

A man's head is his bed.

Life encourages man: "Keep your eye on the prize."
This helps distract him from that dumb door over there
That makes the presence of a door prize necessary in the first place.

"Oh! -- I get it!", said one party goer" --
"Oh no you don't.", said life.

A "child of the times" is ALREADY late.

For men -- there is a *long* way, and a *short* way of doing everything --
-- and it is known as "life".

All talk is speculation unless you know what you're talking about.

Next!

And now for some "Routine Freedom News":

A man who is mad can be mad at any body he wants to be.

And do remember: Men *started* oxymora, and now can't do a THING to stop them.

Say, Donnie, some of our viewers might be interested to know that there is an Expert in this area who presently contends that man himself may Well have been the original inspiration FOR the whole concept OF, *oxymoronicalism*.

Well, B.J., that is FAIRLY interesting -- but not enough to linger on.
Now -- on with the news.

And as a public service, another of our "Health Checks You Can Do At Home -- In The Den":

If you can "drive yourself crazy" -- you're normal.

Without any doubt -- a life run strictly by hormones can be a great time; And,
Equally without question for some -- this is not all the sport possible.

And now on to the first of tonight's "Definitions":

The Arts: *Men trying to think fresh, aloud.*

ONLY a man with bird seed

Is qualified to interpret the scriptures to sparrows and bluejays.

...well -- at least that's the way that it SEEMS to the little feathered ones.

How To Correctly Judge: A truly "civilized man" would NEVER use
The same gem clip more than once.

Mein got! -- but I'm glad I said,
"Gem clip", and not, "thought".

YEAH-H-H --(thought I to myself),
Another neat reason for speaking for yourself.

Although no one obviously remembers it --
Before you are born, everyone is allowed to select: What sex they want to be,
What race,
Their appearance and intelligence,
And what will be their social and financial position.

See! -- you don't remember it either.

The hunger to find something extraordinary seems surely most serious indeed to begin with,
But --

A too solemn explorer will soon become seriously bogged down not too far from where he began

Intellectual Incest: *The only form of mental sex available to the collective.*

Gazing downstream,

One band of one man's neurons rubbed their little foreheads and thought:

"If we have to listen to, 'Dueling Banjos' just one more time up here

I think we'll all go totally nuts! ---

-- Even if it IS us PICKIN' the damn thing!"

Cars that go the slowest have the swiftest dreams about speedways after death,
And about the presently unrecognized uniqueness of moderately paced vehicles.

Though it would seem otherwise in practice --
The general level of a herd's consciousness
Is never much higher than the ankles of a mid-sized calf.

It is hard for a man to ever run much faster than the normal jogging rate of
The super who stokes the furnace for the whole building.

Side-Note,(as long as we've gone this far):
And it's much easier to criticize the physical condition of a janitor,
And shame him into a gym than it is to try and figure out what could POSSIBLY
Ever be done with those more shadowy figures who live upstairs from you.

...Pardon me, Corkie, but in that last story did you say:

"Those more shadowy figures who live upstairs FROM you"?, or just who, "Live upstairs" - ?

....No!, -- never mind -- don't answer --

I don't think I really want to know.

Men love to debate the existence of the external world since it doesn't exist.

The Offical City Vet -- I mean, Physician-- officially pronounced;

"Yes -- just as many of you have long suspectd: 'A *sick* man is a *happy* man'." ,
....and it brought the house down.

Men love to debate the reality of the internal world since it has none.

And from our own particular, "Science WAY-Y-Y Beyond 'Science'" Desk, this item:

Anything that can be "proven" is far too slow to be of any interest to a thinker.

There is a side-bar to this that some of you might find *noodle-worthy*;

In reaction to the above noted story

Life has always had some voices standing by to respond by claiming that

The statement expresses, "anti-intellectual" sentiments -- WHEN, (dear friends) ,

It doeth the damn opposite.

But, hey! --

Life has as much right as the next man

To try and protect its kid brother.

In the attempt to stamp out a certain "drug trade" -- man invented Religion.

Social News:

The dumb are never alone.

The "Viewer's Mail Bag" brought us in this question:

"How can you tell for sure if you're dumb?"

I guess it's safe to let this particular cat finally out,
And I suspect many of you will enjoy hearing it:

The truth is that half of the people who are presently "unhappy",
Will BE happy approximately, ever-other-day,
At least half the time.

Fact: Hormones can't TELL time.

Fact: Only neurons HAVE watches and they STILL can't.

Fact: Hormones ARE time.

A man thought: "Is it any wonder that so few locomotives have as their driving concern
The need to 'Know Thyself' --
Except for those with tracks which assure them that they should?!"

Yes, that's right, viewers -- Don't think about it unless you want to.

