

If -- to your mind -- thinking is not synonymous with change, you don't yet understand.

Survival seems an arduous task only to those struggling to survive;
A much more difficult undertaking is for the civilized to later try and stay civilized.

Relationships: A Mythical Epic In Twenty-Five Words Or Less:

The relationship of man's neurons to his hormones is not unlike that between eggs and an electric blender.

A man who had been attempting something unusual one day thought:
"Perhaps I should think up a brand new name for what it is that I do...",
But then further thought: "Except that I don't know what it IS that I do?!"

Individual, Mental Discoveries: *Orgasms for the mind.*

All originality is -- *ad hoc*,
And when it's not --
It's spoiled and spent.

Trying to understand the purpose of human life via extraterrestrial explanations,
(As in the case of religions),
Is like trying to convert a bird to "*Feline-ism*".

Two Views

If you're simple,

You can have more fun in life

If you don't try to "think too much":

If you're not -- you can't.

Another Verse Of Brief History

As man became civilized, and neurons began to apparently exercise some authority,
They said to man: "Calm down." --
Then later told him to: "Get more excited." in certain regards.

What a verse! -- what a song.

One of the prime responsibilities of institutions is to make the ephemeral seem permanent.

At C Level There's Always Another Side To Everything

For their graduation march,

The students on the island chose the song: *"No Man Is A Mainland."*

Beyond the survival level, just what is human existence other than
A mental distraction — a form of entertainment!? --
Though note that some entertainments are more enjoyable than others.

A law that is not malleable is a sucker law.

One man, after taking note of his mind's comments regarding everyday life, said to it:
"As sophomorical sarcasm, I guess it's mildly amusing,
But if you're intending it as meaningful criticism, I've got some bad news for youse."

'Tis only in the heat and distraction of the Public Forum
That an impotent man can be praised for announcing his celibacy.

From a thinker's view ---- all public declarations are suspect.

If what seems to be the "intellectual truth of reality" does not continually change in you then you are mentally dead and no longer capable of change yourself.

How To Tell Where You Live, Relatively

Those the more civilized can be deeper pained in their mind than in their body.

There is a component in man's life,(customarily, unnoted),which I call the,"Invisible Ingredient"
Whose existence assures that there is always, "*another explanation*" for everything.

One Way to "Try-And-Get-By" In The City:

Hold your nose and -- strike a pose."

A man who does not become his own private thinker
Becomes his own living dinosaur in his own life time.

In a land of divided loyalties -- (where hormones & neurons struggle for supremacy) --
The king should stay jumpy and alert.

What IS the past? -- or at least with a real thinker -- what should it be?, other than
A small grease spot in the highway
That he passed over and forgot about -- years-s-s and years-s-s ago!?

Two things do "*plain talk*" & "*point-blank-thought*" reveal: Another view -- another reality.

Harsh thoughts take too long to digest.

-- criticism equals *gas*. --

Civilization: *That city Professional who can both stick his finger in your eye, and
Make you feel guilty about flinching.*

Guilt: *The "Little death"*.

Without a biased reference point, nothing can be described or explained,
But without a lack of one -- neither can anything new.

City news -- *History in the makin'*;
City thinking -- *Fallen cakes a'bakin'*.

Amongst simple people, mere peculiarity can pass for originality;
Among animals, eccentricity is not long tolerated;
With the more civilized of men, its forbearance is also of limited duration.

Fashion Fact: Birds properly pursue a seasonable wardrobe change,
While cats are expected to remain in their ratty old fur.

In this one alleged fun spot, the Rule Of The House was:

"A man on drugs should talk only to himself."

Neural Panhandling In The Street -- On The Phone

Drop an anger in the cup,

'Fore they say: "Your time is *up*."

In one land,
The king,
(Who sometimes secretly drove a bus on the weekends),
Thought to himself:
"If my priests and philosophers could but better sing, dance, or slam-dunk,
We could have a higher natural ratio of entertainment to seriousness around here."

Since ordinary men don't know what to do with themselves *mentally*,
They're wont to tell others how to *behave*.

This also limns the operational distinction between institutions
and an individual thinker.

One Thinker's Ad Hoc Definition

Human Institutions: *The "Five Whore Sisters" in different dresses.*

Re What Is Seen From Public Positions vs Private Ones:

As curious as it may sound -- public vision is narrow vision,
and only the private, possibly otherwise.

The effort to think, is in essence, a struggle against the past.

In the midst of the journey, one traveler wiped clean his seat window once again and thought:
"Is a thinker truly civilized?.....
There's no doubt he can act so,
But is he really -- *civilized?*...."

There is no intellectual, *rhyme-or-reason* to the matter of survival,
And precious little else to anything otherwise.

A group of people declared:

"The only way we can describe man is by comparisons,
While he yet remains incomparable."

...(Later,

In private,

A near-by woods told them -- not to take it so seriously.)

* If all talk is at heart -- mystical -- then all talk is in essence -- humorous. *

At the edges of the city

You can either -- fuck, fight, or eat your way toward happiness.

Meanwhile,

Later,

Some time after that,

One man's neurons thought: "Where were we in that comment?!"

Disturbing Assurance For The Ordinary

Life is too simple to be *simply* explained.

Tip From This Galaxy's, "Gods' Handbook":

To "*disturb*" a man -- first, tell him what time it is.

A Private Thinker: *A man who can paint himself into a corner
While everyone else believes that they're out in the open,
And then when they think that they're trapped --
Sculpt his way out to the wide-open-spaces.*

A kid,
(With his head turned inside out),
Heralded a personal shout:
"A *blunt* definition can be a *sharp* definition."

