stomach" to be of ordinary intelligence? --

-- That's right! -- you guessed correctly!

The collective sure do collectively, think pretty highly of themselves -- (collectively speaking.)

Everyone wants to hear about a rowing competition won by a one armed man --  
-- Results of otherwise, unorthodox races are seldom reported.

A man who can, *put-things-together*  
Can take-things-apart;  
And a man who can, take-things-apart  
Can *HIDE* things!.....all sorts of things.

To live in someone else's closet is to wear their clothes --  
-- and even if you don't -- you'll still SMELL like you do.

Shall we now ponder the lines of individual thinkers, waiting to join up, something or the  
other.

From our, Toledo Politico Scales Desk:

Conservatives can still tell the difference between "right and wrong",  
And liberals can still tell the difference between conservatives,  
and a hasty change in tomorrow.

One man took lessons from his body;

One man found instructions in his hormones;

And a third man thought: "Why then can I not learn from my own mind?!"



And on this one world --

On the, "Feast Day Of Saint Everybody"

The "Voice Of The Creature's Collective, Planetary Spirit" cried out across the lands:

"Let those with mental dribble on their chins LASH OUT FIRST at everone else!",

And lo -- everyone hit themselves in the jaw first! .....(not to mention, foremost).

One man told his children:

"Posture doesn't mean much if you're dying,  
Nor thinking -- if you've already passed away."

And just as they should -- the upcoming generation -- LAUGHED at him!

Collective-View Corollary: *Dead men don't know much -- but at least they know more than YOU!*

A, "Law Of The Herd": If a cow can take something "personally" -- it WILL!

And from our, Science Desk:

Yesterday astronomers observed the most distant object yet found in the universe --  
-- and it stuck its tongue out at them.

And now from our, Money Desk:

A certain well known, international financier has offered to buy the universe.

A certain bundle of genes learned to think for itself,  
And when it went back home for the holidays it's mother exclaimed:  
"What in the world have you DONE to yourself?!"

With the remittance of ten dollars

The station will furnish you with a useless, printed explanation of this news item.

One man says he recently got the shock of his life  
When he heard that regular news shows were intened to be taken seriously!

One non-routine artist resisted painting roses -- because he so *enjoyed* -- painting roses



Everything, "*holding-each-other-together*"

Is primarily what holds everything together --

-- And within this arrangement, man is of extreme importance.

Collective Humanists: *Men too cheap to go to church.*

If you can't even remember that you should think -- then you won't think.

And now, the news from our, Inter-Prison Communications Network:

Since we can only broadcast what the Warden authorizes --

And since you already know what THAT'LL be --

We'll save us all some time and just move on to the next portion of the program.

From our, Definitions Desk:

Collective Education: *The good natured attempt to ignore the above.*

Those who must make their living in the neighborhood  
Can never bear to consider the possibility that the mind might be able to actually  
conceive-of, and reveal itself.

Two Rumors:

One: Life knows when you're talking about it.

Two: It don't care.

Bonus Rumor: The dumb won't believe this.

To ask a friend to "give you the benefit of his wisdom"  
Is to solicit that most reassuring of sounds --- the human voice.

Men with simple minds like things pretty simple,  
While those with more complex ones prefer things a bit more complex --  
But neither camp likes things TOO complex, or TOO-0-0 simple.



When a mind no longer finds itself entertaining it is disinclined to think anew.

The way diffused consciousness works:

If you offer to "feed the birds" the squirrels will "offer" to join them.

Now for our, "International, Binary Neural News Wrap-Up":

Intellectually,

Man is divided into two groups:

Those who believe that death is a metaphor for life,

And those who believe that life is a metaphor for life.

...And a man exclaimed, (in reaction thereto): "Some body GET ME the hell OUTTA here!"

It is physically unnatural to live in solitude,  
And local reality makes men believe likewise regarding the intellect.

· Serious things aren't funny to the serious, nor funny things funny to the funny.

Creatures able to presently fulfill their potential have no sense of irony --  
-- what would they do with one?!

Humor: *Man's future, laughing at him in advance.*

Everyone is born around a campfire --  
And everyone takes a piece of it with them as they mature, and drift away;  
Thus we see the intellectual skies filled with twinkling lights --  
Small,  
Remote,  
And apparently quite removed from one another.

"Come", said a thinker, "*Let us inhale the universe.*"