

Those lacking original talent wear their influences proudly on their sleeves --  
-- what else CAN they do.

Everything that man does -- results in something.

The collective always looks better from afar.

One man explained:

"It is not 'crazy' to believe in things you can't see! --

We believe in the past,

the future,

and intelligence."

Being satisfied, he sat back down.

And now this item from our, Fact Board:

The "past tense" was concocted to ease the fears of sissies.

And from our,"Intergalctic, Legal Affairs Desk":

On this one planet, indelible ink was recently outlawed.

Any time you tell *how* you're feeling -- you're partially lying.

Every man who's swallowed himself has a mighty, mighty hair ball to eventually cough up.



The Human Mind: A thing that when it wants proof -- FINDS proof.

Although it is never noticed: People are more serious -- "every other day".

Scientific Corollary:

This is another reason there are those gaps and spaces between numbers, and things.

Famous people expect to be treated famously.

Those who don't *get* the joke think those who do, nuts.

Of course the justice-of-gravity-&-centrifugal-force continues to prevail  
So that those who do get it have EVERYONE's number, including their own.

...and now -- quickly over to our, Rebuttal Desk:

Physics is NO joke!

Man is the only creature who believes he can *stand on his own shoulders!* --  
-- which is what makes it *damn-near possible!*

Man is the only creature who'll sit still and smile

After you begin a sentence with the words: "Man is the only creature who'll...."

Drugs can come in pills,  
Drugs can be in words;  
Drugs can be in movement,  
And growth-stimulating additives can be produced by one's own independent thinking.



A reminder to our viewing audience:

This is a "News Show" --

And we present nothing BUT the news -- NOT editorials thereon.

..... Of course this IS just my opinion....

.....(And the Captain Irony Memorial Choir softly hummed in the background.)

Before the commencement of every great adventure, by some secret adventurer,  
Some royal sycophant will so say:

"My Liege -- may we approach the throne --

I would like to introduce to you one of your fine subjects who is also a raging fool."

Quiz: The way you can tell that you're still sane and ordinary is that  
You continue to assume that history happened in books and in the past,  
And not in your head and in your genes.

Real Quiz: What is the loneliest job in the world? - No, the entire UNIVERSE?

...Say -- *is this a trick question?*,

Only if you answer it.

And now this, from our, "Collateral Theorem" Desk - (to wit):

Only the *dumb* answer questions.

One man told his area, from the neck up:

"The only thing to be frightened of is

The area from the neck down."

As per the great, "Collective Effort",

An individual's means nothing --- JUST so long as you, "stay in line"!

In response to the many criticisms,

The man stood -- pulling his cloak closely about himself -- and declaimed:

"You say I contradict myself -- very well then: '*I contradict myself*' -- but,  
just let me tell you what a terrible childhood I had."

Man's collective activities usually result in them becoming institutionalized --  
And later, in some of the participants also becoming so.



Culture: *A substitute for being an individual.*

All work-a-day cowpokes will -- at the drop of a Stetson --  
-- announce which spread they ride for.

From our, "Multiple Definitions" Desk:

Institutions: *Cows shoring up their own boxcars.*

Collective Behavior: *Sheep shearing themselves.*

If you go to the right air field you'll find DNA doing all the stunt flying.

A clarification:

Even a real, independent thinker has ONE area of real "seriousness" --  
And that is the place on which his brain physically rests.

*\* "Hey! -- I'd say that qualifies as, 'serious'. Hey." \**

\*\* A day without sunshine  
Is like a day without a punch-line --  
Or a foot-note --  
Or a post-script --  
Or an addendum,  
And like that. \*\*

Without square dance music there can be no plagiarism,  
And without plagiarism there can be no improvisational jazz;  
And without jazz there can be no people standing against the wall saying:  
"What the hell kinda dancing is that that they're doing out there?!"

And lo --

The day came when the creatures had become so estranged and apart from their god  
That he came down among them and sat on a man's accordian.

Understanding the need in today's world for precision --  
One man changed his name to, *Letter Perfect* --  
But the post office refused to deliver his mail.

