

We would like to begin this evening's news broadcast with this reminder:
Life comes to you through *living* -- the news, through *talking* about it.

* *Difference IS as difference does!(and as understood).* *

Flash!, Flash! -- *Bulletin!, Bulletin!*:

We interrupt the broadcast already to bring you this late breaking bulletin:

The *news-is-out!* -- The conspiracy is finally revealed and identified! --
It is the JOKE Conspiracy.

To try and think originally is to be involved in the world's longest running argument.

Once he was good and grown,
 And got a full length gander at what was going on in life around him,
 One man started his own personal theme song,
 And the first verse went like this:

*Oh I,
 Gotta get away,
 I gotta get away;
 Oh I,
 Sure as hell,
 Gotta get a,
 Gotta get a way.*

The second stanza proceeded thusly:

*Oh you,
 Can't get away,
 You can't get away;
 Now it's,
 Obvious to me
 You can't get away.*

We have not yet heard of a third verse -- we have in fact, no further word from the man,
 And the reason(s) for such an omission I care not on to speculate.

And now an item from our, Hospitality Desk:

The first two people who ever lived are still alive --
But is that any reason that YOU'VE gotta put 'em up?!

Those who embrace man's institutions,
Who cling to the wisdom of the collective,
And smoke any of the other freely furnished drugs,
All, unknowingly, long for a peaceful, intellectual death ASAP.

Without the belief in some kind of opponent, opposition, or obstacle,
Most neural armies wouldn't even get up before noon.

"Ho ho", said Santa Claus to the Easter Bunny,
"I guess it is really a good thing that young neurons HAVE a
Wise old Dutch Uncle like hormones to help look after them. Ho ho ho.",
And the Easter Bunny made no reply,
What with rabbits not being able to talk, and all.

Query For Cows & Other Miscellaneous Local Creatures:

If you're, "running from life" -- who -- WHO is actually "chasing" you?!

Meanwhile,

Back at the bunkhouse was one wrangler who,
Whenever he felt particularly passionate in a potentially intellectual direction,
Would take out his trusty guitar and softly croon to himself:

"It had to be me-e-e,

It had to be me-e-e...."

Good city advice for us one and all:

If you're alive and talking -- that's the only excuse you need.

And now on to our, "Definitions Desk":

Religions: *Folk songs that didn't work out.*

For those viewers who missed the final round last night here on, "The Giant Quiz",
We'll now read a transcript of those last, championship moments:

The M.C. said to the contestant:

"Ms Watkins, for ALL of the prizes, promises and shootin-matches-magillas,

Answer this question:

'If death is the ultimate pleasure, then where does thinking figure in all of this?'"

And she replied:

"What the hell kind of dumb-ass question is THAT?!",

And the M.C. exclaimed: "You're RIGHT!, Ms Watkins! -- You're right! -- You've WON!"

Few people --

(Even amongst the more educated and sophisticated) --

On their death bed are impressed with the latest polling results.

Thus continues the precarious posture of civilization.

It can prove most helpful to a thinker to be
adamant in your refusal to reply to philistines, and other members of the Fun Police.

Now for some, Health News:

It's more fun to worry about being sick when you feel bad than it is when you don't.

And now a Traffic Report from our "Eye In The Sky",

Cap'in Cody high up in the Weenie-Copter ----- take it, Cap'in!

One man's brain said:

"If I'm forced into ANY other directions -- FORCED, that is -- ONE MORE TIME --
By those guys down below -- I'm just gonna DIE!",

And his spinal cord noted:

"Hey -- get it straight -- If you're NOT -- THEN you're dead."

Once you arrive at the full realization of just how inane and witless is
Ordinary speech and knowledge,
Then you can stop being upset at how inane and witless it is.

A man on the bus then asked:

"Is this anything like 'getting-your-money-back' as you start to get off?!"

Those who think they're hip,
Think they stand on the very tip,
Of a higher jumping-off place in city life;
But if they's really rad,
They'd know that neural urban life is as
Uniform and flat as a dead man's EKG.

* Whee! *

One man so assured himself:

"Ah, don't sweat it -- you're no moodier than the next man."

Then there was this one other man who was such a *pistol* that he wouldn't mentally slump, even when alone.

