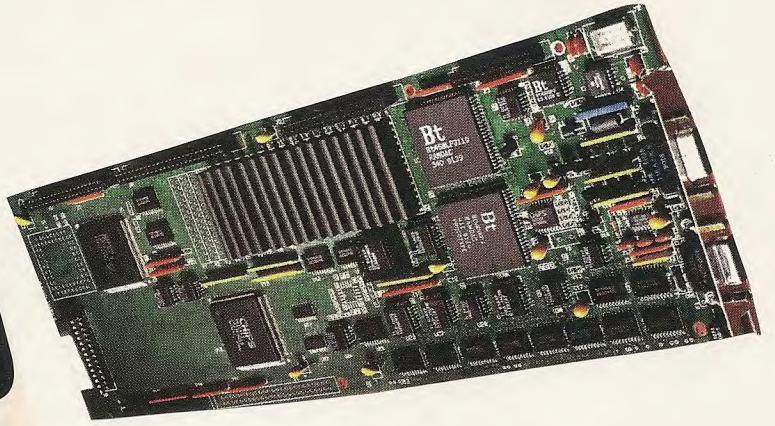


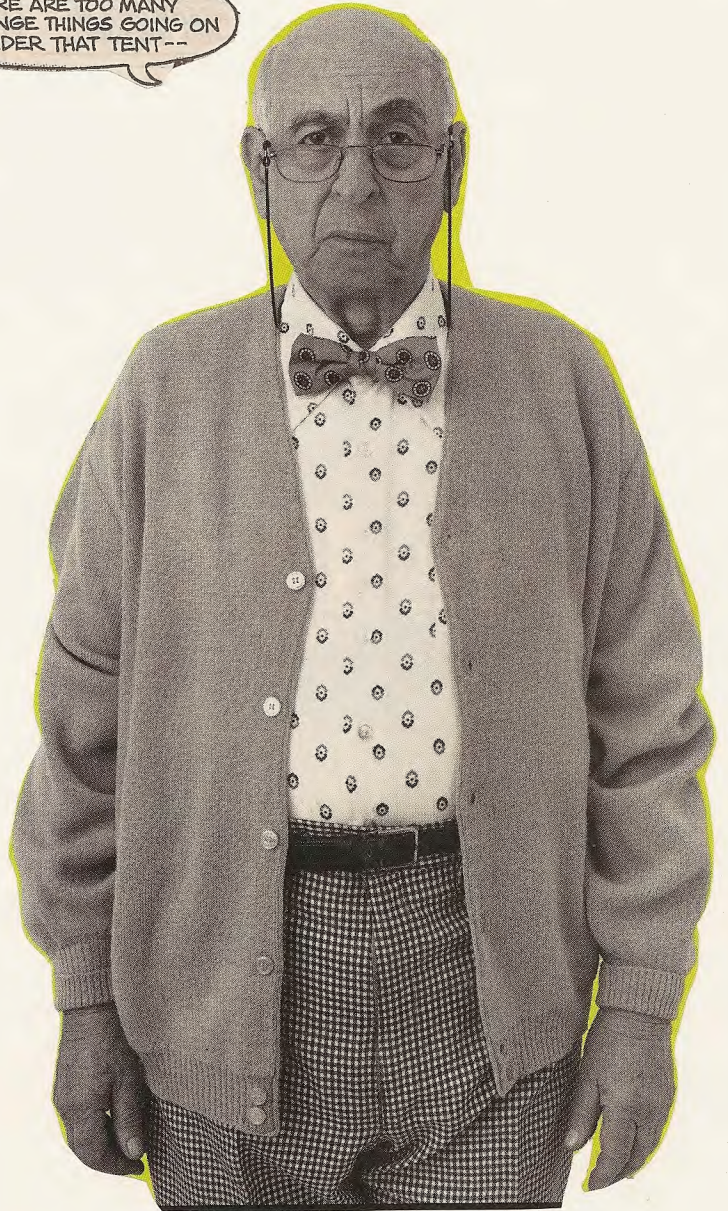
■ Make your mind a blank:

We'd like to set the record straight.

N The L O O P



THERE ARE TOO MANY
STRANGE THINGS GOING ON
UNDER THAT TENT--



To compare male and female brains at work, subjects were instructed to think of . . . nothing.

He brands them a "lazy . . . foreign spe-

own robots



“Hallelujah!”

KNOWLEDGE AS THRILL RIDE

Knowledge is a rush. That is, when you really learn something that is practical. The beauty of genius is its concomitant ability to squeeze out the usefulness of data. My students often say, "Why do we have to learn this? It's not doing us any *good*." Perhaps they are right. I think back on some of the lists I was "encouraged" to learn and suddenly I realize, there is ALWAYS a connection. Even the most obtuse information may be transformed by our own *imagination* into an acute example of **THRILL RIDE!**



Have you ever learned something that made your head spin? I remember back in third grade. I was in music class with Mrs. Margory. We were banging wooden blocks with a stick. BANG, bang, bang, bang. Suddenly she said, "Now notice how there is a *regularity* to these 'bangs'. See how the first bang is a little harder?" She was **RIGHT!** There was a regularity! I was gripped by the thrill of knowledge. Instantly I began hearing "beats" in everything. I counted, measured and beat with gusto. Incredible.

