

Man is the only two legged creature who can potentially walk in *three* directions.

AC said to DC: "You know, I'm afraid that sooner or later we're going to have to get out of her

And now, this item from our, "One Day" Desk:

One day,

A man divided humans up into two different groups -- and they both turned on him!

Those with not the least notion of what's actually going on
Love to drone on and on, and on
About the uniqueness of their time & place.

Men like to *dream* of heroes --- since if you're NOT one, you can't ever BE one.

...*"Well, hell, Peaches! -- what'd you think dreams are FOR, anyway?!"*

.....Hey, come on now -- DON'T cry!"

The marvelous, mortally produced technology with which man can treat himself
Is surpassed only by that which he doesn't see that produced him.

Only the dense believe in fiction —
Only the witless in non-fiction —
And none but the preposterous in reference materials.

Then the day came when the word went out:

"Confiscate the library cards of all thinkers you find! -- who NEEDS their kind around!"

Historical Footnote: When Mr. Dewey saw the damage his decimal system had wrought --
-- he immediately left town.

..."Yes, sir, Durango -- just a'takin' names, and a'cullin' out the rowdies."

Every where he looked -- one man saw stains --
The question to him then became: "Am I the source?!...."

After learning part of a trick maneuver,
One man tried to turn in his can of Dark Walnut and get the snake back.

Anyone who will seriously listen to anyone else is either stupid or okay.

* 0-0-0 Kay! *

The less quick you are -- the greater the appeal of the past.

The Reminiscence Of One's Cultural History: *A siren call to the witless.*

* When the dumb don't know where to go -- they always want to go back home. *

And now this conversational feature from our, "Query Desk":

"Well just where would a real thinker want to go?" ,

"Well how the hell should we know?! -- he sure as hell wouldn't TELL anybody!",

"Well, there's no need to get RUDE about it! -- I'm leaving."

Man's Collective Intelligence: *This planet's most astounding and fascinating creature;
A lumbering dinosaur that at times can
Run like a gazelle,
Pounce like a lion,
Then soar like an eagle.*

Men become critics so they can plagiarize without it being noticed;
They settle for thinking routinely so's to escape any effort.
...(I wanted to say, "any PLEASURABLE effort",
but that would have bugged it up for our everyday viewers.)

Reminder: The Modifier Patrol IS your Linguistic and thought-coordinating friend --
Or else it's not --
.....the call's gonna have to be yours.

Looking back over things,

In the manner in which much of humanity believes they should be looked back over,

One man mused: "It feels to me that some men are a LOT more fun -- now that they're dead."

Ordinary minds invented the idea of the, "catbird seat"
So's they'd have something NEW not to sit in.

The cheap love to discuss money. -- the vacuous, education.

A man on a high horse can -- spit on the crowd,
or down on his feet;
or over in the place,
where the two meet.

Once man began to speak -- everything about him became potentially metaphorical.

On one world,
Due to a technical flaw,
The "Seriousness Tumor" was left out of the creatures --
-- And I'm sure I don't have to go into any further gruesome details
Regarding their pitiful plight, and lack of a future.

** Woe,
Woe;
Oh,
Woe is them. **

And this, from the, "Potential Scale":

Action, dangerous --- talk.....well... somewhat promising.

An institution or enterprise that says that your welfare is its primary concern,
With it's own being secondary,
Will assuredly take you on a most civilized, meaningless trip.

When brought together,

The collective will sit still for almost anything but --

Being bored,

OR,

Being shot at, *point-blank*, intellectually.

...(And if it actually came down to such a choice --

They'd pick the former over the latter.)

And from our, Geographical Definitions Desk:

The World's Grandest Voyage: *The journey from feeling to thinking.*

The World's Most Taxing One: *The same.*

In the, *Halls Of Collective Ivy* -- EVERY day is, "short arms inspection" day.

"Forgive me, Professor,

But I'm going to have to sit down this time to relieve myself;

You see,

I've just had back surgery, and the doctor told me not to lift anything heavy."

Yes! -- A man's mind IS truly a, "sad thing to waste" -- always assuming of course
That there is enough of one so that you can TELL if part of it is BEING wasted.

Moral: A "Public Service Announcement" that doesn't serve the needs of the general public --
-- ain't much of a god damn announcement -- if you ask me.

Yes, boys & girls -- take a load off YOUR minds! --
Give it up! --
Turn it a'loose! --
STOP! -- right where you are!

And from our, "What Gives" Desk:

When man wants to, "study himself" he looks to: books,
wolves,
the skies,
and fossils --
-- to, "study himself:(?!?!)

