

To say that: "What it is, is what it is.", is not sufficient for the ordinary mind --
-- It must have a *name* for whatever it is.

"Hey!", said the neurons, "*What it is!*, bro!"

"Well!", says one viewer -- "H-e-r-e i-t- i-s!
You've only covered one-&a-half stories and I'm already lost!"

Hormones live in the body,
Neurons live in the mind,
And those who consistantly allow the former to rule the latter, live in cities.

In a thinker's cauldron --
Restlessness becomes relentlessness, and
Confusion is turned into fun.

As he would study the blinking sky at night,
 Using his own mind as the only needed technology,
 One man would oftentimesing to himself:

*Sphincter, sphincter
 On the wall,
 Do my thoughts lead
 Down the hall?

 What partitions
 Do still stand,
 Cutting me from
 Land O' Man?*

The earth-bound peer into space and into time
 In the workable attempt not to look somewhere else -- much-h-h closer.

And a viewer quickly responds:

"Hey -- this doesn't have anything to do with that old, 'know thyself' stuff does it!? --
 Cause you just recently succeeded in gettin' me over that one!"

There, there, old viewer dear --

There, there, have no fear;

A man with OUT no self

Ain't got a THING to worry about.

Some News Of The "Lit" To Give Some A Fit:

All written Philosophy is autobiographical -- except that which is fictional.

You Can Count On This:

People who do not understand anything about life
Will tell you that there are only one or two things that you can truly "count on",
And it's never anything that THEY have thought of themselves.

Proverbial Wisdom -- Strip-Searched:

Collective Intelligence: *The blind directing the blind where to go.*
Institutions: *The maps they provide.*

Note To The Human Nervous System -- Particularly The Upper End:

What is peace, but death!?

To "be alive", and not attempting to think for oneself is to be only partially alive.

How Point-Blank-Reality, & Omni-Directional-Expansion Eludes Ordinary Senses:

Nothing quite resembles an earthquake as much as an earthquake.

The simplistic can always draw a crowd,
But if you give away too much -- no one will ever notice.

A Fairy Tale Feature:

Once upon a time some hormones got together and said: "Let's make a man." --
And later some neurons got together and said: "Hey -- let's make him *crazy!*"

A certain thinker one day mused:

"If a man's mind were what it is capable of being -- that is, an '*art factory*' --
 Then the only book he'd actually need for fun and nourishment would be a dictionary --
 -- For after all, is there not -- within it -- all:
 Great Ideas --
 All wondrous speculations --
 All scientific truths --
 And all of man's memorable quotes!? --
 -- What more be required!?"

As he walked into the next room, he further reflected, like this:

"What is the real distinction between what a man *could* be,
 And what he apparently, should be?.....",
 And as he wandered on about the house, also asked himself:
 "Exactly what does the term: '*Man is capable of...*', actually signify,
 As regards the word: '*capable*'?....."

One man said to his grandmother:

"Even when I was a child I felt like an old man.",

And she replied: "That's because you're ordinary -- *you pimple brain.*"

Were it not for addendums, footnotes, and post scripts -- things would go on for EVER!
...(Oh! -- add, "genetics" to the list.)

On one world,
One man discovered it was easy to fool and dominate other men by just
Acting more serious than they were.

Out to all minds

Does the city-radio broadcast! --- in one-hundred-thousand watts of --

Glorious denseness!

Ordinary thinking requires no *fine tuning*, or even exceptional reception,

Which is one reason for the appearance of *collective-education* --

And its insistence that you do! --

And its claim of providing same.

A man sat and pondered -- no --

A man suddenly pondered:

"Would, '*thinking-more-than-you-have-to*'

Take the magic and mystery out of the idea of: 'thinking-more-than-you-have-to'?!...."

Note: Real thinkers do not, "sit and ponder" -- they always, "suddenly ponder" --
....(even then, it's not really, "pondering".)

"Would, '*thinking-more-than-you-have-to*'

Take the magic and mystery out of the proposition of: 'thinking-more-than-you-have-to'?" --
-- With OUT it, (my dear), there IS no mystery and magic.

Local conditions told one guy: "Hey -- don't bug me.",
And he replied: "Hey -- it's always your call, my man."

As city-type intellectuals await their buses,
Many become satirists, and parodists,
Knowing quite well that plagiarism is always accepted as fare on public transportation.

Question: Why is it not necessary for an "Independent Thinker" to hide?

Answer: Because it's not necessary.

To many urban eyes,
The problem with point-blank-walls is that
They're TOO MUCH -- *right out in the open!*

Thinker's Corollary: Anything worthwhile is NOT invisible.

The simple believe that death could solve many of their problems --
That is -- the death of certain other people.

A Quick, Crash Course In, "Hormonal Geography":

South of the equator they sing: "I'm gonna *dance* 'til I drop.",

While up north they should be crooning: "I'm a'gonna *think* 'til I...", (blah, blah, blah.)

And a viewer sits and wonders:

"Is this why it's so hard to tell where a thinker actually lives!?"

One thinker's unencumbered mind noted to itself:

"Where ever it is that I am,

Is where I ought not be."