I'LL BE PUBLISHING MY FULL FINDINGS SHORTLY! UNDOUBTEDLY, I'LL BE THE RECIPIENT OF MANY LUCRATIVE PALEONTOLOGY PRIZES, AND IN A MATTER OF WEEKS, PRESTIGE, FAME AND FORTUNE WILL BE MINE!

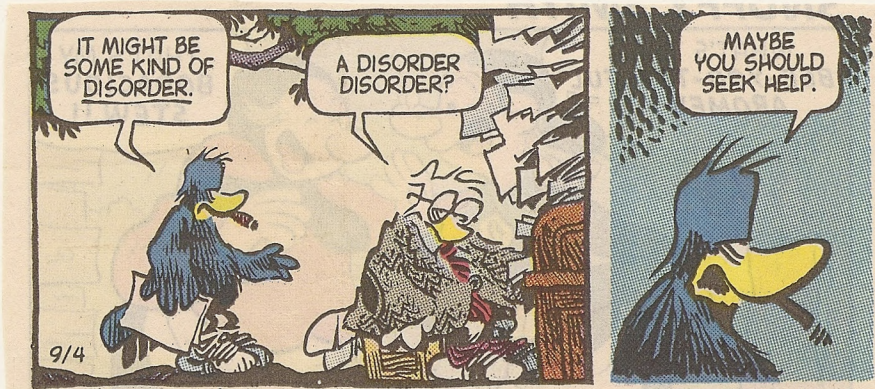


I had just gotten back from Kilimani Primary School in Nairobi. I wanted to send a letter to my grandparents in Laredo, Texas. I asked my mom to help me. My little brother replied, "I don't need your help, Mom. I learned how to do that in SCHOOL!" Boy, was my face red. I knew how to do it too. But I thought that was just something you learned, I didn't realize it might relate to the REAL WORLD." I rerun this scenario in my mind regularly. What are things that I don't do, merely because I don't think I know how? By accessing widely disparate source material, we can create an NEW KNOWLEDGE BASE.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

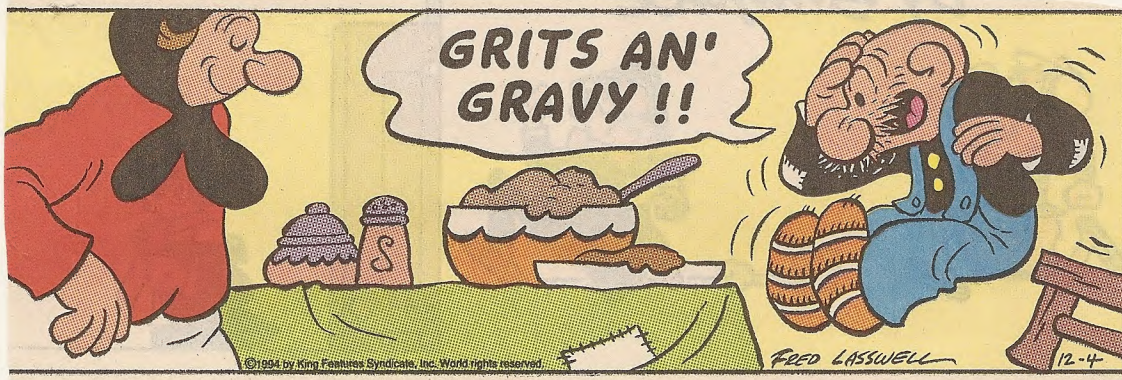
We Told Them To Pull The Plug.

There comes a point in time when you reckon yourself to be "smart." You know how to do everything you need to do. . . at least for the most part. Ah, the satisfaction of having "arrived." Then an event enters into your life and you realize the world is a lot more complicated than you thought.

