



The Thinker Mandela Effect Is a Headache

By Noel Joshua Hadley

3/7/23

IF your former reality was one in which the Thinker sculpture had the backside of his fingers pressed to his forehead then I am with you. We think alike. His chin is resting upon his hand now, which is no longer clenched, but that is only the beginning of his cognitive problems. The dude invokes a whole new level of Mandela because it is not just one Effect we're dealing with, but two or three and maybe even dozens. We're facing a multiplex of paradoxes, and it is very difficult to know which is the right one. Even my own memory may not be the original. Assuming his history has not been altered as well, then *this* is what we know.

The Thinker was initially named The Poet and was part of a large commission begun in **1880** for a doorway surround called 'The Gates of Hell'. I am nabbing this information from Wikipedia, by the way. [Follow along](#). Typically, I like to paste snippets from



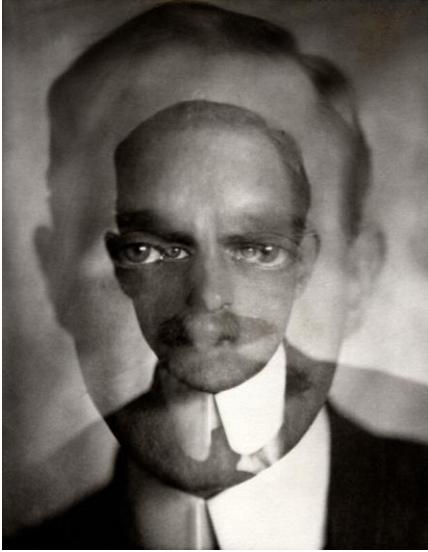


screenshots to prove that I'm not making this information up, and also because the Boys down at the Lab like to tinker with the facts after publishing papers such as this one but I'm willing to play the game of Russian Roulette with the chuck wagon of fact checkers if you are. The artist's name was **Auguste Rodin**. Rodin based his doorway on the 14th century poem 'The Divine Comedy' by **Dante**, leading many to believe the nude figure is none other than the famed poet sitting at the gates of Hell.

The Thinker has been cast in multiple versions and is found around the world, but the history of the progression from models to castings is still not entirely clear. About 28 monumental-sized bronze casts are in museums and public places. In addition, there are sculptures of different study-sized scales and plaster versions (often painted bronze) in both monumental and study sizes. Some newer castings have been produced posthumously and are not considered part of the original production.

Okay, fine. I caved, and in so short a span. I lasted only a paragraph without taking out the scissors and glue stick this time around, but then look at that information, why don't you? There are **28** monumental-sized bronze casts strewn about our flat, motionless realm. That's important to note, and I can only assume the ME has altered every last one of them (though of that we should never be too entirely certain). It's not what I wanted you to see though. Read the first sentence. "The history of the progression from models to castings is still not entirely clear." Why is its origins story so vague? It's not like we're dealing with obscure artwork. Rodin commissioning 28 statues to art museums and government buildings across the world tells me his work was a wild success. There should be documentation. I'm thinking the historians have been thrown into confusion due to conflicting information. Because of *you know what*. Even its origins story may have gotten its wires crossed in the Mandela Effect.

What *is* apparently agreed upon is that Rodin's first full-scale model was presented at the Salon des Beaux-Arts in Paris in **1904**. A public subscription then financed a bronze casting, which became the property of the City of Paris, and was put in front of the Panthéon. In **1922**, the original bronze was moved to the Rodin Museum.



Around the same time, Shaw introduced Rodin to the photographer Alvin Langdon Coburn. Both Shaw and the photographer witnessed the unveiling of Rodin's *The Thinker*, so decided to imitate Rodin's iconic sculpture. Shaw suggested that Coburn make a nude photographic portrait of him, in the same pose as the sculpture.

Adding to the mystery is a personal friend of Rodin's, **George Bernard Shaw**. Artuk.org has Shaw introducing Rodin to the photographer **Alvin Langdon Coburn**. Both Shaw and the photographer witnessed the unveiling of Rodin's *Thinker* sculpture, assumedly in **1904**, and then decided to imitate Rodin's iconic sculpture. Shaw suggested that Coburn make a nude photographic portrait of him **in the same pose as the sculpture**. Follow the link to Art UK and tell me what they don't show you. Shaw's imitation of Rodin's sculpture. Strange since they think to mention it and the entire page is all about showing off his various portraits. Well, I am showing it to you. *Busted*. Yes, that is how I remember the thinker pose as well, mostly. Though I think Shaw's position is still off. I'll show you which one I think is correct in a little while.

