

If that's all that there is to you then hey! -- that's all that there is TO you.

The crude and less talented play the "Civilization Game" in the more obvious of fashions, While city sophisticates try to conceal their condition in more subtle manners.

Query: How can you always identify the SUPER-ordinary?

They're the ones who so desperately want to be thought of as otherwise.

Inside of one man's head is a terribly small place to live --
...unless you're your *own-thinker* -- then it's not so bad.

Tonight in lieu of our regular Movie Review segment of the show,
We bring you an Obituary feature:

Only the dumb die young --
Only the serious expire on schedule.

...Well, to me --

That was actually pretty entertaining itself.

Looking to the collective for useable escape information
Is sort of like seeking dental care from heavy equipment operators.

Hey! -- no need to scoff and smirk -- you've done it too,
and sometimes it seems to work ----- right?!....?!?!

One day as he sat pondering again the question of just how his mind
Arrived at the correct decision as to whether to believe something to be true or not,
A man was suddenly struck with a new question as to how a thermos bottle
Knew to keep cold contents cold, and hot ones hot?!

Definition From A Certain Adult Education Class That Seems Sure To Be Soon Canceled:

Being Grown & Ordinary: *The acceptance -- if not outright desire --
Of being capable of stumbling your way -- half blind and dazed --
Through the final thirty or forty years of your life
Without any particular intellectual effort.*

The world of those who know that, "There's no way out of here",
Is divided into two sub groups:
Those who pretend otherwise,
And those who know it but won't admit it.

Now we turn to our Math Desk for this story:

Sufficient Fear = *Human Seriousness*.

Oh -- and from our, "Viewer's Inquiry Department" comes this question:
"What other kinds of seriousness ARE there but human?" -
And I'm pleased to be able to tell you -- *None!* -- *that's what kind.*

And now let's move smartly right along to our nightly, "Beaver Report".

One man could make himself sick just by thinking about it;
And to compensate for this, his brother could do so also.

In later days, as they began to swell up even more --
-- they began to pass themselves off as a city.

At the most basic level: Backward genes seek similar company.

...(One man mused: "Yet another good reason I shouldn't be hangin' out with me.")

None but the super-dumb and exceedingly-serious
Are shocked, dismayed, or otherwise upset and surprised at
Those things men may do in the normal course of being, "ordinary men".

And here's a follow up to a story we covered last night:

Everything that man does results in something --
And the something in turn effects what man does.

On some mornings,
One man would inexplicably find strange items in his back yard;
Then one morning -- his backyard itself became strange,
And the next day -- he himself seemed so.

He decided after that to temporarily forego his morning *look-out-back*.

A man with publicized morals is short on something.

And now over to Dr. Lumpkin, sitting in tonight at our, Science Desk -- Doctor:

Thank you, Cory, it's nice to be here; And now for our Scientific News:

Everyone is full of electricity

It was truly a pleasure being here this evening and being able to report to you on such news
And now I believe that it's over to our Local Desk for some other important stories.

Yes, thanks Doc -- (and a great job on your part);

Item: Although they can't speak right out and say so --
Genes don't LIKE being disappointed and "pushed around".

In this one place,
On, "National Love & Honor Your City" day,
The city told its people:
"You have your choice to either: *Feel* deeply, or, *Think* deeply."
And one man spoke right up and shot back: "No we don't! -- and you know it!"

Only external sources of history give the distance between
Eden and modern Madrid in the thousands of years.

Forget it! --
The dumb *can't* lie.

Update:
Forget it Twice! --
Only the dumb *hear* lies.

Only thoughts know about death --

And though they can't speak, genes KNOW that THEY ain't, "*goin' no where*".

Men like to wrestle;
Even non-physical types -- like to wrestle;
And men really enjoy wrestling with an emotionally charged idea
That apparently can't be pinned or subdued.

One man's gall bladder said:

"Ain't no spotty-toad, pencil-neck geek in the HOUSE can whop me! --

And even if they COULD -- it'd just tear the whole house down, now wouldn't it."

(And certain of his other thinking organs & sensitive parts had to nod their agreement,
now didn't they.)

Believing that ordinary serious people are serious about the ordinary things they say
Is a thinking pony's ever present gopher hole danger.

One man said:

"My life may be a solid mess --

But it's kinda hard to tell -- what with me bein' so much right in the middle of it and all.

He. unwittingly perhaps, evidences yet again

The advanced charity with which life treats your ordinary man who says things.

Definitions March On:

Attributed Quotes: *Plagiarism made legal --*
Theft passing for talent.

To be truly civilized you must be capable-of and prepared-to whine;
Thus do all of man's creation myths tell of him, soon after being created,
Offending the creating forces in such a manner that a curse was placed upon him,
Thus making his sniveling and moaning understandable and acceptable. Right!

Trying to pull brains out of the mud is not a job anyone trains for.

Trying to allow your brains to so be pulled is not an experience anyone planned on.

One man thought:

"The worst thing about death is that it
Doesn't come soon enough after you mature,
And realize that you're already *mostly* dead ANY way."

Men want to discuss the damndest things.

One man carried the past all bottled up inside him;
He did this in imitation of the past carrying HIM all bottled up inside of IT.

Although the "Social Sciences" don't mean or do much --
They do at least encourage man to be "social".

One recent news item raised the possibility that: "Only the *dumb* answer questions.",
And along that line, might the ultimate dumb question be: "How am I feeling?" (!?)

And now for some, "Division Of Effort & Union" News:

Those who don't know much about what's going on, and who don't much care,
Are primarily responsible for looking after the general maintenance of the building;
Those who don't really know much more -- but who are pretty ticked off about not,
Tend to want to organize and lead labor in its efforts,
And become their spokesmen.

