

Once, everyone dreamed of a place that would be even more fun than  
Playing all day, and eating your favorite food all the time,  
But they discovered that no one around them seemed to know anything about it,  
So for a while, they forgot about it;

Then later, ~~when some of them~~ began to dream of it again,

They learned that others had done so before them, and had written about it;

But they found that the writings only spoke of the authors' longing -- never, fulfillment.

Once man's speech and thinking has passed the mere "*survival*" level, and he is *civilized*,  
He then begins to live in two different worlds: a *public* one and a *private* one;  
The public world is the visible, external one that leans toward uniformity, predictability,  
And a certain "tightness",  
With, originality, spontaneity, and an individual "looseness"  
All being matters of a private nature.

A thinker's, "truth" -- that is -- the, "FOTM", the "Fact Of The Matter" --  
is forever changing.

A herd can never be intelligent -- the most you can hope for is that it be orderly.

Once, people were young --

And then they were not so young;

Then for some, there occurred a brief possibility of entering a new era of continuing "youngness"

But the opportunity is fleeting, and the path unending -- that is --

If a man later steps therefrom, he is once again old, and this time permanently.

Life is simple for simple men,  
But such times no longer exist.

The original, "*fun place*", about which everyone once dreamed,  
Was in fact a place private, unique, and mentally non-specific --  
But once spoken of, it became public, common, and apparently a concrete potentiality.

If you are going to live past the simple stage of mere survival,  
And beyond the more sophisticated one of metaphor and symbolism,  
Then what you need is a whole new level of *plain-talk*, and *point-blank-thought*.



Once, some people decided to take an unscheduled bus trip,  
And after they'd ridden for a while -- unsure of the journey's end,  
Discussions and speculations arose pertaining thereto,  
And eventually such talk replaced their uncertainty regarding their destination.

(Religion, morality and mysticism are necessary highway signs  
Civilizations erect to supplant the earlier ones which never existed.)

To insist that all journeys have a destination -- makes it so.

Through habit, is man's upper nervous system made rigid,  
Thus, socially and publicly acceptable.

All explanations & excuses regarding human behavior: *Birds singing after cats scratch  
The furniture.*

Every new move is a wonderful opportunity to do something else fresh also.

A sign in the Public Square said:

*"Don't Be Harsh On Objects And They Won't Be Harsh On You".*

(It was put there, courtesy of the Objects Council.)

Is life going to have to -- "work you over good" -- before you realize how life works!?

...(Of course the sign could have been put there by the People Council ---

-- 'cause that's how life works.)

First we grunt,  
Then we speak,  
Then the few pursue -- *poetic* grunting.

While on a bus trip,  
The windows eventually began to "cloud over",  
And at such a gradual and proper seeming rate,  
That the travelers took it to be a natural increase in the clarity of their vision.

Since man began to think and speak, and thus became civilized,

He's gone through two stages of speech;

Survival, & post-survival, (which in some fashion, is always mystical):

While survival speech is plain and literal, post-survival tends to the metaphorical.

To think-afresh then is to think as plainly about metaphors as others do the literal



When one man realized how commonly he had treated himself and some others,  
He said to himself:

*"You're now,  
Just a cow."*

To be more complex in your thinking is to strive for:

*plain-talk, and, point-blank-thought.*

Man's first nuclear device was the "Speech Bomb"--  
Which blasted him out of the silent, survival age into the post, noisy one.

*Hey, Station, DNA -- With Neural Transmissions, Far Away:*

Stumper Bicker Trime:

*When drugs are out-thugged,  
Only thugs will be drugged.*

Other than physical starvation,  
The only "obstacles" humans ever confront  
Are their confrontations with other humans.

..And quite often,  
The extremely simple  
Believe it is themselves who stand in their way.

Sarcasm: *The "lashing out" of wimps.*

Criticism: *Sarcasm in a suit & tie.*

You can sit in the public section of the bus,  
And look out the murky windows and see the same sights everyone else sees,  
Or you can move to a more private and personal seat, and create your own sights.

A man who has not explained things to himself -- has never had anything explained.