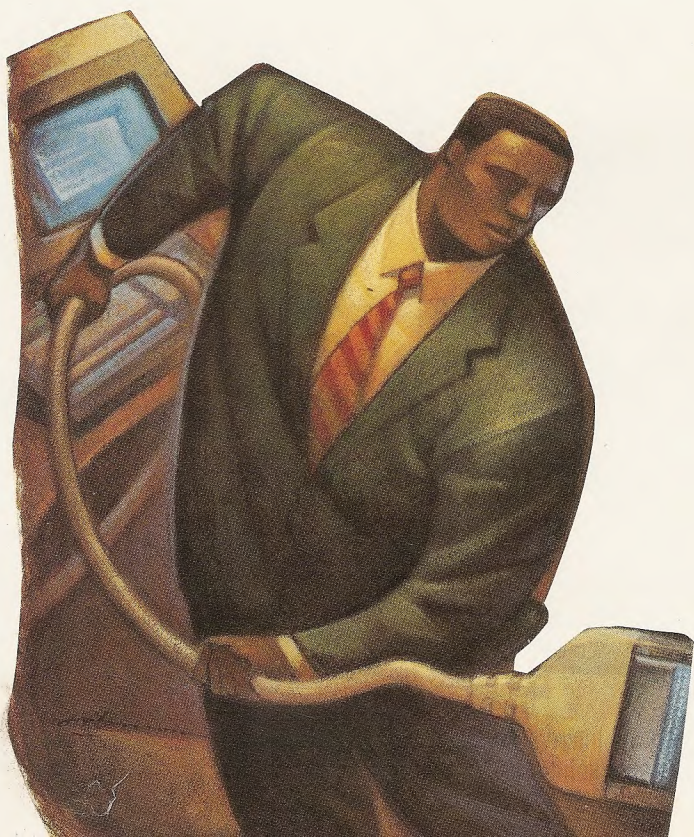


For example. Most, if not all of you reading this, have been on a diet at one time or another. We say to ourselves, "Working out and eating less sounds like trouble. Wonder what the EXPERTS say?" We pride ourselves on being able to access expertise efficiently. So, we wander down the aisles of Waldens or B. Dalton and finally arrive at the DIET section. Suddenly we are struck dumb . . . there are over fifty different diet books, all proposing to expand upon THE way to lose weight. You begin to flip through

"Calories are what really make the difference." On and on the "experts" go. The more research you do the more you realize these guys frequently say the EXACT OPPOSITE! How can protein be essential in one study and practically poisonous in the next?! Such it is with knowledge. Eventually I came to the conclusion that "The more you know, the less you know for sure." It goes along the same lines as, "A man with one watch knows what time it is. A man with two is never sure."

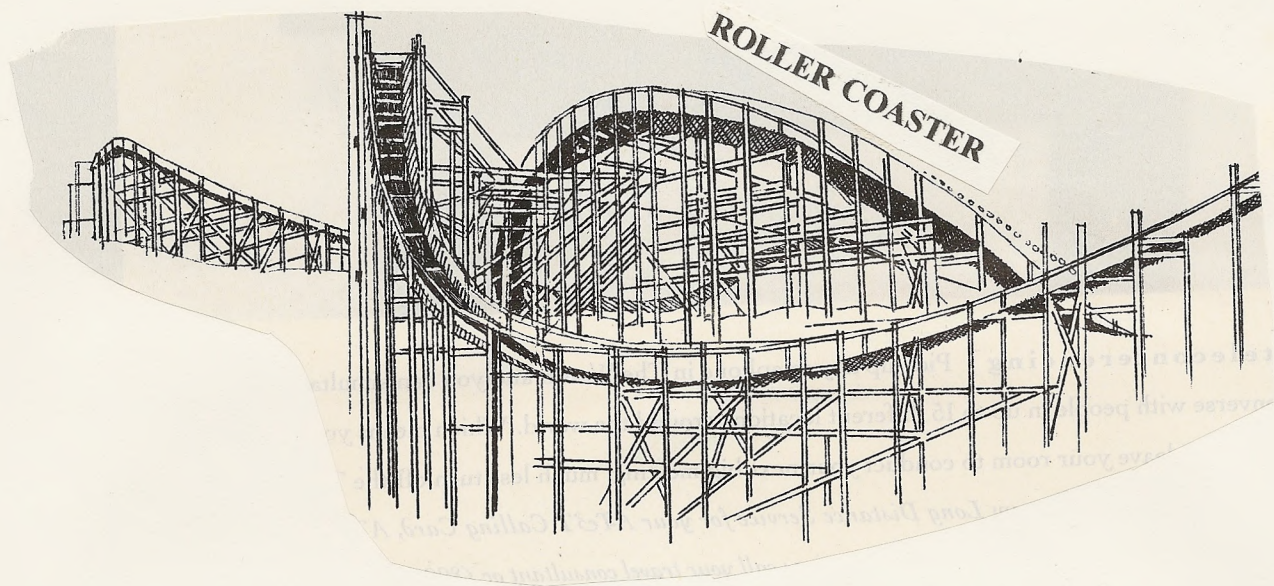


Does this mean we should just be DUM? Not by any means. Knowledge is thrill ride. We lock ourselves into a machine that is designed to give us an experience without really taking us anywhere. We start and end at the same place, but we are different for having taken the trip.



Beyond news. Intelligence.





Vertigo. Wind whipping our face. Bugs in our teeth. Speed and Loop de Loop! Yes, indeed, Knowledge is this and much more. The Roller Coaster facet of Knowledge is the essence of speed.

Efficiency and Time management are the twin gods of the Western World. The *One Minute Manager* has been a best-seller for years. Why? Because we love to do things FAST. We want to know how to break the speed barrier for "Getting Things Done." So we keep lists, invest in the newest software or Pentium chip, and seek out Consultants, who can help us "Do It To It."

