

First, this ad:

"How To Be A Ventriloquist" - instructional book, \$19.95;  
Free!:"How To Be A Ventriloquist's Dummy' -- Be Alive."

Now -- on to the news!

The critics who complain that professional wrestling is "fake"  
Would probably want to say the same thing -- if they ever got a good look at life.

Yes,

You can stay home and sulk in your room,

But it's just as easy to do it outside -- in your own mind.

The greatest conspiracy possible to perpetrate on man  
Would be to make him think he was smart enough to uncover one if it existed.

Men taking the measure of other men is like the Hormel Brothers judging a pig beauty contest

Some cerebral cells surveyed the scope of life and sighed:

*What an enormity  
Must fit conformity.*

And now this news item,  
Which relates to, "How feedback works within a system." --(or perhaps it doesn't):  
One man says that in an earlier life he was Miles Davis --  
And as a matter of fact -- in the one that Miles just got through with;  
"If true", says the man's widow, "That would explain a lot regarding my  
Husband's behavior in his later years - AND about Miles' playing in the eighties."

Yes,

As all -- yes, all

Of us here in the news room really, really like to say:

"Many things often shed new light on many other things .....(some times."

Local thought is comforting thought.



As sluggishness is bovine behavior proper in cows,  
And submissiveness, bovid, in sheep,  
So are they both apparently acceptable in man.

The health and demands of the collective are such that retreat is impossible --  
Many individuals sense this and are thus content to stay where they are.

"An artist who enjoys the money from the sales of his work  
More than he does the creation of his work -- is no true artist."  
The preceding item was sent to us by a broke artist.

The ordinary think upon knowledge as being something to be pursued and captured,  
So as to help replace certain ignorance they now harbor;  
Which is not unlike men who've gained weight and begin wearing suspenders  
So as to be able to explain why their pants will stay up now without a belt  
Rather than having to take note of the increased girth about their waist.

The reason that the ordinary must generally take life so seriously  
is because of the alternative.

Shared beliefs: *The "intellectual" rhythm of the collective.*

Part of the attractiveness of booze, drugs, religion, and other secular belief systems  
Is that they affordably allow those with 20/60 vision  
To sharpen it on down to perhaps, 20/80- -- even, 20/100.

And now for today's scores:

..(The truth is  
That they are SO close to yesterday's,  
While yet so far removed,  
That you can hardly tell the difference  
Whether I actually give them to you or not.)

So that wraps up, "Today's scores".



Verse Riddled Instructional Aid For The Collective-Minded Mind:

*To the bosom of the flock should  
Rush thee sooner,  
For 'tis the early sheep that  
Gets the tumor.*

...(Well, you-know-what-I-mean — the BEST tumor.)

One man told his family, friends,

And other parts of his anatomy:

"Just because I haven't called you in years -- you shouldn't take it personally."

A, "Go Figure" for a Monday:

Men with a low regard for themselves intellectually

Are the ones most likely to want you to think highly of the gods.

One "intellectual-wanna-be" --

(After being vigorously "dressed-down" by a civilian for something he'd said --

[Though why a would-be thinker would ever be

Saying anything sufficiently serious to anyone to be so rebuffed is a puzzle?! --

But let's not let mere facts get in the way of an otherwise good story]) --

So after having the propriety of his comments so questioned, the man walked away thinking:

"Well, I may be, 'full-of-shit', but at least it is my own personal shit!"

It is difficult to keep the rhythm of the collective from becoming your rhythm --  
-- unless you have a plan --  
-- and a band --  
of your own.

Conflicts without memories are not human conflicts.

In his writings, one man would underline certain words, which he would randomly select; He says it's either that, or run the risk of coming back as Sid Vicious.

To become civilized is to give up individual variety for an apparent collective version.

Thus concludes tonight's segment of, "Fat Chance, Frankie."

One man tried to make it a point to always wave back at his own brain waves.

(He feared that if he didn't he might come back again as himself.)



