

Life automatically hooks you up to A/C current -- some seek further accommodations.

After wandering through the woods for many years,
One man eventually stumbled across a real thinker
And said to him:
"Take me with you when you go."

A Contemporary "Literary Terminology" Update:

When EVER he lives -- a real thinker is always -- "*post-modernist*" --
In that within HIS MIND -- forever ferments man's mental future.

The initial, mythical "downfall-of-man" does -- to the collective -- seem like a stumble --
But a thinker recognizes that it was in fact the beginning of man's ability to walk.

.....(P.S.: And since then, those few have continued to have this almost
"*Irrepressible urge*" to RUN!)

And now for another segment of that popular feature: "Believe It Or Go To Your Room"

Many people's neurons spend a great deal of their time complaining about their hormones.

Okay -- how's about this!?: "Believe It Or Go To Your Room And Leave The DOOR OPEN!"

Many people's hormones would also bitch about their neurons -- if they could TALK!.

Some, "Woodsy Philosophy":

*Fair's fair,
If you're a
Grizzly bear*

It's hard to take up a cause that has no apparent cause.

Once the lad could talk real good, his father told him:

"Now's the time to consider:

*If you can -- shut-up,
You might -- grow-up."*

Moreover: A "*thinker's silence*" is all internal.

In a far away galaxy is a world onwhich the people insisted that "Civilization" should be the place where they could scream and holler all they wanted, and it wouldn't "count".

Local Counterpoint: No matter how close you get to a particular city,
There is always another one just beyond it.

Musical Counterpoint: A march that ever stops was no real march to begin with.

Track Hound's Tipper-roonie:

Always put your money on the horse that *never-comes-in*.

For Your Viewing Family's Safety -- This, "City Sanity Check":

The thinking-of-the-collective is to keep the *sequential*, and the, *non sequitured*
from running together.

Well, Clarabell -- I guess we should be grateful -- at least he didn't say:
"To keep the *serious*, and the silly from running together."

Channel Surfer's Supportive Addendum:

When you ARE a "viewer" of life's *potential* neural programming -- then indeed --
You should be thankful for even the smallest "gift-of-omission".

Yes --

To parochial minds -- (though they think not in this manner) --

The "cure" for all human "problems" would be to -- *Stop the parade!* -- once & for ever.

And a man told his Rolex: "That would for damn-sure cure most EVERYTHING!"

The two brothers were playing the, "Bullseye Game", so the first one naturally says:
"What's stupider than philosophy?",
And by all means the second one promptly replied:
"DISCUSSING philosophy!",
And they each awarded the other a shiny medal.

Really nice story there, Clarke,

And here's something from our Science Desk that addresses a related area:

Hormones have no, "philosophy"! --- that's why they require, "help"

A Follow-Up To A Previous Playground Story:

A real thinker can't run using only two legs.

And --

Another Follow-Up To Yet ANOTHER Earlier Item:

Civilization doesn't complain! -- civilization makes YOU complain!

After some years of a normal, routine life,
One man wanted to write home to his mother and say that he was, "going to pieces." --
-- But she said that wasn't necessary not just yet.

A viewer notes:

"It gives me the *willies* to hear our genes spoken of as though they might
Actually talk to us directly.

Do you think you could stop this?!"

No.

One defensive maneuver of hormones as they become older
Is to cause neurons to become angrier and even more constricted.

*A man-with-a-mind,
Might just find;
"Seriousness" -- in the city,
To be a joke.*

At times when the routinely dumb begin to suspect just how dumb they are --
 They tend to become unusually intolerant of the everyday dumbness of everyone else.

Scholastic Slip-In: The proper digestion of the above data
 Can help a serious student-of-History
 Change his major before it is WAY-Y-Y to late.

The "Strange Professor" injects: "That is not very funny! --
 For all that you are doing is
 Giving out information that would explain all of history
 And just *ruin-it-all* for the incoming class!"

The Way Genetics Work In, La-La, La-La Land: If your parents could think -- you can think
 ...(And a REAL thinker thought: "LARGE-E-E DEAL!")

At the conclusion of his lecture he asked if anyone in the audience had any questions,
And a woman stood and said:
"Why do some people seem to have lives of success and happiness, and others do not?",
And the lecturer replied: "Are there any more questions?"

