

Fresh intelligence can lack a perceivable center of gravity.

A percipient hermit is one with custom ear-sight.

One fairly rebelluous father told his son, "If you can't 'take it on the chin' where ARE you gonna take it?"

Over in another place this one ole sore-head told one even older than himself, "Hey, just because they tell you that you're'old and in the way' doesn't mean you're all  $\frac{that}{t} \text{ old.}$ 

Whilest tuned to their media-spectrum on a certain green-shifted planet

near the Fourth Quadrant, I discovered a quiz show that was the current rage, and that evening's excitement was climaxed by this exchange with the final contestant; the quiz master asked, "Of all the important opposites, such as, life & death, good & evil, truth & error, one & many, and so on, which, dear contestant, which of the eternal opposites is THE most important?", and the quiz taker instantly replied, "Believing there is an answer to this question."

On this one little planet where numbers seem to count for as much as

does boredom, their number one best seller for the summer was a book wherein twenty-seven celebrities each lists their eleventh most favorite restaurant, and then give their eighteenth most liked chemical formula.

One fleeting father told his quirkily quick son, "Speak as well of nouns as you would the dead.", and the genetic spirt replied, "And I'll just bet I'm not supposed to ask why."

In my following physical exposition of

an emotional dynamic keep
in mind that the psychological
term I use refers not to some
aberrant behavior, but to the
general condition of mankind...
...got that?, o.k., here 'tis:
Lonliness is the
cause of
schizophrenia.

The "true enemy" of the Revolutionist is always his close kin.

Not too long ago, one of the newer gods, standing amidst his cohorts, suddenly shouted out, "Have any of you figured out yet what the hell to do?"

The future cannot be told inthat there is no.

There was one tribe of being, so conservatively centralized that they refused to live in any solar system that defined the word "masturbation."

Amongst my recent correspondance was a letter from our in-law galaxy
from a chap in Finland-But-NotThat-Finland, who says that after
listening carefully to, and
scrupulously brooding over my
ideas he's decided that if I
ever did want a name for this
he volunteers this one, "Beyond
'Holdin'er In The
Road'."

First time I've run across this: At this other ripening planet where

I recently made a quick stop

over, they have a strictly

enforced "dress code for the

mind."

An out of work dishwasher I met over in that sudsy galaxy told me that
each year he waited to be
"spiritual" until just after
the major religious holidays
when the gods were seriously
"on sale."

The place wherein symbols have reached their manifold attainment is that time wherein symbols no longer represent anything specific.

One ole forward looking sore-head says that when he dies he wants to go to a place where you can "be naughty without being nice."

A slightly irregular fellow I fell in with, just over that way, informed me that his primary goal now was to collect those kinds of ideas with a high R-factor to best insulate his mind from inclemency.

There is this band of kinda, "traveling gypsy rebells" over in the sixth quadrant, who have painted on the side of one of their space wagons this,

"If you're gonna be fat, be real, real fat, and If you're gonna be dumb, be exceedingly so, but If you're gonna be smart, just a little bit will do."

As the future more and more finds it's space here, the fear of the gods is the coming of  $_{\bullet}$  man.