One bright fellow
(after exclaiming - "Ye gads!")
confided that the worst of the headaches came
whenever what the Revolution said, "Almost makes sense."

"You are who you are because of what you are.",
declared the ole man, and his kid said,
"I thought it was the other way around?" - "It is.", he replied, "It is."

Another chap told me that he would consider moving ONLY if he could live closer to himself.

In one quite civilized City
the lenghty name of the latest, popular bar is,
"Wars And How Men Miss The Movement Of Mobs".

Footnotes are part of the text, excuses, of the performance.

On this one planet
all of the people had guns,
but only the king had bullets,
and on a neighboring world
all the people had bullets
but only the king had a gun;
One day the Parliament of one of the worlds
proposed there be unrestricted migration allowed between them,
and the populace of both orbs were so amazed
they were rendered immobile.

The shape of the question affects the contours of the response.

Ordinary mans' perception of the

"inequities of life" is not unlike

the belief that one was born into a family of Teamsters,

but was then forced to live their life;

under the rules of the U.A.W.

 $\dots$  (Expositionary Collateral By-Laws:

- 1. Substitutions are permissible.
- 2. Substitutions are encouraged.
- Substitutions are strictly forbidden. - Meeting ajourned.)

It's hard to trick darkness.

In realities so multifarious and omni-related it is inevitable (maybe) that sometimes somethings can drift over the edge and fall into another actuality; when this happens and it is seen, it is not seen - SEE?

It was just about then that one fellow stood up and made a suggestion.

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One fine day

(it actually wavered between "fine" and "semi-coarse #3")

in his later years,

one ole man sat his kid down softly and said,

"Son, I have come to realize that

some of what I have told you

is not correct, or operational.",

he paused in pensive silence as the younger

methodically unfurled and hung the brightly painted banner that read

"Welcome To The Club."
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Although I suspect some of you have already kinda figured it out,

I'll go ahead and say it out loud - LIFE is the ultimate Institution.

A fellow looked me up to say that if he had a "family motto" it might..." - he interrupted himself to note that in truth he should say that, "If he had a family and then a motto it might...", then I stopped him to say that it was this kind of palaver, and loose thinking that made some of these efforts "Hard to get on with", but he waved his hand in dismissal and continued to say that if he had a family and if the family had a family motto it might be this, "Those Attempting To, 'Save-The-World' Are...", he halted again to say that it might, in its final form, sound better in a "Good Latin Translation", but then I waved my hand as to signal "No matter - on with it please", so on he went, "The motto might be, 'Those Attempting To, "Save-The-World" Are Wrecking Mine.": After several seconds of real bad silence I said that in regards to this entire episode that it was,

"Hardly worth it.", to which he replied -"So what!"

And another, "one-night-at-a-time", operational description of TKS:

Painting oneself into a corner

until the <u>corner</u> doesn't exist.

In this one "never-never...", (well - <u>almost</u> never-land), everyone's final words are both brilliant <u>and</u> incomprehensible.

Part of religion's appeal lies in the intellect's yearn for habit.

While quietly climbing a short tree
over in the City park
I found this note laying on a lower limb;
In its entirety it said,
"The kind of person who won't change their mind
is the same sort who used to court my sister
when she lived out behind my frontal lobes."

In regard to things he should hear about
this one king - guy - janitor, would adamantly insist
 (except on leap year Thursdays) that he, "Didn't wanna hear about it."

....(The balancing act of the most commonplace mind will put to shame the most dead of tight-rope walkers.)

One guy gave himself a resounding slap-to-the-forehead and said he wished he'ld thought of it before.

Okay, still one more fictitious, operational-definition of This:

To help a few fully take in

the nature of their captive individuality

so as to move along.

Every State has two regents though seldom do the people know, and often the ignorance is shared by the powers.

One man used to continually attempt to translate everything he said into a language.

If you're
 late for tea
 you can't overthrow the world.