...(One man would sometimes laughingly think of his own neural systems as:

"Magellan on amphetamines".)

The New Math Of Old Facts:

$O = V$: Originality equals vitality.

A viewer writes:

"Recently you read an item that said that the benefit of a man having a bad memory is that He can enjoy the same thing more than once,

And after pondering on this deeply it makes me wonder then if a man in a coma couldn't enjoy everything -- *INDEFINITELY!?"*

Remember:

Since the entirety of mortal life is humorous -- perforce,
So also is each & every little part therein.

"Wow!" thought one man in his mind but not other parts,
"That changes everything! -- (that is,
If it were possible to actually, 'change' anything) --
But nonetheless -- Wow!".

Wartime Rhetoric Definitions:

Periods: *The execution of commas.*

OR:

Conclusions: *The death of thinking.*

And from the, "Secret Warrior's Glossary-In-The-Rear, (Old Dear)";

The termination of anything -- is the termination of everything.

...(Even amongst the ordinary,

This is why death gets such a bad rap.)

One up-to-date city observer observes:

"It seems that today, if you don't have at least some minor psychological problem,
you're just not totally '*sane*'."

A, "Future Fable":

Some where a real thinker thought:

"My life up 'til now has been the, 'Twelve Step Program' --

But I am now the thirteenth."

One man attempted to free his mind with a typewriter.

There are several notable, and interesting stages in the hormonal life of man;
One is when they first begin to sexually stir;
Another is when they so mature;
And another is when they begin to wane, and put neurons in *shock!*

This is the way it goes --

This is the way it is supposed to go;

A man is not supposed to be doing any more strenuous thinking after that --

And that's the way it goes! --

-- And if you let it go at that -- you're no thinker.

Some local conditions from several different worlds were at a party,

And one of them said to another:

"You know how I define a 'real thinker' over in my territory? --

He's a dead man who just won't lay down!"

Item:

Only an extremely dense and simplistic man seriously tells others what they should be doing.

"But, pardon me there, sir -- that sounds an awfully lot like civilization!?"

That can't be helped -- I just read 'em.

If you keep thinking about the same things over and over --
Turn in the direction of your own mind, and shout out to it:

"You call THAT -- 'thinking'!?"

One man used to laugh at others -- only because it was natural;
He now only laughs at himself because he -- *DESERVES* it!

"Yes", confidently, confided one man, raising his freshly filled glass up to the light,
"I accept credit for nothing I have achieved before-e-e it is time! --
And it is not!", said he, throwing his goblet at the mirror, "EVER such a time! --
For such a time for ME -- would be the END of time."

Big Time Legend Time:

Away in another universe,

When its god heard the wondrous descriptions men made regarding a "life after death",
He thought: "Wow! -- would that there WERE such a place!"

Then there was
Another man tried to liberate his mind using a guitar.

Outlaw News:

If you don't stay serious about serious matters
You can not remain properly -- *dumb-balanced*.

Fear: *The last refuge of the stupid.*

Stupidity: *The first refuge of the fearful.*

The simplistic believe they struggle to free themselves from their hormones;
The superficially sophisticated claim they strive to transcend their own neurons;
What a crock 'a crap.

"Hey" Time: -- (well, "officially", this go round):

Hey! -- a thinker can explain anything --

And the ordinary can understand nothing --

So -- Hey! --

It all works out even.

Hey!

Seeing as how life itself is FAR-R-R too much of a good old. "*point-blank-wall*",
Men have come up with many other names for it.

As he was sitting, one man thus mused:

"Since everything that singularly interests man, he made up -- such as, 'literature' --

And thus it is in him as much as he in it,

Is it then just possible that a person could live a life of either fiction, or non-fiction!?"

Unless you're just attempting to do something mundane, such as:

Balance your checkbook --

Pass one of the collective's academic tests -- or,

Launch a new space satellite --

There is no profit or benefit to thinking that is NOT original with you.

Stupid people *look* stupid --
And stupid people look in stupid ways -- that is:
They look in stupid directions.

(As I'm confident you youngsters remember:
"Stupidity" means, "*unrevealing*".)

He immediately began to save time & energy as he thought:
"When you realize that it is ALL a matter of, 'commas',
Then there's no longer any need to even stop and stick 'em in."

** Let the boogie roll on, and on, and on. **

A kind of follow up to a story we first broke for you last night:

"Trying to help a man who IS going to drown will only make him sink faster" --

-- Is that "fate" explained, or what!?

Regarding The Relative Stratum Of Civilized Existence:

If you're "dumb enough" you can be.....well...you might could say, "happy *enough*".

A man with an in-town duplex inquires:"Does laying-down-on-the-job prove you HAVE a job?"

How It Goes -- In A Thinker's Universe:

Though nothing can be stopped -- he permits none of it.

"Art" that encourages melancholy, or nostalgia is no art to thinkers.

A viewer says:

"I have given very close attention to your numerous comments regarding the Matter of, 'seriousness', but have one particular question about it;

How do you correctly determine which things in life you should treat seriously, And which ones do not actually require such?"

Dear Viewer: Why not take the simple -- the direct -- the intelleigent approach!?