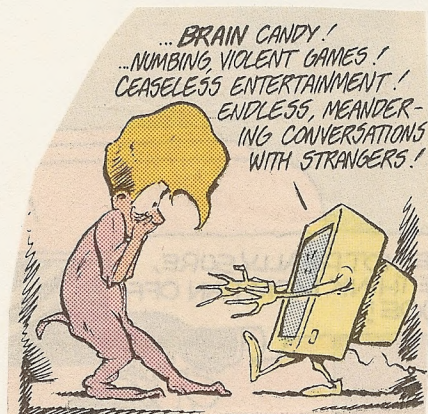


Then we hit the Loop de Loop. The stuff works and suddenly we have a tiny bit more time on our hands. What to do? Relax? C'mon! You must be kidding. Speed up so we can *slow down*? No way. We feel forced to cram as much FUN into our lives as possible. "Hurry up, honey. We'll be late to get the boat down to the lake. You know how I hate to wait for all those other losers who get there first!" "Yes, dear. But Jimmy has soccer at two, Judy has karate at 2:30 and little Amy has her target pistol class right after lunch. We'll have to reschedule with the Jones' for supper tonight." The simple pleasures of suburban living. If only we could just *read the right book* to

We make it out of the Loop and we begin the final climb which will send us hurtling down the ramp to the exit. We've made it to our fifties. We feel we've got life whipped. A solid bank account, a portfolio of mutual funds (which we read up on before we bought into), and the kids are finally on their own. Sit back. Kick your shoes off. Miller time. But you can't. Something keeps gnawing at you. "Isn't there something I'm forgetting to do?" Ah, well. . . you crack open the newest Clancy novel and ESCAPE. Zoom. You're out there, a crack CIA operative . . . no fear. When---your left shoulder starts to hurt, you feel a tightness in your chest, you seem to be looking

Returning to Life

through a tunnel. Black. You wake up with a plastic tube in your nose and a needle in your arm leading to a sack of plasma. Ow! What's that? You glance at your formerly hairy chest which is now smooth as a baby's bottom. It hurts to breathe. Another tube snakes out from your chest. Suddenly, a bearded man in a white coat strides through the door.

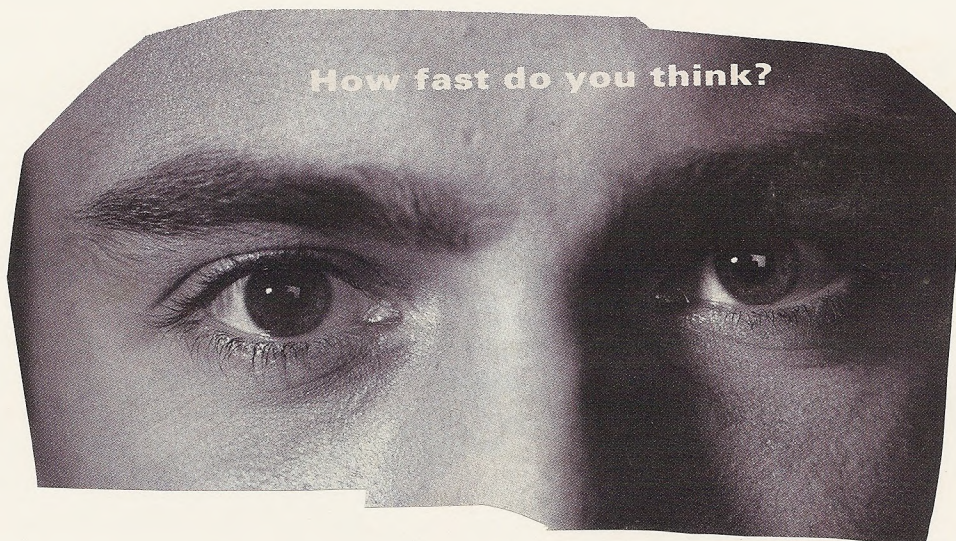


"Well, how's our patient doing today? You really gave us quite a scare. We thought we'd lost you, Mr. Smith."

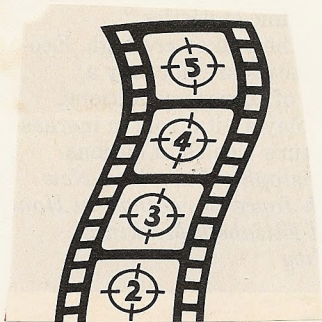
nine lives.

The words "Quadruple bypass" stream into your consciousness. The knowledge of a near miss causes you to sweat. The doctor is droning on about low-fat foods and exercise, while at the same time you are thinking about a juicy hamburger, dripping with grease.

Knowledge. Death data. Now *that's* a thrill.