*A rebel-with-a-cause is,
No rebel at all.*

And

One man says: "Even in theory -- I don't like the past."

Additional Identifying Distinctions:

Everyone stinks -- but it is the civilized who must ask:

"I say! -- where is that *horrid* aroma coming from?"

A thinker is a, "busy man"! --

Not too busy to HAVE hormones --- just too busy to TALK about it.

(A Note WAY-Y-Y Down At The Bottom Of The Story:

A really advanced thinker is also too intellectually engaged

To mention his neural processes either.)

A viewer writes:

"If life is-- (at the one-life-time-level) -- running a circular activity,
Then how could a person ever escape therefrom?

Sincerely -- (Oh, P.S.: Did I say, 'ever escape'?! --

I don't know whether I'm just being repetitive,
Or if my memory's failing me.)

Sincerely Yours -- (Oh my, P.P.S.: Did I write to you already

Regarding a similar matter, last week!?)

Yours Most Sincerely -- (Oh dear, I hate to drive you crazy, but

Can I ask you one last thing:

Can you tell me how long it's been now

That I've been watching your show?")

Yours Sincerely AND Conclusively", etc.

Hope -- for those who can't afford private counseling -- Be Aware:

Life Looks After Its Own! --

The usefully dumb never know just how dumb they really are.

"God!", thought one cow, "After hearing that --

I'm gladder than ever,

That I never,

Wandered too far from the herd."

Therewithal: The safety-of-stupidity is in its glutinous nature,

As practiced by the social, thinking primates.

"Ye God Again!", mused another heifer,

"That about narrows it down to an overall collection of ONE!"

Living in the noise of the city,
It is easy to confuse the words, "eternal", and, "INternal";
Furthermore: For a would-be thinker,
 It can be all too easy NOT to.

Moral: *Watch it!, Buttercup!*

According to where you live in the condo --
You can either put drugs in your mind -- or stuff 'em in your pants!

Say, look up there, Horotorious, who's that standing on the wall of that penthouse patio?

A Poem For City, "Would-Be-ers":

*The blind can jump,
But they can't fly;
Long as the city
Holds their eye.*

One man says: "When I *think* -- I think only about thinking;
And when I *run* -- I think only of running."

Since released from Eden, men cry out for, "Freedom" --
But only the *private-ones* realize -- "freedom from WHAT!"

The Last Word In Health News:

All -- (*Did you say, "ALL"?*) -- yes -- ALL, my dear;
 ALL mental, psychological, and emotional problems are due to seriousness.

Well, tell me doctor -- can this be stopped?

Why, certainly NOT, my child! -- most assuredly NOT!

Note: On a "world-wide" basis --
 The only news you can use
 Is -- "personal news".

Note Also: "Personal news" would be the present localization-of-the-universal
RE-universalized on a strictly individual level.

It is a thinker, "returning-to-a-home" that forever -- never was! -- or can, permanently be.

A Common Gambit:

As they begin to, "*wear out*" many people claim they've just finally, "*wised up*".

Ernestine, did the man say, "COMMON Gambit"!? --

And does he have a way with an understatement or what!

A Normally Unnoted Correlation Between "Neural Morality" And "Hormonal Restraint":

Opinions are like condoms for the mind.

Other, Unsuspected "Sexual News":

Rather than actually "think-himself" to some individual place of neural climax,
This one man would practice - "*Intellectual Interruptus.*"

Don't You City Boys & Girls Forget Now: The use of collective thinking can keep us ALL from
Getting pregnant!

At a masquerade ball, thrown by some local conditions, over in this one galaxy,
One set (dressed as the mythical god Trojan) said to a friend:
"I couldn't be MORE proud of the little thinking creatures in my care
IF they actually KNEW what they were DOING!"

Hey, Doug, look -- It's another, "Emancipated Definition":

How Civilization Works -- And You're Not Looking:

There are no topless bars in the woods.

Well, Hell, Wiley -- why stop now!?

The City: *The ultimate "tease."*

A Follow-Up To An Earlier Story:

The *few* long ago realized that neural networks are the supreme captivity.