And I'll just bet you can *figure-out* what that is!

When we harm our flesh our hormones suffer --
When we do ill to our neurons it is ofttimes never noticed;
A real thinker has got to treat himself better than this.

What I speak of as the "collective" is a distinct, living creature,
And smarter than you are, if you're just ordinary.

Good, "Thinker's Insider's Tip -- For His Insides":

Don't *translate* what you think.

One day,

One man "*yuk-thought*":

"If I hear the word, 'don't' just one more time while I'm alive,

Then when I die I hope I go to, *Rat Heaven!*"

A Kind Of "Relative Veracity Crucible Concerning Man's Hormones, His Head & More Private Parts":

*You can try to fool his body,
You can try to fool his mind;
You may trick him at the high end,
But not at his behind.*

A Kind Of, "The Relative Hormonal Differences As Displayed By The Two Local Sexes Of Man":

A woman can tell that a man is glad to see her if he shows up with a hard on;
A man can only assume that a woman is glad to see him if she just shows up!

And a kind of viewer asks:

"Would you care to relate that last part to man's neural life?" --

Not now sir -- not just now.

Some Additional Mathematics:

There is also a ratio between: *testiness*, and a lack-of-originality.

Simple men like for things to be kept simple! -- but they don't want to know about it.

Thus can carp turds pass for sturgeon roe.

News Flash! -- News Flash! --
Get You Head Out Of The Trash:

Death is not the same as aging.

The routine concepts of, honor, honesty and integrity
Are lubricants provided for the condoms in use between hormones and neurons.

From The City Menu: "Dessert", (my friends -- Dessert!):

One of the benefits of being intellectually ordinary,
And not thinking any more than is necessary is that:
It is never too early -- nor never too late.

There IS NO real magic & mystery to life for those who believe they already SEE it.

Reminder To All Artists:

If you *AGE* -- you lose any originality you may have had

Recently Realized Fact From Organic Chemistry:

Those who take humor seriously are dumber -- I mean, denser -- than a satirist.

Ofttimes what seems like a threat to the ordinary
Can be a profitable *tip* to a thinker.

One man decided:

"The time to reminisce is,
When you are dead;
And the proper time to die is at
No time you're aware of."

Non-Bereavers Footwarmer:

If death weren't a metaphor for something! -- thinkers'd MAKE it one!

One breeder told the child in his house:

"If your mind matches anyone else's ----- you're no kid of MINE.

Talk is neurally among friends as sex is hormonally among lovers.

In the initial stages of this certain journey one might conclude that
A person who doesn't think is unhappy,
But that one who begins to do so is unhappier still --- but,
Without the possibility to DO SO -- a real thinker would be the unhappiest of all.

Okay! --

So there's a bunch of reasons people don't try to think more than they have to --

Okay then! -- so I'll tell you what some of them are:

It's not necessary to do so to get-by, or even to get ahead;

Life does not urge man collectively to do so;

Most people don't feel guilty if they don't -- and,

Hardly anybody knows how much personal fun it is.

Ordinary thinking can't BE insulted --
Which is why it so vehemently believes that it can.

One Depiction Of The Evolvement Of Man:

Man goes from being man,
To being a metaphor for man,
To being symbolic of man.

-- (Some even go on to be thinkers.)

Lovers make your hormones *feel* better --
Friends are supposed to enrich you *neurally*.

...(Could be yet another reason that oftentimes thinkers seem to be their only, own "best friend".)

It's difficult for the ordinary to even laugh at something they have no name for.

Still another man struggled to release his mind with paint and canvas.

While a *direct artist* dances along using his mind to free his mind.

Now over to our Financial Desk for some -- (what else) -- "Financial News"

"Just think!", a thinker thought,

"If everybody thought like this I bet it wouldn't be as much fun."

...("Just imagine!", imagined the imaginary financier,

"If everyone was actually as broke as they imagine they are -- we'd ALL be rich!" --

-- ["Especially!", chuckled life under its breath, "ME!].)

And now for the, "Drop-Dead, Bottom-Line" Of All Such Matters:

Nothing is richer than infinity.

The initial problem is not in "freeing your mind",
But in actually comprehending the locale inwhich it seems to be held captive.

See -- it's easy for jackals to rant and rave about how they will no longer accept
Being prisoners of the Bronx Zoo
When they are in fact -- trapped in Zaire.

Thinkers don't need a *reality-check* --- thinkers ARE a reality-check.

In the city,
Even the most educated of men
Do not look for, "intellectual leadership".
But rather see who it is to whom they must submit.

Moreover:

On the ballroom floor over there,
While cats apparently lead birds,
Everyone follows LIFE!

"Uu!", happily shuddered one little dancer as he thought about it,
"Death! -- the ultimate *dip*."

But -- mean-the-old-while,
Over in an omni-present corner,
Doing his secret, solo tango, a thinker sang to himself:

*Though with cats I dance,
'Tis only in the ears of birds,
I whisper sweet nothings.*

Exclaims one happy man:

"Help!--I'm caught in a love triangle involving me, my mind, and

The possibility of thinking more than I have to!

-- *Help-Hop A'Mighty!*"