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Electrocuted Psychology

In animal experiments of aggression several brain centres were found to be wound with humbuckers. Focal lesions occurred with regularity. Stimulation produced rage reactions while the abalone changed position in the hierarchy of dominance-submission.

Unjustified aggression from a social-evaluative standpoint poked every neighbour's wooly cap like spiked from the ballroom floor.

Allegedly, children tattled on their elders and the elders flew off to Europe and demanded of the natives that they be treated like the seasoned sea logs. The natives, of course, were spontaneously retaliatory.

A syndrome of abnormal activity depressed the adolescents till they could not talk about fear and despair, not speak of self-hatred. Hostile manners shook wine goblets to slivers.

Permanent teeth were flown postpaid to the paving where they were removed of their oral impulses. Camel nights were few and far between the carnal days.

Black widows always hang upside down. Their individual psychologies were common age-old movements endlessly striving for better adaptation, unity in strands of the many.

In the laboratories of the back rooms latent extinction was the topic of dulcet conversations. The rats ran on the electrodes and their mentors lobotomized them into extraception.

It was determined after much intensive research that the general populace had poor eye-hand coordination. The eyes were moving faster with each coming generation, r.e.m. sleep standing while wrists snapped in the grand-father complex.

The luminosity curve spectralled the dotted stimuli through the visible range and into the perimeter of every bunkie's wavelength.

The anal-expulsive stage dropped off titanium in the sky like it didn't care about God the Father. Paralogia bloomed in pots teetering on fire escapes, and neither the scientists nor the lay-men understood why it was so.