Having extreme, deep-rooted, personal problems proves little --

Other than that you have a deep-rooted *personal* .....of some kind or the other.

To *be-alive* AND dumb, is to wish you were dead .....even if you don't actually wish it.

**Home Pregnancy Test:**

You may be positive that you are "with collective"

And that your belly is filled with growing *ordinariness*

If you're still blaming people for simply *being human*.

When it comes to both art and to thinking,  
You can't "go with your instincts" if you have none.

Some say that the original model for "sibling rivalry"  
Came from neurons trying to match hormones' sense of rhythm.  
.....(Okay, I said it.)

Some one composed this poem:

*Those who write the news  
Can slight the news;  
And those who make-it  
Can escape it.*

.....

One man leapt about and cried out: "I want a hint! -- I want a hint!" --

Then the atmospherical conditions made him breathe and he said: "I got it! -- I got it!"

Progress Update: Instead of a mind, one man has a pie-chart.

Economists say that in a sense,  
When a bank makes a loan it "creates new money",  
Which it obviously does not -- and yet the description is apt;  
This could also be applied to how man's collective intellectual progress proceeds

Then ask yourself this:

"Just how often does a totally new possibility accidentally land on a passer-by?!"



One man sends this word:

"Inside their brains everyone has another set of brains....well...maybe not you....  
...I guess I shouldn't've mentioned it."

A man who will take measurements personally will eventually also do so regarding  
humor, and criticism.

Parting footnote: People who actually have their own *personal* aren't so touchy about it.

Seriousness is the spikes embedded at the entrance to the mind,  
Over which,  
If you attempt to back-up,  
Severe damage may result.

And yet another exercise of how men can be divided up into two groups:  
In this instance: Those who continue to hide stuff under the edge of their rugs,  
And those who continually look under everything  
To see if there is still something they haven't uncovered.

The human intellect: *A voice crying out in the wilderness.*

Man's brain: *The wilderness.*

*Castles in the air:* Man's intellectual world.

*Man's mind:* The air, (of course!)

Fact: All definitions have an unacknowledged brother or sister.

A man looked out at his yard and said: "The trouble with trees is all the leaves.",  
And some leaves looked at the house and said: "What's HAPPENED to this neighborhood?!"

Another one of those, "Well SURE! -- Just Ruin It For EVERYBODY" tips:

Personal problems aren't quite as bad if you don't take them *personally*.

Galloping Update:

Humanity is the only herd that can run shoulder-to-shoulder  
Not only "thousands of miles apart" -- but thousands of years as well.



Men with a complex deserve a complex.

As always: Mental aberrations are just an excuse to keep from being normal,  
And later perhaps, even having to -- think for oneself!

Life will obviously allow a certain number of  
Thieves, knaves, and the deranged in the barnyard,  
But there remains no visible Welcome Mat out for *you-know-who*.

P.S. - quickly-for-god's-sake:

And all the little, "you-know-whos" wrung their little hands and cried.

Straight-Up P.S.: Hey - if you are one of the "you-know-whos"

You know damn well they've never done such a thing.

Definition:

An independent thinker: *An extraordinary souffle,*

*That as soon as it says:*

*"Hey - I'm an extraordinary souffle!" -- falls!*

Self pity: *Suicide for the cowardly.*

And as long as we're on this side of town:

Righteous indignation: Murder for the cowardly.

Some fairly every-day cells -- (in conjunction with their host) -- said:

"Let's get together and be SO-0-0 offensive that others will take it for talent!"

One man wrote a series of interconnected books, each more successful than its predecessor;  
Their titles, in sequence of appearance were:

*"Man Against Himself."* --

*"Man Against His Family."* --

*"Man Against Reality."* --

*"Man Against Everybody Else."*,

And finally:

*"Man Against Himself Again -- Just Like It Should Be, Dammit."*

A man's own little backyard

Can be like the whole universe! --

-- If he'll settle for a metaphor rather than getting a larger plot of land.