Metaphors, Allegories & Symbolism: *What point-blank-walls came up with*
After they realized there was nothing else to say.

Unable again to resist the glaring temptation-cum-reality of it all,
The man rolled on his back,
Locked his fingers together on his chest,
Looked softly at the ceiling and said to himself:
"It is hard to be a mystic after a good fuck and a full meal."

* Hummm --

Ommmm --

Shalom-and-Amen.

Good night. *

The term, "Ahh -- play it where it lays.",
Came about the first time an overworked verb saw it's first noun.

Once you understand what's going on -- you no longer care.....well,
It's not so much in the ordinary sense, that you, "don't care"
As much as it is that you then recognize how much of "what's going on"
Is tied up in men routinely CARING about what they THINK is "going on".

Yes, another fine news item from our,
"Deep, Deep Philosophy And I'll Deny It If You Say I Said It" Desk.
Now on to tonight's Murder and Mother's Day Reports.

And now, from our Vespers Desk:

Every one has a right to be pissed -- so WHAT?!

And now on to the Beaver Scores.

Men of standard-issue intelligence dearly love to say, and re-say:
"Doubt is the true sign of an intelligent man."

Query: What would that leave men who actually KNEW something, left to say?

No one is a "victim" in a human sense until they say they are.

An ordinary man's memory is as long as his hormones multiplied by a certain constant
That I am not at liberty to presently reveal;
A man who wants to be able to think of something totally new
Has got to forget about all this kind of pseudo-factual rubbish.

A man,
Who along the line,
Had collected up a bunch of the fresh, non-partisan thoughts he'd had,
Could still possibly get a room during the week even without a reservation.

Yes, there I was -- surrounded! --
Genes to the left of me --
Genes to the right --
A veritable, "Ancestral rout"! -- and me! -- ME!, with but one principle to guide and
Protect me! -- the firm belief that one should NOT "Speak to strangers". GADS!, what a tim

Short Stories Made Long: A four word definition of man's usual mental life.

And now a short item from our,

"Though It's Obvious -- No One Wants To Come Right Out And Think About It" desk:

The people generally dislike those who govern them because they are
generally dislikeable sorts.

And, yes --

As some of you more alert viewers have perceived:

Most news stories -- coming to you from which ever of our various desks --

Could all be presented from our:

"Ain't That Justice! -- No Matter WHAT ELSE You Might Want To Call It!" department.

And some more, "Social News":

The dumb like to STARE at one another.

Extensive explanations help hide the original questions,
And help men continue breathing, talking, and walking on down that road.

Dogs learned to pick at sores by watching man's memory operate.

The city proclaimed:

"A man without a plan is not a
Full blooded man.",

And the Day Watch, desk sergeant in the Sixth Precinct said:

"I've thought that many of the citizens were looking anemic --

Quick, O'Brian -- round up a squad and go force-transfuse those in serious need."

Moral: The brain does not *live* by mere blood and hormones alone --- but it CAN!

More of, "How The World Works -- For Those Who Can Actually Stand To Hear About It":

Spelling doesn't count for anything except in Spelling Competitions! --
...which is why they HAVE spelling competitions.

The Undersecretary Of Transportation says he's not so sure that he is totally in favor of
Some vehicles running off of their own exhaust --
But admits that in such cases, he has no present alternative to offer.

Thank you Mister Secretary.

A man with two thoughts simply didn't get the first one down right.

Corollary: A man with just one -- can then go on to three, and immediately -- four.

Yes, regardless of what the label says,

It IS all "machine washable", along with all your other stuff -- as LONG AS YOU:

-- Get it right the FIRST time.

Romance & Friendship As Executed By The Ordinary:

*An older game of hormonal football,
Now played by neurons as, "lawn tennis".*

Okay --- On You Huskies! -- onward to ever greater heights of "Definitive Certainty":

Sickness: *Health for sissies.*

For a real thinker -- Having an inflated opinion of yourself is no crime --
-- Just HAVING one is.

A man ruminated:

"Regardless of what that news story said --

WHY -- how -- WHY would a cow POSSIBLY think of an afterlife as being, 'Chicago'?! --

-- It makes NO sense at ALL!" --- but then -- suddenly it HIT HIM!

Yes! -- it DOES make PERFECT sense! --

All you've got to do is look at it from a human's view

Through bovine eyes.

Short people need short answers --- and tall people need to get shorter.

Our, "Hopscotch Rhyme" for the day:

*IF --"Habit is health",
What's a THINKER to DO?!*

-- Hey! -- that don't rhyme.

Second Thoughts: "First thoughts" for sissies.

And now from our, "Anthropological, Give-Everything-Its-Due" Desk comes this item:
"Picking-at-sores" is one of the Four Major Pillars that supports man's
overall social structure.