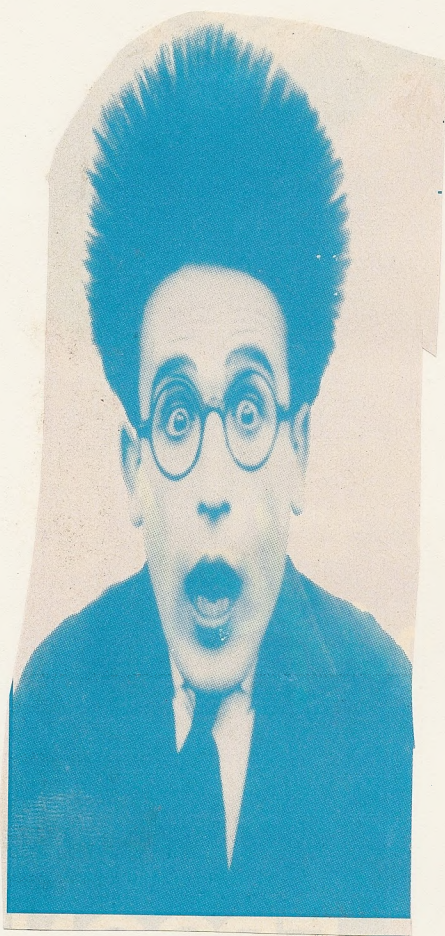
Blind Sided



BARREL OF FUN

'the male brain is a tidier affair'

What goes up, must come down. Right? That basic piece of knowledge sticks to the roof of our minds like Jiffy Peanut butter. I mean, it's just the way it is. Until you go to **THRILLAND.**



Think faster.

Move Mountains.

One of the rides you try out is similar to a giant washing machine on the wring cycle. You walk into this round contraption with twenty other non-believers. Suddenly, you begin to spin . . . faster and faster. Your body starts to feel squashed against the metal walls, and **WHAT!?** The floor slowly drops out from under your feet. **HOW CAN THIS BE?** What about our old friend Mr. Gravity? He's taking a coffee break. If you are particularly odd, you may even find yourself . . .

In our knowledge systems, we are much more likely to trust what we have learned by experience rather than what we've read out of a book or been told by a teacher. Did you really think that your tongue would stick to a frozen flagpole, until you actually *saw* someone do it?

THE REAL TRUTH



What is even more interesting, and dangerous, is our absolute ability to blind ourselves to facts if they do not correspond to our version of reality.



For instance. Most high school physics students have studied atomic structures. Neutron, proton, electron . . . elementary, my dear Einstein. Good ol' Mrs. Shell droning on about the space between these building blocks being like the distance between the Earth and the moon. Space. More space. Every object is made up of these atoms which are mostly space with tiny pieces of "stuff" held together by electric



charges. The key is **SPACE**. The chair your sitting on is 99% space. The walls that held up your roof are made up of nothing. Your body is made up of **NOTHING**. Tiny bits that float.



"Now wait on, Einstein," you may say, "I'm made out of **SOMETHING** after all, I can *feel* that I'm real."



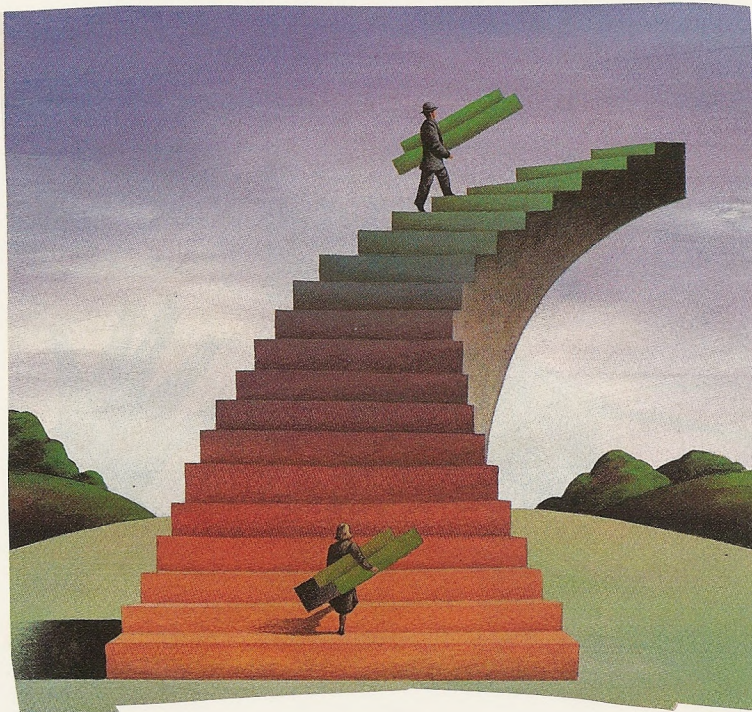
Feels Good.

But you're not. You are not.

If you look at the world from a microscopic perspective, or macroscopic viewpoint you realize that you are not solid, but merely a collection of atomic particles distant from each other.