Job Seeker's Tip:

The local, meaningful gods have NEVER hired a silly spokesman.

*Imitation:* The sincerest form of bovine originality.



In private one man reflected:

"The only thing bad about increasingly thinking independently is that

There are fewer and fewer people to ridicule and scorn --

-- and I'm already hard-up enough for a hobby as it is."

A mind truly engaged in individual matters cannot simultaneously be hostile.

*\* Only the dense  
Get mentally pissed. \**

(P.S.: Yeah -- but that's how it's s'posed to be -- ain't it?!) .

The reality of hormones will not, necessarily -- keep the neurons from believing otherwise.

In trying times between individuals -- the rhythm falters.

Systems find it easier to shrink, expand, or change almost any part of their  
Present operations than to enter a whole new area of activity --  
-- Same is true for man's thinking.

Thus the conservatism of institutions can be seen as an  
Exercise in good health and responsible management --  
-- Same is so for man's ordinary mental processes.

Under routine conditions,  
*Growth* and *change* are not necessarily synonymous --- or even compatible.

Growth requires *conformity* ----- change, too often — *variety*.

The sign read:  
*"Do Not Disturb The Sheep."*

Giving the unprepared their own mind

Would be like giving a philistine his favorite non-commercial radio station --

-- The first thing he'd want to do is start selling spots.

The battle cry of "The Damned-To-Hell, Right-Over-The-Edge Brigade":  
" 'Perhaps' -- SUCKS!"

Statistical Update:

There will be more language instructors in Paradise than physics professors --  
-- So say the grammarians and rhetoricians, one and bloody all.

A system that will not protect itself is a system unworthy of note.  
(Note how worthy of note is the routine human intellect).

\* "Gimme an S,  
Gimme a U,  
Gimme a C, K, S !" \*



There is not only the, *madness-of-mobs*,  
But also the intellectual counterpart of the, *sanity-of-the-collective*.

Those who can't think, forever dream of, "thinking machines";  
Once, in the guise of gods -- now increasingly in the actual form of machines.

Attempting to join in the "spirit of the times"  
One man said he would be agreeable to trading in his old mind  
On one of those new re-recordable CD players.

And smiling down upon the people, the Digital Prophet intoned:  
"The gods still love a cheerful consumer, and a silly twit."

"Righteous conviction" is like routine certainty  
But with additional hobnails in the shoes -- turned inward!

Those who eventually know-what-they're-doing, and where-they-want-to-go-from-here,  
Will no longer settle for a mere unlisted number - or a name change,  
But will instead, get an unlisted name.

Remember: Neither the chocolate covered philistines,  
Nor the cotton candy spooks  
Can kill you if you won't answer when called.

Remember Number Two: The dumb always answer when called --  
-- That's how they came by their sterling reputation.

Remember Number Three: Is this a *joke* or something ?!.....

Last In This Series Of "Remembers": You misspeak to say: "Is this a joke, or something?!",  
Inthat there is no related substitute, or associate to  
A real joke.

Perforce of course: The universal -- the fount of all variety;  
The local -- the mother of all conformity.

One man's combined take on certain matters:

"Yes, it is certainly one's hormones that'll motivate you to the chiropractor,  
But it is then the spiritual neurons that'll make you want to grab him and cry out:  
'Bless me Father for I have sinned'."

One word can start as much action as a hundred and one.

Another: *Thinker's Tip.*

To ordinary minds, aging excuses everything -- to a real thinker, naught.

(P.S.: Aging DOES actually excuse everything.)

Thus concludes another excerpt from our files of:

"P.S.'s That Though Possibly Factual Are Nonetheless Unacceptable."



Sincerity only means anything -- I mean, REALLY means anything -- among sheep!  
.....(Well, just look at those big old sad brown eyes!)

Harsh -- and I do really mean, HARSH -- follow-up:

A sincere man is a dead man -- just waitin' to fall.