After his normal morning shave,  
There is nothing quite so refreshing to a thinker as a brisk splash of the new.

The juice trail hormones leave is known to men by the name -- "opinions".

You can tell that a place is truly civilized when metaphors and allegories are taken as superior to plain talk.

*Humans In Public, Or: The Parking Lot Filled.*

"Wired to go" with  
No where to go.

*Burn me out!,  
Burn me out;  
I am man,  
Hear me shout.*

There is a *sameness* to life, and a *strangeness* to life --  
And always another reality -- yet to be explored and explained.

Man's mind is tightened-up and made sane through "public pressure".

An uncivilized man is a naked, wild beast;  
A civilized one is a grizzly bear in a tuxedo;  
A thinking man, (while formally dressed), is in fact -- naked all over again  
Underneath all the fashionable clothes, and fancy hair-do's.



A Thinker's Dress For Dance Dictum:

If you don't *strip down* -- you can't *get down*.

More, "Conspiracy News":

If there is one,

It does not involve the rich against everyone else,

But rather, everyone else, and those S0-0-0 rich that you've never even heard of them.

...Same with the intellectual version.

Anything You can *see*,  
Is not, (old dear), a  
Conspiracy.

The simple are civilized once -- the complex, a second time;

The simple are local -- the complex, universal;

The simple deal in specifics --- the complex, in the ecumenical.

The simple are always uncertain, while the complex just grow increasingly so -- and  
hungrier,  
as well.

If things don't look worse,  
The older you get,  
You ain't gotten old enough --  
Old enough yet.

There is always "*another explanation*" for everything --

Everything can be explained in a way it never has been --

-- Thus, is real thinking hereby described anew.

At the physical level, man must struggle to merely survive! --  
But how translates this at the intellectual!?

Civilization: *The movable ritual.*



The explorer's job of spotting new lands amidst the public seas of confusion  
Is not made any easier by him complaining about the splinters on deck of the ship they  
sent him out on.

When the old man came home and opened his shirt to reveal the new tattoo that proclaimed:  
"There Is Nothing Human That Is Alien To Me!",  
The kid punched his sister and said:  
"Uh oh! -- we're in for it now!"

Real, private thinking is never aggressive, critical, insulting, or injurious to anybody.

Worrying about, "*being human*" will keep you that way.

At every moment,

It's almost like life gives you a choice:

You can, in some way or another, be aggressive and edgy,

As you ride the old *Survival Train*, --

Or relax and look out -- as you "take 'er up higher"! -- the aerobic, *Neural Plane*.

At all times -- in all places -- there is always "another reality";  
And from ordinary views, not necessarily a "better one", or a more "correct one" --  
-- just another one.

Sarcastic people are simple people,  
Simple people are boring people;  
*Come my little cup cake, and let me  
Yawn into that fashionable face.*

Petting a sick dog will often cause it to snap at you.

No honor 'mongst thinkers --  
No honor at all.



*The murder of minds  
In the Public Forum  
Is not considered a  
Felonious act.*

...Nay, it is the personal intrigues of private minds that troubles the spirit  
of the Market Place.

Within routine civilization -- habit becomes almost sacred.

The simple live a life of *pseudo* complexity  
While the truly enriched lead one of, *plain-talk*, and, *point-blank-thought*.

In the city -- men with no originality are always a -- *bit pissed*.

...(a hold-over from jungle days.)

To the ordinary mind,  
An "alternative" that is not somehow preferable,  
Does not meet the minimal requirements to be an alternative.

It is thus that men conceive of the "truth" as being given to silence, and reclusiveness.

If you mentally operate as though there is a conclusive destination in this adventure,  
At which point no further effort will be required, or useful,  
You will ultimately miss the core joy of the whole journey.

Another of the potential, secret "Battle Cries" of a real thinker:

*"If you stop -- you're a dead man."*

All public discussions are held euphemistically.



...and remember: Things that can't be helped -- can't be hurt.

It's tricky -- indeed, a real challenge -- trying to tell a potential thinker,  
"which way to go".