Correspondent Query: What the hell does, "Tend to" have to do with the
Opening bars of a hurricane symphony?!

Men who continue to seek the better-scratch-to-the-ancient-old-itch
Much further than is necessary, or normal,
Are not unlike horsies on a merry go round, longing to run therefrom,
Whilst everything native to carousel culture says to them:
"But where else is there to go?!"

The Collective Wisdom Of Man: *Static*.

There exists two possible kinds of seriousness:

The meaningless, "seriousness" of the ordinary,

And another type, unnamed, and unique to independent thinkers.

...(And about which only they aware.)

One man so advised his children:

"Don't pick on the imaginary beasts everyone else believes in,

Or they can come back to haunt you even on nights when you DIDN'T over eat."

Oh, all right: A follow-up, clean-up definition:

Imaginary Beasts: *Mans' beasts.* --- Now go to bed.

Only your routine, city "smart people", (who can't really think enough to hurt anything),
Can still cling to notions of their minds being somehow separate from their ole bodies.

One man lifted up the top of his skull, and thereby erected this civic, city limits sign:

"Welcome -- Come On In To A Little Place Where EVERYBODY Is 'Somebody'."

The "Laws Of Nature" came to man in a box of sweets.

Any man with a pencil can be a myth-maker,
And any man with a forge can fashion a knife;
But who amongst us can stab and slash a typewriter in such a way as to
Make it, "tell the truth" ?!

Remember: REAL thinkers can "take the world apart" --
And it is REAL thinkers who won't bother to put it back together for you.
...(Remember that -- why don't you.)

Geese believe that when they die they get a really nice funeral,
And are buried REAL deep in the earth,

One man's suggestion:

"Any time you're disposed to ridicule or attack the way men are doing a particular thing,
Ask yourself: How else could it be?!"

And now this item from the wide world of Transportation News:

The current model of the human intellect
Still appears to be the only form of an
Internal combustion engine that can run for
Well over sixty years just off of its own exhaust.

About two weeks after his initial episode of thinking independently --

After most of the immediate effects had worn off --

This one man -- for some reason -- thought to himself: "Metaphors actually suck."

And -- pardon us while we "Define Some More":

Point-Blank-Walls: *Inverted metaphors for everything man knows.*

A man reflected:

"If I didn't think about other people,

And if I didn't think about my health,

I wouldn't be doing any kind of thinking that would disturb me."

(He then wondered what would be the sound of a one-sided CD playing, and clapping along with itself.)

And another excellent item from our, "Truth In Media" Desk:

Myths are for children -- the"NEWS", for adults;
The news is all myths.

That's all from here, Jonnie -- now back to you.

Thanks, Bobbie:

And now before we go to the old Weather Desk, this late breaking definition:

Death: *Life for sissies.*

One man thought:

"If I had a license and insurance -- I might could have a car;
And if I had a car -- I could have a bumper on the back;
And if I had a bumper -- I could have a sticker printed to put on it,
And I could have the sticker say:

"When Minimal Thinking Is Outlawed -- We'll ALL Be Crooks-On-The-Run."

He later thought:

"It sure is easy to think stuff like this when you're a man."

For minimal thinkers -- all habit is good;
"Bad habits" are just ones not quite so good.

Okay, then just what IS a "sissy", Professor Takomoto?

"well my boy -- a sissy is pretty much of a regular person
Who is inclined to take regular existance a mite too personally,
And serious."

Now a feature from our department of, Natural Science:

If you can back up, far enough away from the planet,
You'll see things you didn't know were there.

After listening to himself talk for some time, one man finally said:
"Look, if you've got something to say -- spit it out!"

If men did not have their own singular existence to be used as a continuing metaphor --
-- Poets, by now, would have invented one.

Quick! -- A pop, medical quiz:

Who looks after their young the best -- humans, or lions, or life?

The ever-expanding mind of man is such that it must constantly be in motion,
Attending to all of that not yet in need.

The Unrecognized, Co-Conspirator In All Of The Many Nefarious And Wondrous
Plots And Schemes That Secretly Control The Destiny Of Man: *Life*.

Gravity doesn't mean anything to those going into town --

And it means even "*less-squared*" to those who've turned around and are headed back this way.

Two Related Definitions:

Fame: *An unusually strong aroma amongst skunks.*

Fame As Normally Played Out Amongst The Ordinary: *Nothing at ALL like that first definition*

Backing away in horror at the threat --

His arms out in front of him, crossed for protection --

He cried out in terrified anguish: "Oh no! -- not the dreaded, 'Personal anecdote'!"

And now this item from our, "Re-set Your Clocks" Desk:

Grown-ups will believe more ridiculous shit than children.

The only people who know what's going on
Are the people who know what's going on --
And they know that what's going on ain't all as much as everyone believes is.

If the dumb are always serious
Are the serious always dumb ?

Being sensitive doesn't count -- if it's being so about yourself.

...Well, all right, Commander Know-It-All, then just when DOES it count?!...

Without the benefits of the body-of-the-collective,
Individual man could not exist as we find him now;
Yet-&-but once you recognize this -- and render proper acknowledgement --
-- *Get the intellectual hell out.*

During the city's nightly slumber, the people tossed & turned & dreamed:
"Even during times of peace we're all killing one another."

Dreams -- not nightmares.

Genes don't like to be dumped.

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Weather News:

Many violent storms go unreported.

A Tip from, "Memory's Sewing Bag":

Bad times -- Velcro;

Good ones -- WD-40.

Now this excerpt from this week's, "Top Forty Of Conversational Fragments":

"Everybody knows a certain secret."

"Well in that case -- it's no longer a secret!"

"Yeah-h-h -- but nobody KNOWS that!"