** What gives?! **

The *raison d'etre* for the collective IS the collective --
-- the individual therein is of secondary concern.

One man stopped walking long enough to think:

"If there's going to be a Final Exam after you die I don't think I want to go."

The most critical detail in learning how to "think independently"
Is to thoroughly wash your hands at least forty times a day.

Another useful tip for all of you compulsive behaviorists,
And dirty minded people out there.

A wet finger in the wind is not necessary --

If any of the thinking of the collective can make you even hesitate and window shop --
-- you're one of them.

Life will not send up ordinary planes in bad weather;

Life only produces ordinary planes -- Life only makes bad weather.

"Very, very GOOD!, General Trumocko! --

Eight thousand years down, and only *now* to go! -- very, very good, ole man."

Comparisons and Outright Plagiarisms: *The sincerest homage to ignorance.*

The leap from Eden to the Eden Roc
Was not simply a journey from the Mediterranean to Miami Beach,
But rather from the silent world of limbic actions,
To the noisy one of cortical speech.

From our, "Question Mark & Scratch-Your-Head" Desk:

Ignorance need not defend itself -- yet it does so with unusual vigor.(? ! ?)

And from our, Fact Desk:

No one particularly likes an independent thinker -- if they know about it.

From a certain quite, individual, intellectual view
You could see "collective thought" as local reality's
Only legal dispensary of toxic drugs -- but this would only be from one,
knowledgeable thinker's perspective,
in that all such neural substances are NOT
harmful to the collective itself.

As you well remember, I'm sure: While life dies "a-little-piece-at-a-time",
Just like the rest of us,
It does NOT commit overall suicide.

A definition as per a certain obscure legend:

Man: The result of a one-night stand between the universal and your local conditions.

..."Well -- I don't know about you guys over there at the Sports Desk,
But that one was not obscure ENOUGH for MY tastes!"

Touchy people -- who pretend hard they're not -- run the horizontal world.

Being Routinely Civilized: *A poisoned, cream-filled doughnut in an army tank.*

The ad director said: "I love it! --
They'll all hate it! --
Therefore I love-e-e it!"

Moral: The city STILL knows how to properly promote itself! do YOU?!

To be civilized is to at least partially replace some actions with words.

If your sense of pride comes from your association with some group --
-- you're skating on pretty thin pride.

It is tricky to try and adequately describe a point-blank-wall to one that has already painted itself over.

Shortly after this last news story was made public, one man stopped and thought:
"Hummm -- So! -- well that certainly explains a lot.",
And his mind replied: "Explains - WHAT?!",
And he said: "Well.....just a lot."

Men with no talent like to dress up *real fancy*.

One combination keel and ballast for ships of ordinary consciousness
On the seas of everyday confusion and uncertainty is -- *Staring*.

A "settled" mind is a happy mind;

And a settled mind says: "I don't now know -- and I do not ever WANT to know, thank you."

A whole bunch of dumb sheep brought together
Will believe that they are then much more than just
A collection of dumb, individual sheep -- which is TRUE! --
-- Which is why they were BROUGHT together.

And we have this addition to a story we covered earlier in the week:

An independent thinker needs his own private language -- and since there's NOT one --
He begins to use the old regular one in a fresh, personal manner.

Real serious men don't want to *appear* in fables.

And this late-breaking development just in to the news department:

"Real serious men don't want to *appear* in fables" --

And a local pig was heard to say: "Well, hell neither do we! --

But what choice do WE have?!"

And now, in a short musical form:

A description of how civilized life continually upbraids itself,
Corrects itself, and moves forward:

...(Okay, Professor - in G, and vamp me into 'er in a medium shuffle):

*Everyone has a favorite song,
And everyone's sucks but mine.*

Oh yes, thank you, thank you --

And for your further listening pleasure -- a related definition:

A Critic: *The avant garde of life's rear end.*

An institution or system with no internal contradictions is dead beside the road.

Let's now turn to our, "Literary In Physics Desk" for this next timely report:

As short stories are to novels, so is independent thinking to the ordinary kind;
As a paragraph is to a short story, so is independent thinking to the ordinary;
As a sentence is to a paragraph, so is independent thinking to the ordinary,
And as a speed-of-light-joke is to all of the above, so is everything to everything else.

* Humor slow enough to be grasped by the routine is too torpid to actually BE funny or useful. *

Part of the fun OF life is to talk --

-- Part of the other fun is to not.