A Child's Vacant Lot Of Verse

*The,
Emir Of Fear is,
In my room;
He's ripped the rugs, and
Turned my bed;
Tyrants and despots
Too freely roam,
In my heart,
Across my head.*

*Away!, away!,
Away, all boats;
Push clear the bow, and --
Boogie on, chillin.*

A thinker not only speaks in code, but thinks in one as well --
-- That is -- plain & direct.

Now -- another fashionable definition from our Wardrobe Desk:

Collective Intelligence: *House slippers for the mind.*

The city asked all of the people's minds:

"Is everyone COMFY-Y-Y?!"

And all -- well, most all of them sent back their most heart-felt, appreciative, "Z's".

Okay -- an "easier" version of a hard one from our last show:

Cats still run the world,

And in regard thereto,

Birds now have the responsibility of saying:

"Well, let's discuss and study this matter further --

It may not be as cut and dry as it first appears."

Unidentified Flying Object: *One term for the future of the mind.*

A viewer-with-mystical-leanings says:
"I never watch your show --
So I have nothing to say about this."

Under in-town conditions, the UN-civilized don't care much for those who are.

And in a perhaps, related story:

It has been rumored that in this other universe

There are some cities who keep on stand-by,

Sky writing planes who specialize in the spelling of the term: "*Or -- Vice Versa.*"

...(Rumor -- mind you -- unsubstantiated -- rumor.)

Aggression *feels* good to hormonesand other crude sorts.

Ponder Now, Sweet Ferdinand --

Into What A Magnificent "Trick Bag" Life Has So Deftly Placed Thee:

Even should an unreconstructed cow -- somehow --

Succeed in "knowing himself",

All such knowledge would still be about the herd -- and not about him, individually.

When it comes to life and local conditions --

EVERYONE'S hand is quicker than a bovine's eye.

Some find the reading of history similar to a perusal of fiction, but with the guilt taken out.

This fax just in from a viewer:

"Earlier in the program you quoted a man as having said:

'When I *think* -- I think only about thinking,

And when I *run* -- I think only of running.'

--
Would you please indicate, on-the-air, through some secret signal,
How this relates to the correlation between neurons and hormones."

Local conditions said to one man:

"I'll tell you a really big secret if you promise not to tell.",

And the man replied:

"Well, if it's 'THE' big secret you're talking about --

I wouldn't be able to tell anyone even if I wanted to, now would I!?",

And conditions chuckled good -- knowing it'd'a picked the right guy after all.

Additional Opportunity To Peer Into The Very Inner Workings Of Civilization Itself:

Who but man could find having serious personal problems yourself

To be a fitting background for becoming a psychological therapist!?

"And", notes Professor X, "*Who better to counsel a drunk than a former drunk!?"*

And, "Ahh", adds Mister Unidentified, "*Who better to repair your airplane engine than
Someone who knows nothing at all about it!?"*

Some find an interest in "current events" similar to a keeping up with sports activities,
But with an apparent element of "seriousness" added.

After you understand the real purpose of collective thinking
You're at least then freed from having to be concerned over
Any individual therein's, mental exactness, or lack thereof.

... And once the old B-3 was warmed up,
"Get-Down George"--(family name this go 'round of, Handel),
Began to vamp as he softly crooned:

*"Cows gotta swim,
Cows gotta fly;
Cows gotta be,
Cows 'til they die --
- Can't help,
Lovin' that herd of mine."*

One man thought:

"You know, it's almost like life naturally furnishes us with hormonal entertainment,
But with the neural, we have to produce it for ourselves. Neat, huh!?"

In the beginning, the dumb fear offending the dominant --
Then once they've accepted their submissive position,
They worry they'll go unnoticed by them.

Ergo, in the city is birth given to many a martyr,
critic,
coffee-shop-artist,
and other pouty children.

Optional Quiz Time: How come you never hear about real thinkers? --
Guess reply: Maybe because they don't want you to!?!?

Civilization: *The place where they're always trying to sell you some thing.*

To aid him in getting a good night's sleep,
Just as he would lay down in bed each night
One man would comfort himself with the words: "Gem clips PLAY no '*favorites*'."

For cold brains, cold comfort will surely suffice.

For thinking purposes --

Being sincere about serious city matters is just as foolish as being
Serious about sincere ones.

Neurons are a laughing matter, although hormones can rip your guts out.