A man with too-tight shoes doesn't need a straightjacket;
Bad feet are sufficient distraction for routine neurons.

The Secret Song Of City Artists

*On the edge,
I'm on the edge;
Maybe not the cutting,
And maybe not the edge -- but I'm --
On the edge.*

When it comes to matters-of-the-mind, most people prefer "*used*" information.

- Just as with young birds -- pre-chewed food is safest. -

There is a difference between being original and being different;
Critics, (for instance), are trying to be different --
-- (I assume you catch the distinction now.)

Plain-talk, and *point-blank-thought* have many benefits, and two of them are that,
To the ordinary -- they are meaningless,
While to a thinker -- they mean everything.

Query: If you live in the public world of the city,
Who is the easiest to pacify when they become bored and irritable? --
The simple?, or the sophisticated?

Note To The Neural Squadron Regarding Time

Beyond the survival level, there is never anything in the present to fear.

Dialogue:

"Is it possible to know so much that you no longer have anything to say?",

"You mean, nothing of significance!?",

"Do you have the time?",

"It's eight-thirty."

At the ordinary, civilized level,
Part of neurons' responsibility -- (vis a vis, hormones) --
Is to make just everyday existence seem more complicated than it physically is.
...(And what better description of civilization could you ask for.)

The king can execute you,
And the priest can make you feel guilty,
But of what use is a thinker to the crowd?

Partisan Thought: *Two-ply condoms for the mind.*

All men see clouds,
The ordinary see them as either natural phenomena,
Or in times of calm -- metaphors,
While thinkers see them as both! -- all the time! -- simultaneously.

Until you can think afresh for yourself

You really have no idea just how boring ordinary explanations of life actually are.

If the hormonal life of mankind is like a gigantic armada of cruisers, battleships & destroyers,
Then his neural one is like a fleet of submarines --
Or, you could see this the other way around.

Serious-discussions-about-everyday-affairs *equal*, debates-over-mirages.

A civilized man without ritual and mental habit

Is like a racing ship without a keelor else maybe like a potential thinker, maybe.

The simple are always in the midst of some explanation or the other.

When originality is your navigator,
Creativity, your skipper,
And your own mind your berth --
You need not then give anyone else a wide one.

Thinking that doesn't constantly renew itself is not real thinking.

A Neural Sailor's Law Of The Intellectual Sea:

When your latest dinghy becomes large enough to be a cruise ship -- abandon ship!

To live your private life in public is to spill your guts,
And to "spill your guts" is to eventually have no guts.

Thinkers In The City -- Thinkers On The Farm:

When eagles debate pigs -- neither flies.

Note: In this regard -- pigs don't know, so pigs don't care.

What could be more pleasurable to the blind than to see!?,
And to a thinker, than to -- *think more!*?

Plagiarists never get it right.

While the mind has nothing to truly fear
It remains the seat of man's greatest fears.

Trouble In Paradise: (A poem):

Before man -- there was no paradise;
After him -- *trouble!*

If you do it right --- nobody really *cares* what a thinker does.

"Help!", cried a man's mind, "I'm the victim of a 'drive-by-shooting',
And the license plate on the car said: "The Public".

Some Shouting News

A man with something truly to shout about, doesn't shout.

In neural endeavors, self-reference is always a form of self-destruction.

Humility for monks -- silence for thinkers.

Stress: *Givin' civilization the bad rap.*

Plain-talk, and, point-blank-thought mean nothing 'til you've been through the otherwise.

What then -- (you could ask yourself) -- is the intellectual life of man?,
a debate?, a dance?, an endless tug-of-war?

While the fear of physical suffering can be worse than suffering itself,
The dread of stupidity is in a different league.

If you don't think about "being alive" -- you're not civilized,
And if you think about it too much -- you're too civilized.
What's a poor creature to do!?

In the neural streets of the city,
No one much cares to hear any explanations that doesn't make some one mad.

A man who lives only on hormones is a beast;
One who lives solely on neurons is a wimp;
And one who lives on a little of both is civilized, and forever, mildly uncomfortable.

It's simple -- You can't think while looking back.

A man finally said to himself:
"Do you have the least idea
How little, '*thinking*' has to do with
How you feel -- how you live!?"

One of the passengers; -- as he sat --
Feeling the cravings of his empty stomach,
And observing the state of his aroused sex, thought:
"If I could ever get my neurons to get as excited as my hormones
I'll bet you I could move to a better seat on this bus."

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All routine knowledge -- *begs the question.*

Since: To "survive" is to struggle and compete,
And to "think" is to do so additionally,
What then is the intellectual competition of a real thinker?

The civilized, neural life of man is not all that different from his ferel, hormonal one --
And the denial of this -- (in part) -- is what keeps men civilized, and mentally distracted.

Savory News

A thinker's mind is his own -- feast to go.

Once men can speak and think,

After that, everything they do is an excuse to keep from --

plain-takin', and, point-blank-thoughtin'.

One man's song:

*If we "Are what we eat" then,
I eat me.*

One of man's favorite pastimes is listening to himself talk;
A thinker -- himself think.
Beyond that -- who's to guess!?

On his celebratory, birthday-death bed,
The man who had been the king's priest, philosopher, counselor, and closest confidant,
Said to him: "I told you it wouldn't work."

A kid in a pilot's brain, sang:

*What's to hate!?,
What's to fear!?
It's all in the past --
It's behind me now.*

If you personally

Aren't actively involved in the attempt at -- *intellectual life-extension* --
you're merely dying.

Tairy Fale Trime

There was once a thinker who looked around at where he was and said:
"Why did they send me here?! -- so far away from home!?"