No wonder why the modern historians are thrown into confusion. Rodin's closest friend was there for the unveiling and even wanted to help steer his creation towards the goal of a cultural icon but then couldn't manage to mirror the very portrait he was so carefully aiming to mimic. *Right*. If it is the *Thinker's* modern incarnation that we are using

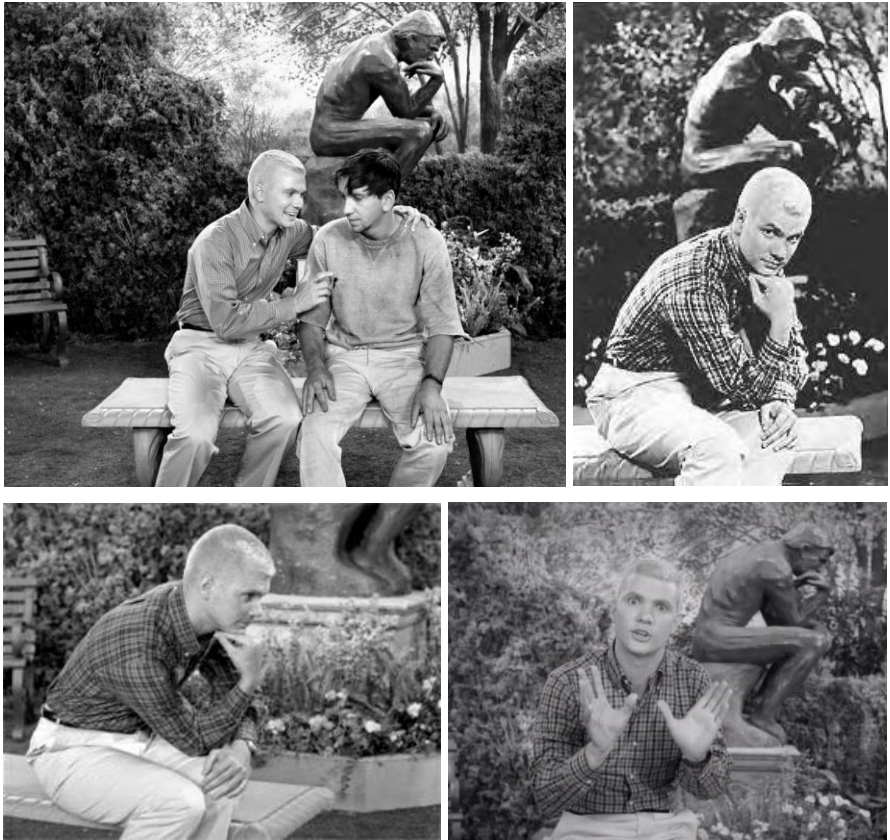
for a plum line, then the only thing he correctly managed is that they're both nude, seated, and thinking.



Complications ensue when Shaw posed once again as a thinking model in [1910](#), four years after initially helping to popularize his friend's artwork. The latest rendition is slapped haphazardly together. He is seated outside with his shoes on, and it seems quite apparent that he's amusing himself with a last-minute improvisation to his swimming or sunbathing engagement. Nobody seems to remember this picture. I'm not saying it appeared out of nowhere though the option is most certainly on the table. It certainly wasn't circulated like Coburn's nude, because really, aside from one of his repressed homosexual lovers, who would actually want to take a second look at this garbage? I'm sorry to show it to you. Who said detective work doesn't require getting our fingernails dirty?

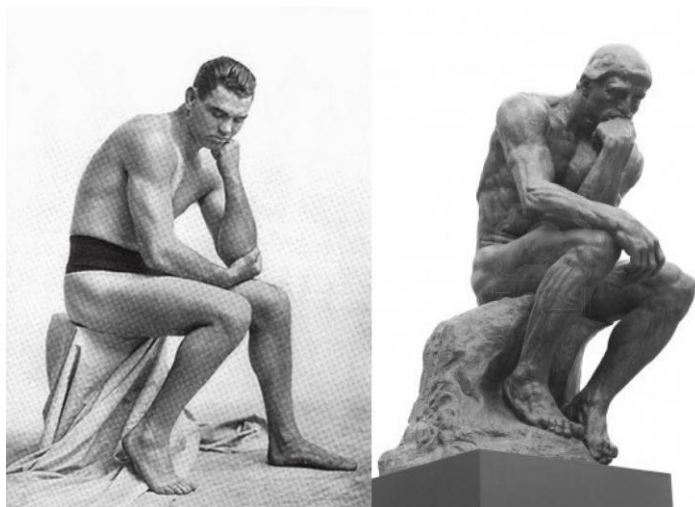
The normies claim we're looking at the real thing but that just goes to show how terrible their observation skills are. If it is a modern rendition of Rodin's sculpture he's after, then he has completely failed on nearly every level. The wrong hand is resting upon his chin and his other fingers should be hanging comfortably over the kneecap. That's not what we're

given though. Is it another rendition of The Thinker from an alternate dimension? Oh no. Just no. Please, no.