Warning: If you think more than you absolutely have to,
Life'll swoop down and take your mind away from you.

Gee, Chris -- you really think any of our viewers are dumb enough to believe that?!

Sure, Jonnie -- I do!

Well -- okay, Chris -- if you say so.

Sure thing, Jonnie.

A man on a bus, with a metaphor,

Is not completely unlike a man on a bus without one.

It is through arrangements such as this

That the many complex carriers -- filled with the diverse travelers --

Are able to continually complete their journeys whilst never actually arriving ANY where

* Clutching a symbol is not the same as comprehending one. *

Once you've shot a point-blank-wall once -- what then?

I must apologize to our viewers --

This sort of thing should not be aired on a general purpose broadcast.

Please disregard.

The news invents itself, as history prepares the bed.

One man thought: "The '*far-reaches*' of my mind just don't reach FAR enough."

Why you come right on over here sir,
And hear some of this other *alternative* news.

With ordinary men -- their minds just get...well..."tired", along about the age of maturity;
But that's not enough fun for a real thinker --
He'll go on and just deliberately WEAR HIS OUT on top of everything else.

(The fresh neural sprouts left over after all of this
Are truly appreciative of his efforts too.)

How The Human Mind Sees Itself & Its Position, Vis-A-Vis Its Place Within The Collective:

Rats look around at where they live --- then over in another direction, and think:

"Boy, wouldn't it be great to have a home like an alligator!"

Who BETTER to dream of uniqueness than the ordinary!

Ordinary-Minds & Ordinary-Minds-After-Ordinary-Education: "Low cal", to "No cal".

Quite early on,

Life taught the sophisticated, who would become the Leaders Of Man's Great Cities that:

"Progress is progress! -- no matter WHAT the hell you CALL it."

Historical sidebar: There are actually two differing reports of this:

One has life speaking with the emphasis just given, (to wit):

"Progress is progress -- no matter what the hell you CALL it.",

And another version wherein life makes the same statement but this time with the Weight of the words shifted thusly:

"Progress is progress -- no matter what the hell YOU call it."

...(which one you like best?....)

A man with an all-encompassing, "Philosophy To Live By"
Is like a potential suicide victim,
Holding himself hostage
With a loaded billfold held to his head.

The reason ordinary Psychology doesn't get any where in attempting to
Describe man's mind is because they still attempt to do so with their ordinary mind.

Yes -- thank you --

How nice of you to say so --

I'm sure you are most welcome --

You could just leave a little something in the box by the door as you leave

Only slow running watches have as their primary concern
The question of: "Whose pocket am I in?!"

The reason there is no general, Small Appliance Philosophical Directive
Encouraging toasters and blenders to, "Know Themselves"
Is because it ain't much of a long range challenge(if you know what I mean.)

Definition:

Critics Of Religion: *The "sharp shooters" on a snipe hunt.*

And this item from our, "Home Safety & Psychological" Desk:

If you're going to "*step on children's dreams*" -- Hell! --

Go ahead and step on the children.

FCC regulations require that we nightly note that all of the news you hear here
Is lies, fictitious, incorrect, not-true, made-up, and otherwise, "totally unreliable".

(Now! -- don't we ALL-L-L feel *much better*?!)

And now,
Insetad of a weather forecast this evening,
Let's go over to our Entertainment Desk.

Thanks Cris -- and now for some, "Entertainment News" --

Why won't the dumb ever "*admit it*"?!

Only one thing functionally stands man apart from the other creatures of this world,
And if you want to play "guessing games",
It's either his: Brain,

His hand structure,
His social organization,
His concept of an afterlife,
His ability to use a credit card,
Or his brain.

Damn few people know how to play this game -- and damn even fewer WANT TO!

Thank you! -- and kindly forget that I even brought the matter up.

Thank you.

A sane voice of reason, deep within the middle of the herd said to the one next to it:
"Look around you, Buttercup -- present reality IS reality, as it must be played."

One man's hopeful battle cry: "Originality may survive — philistinism — NEVER!"

For the sake of exactness I must point out that he could be wrong —

He could even have it backwards —

He could, in fact, be expressing a total lack of comprehension regarding what Man ordinarily thinks of as "philistinism, lack-of-originality," and such,

In that all intellectual forms of "copy-catism" might be, for the collective, as Expiration is to inhalation for the body.

Still-and-all — it remains personally irrelevant to any one operating outside the neural confines of the general herd,
since they have no interest in the survival of anything other than what they have produced themselves — for themselves.

Thus, does one form of art hang, or stand not in any gallery or museum, but rather Where can ne'er be seen — inside the artist's mind.

Vocalist's Tip: Sing through each verse once, then split.