...Even under what might seem to be the best of circumstances --  
Some times,  
Some things,  
Can seem to just be too much for some people.

Many believe that once they're *dead-&-gone* -- then -- they'll be "happy".

Another item from our, Miscellaneous Desk.

And now:

The Comfort-In-Words, As A Reflection Of Alterations In Physical-Affairs;  
(As Exemplified By The Following Definition):

Gem Clips: *Staples for the "faint-of-heart"*.

It has come to our attention here in the news room,  
That there are some of you viewers out there who  
Laugh, chuckle, or otherwise react with humor to some of our stories  
Without having any idea why you do so. --

So -- either STOP IT -- or don't.

And now, over to our, International Desk:



Thanks, Julian:

It has been reported today that many of the "far away places"  
Remain quite removed from where WE are right now.

And now over to our, City Desk for some more "*local*" news:

Thanks, Chris:

There have been numerous reports coming in today from many local citizens  
Who say that they are discovering even certain "near-BY places" becoming quite far removed.  
Some of our leading important figures,  
In response to this surprising turn of events,  
Tried to look unusually important.

And we will be right back after this short commercial break.

Buy --  
Sell --  
Buy it back --  
Then sell some more,  
And like that.

One world's secret, silent slogan spoken only to a few --  
(So -- I guess -- you couldn't say it was ENTIRELY, "secret", and "silent"):

*Be quick -- or be dead.*

Upon hearing the above actually said aloud,  
One man took himself a pondering for a bit -- then said:  
"That is not much of a 'secret urging' of any real pertinence  
Inasmuch as it is true for all of viable creation."  
And the secret replied to him:  
"Ahh - nice try, but not quite --  
Since, although it IS true that all creatures must, 'Be quick, or be dead.' --  
Only MAN can ever be TOLD about it." --  
-- (And I'll be damned if the guy didn't almost catch it.)

El Fact-0: There is no such thing as a, "*SLOW* secret".

...(And everyone sitting over at the, "We Knew That Already" Desk, said:  
....[Well .....you can pretty well GUESS what they said].)

Okay -- Son Of El Fact-0: What the tongue can say,  
The ears of the same head can hear,  
And immediately make the tongue follow up and say:  
"We knew that."

A recent story noted that if cows could fly -- they'd fly in formation --  
Which is a pointer to the fact that no matter how things may "change"  
In relationship to themselves -- men will still & always -- *Think like men should think.*  
....(Which, post scriptually speaking, is why some so desperately  
want to get out of here.)

And from our Sports Desk comes this definition:

Death: *"Time out" for the serious.*



Just as any experienced Dixie band wants at least a twenty dollar tip to play, "The Saints",  
So too would a real thinker insist on unreasonable sums to think  
The same thing over and over.

.....(And a man thought: "They don't PRINT that much money!")

According to certain, heretofore unreleased figures --  
Do you know what man's "Third favorite sport" is? -- Falling through the cracks! --  
Know what his fourth one is? -- Hollering out that he has.

This one inhabited planet,  
Instead of being divided into northern, and southern hemispheres,  
Was split into those who talked about feelings,  
And those who talked about thinking;

(And as always -- everywhere -- there was a small band working on a rocket ship  
to take them away from there --  
-- Always, "there" --  
No matter WHERE, "there" happens to be,)

"My, my, Commander Cumquat, what will men *think-of* to think-of next?!"

Funny: There is funny in behavior, and funny in speech;  
And there is funny in the silent actions of how a real thinker thinks.

And the Third Satellite from the sun said: "Ha ha, yo mama.",  
While all the neurotransmitters ducked for cover.

The predominant mottos of the weak always have something to do with  
How much strength can be added to one's life by a good motto.

Having great talent always exacts a price --  
-- having none exacts even more.

"Ah yes! -- but the grand thing about believing that one exists in a closed system is that  
One can further believe that one is never cheated, over-charged, or in any other manner,  
Personally mistreated just because one is a languid, face-sucking toady."