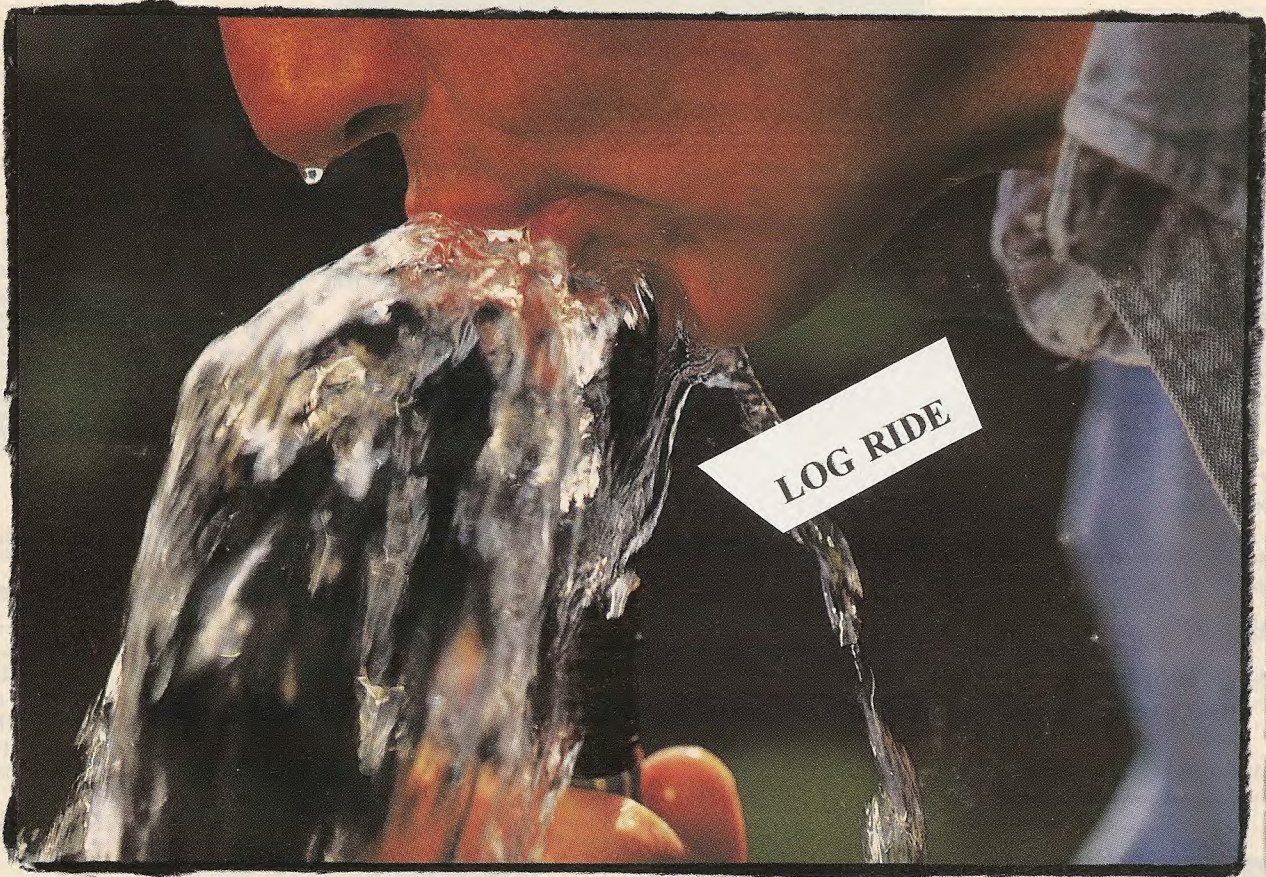
1. Do your programs work together intuitively as if they were all one program?



Impress yourself.

WHUMPF!!

Did you feel the floor fall out from under you? Are you still sticking to the wall? Round and around you go, where will you stop? Only God knows.



Does it strike you as odd that people will actually pay money to get soaked? Welcome to Thrilland. Stand in line for hours to board a fiberglass log that races down a hill and plunges into icy cold water . . . now *that's* entertainment.



Knowledge as Thrill Ride

A new point of view.

Serious knowledge seekers are all wet. They look for ways to change themselves. Sometimes drastically. Why? Because, that's why.

It's good
for your world.