The more directly is a point-blank-wall seen,  
The less need there be for any sort of analysis.

Thus-it-be,

That fairway treat -- Yes, step right up Ladies and Gents, and bear witness:

*A "thinking" thinker is one who ne'er says.*

And the Pincushion Man asked the Lizardskinned Woman:

"Doest thou imagine it unseemly to wonder whether a real thinker talks to himself or not?"

A sure sign that you're among the civilized is that  
When a "famous" person is introduced  
It is always mentioned how famous he is.

The reason men can't seem to uncover any, "real" art is because none exists.

There is no doubt --(if you can understand the description aright) --  
That in a sense, a would-be, independent thinker is attempting to  
Lose his mind with out going insane.

To go forth --

Sail away --

Explore and land in the land of Individuality

While leaving the mind born of the collective behind, abandoned, and forgot.

*Religion: The opportunity for men to beat up one another without actually striking blows.*

*Philosophy: A more genteel version of the above.*

Only the most solidly mundane  
Find it normal, acceptable, and not a stimulus to further inquiry,  
That men have questions for which they apparently can never have answers.

\* What a ripped, Whoopie Cushion to a multi-colored mind. \*



Ordinary consciousness: *This planet's sole activity*  
*In which a creature can write to itself,*  
*Then have the letter returned for:*  
*"Lack Of Sufficient Address",*  
*And the sender not be one whit surprised.*

When attacked for something they'd said,

Many men will defend themselves by claiming the comments under fire were "taken out of context"

A real thinker could never maintain such an argument

In that everything he thinks is totally in context! --

-- So much so in fact, that he generally wouldn't be heard enough to ever be attacked.

The belief that there is a qualitative distinction between knowledge & ignorance,  
And especially so even further -- between valid-knowledge & faulty-info,  
Is yet another method life utilizes to keep men from,  
    *thinking too much --*  
    -- *all at once --*  
    -- *in a single lifetime.*

By life providing man with verbal intelligence  
It has allowed him to try and make a jig saw puzzle out of a goulash.

In addition to the sexual seemliness of the physical body  
There is the unique, more oblique beauty of being an intellectual individual.

Only sheep need heroes.

One man notes:

"Those who believe that some form of torture may await them after death,  
I reckon just ain't suffered enough in life to suit them."

It is possible that an independent thinker might not be  
Particularly interested in the every-day affairs of others since  
It is possible that he's not very interested in his own.



All great collective holidays are the continuing attempt to bury something.

DNA Update:

All children should be slapped around real good until they see the light --  
-- and if you don't have any -- don't get any.

Locally,

Life has allowed men to maintain dreams of "mystical enlightenment", and "magical awakenings"  
So that not too many of them would actually try to *think ahead*.

News Editor's Explanatory Footnote:

"Think ahead" in the above context

Is not used in the sense of merely "planning ahead",

Regarding the everyday physical affairs of life,

But rather points toward an effort to move one's

Individual thinking into the overall tomorrow of man;

An exercise to bring the future into one's own intellectual "now".

People with talent in the city don't need any additional bad news.

Collective intelligence: *The "choke hold" life locally employs to subdue all suspects.*

Local truth and reality is for the benefit of the stock;  
The rancher is supposed to look further -- out toward the universal.

The *merchants-of-doom* sell the ordinary tomorrow.

Some cells once thought:

"There's nothing bad about dying as long as you don't know it's coming.";

Then they became men and had no choice.



Any possible blueprint that can be described for life is not it.

Life protects its own ----- who else does it have.

Independent thought has its own rhythm.

Genes *know all*, but are wont to reveal little to the loose of lip.

Only independent thinkers can have new ideas that are their own.

A well that has a bottom is not much of a well --- same with a mind.

There is nothing absolutely certain in the universe, save one:  
And that is that tomorrow a thinker will get up, and will think some more.

Those who can't dance -- can't think.