An Independent Thinker As Viewed In The Context Of A Normal Civilized Milieu:

A tiger loose, amongst other tigers

.....just with a better watch.

The reason that men can't get a meaningful grip on the idea of there being
A great, secret conspiracy running the affairs of man
Is NOT because it doesn't EXIST,
But rather because it is run from another PLANET -- that doesn't exist.

One race's theme song collectively was:

*I don't believe in me --
Therefore I believe in
All I can't see.*

Eyes are the *poorest* form of sight.

Remember: The news is sponsored BY the viewer -- death, underwritten by you at home.

The knob pedestrian minds can never seem to grasp is the simple fact that:

If you're here, you're here -- and no amount of talk will change that.

One man whispered: "I'm glad I'm here."

The difference between the human sphere and that of other animals is that with man --
TIME makes the "world go 'round".

Institutions have no sense of pride or morality --

"I know", said one man, "That's what I like about 'em."

And from what is hoped to be our, "Allegory Desk", this story:

Generationally speaking -- The dead only die once their shoulders give out from them
"Playing pygmy" for the latest batch to stand on and jeer.

Fiction: *The desire to actually "BE" somebody.*

...(Not to be confused with: "Religious Faith".)

Since -- operating as a whole -- the collective doesn't know what's going on --
-- they don't want anyone else to know either.

And this item just in to the anchor desk:

Hey -- that's how life is.

...and now on with more news.

From our, "Daily Dip Into The Philosophy Bag":

A man who'll say *exactly* what he means -- don't mean shit.

Time is "running out" on NOBODY! ----- *except a thinker.*

Education As Practiced By The Collective: *Hearing aids for the blind.*

A serious man is a dead man who just hasn't yet assumed the FULL, "horizontal position".

When it comes to, "Affairs, mentally collective" --
-- Limited capacity is adequate capacity.

And now another item from our list of: "Things That The Mind Does Not Know":

The only real disruption in a man's life IS his death.

What man will NOT claim to be more than he is?! --

How would man have ever BECOME man, had he not done so.

It is reported that one man said: "Time makes me SICK!"

Ultimately: A flock becomes its own shepherd,
An audience, its own entertainment,
And the collective, its own reward.

On that great, secret Scorecard Of Life -- Nothing you might do really counts against you,
No matter HOW dumb and stupid -- UNLESS
You did it while TAKING it SERIOUSLY!

** Boy! -- what a relief! **

Okay then -- just what IS, "being serious"?:

Being serious is taking the ephemeral as the permanent;

Being serious is letting the intellect take emotion's *word* for it;

Being serious is accepting the thinking of the collective as your own;

And being serious is allowing everything within you that ever says, "I" -- to be YOU.

And now -- for a Quiz:

What is absolutely, totally, and undeniably worse than being stupid?

...Ah come on! --you all know the answer to that one -- *Being SERIOUS!*

...(Yeah, yeah -- and you know what the PRIZE IS too.)

If a would-be thinker ever *really* "loses it" -- even for a moment --
and no longer has respect for himself -- what has he then.

A Projected History Of Man As Not Yet Ever Writ:

If cows could fly -- they'd fly in formation.

If your mind is a bucket, then independent thinking is a handle, and a hole.

Men in large groups display the intelligence indicative-of, and proper-to, large groups.

* In no earthly parliament do Individual Thinkers have a lobby. *

The flagship of independent thought is the bow of the independent thinker himself.

From our "Hey! — Forget it!" desk:

If you're *comparable* — you'll never be INcomparable.

Thinking equals talent;
Talent equals originality;
Originality equals tomorrow-visited-today.

A thinker thinks, a talker talks, and a grocer sells vegetables.

** Stock up now — before it's too late. **

Man is like a bridge between more things that you could ever list:

Like between the past and the future;

Between the silent and the verbal;

Between the feelings and the intellect;

Between the potential and the realized,

And he can further be of "independent-mind" and be like a bridge that can jump off of itself.

And from our, Myth Desk comes this fable, (our Fable editor is off tonight):

Once a group of people who could *think* got together and one of them proposed:

"Why don't we take over the world?",

And another one asked: "Why?",

And no one had a reply.

An artist is the last one left standing -- a thinker, the last one still smiling.

Ordinary thinking always feels that at least in part it is running in circles.

"And that, young interns, is why it IS ordinary, sanitary, and machine washable."

A system is not a closed system until it is said to be.

If the *gun-to-your-head* is in your hand -- then it is no longer a "threat" --
-- But rather a *promise*.

A straight line can be *quite* annoying.

Hey! -- somebody's gotta be responsible.