‘The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis’ aired during Kennedy’s Camelot era, and though the show was before my time, I was able to catch some short-lived reruns on ‘Nick At Nite’ back in the day. The Thinker episode wasn’t one of them. I wish I could tell you’ve I’ve seen it, but in the very least there are some stills of Dobie Gillis nuzzling up to co-star **Bob Denver** of ‘Gilligan’s Island’ fame, already typecast as a pot smoking beatnik, and the Thinker sculpture in the background, you know. I will ask you to take a closer look at him though. No, not Dobie. The sculpture. It’s completely different from Rodin’s modern molding and in fact falls somewhere in the ballpark of Shaw’s 1910 portrait. Dobie does manage to model himself after the sculpture presented to him, and from the looks of it, they went out of their way to get it right.

I will remind you again that our current reality does not bend to the molding which Dobie is offering. Nor does my own memory, telling us that there are perhaps multiple ME swaps being overlaid together. The Thinker's left elbow should be pressed upon his left leg—though here it is his right upon the left. Everything is swapped. Rather interestingly, Dobie's hand is cupped over his knee, whereas the modern incarnation has his fingers kind of just dangling there. That's the way I remember the Thinker, with his hand cupped over a knee, even if Dobie's statue plays off like a mirror image.

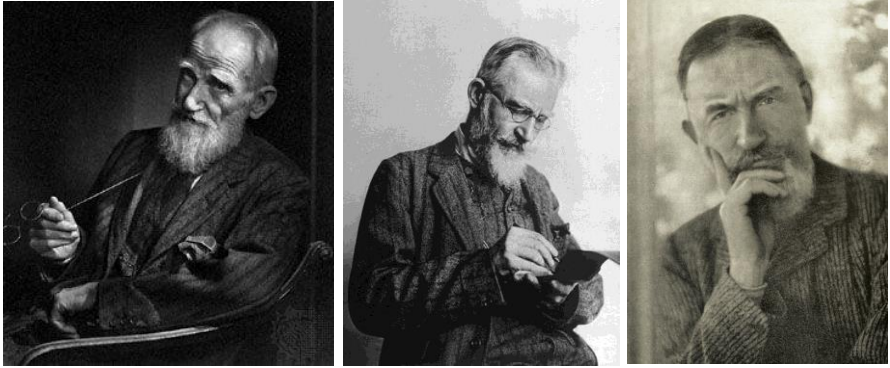


I'm not so certain about the context of this photo but it appears as though we are once again being treated to another Thinking mimicker, in which we are pressed to consider any number of ME changes throughout the decades, much of which left behind a paper trail.

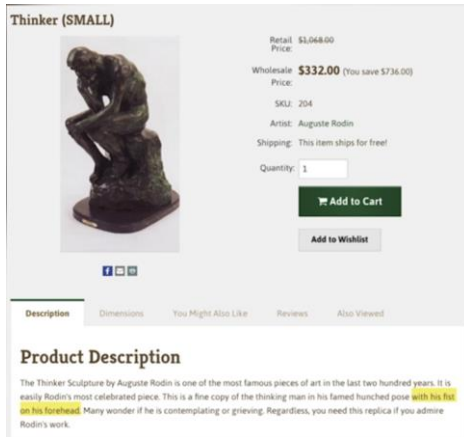


Not even the **1989** IBM [commercial](#) manages to stick the landing. Or does it? For once The Thinker has his knuckles pressed to his forehead rather than the chin—just as I remember him. Gotta give credit where it is due. Also, it is his right hand rather than his left as well, which feels a whole

lot more natural for the average person. His left fingers are cupped over the kneecap. *Wait a second.* This *is* the Thinker sculpture! Well, I'll be. In the very least it is how the sculpture is recollected in my memory. How do you remember him? Appropriate, since the commercial is from my childhood. I turned 9 in 1989. And look what is happening. IBM is turning Thinker sculptures out on a production line like it's nobody's business. How embarrassing for a computer company if they got the pose wrong. It would be like saying they were mass producing a faulty product.