...You've got to get your --(ha, hum) -- priorities properly prioritized, (ha, hum, yes.)

"Current events" defined: *History rehashed -- in advance.*

Now for some news from our, "Financial & Futures Desk" in the form of a:
"Definition From A Cow's Viewpoint":

Hog Prices: *I.Q. tests for non-bovines.*

In appreciation for the human having removed a thorn from his foot,
This visiting doctor from another solar system told the man this deep secret:
"On your planet, one's neurons normally age at the same rate as one's hormones --
But it can be *otherwise!*"

On top of this touching story might I personally add that:
Notwithstanding the diagnostician's notation of an extraordinary alternate possibility --
Men do not ordinarily even notice the natural, parallel aging of their
Hormonal and neural lives.

...(And -- Oh yeah! -- even if they DID -- they wouldn't like it!)

A Musical Metaphor Reflecting How Civilization Maneuvers Over The Long Haul:

"Classical music" is just, "Pop music" with the "*Death factor*" already figured in.

And for those viewers on a limited, "neural, entertainment budget",
Here is a "sound-alike" version of that last story:

If Pythagoras hadn't died so early in the game he might've become the Fifth Beatle.

Now a selection from our: "That Can't BE!" file:

There can be no such thing as: stable, consistent "fashion"

Any more than there can be: "certainty, via collective-intelligence"

Making fun of language is the last refuge of an illiterate scoundrel,
And an early neural, refreshment-break for a thinker off on a happy jaunt.

One man gave his son this advice:

"If you must adopt a hero at least find one about whom there are no, 'personal anecdotes'."

-- (Did I say "advice", or, "challenge"!?)

Speaking in terms hormonal and sexual:

Just as a man in the throes of erotic attraction

Doesn't normally think of the object of his passion as possessing even the potential

To have: "body odor", "bad breath", or to be in any other wise -- "offensive" --

So, in a similar manner do mens' minds accept -- and blindly embrace

the thoughts introduced to them.

A man says:

"I watch your show all the time -- and some times it watches me."

More from our, "Consumer's Shopping Guide":

If you're alive and live in the city -- you can blame the environment.

Combination, Medical & Safety Tip:

It's easier to comfort hormones than it is neurons.

In attempting to commit suicide, one man continually -- though, "unintentionally" --
-- shot someone else.

Once you get 'em in sight -- the herd makes a WONDERFUL-L-L target.

The way of the "intellectually-limited" with IN a system,
Is to cite authority from with OUT the system.

Talk: *The only drug that EVERYONE can afford.*

Every time he'd leave town this one man would become a different age.

Follow-Up Tip For The Furiously Fashionable:

This phenomenon may not be limited to just this one man!

First Verse To A Certain Song:

Within silence -- can a real thinker HEAR real music.

A man says:

"I don't understand the real difference between hormones and neurons!?" --

That sir -- is because there IS NONE!, (actually).

Technical Addendum:

As always -- There is also an advanced stage of this apparently -- *non-existent*.

...(And -- Also, Of Course, As Always:

Those of routine "technical expertise" should not attempt to comprehend this.)

Another: "Traveler's Tip For Thinkers":

Sequentiality is of serious concern only for intellectual trains on one-way tracks.

All allegories are *partially* misleading --

-- All allegories are false.

A dead thought is a happy thought -- buried peacefully beside a deceased emotion.

In The Matter Regarding Mortals Believing That They Are Being, "Patronized":

One man told his brain: "Don't talk *DOWN* to me!",

And the gooey one replied: "'S'not possible!"

Discussing the exercise of power diminishes your ability to do so.

Man's Mind: *A hole in the wall.*

More of the, "Wit & Wisdom Of, Whooper J. Cooper, Esq":

Misplaced seriousness can kill you faster than death.

"Phew-wee-e-e! -- and, Thank god!", relieved one man,
"At least I'm dumb enough so that I don't realize it."

* Yes -- another, "Satisfied Viewer"! *

Second Verse To That Earlier Song:

To a real thinker can exist much info -- in total silence.

And now ----- just enough time for a final feature from our: "Almost Files" .

I *almost* wanna tell you that it's possible to think beyond the grasp of neurons! --
-- That's not to even mention hormones! -- which you SURE-E-E couldn't believe.