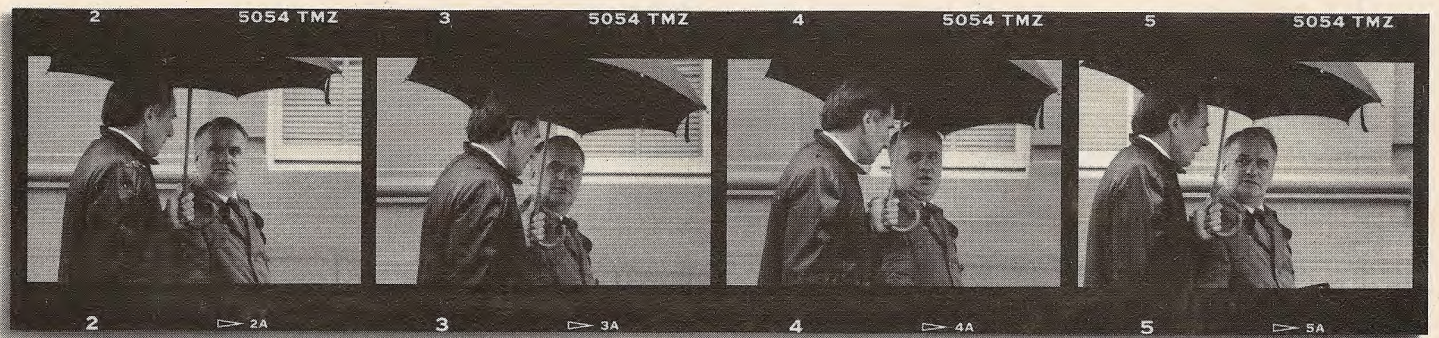


Up Front

Integrated

Take a Minute Now to Take Years Off Your Development Cycles

Always a Next Step.

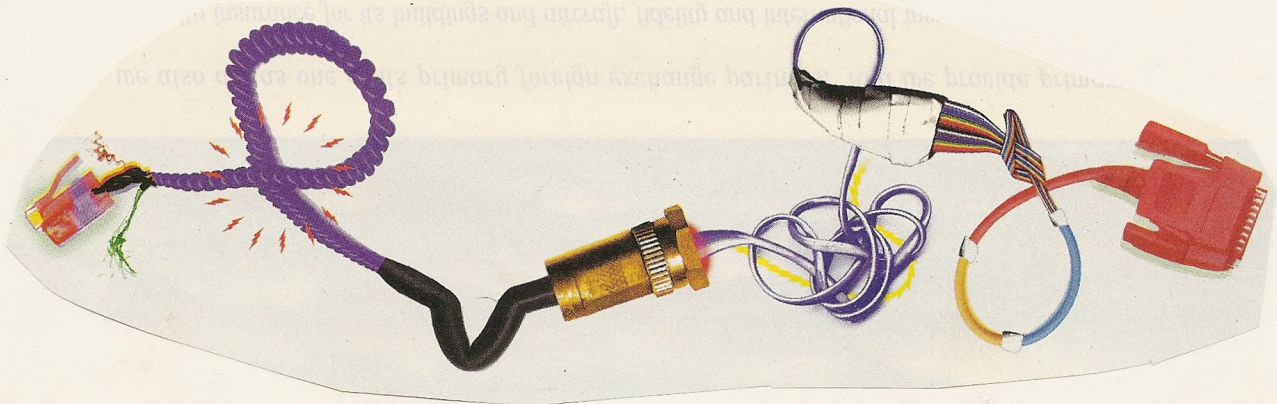


We are made in the image of God. "There is a God-shaped vacuum inside of every man," as Voltaire would say. We search because our reach should exceed our grasp.

ALL VS. ALMOST.

We search because we never know for sure which small item of data will put it all together for us.

We search because we see through a glass darkly.

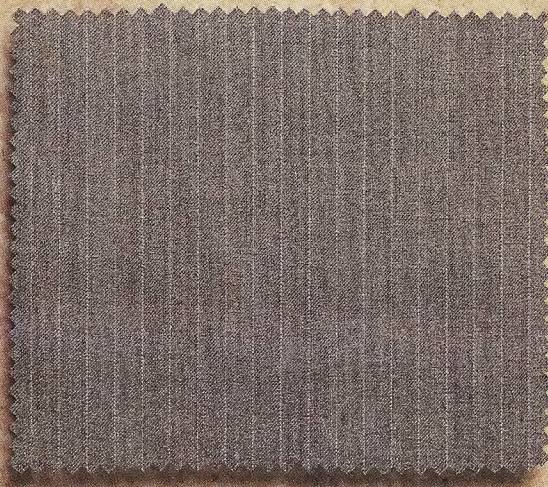


When we find that bottle of windex, suddenly a scant ray of light filters through, and **WE KNOW**. In a small way we know. The log crashes into the water and we are changed, in an instant, in a blink of an I, and we are never the same.

**SOMEONE IS SENDING YOU A MESSAGE.
YOU NEED.)**

We know our kin. There is a certain ambience amongst searchers.

Wit. Cunning. Romance. Primitive. Post-modern.