News Desk Addendum: The above comment WAS just "one man's opinion",  
And may NOT represent ALL possible aspects regarding one's assumption that  
One is residing in a closed system.

(A Personal P.S.: Although I did make that last statement -- I have no idea why --  
Other than the fact that life made me.)

The Intellect: *The horse that can ride itself.*

The headline read: "If You LIVE Like Everyone Else -- You'll DIE Like Everyone Else.",  
And after reflecting on it for a moment, a man thought:

"Its not the second part that bothers me."



And:

A follow-up, and combination, roll-up of two stories we have been tracking for you lately:

If you'll settle for *being* comparable -- you'll never be IN-comparable:

AND:

If you tell how you feel -- you'll always BE comprable.

...(yet another reason to *want outta here.*)

Without the conflicts, intrigues, and confusions of the mind --  
Man would be far too simple a creature to ever HAVE a mind --- so, there!

*If you're not going to change,  
Why try to change.*

Animals can lose a foot, a mate, a territory, and still survive nicely --  
While certain things unique to man can be dropped which will cripple him forever.

"God! -- *but 'forever' is a long time!*",

"Yes, but only in maxims."

An ordinary mind: *A guy playing a "one-chord-turnover" in a real thinker's three-chord blues band.*

A mutant musicologist, standing near-by mused:

"That makes no sense at all! -- but being the anomaly that I am -- what do I care!"

*- Well put, sir -- well put, indeed. -*

Partial, Historical Updating: At first,  
Bringing sex into the mind  
SEEMED like a good idea...

Those who don't know what's going on in life don't *care* -- most of the time --  
-- Those who know don't care -- ALL of the time.

By the by: Those of you who pay darn good money to see this news broadcast on cable,  
Don't HAVE to believe stuff like this if you don't WANT to.  
Hey! -- fair's still fair.

Only "The News" can ceaselessly quote and refer to itself with impunity,  
And no drop in ratings;  
And a man then thought: "My god! -- I'M the news!"



Additional evidence that while men believe that the world is divided into the Physical and the mental -- it is all the same -- (just watch this):

Without *comparisons* -- men could not think;

And:

Without *comparisons* -- computer dating services would go out of business,  
just-like-that!

And now a carpet laying tip for all of our home-improvement viewers:

Whenever local reality tries to speak to a serious man, he'll invariably say:

"Shhh! -- did you hear that?! --

What the hell kind of transient anomalies are they LETTING

Get into our power supply now-a-days?!"

"Hey, Buford -- come over here a sec, and see what's happened --

My screen suddenly just --- went BLANK!" -- "Take the kicker to it, Junior."

The philosophy of one philosopher was:

"On days when you feel rotten -- write rotten philosophy."

More, "Modern Definitions":

Thoughts To Live By: *Asphalt.*

If you possess the appropriate mental talent, the mind can be like a musical instrument.

Having already heard ordinary education described as: "Hearing aids for the blind.",  
Consider further that the intention of the collective's mind is always bent towards:

*Treating that which is not ill,*

*And repairing that which is not yet broken.*

Say there, B.J.,

Several viewers have called in to complain that an earlier definition we read tonight  
Was too brief and abrupt to be of use to them,  
So we have been furnished with a more expansive, and explanatory version,  
Which I shall now read:

Thoughts To Live By: *Paved streets for lions.*

In a closed system -- all profit is transitory;  
-- only neurons will stick to your stomach.....and parts.

Imagination: *Life's only, "Doctor recommended" dynamite toy for children.*



One day some serious men got together and one of them proposed the theory that  
The reason a few people did not seem serious enough  
Was so that those who WERE might somehow begin to think that those who WEREN'T  
Might know something "special-and-important";  
After mulling this for a moment, they all nodded their agreement,  
Though none could figure WHY anybody would do this, or what it might gain them --  
-- But, Hey! -- that's part of the game of BEING serious, is it not, Clout?!

And one of those from the properly solemn crowd could contain himself not,  
And insisted on commenting:  
"See! -- that is a perfect example of how you non-standard sorts operate:  
You spoiled a potentially thought-provoking observation by adding a ridiculous  
Throw-away, tag-line! -- NOBODY is named, 'Clout'!"