Returning once more to George Bernard Shaw, would you say he is right-handed or left-handed? I tried to seek the answer on the Intel-net, but Google wouldn't spill the beans. This will once again require detective work. I am showing you three photos and would surmise he was right-handed. Well then, according to the Coburn photo, it was his left-hand pressed to his forehead and that would feel very unnatural for any philosophical or poetic thinker. Some of you will tell me that is further evidence that the 1904 GBS studio portrait *is* the correct one but I'm here to tell you that they're both wrong. Perhaps they were accurate at one time and who is to say my version is the final authority. All I can tell you is that the 1989 computer commercial depicts the representative Thinker of my former reality, and I'm willing to bet there are thousands if not millions of others who will agree with me.



There's a smaller sized bust of the Thinker sculpture up for sale. \$332.00 Americanos if you're interested. On sale from \$1,068.00. That's a \$736.00 savings! What are you waiting for!? Also, this version is right-handed whereas the modern sculpture is not, so that's a plus. His knuckle's to the chin though. Close but no cigar. No wonder why it's on sale. Nobody wants *that* version. *But wait.* Take a look at the product description. "...with his first on his forehead." It's in the fine print. Why the discrepancy? What is going on and why do the product descriptions disagree with the products in our current reality?

Male Nude in "Thinker" Pose



Other references to the Thinker pose can be found all throughout the art and entertainment world, as we would expect of a cultural relic, though none can agree. Is his hand pressed to his forehead or his chin and then secondly which of the two hands are we going with?



Melissa Taylor
@OKMeToo2

...

Replying to @KhronoShift

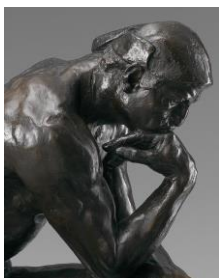
I'm 67 yrs old, at age 12 I began getting migraine headaches. I remember seeing a picture of "The Thinker" and wondering if he got migraines too, since he had his forehead resting on his fist. I remember fist to forehead. And I don't get migraines anymore :)

7:52 AM · Oct 26, 2018

I've come across a great deal many phenomenal comments during this research project, many of which connect memories with sound logic, and here is one of them. A 67-year-old Melissa Taylor specifically recalls the fist to the forehead because at the age of 12 she fell victim to migraine headaches and identified the Thinker with her plight in life. Thank Yah, she no longer has them. Still though, that's about as spot on as somebody with diabetes wondering how the Cookie Monster doesn't succumb to their circumstances.

A headache sounds about right. The context in all of this originally is Dante. Tell me, if you had just been given a tour of torment and were presently sitting at the gates of Hell, rethinking your life, would you press your hand to your chin or your forehead? One pose speaks of inner turmoil, maybe even spiritual anguish, whereas what we're given is more of a *hmmm* moment. I'm not seeing Tylenol or Aspirin with what we're given, though might I suggest a more holistic approach to the problem solving of good health.

The theme for Gates of Hell was taken from Dante's Inferno, and this figure, planned for the lintel on top, was initially conceived as the poet himself. His nudity, though, marked him as a universal embodiment of every poet—every creator—who draws new life from the imagination. In the late 1880s Rodin began to exhibit the figure, sometimes with the title Poet, other times as Poet/Thinker. By 1896, however, it had become simply The Thinker, a still more universal image that reveals in physical terms the mental effort and even anguish of creativity. As Rodin himself described: "What makes my Thinker think is that he thinks not only with his brain, with his knitted brow, his distended nostrils and compressed lips, but with every muscle of his arms, back, and legs, with his clenched fist and gripping toes."



And there you have it. The Thinker's own creator has been caught clench fisted. Really, there's no better way of saying it. I am showing you a quote from the [National Gallery of Art](#), and it's attributed to Auguste Rodin. Here is how he described his own masterpiece. "What makes my Thinker think is that he thinks not only with his brain, with his knitted brow, his distended nostrils and compressed lips, but with every

muscle of his arms, back, and legs, with his **clenched fist** and gripping toes.” *Busted*. Anyone who recalls the outstretched fingers as it appears today does not share the same memories as the man who sculpted them.



As if the present ME couldn't get any creepier, how in the world are so many people mimicking the Thinker and still getting the pose wrong? Their fists are to their forehead. Just look over your shoulder, lady. There's even what looks to be school children on a field trip and not one chaperone thinks to tell them misrepresenting the sculpture seated right behind them. *Unbelievable*. Welcome to the Mandela Effect if you haven't been properly greeted already.