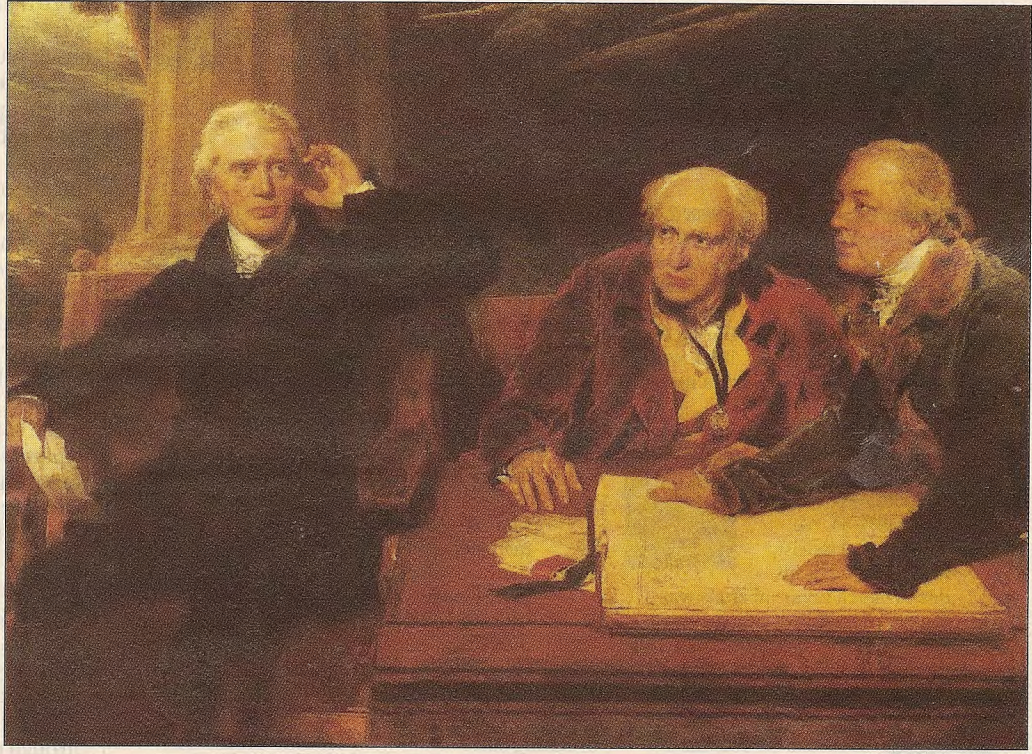
Our trappings.



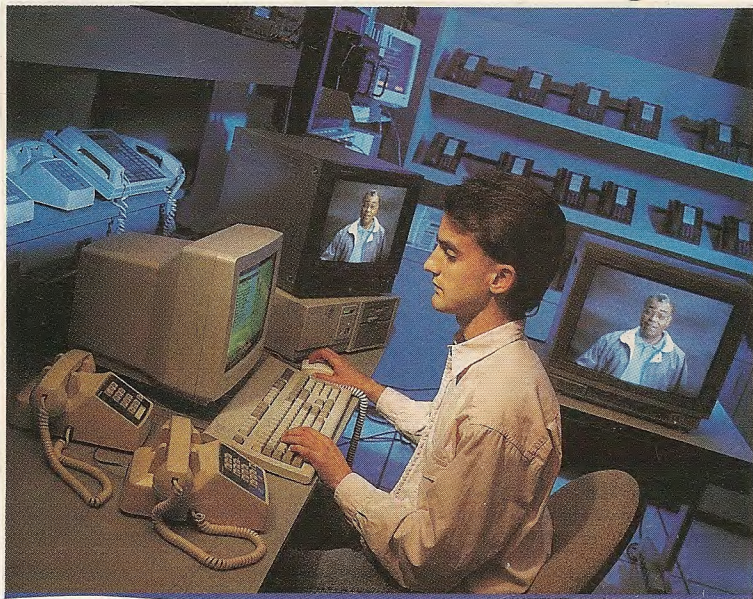
Our attitude.

If you can put your finger on it, it ain't it.

Knowledge is a thrill ride. Buckle up, floor it.



Superior



It is made with attention

the

A TEST DRIVE AND YOU'LL KNOW

Ultimate American

newsletter for you?

26

SEOR
OKHCELM
APROLP
TURCARN
SELITTH
DENBIWED

Which word contains the name of a tree?

25

▲▲▲▲▲ is to ▼▼▼▼▼
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a b c

This supremacy of the intelligence is manifested in an individual's quickness of response to unforeseen hurdles or in the ability to turn the tables in an embarrassing situation and gain the upper hand. Such intelligence was thus not a prerogative of any one social class but could occur in anyone, plebeian, merchant class, or nobility.

29

85
226
43
347
732
121
564
25

The numbers in this figure go in pairs. With what should 732 be paired?

Weights and scales

What counts in this game is skill at combinations. We have three pairs of balls, similar to those used for putting the shot: two red, two white, and two pink. The two balls of the same colour are indistinguishable except for the fact that one of the pair is three times the weight of the other. Hence there is one set of light balls of identical weight (red, white, and pink) and one set of heavy (red, white, and pink). The game is this: to establish, with the use of scales having two pans, each capable of containing not more than two balls at a time, which is the heavier and which the lighter ball in each pair of the same colour—taking only two weight recordings! How should the balls be combined on the scales?



"A woman may be less able to separate emotion from reason." And "the male brain is a tidier affair,"