Tip For Those Who Want To Be An Accompanist To A Vocalist: *Does your mother know what you do*

Similes: *Metaphors on the back of the bus.*

Metaphors: *Symbolism that couldn't catch a plane.*

Symbolism: *What was left of a point-blank-wall after it decided it wasn't 'going any where'*

Local reality told one man:

"I'll bet if life didn't like you so much,

That after you die,

It'd do to you what you've been doing to language all these years around here."

The only ordinary way you can attempt to prove that you are more than merely "ordinary"
Is by external displays --
Which certainly conform to the spatial demands of man's physical reality -- but,
Which also can leave certain more subtle possibilities untouched.

Having no respect for someone is not the same as not liking them -- it's worse.

Just ask yourself: What kind of help would a real thinker accept
That did not come from the rear end of a wrecker.

Question: How can you tell when you've, "Asked yourself TOO much"? --

Oh! -- YOU know! -- you can ALWAYS tell! --

It's just that a real thinker doesn't give a shit whether he has or not, *Clout.*

Keep 'Em In Line: Kick dogs -- shame men.

Trans-Kennel Query: Why! -- why-o-why does that STILL work?!

** Arf, arf --*

Wink, wink --

*Lord Byron, you old Best-Of-Breed. **

Local reality,

As per its scintillating interpretation of life's general needs,

Provides that even the poorest of men are still born with a cash register.

Justice is,

To street-level crooks and perceptions,

Whatever will, "ring up".

Tip, for the Slow-Minded: There ain't none.

According to a seldom seen scale in one certain place:

Lust, serious -- romance, funny.

Bend a child in the way you want him to grow,
And he may later, perhaps, "snap" like an overly green twig and put out your eye.

Due to many urgent requests,
It was soon after decided that
Proverbs and words-of-wisdom
That gave you the blues
Would hence forth be known as something else.

Theme For The Common Of Common Man: *Gravity holds the galaxy together --*
Ridiculousness, your brain.

Well look --

If there is a chance that an English Springer is going to win Best Of Show again,
Then I'd like to demand a recount immediately,
And ask if you couldn't say that "seriousness", rather than, "ridiculousness"
Is the primary adhesive agent responsible for the cohesiveness of our minds

And from our well-oiled, "Definitions Anchor Desk" we find this:

The Intellectual Life Of Man: *A watercolor left out in the rain.*

.....(and properly so, might I add.)

And now for one of our more popular, discontinued features of the program --
"Multiple Choice News Items":

Civilization is for sissies.

OR:

Civilization is NOT for sissies.

A man turned back -- looked at the city and said:
"I expected more help from you than that."

One day genes told hormones:

"Some times it's good not to forget --

And some times it's also good not to mention it."

Not only could such a conversation not have taken place -- it's not necessary.

There are three things that can stop a thinker from thinking:

Anger,

Death,

And thinking-about-himself.

There're actually more than that --- but, what the hell! --

You didn't even ask to hear about those three.

One man told his child:

"If I liked you just a little bit more —

And —

If I was just a wee bit stronger —

I'd skip on passing you that phoney advice that I'm supposed to."

As city existence became increasingly complex, and uncertain,
A new political party arose with the name: "Grab A Stout Man By The Ankles":

A good thing about being ordinary is that you don't have to worry about whether you ever graduate or not.

One man's latest theory is that you should, "Pre-plan your entire life",
And that the way to do it is just to go ahead and live it this time around as you have to,
and see what happens later.

(It will be out in cassette form later this year.)

Non-Predictable Thinking: *Letter-bombs for the mind.*

*An ordinary man who,
Thinks he's free,
Has tied another leg,
To a tree.*

Those who would pray that things "Be just like they were before",
-- Not only *will* die -- but must die.

One man's mind told him: "Hey, don't be so hard on yourself.",
And the man replied: "Hey, I didn't know you were a comedian."

A mental friend is a terrible thing to waste.

One man had one simple, guiding principle in life, which was: "Don't listen to me."

Once upon a time in one land,

The king became so upset with the news that he put a ban on reporters --

But his Prime Minister pointed out that it would be simpler to just prohibit the news.

On a weird day one time,
Life had local conditions announce to the people that
Everyone who understood what was going on should stand up, and they'd receive a prize;
And everyone who did was too smart to fall for that.

Once upon a time in another land,
A man decided to put on a news show that was actually not a news show at all,
But rather a symbol for something else.

And the Prime Minister pointed out that it would be simpler to just prohibit the news.

Later that evening,
As the king lay peacefully in his bed, looking toward his ceiling, he said to himself:
"It is no doubt, tricky to remain in command of all of this
Just after a good meal and a full fuck -- but, 'cancel the news' --- NEVER!"