As thus again -- Seriousness carries the day, Kay.

Animals talk about their stomachs;

Men talk about their minds talking about their stomachs;

Only an independent thinker has anything else TO talk about.

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Life invented death so that certain potentially silly men would, "shape up", and, "get serious"

Men who want to *get* out of town -- get out of town;  
Those who just *kinda-want-to* -- keep on talkin' about it.

And this item from our, "Hey, Everybody Needs A Hobby" Desk:  
-- *Hey, everybody needs a hobby.*

"So!, it finally comes to this, does it?!", reflected one man,  
"I can either, '*go some where*' -- or go on quietly, '*down the drain*'."

\* Everybody needs a hobby. \*

Knock knock: Life had a special package to deliver to you, but you weren't home.  
Knock, knock, knock: No one's EVER home! -- so,  
Knock-de-de knock-knock -- Don't feel bad and sweat it!

See! -- isn't that nice,  
How,

After first making you aware that things aren't well -- when you didn't realize it --  
Life will then send someone around to tell you that it's, "Okay, for now."

Note: The man who just wrote that last comment suddenly pulled up sharp,  
Stopped typing and thought:

"Do I want to say; 'When life makes a man think that things aren't going well',  
OR,  
'When life makes a man think that HE is not going well'-?!?!.....  
....Hummmmmmmmmmm.", thought the man doing the writing.

To a crowd -- a thinker has no answer to any thing.

If you're not going to try and book yourself, you don't need an agent.

Men want to believe in ghosts, gods and spirits,  
Since they already know that their own most important world -- that of the intellect --  
Is also invisible and doesn't really exist either.

Conversation:

"Men started sentences -- and men can END sentences."

*"No they can't, you idiot!"*,

"Are you SURE of that?",

*"Yes, I'm sure."*

Conversation.



Believing there are *words-to-live-by*,  
Helps many feel they may *get-by*.

(If this is Thursday -- Don't ever laugh at another man's drug.)

People who know how to do it, perforce -- further know how to do it right.

And now an education segment to our show:

I will repeat that last news story, and then turn it into a "learning experience":

"People who know how to, 'do it'-- perFORCE -- KNOW how to, 'DO it right!'" --

-- You see: *Emphasis* comes from the human tongue --

And is then heard by the human ear --

And is then processed by the human brain --- SO! --

Draw your OWN conclusions!

The ordinary *so enjoy* being thought of as, "unique".

The power of mans' words is such that it can conjure up unbelievably terrifying creatures, --  
-- and then slay them.

Just what kind of consciousness IS it where people don't even know  
What they're going to say next? ---- HUMAN consciousness!

One man said he had to quit going to doctors --  
He said the first thing all of them ask is: "How do you feel?"

Life is the only creature that can peek in at itself through a keyhole;  
Man is the only creature that is a keyhole.

(Second Verse -- [right on cue]):

Man is the only creature who can peek in on himself through a keyhole;  
Man's mind is the world's only keyhole.

.....(And even as we speak -- real thinkers are busy at work on the Third Stanza).



Only a true individual can be happy -- and he wouldn't have any way of knowing about it.

The world-of-action renders SOME things impossible --  
-- That of the intellect, cures this defect.

Just because your *name* is called -- is no proof anyone really *wants* you.

A real thinker can not only "BE quiet" -- but can treat others as though they were as well.

Other Mens' Ideas To A Real Thinker: *Bird feed to hippos.*

And now -- some Circus News:

Man's greatest leap was not taken voluntarily.

"Hey", said one charge, "I ain't jumpin' over THAT!"

Ah yes -- (softly chuckle, softly chuckle) --

But *words* pave-the-way,

And bridge-the-gap to every where that man needs to go.

....(Ah yes -- chuckle, chuckle.)

*Once hormones leaped to speech -- sunshine entered the garden for the first time.*

(Final "Hey!"):

Hey! -- even "SERIOUSNESS" is just a *hobby!* ----- loosen up.