Brushing aside certain urgings by his family and friends,
One old soreheaded man said:

"I'll be nice AFTER I die -- unless of course,
It turns out that death makes me even madder than I am NOW!"

Being intellectually ordinary IS its own punishment.

One man says that what he really enjoys about "being alive" is that everything is so "fair".

And now another item from our department of:

"Hey, For All YOU Know That COULD Be How Life Actually WORKS!":

What if the weather never really changes -- and only man's perception of it does?!

Indeed, many surprising turns ARE possible in a three dimensional reality

Perceived via binary means,

But notions such as the one just noted are somewhat captious in that it could be

Considered, with different results,

From both a hormonal and a neural view.

What if the weather never actually changes -- only man's perception thereof?!

(And as the man said:

"Hey, for all you know that could be how life really works.")

It is indeed tricky to try and take credit for what you are at any particular moment.

And now some news from the world of Terpsichore:

Once you get a clear, personal view of just how alive, complex and healthy IS the Dance-floor-of-human-life,

You can no longer be so surprised or upset over peoples' feet getting stepped on, Here-and-there -- from time-to-time.

I'm sorry B.J. -- I didn't mean to lose my professionalism there;

I know this was a serious story -- but is that last part a laugh or what! --

"Here-and-there -- from time-to-time"! --

Seriously -- I apologize folks, it just got the best of me.

Since it is an obvious fact that shoes wear out faster than brains,
Why does not a man here and there learn a lesson regarding the relationship between his
hormones and his neurons.

A French, female, Buddhist, who was also a *Real Thinker*,
Wouldn't BE French, female, or Buddhist even if she WAS French,
female,
and Buddhist.

(You know THAT by now, huh?!)

Remember: When it's twelve o'clock here, it is three o'clock somewhere else.

Remember with bench-presses & stretch-marks: A real thinker can make it three o'clock
Any time he wants.

People believe what they HAVE to believe -- simple enough, and not likely to soon change.

Life IS everybody's -- *personality*.

And now this from our, "Conversations Reported" Desk:

"An allegory with a 'way-out' is a 'flawed' allegory."

"Then what would be an iron-clad allegory WITH no way out?"

"Well, it sure as hell wouldn't any longer be an allegory."

"Then perhaps that's why we never hear of such a thing."

"I think not -- we do hear, and 'hear-of' them.

But without a built-in, 'way-out' they no longer sound like allegories."

"What then is it we take them to be?"

"Too crude, 'statements-of-fact'."

In action -- life defines itself;
In words, do men write it all down.

Okay, a "follow-up" to an earlier story, for all of you, "follow-up" fans:

Being alive is no joke -- talking about it is.

One man so advised his own child:

"Never put anything in your toilet that you wouldn't put in your mouth.",
And by the time he realized that was not what he meant -- it WAS what he meant.

Children can grow up right before your eyes;
The intellectual variety do so right IN your eyes.

And now, more news from your news team here at the news desk:

A happy man is a sluggish man --

"Say, Biff, don't you mean to say that: 'A sluggish man is a happy man'?!",

"Yes, Kirk, you're certainly correct -- I seem to have had it backwards -- thanks."

"No problem, old buddy."

Ordinary artists want to burn down the ballroom --

They roll with such feelings on the mistaken belief that they are outside.

One man named his hormones after his brains --
Turned out that neither one of them thought it was T00-0-0 funny!

Even men who don't believe in the mystical and supernatural,
Like to believe in the mystical and supernatural,
So as to help make the routine and mundane bearable.

Men invented submarines once they realized how *dumb* battleships were.

"Say Biff, *don't you mean to say that....*",

"Kirk, don't start that again."

Man's mind is like a pencil everyone is born with,
And life says to everybody: "Get that thing sharpened!"

From the, "Where Would You Go From There" desk:

You might be able to give children a quick glimpse of the fact that
Life is lived on a merry go round --

But once they're grown, if you approached them again and asked if they'd like to
Be able to see this continually, they'd say: "What for?!"

One man hated "*stuff*" more than anything else.

Fact: Everyone alive is furnished with drugs.

Fact: For a few, some drugs still cost more than others.

And now this PSA, brought to you courtesy of your friendly, local condition:

The ultimate struggle is between the civilized and the uncaring rats and grub worms;
Between the sensitive and drunken brick layers;
Between those who dream and feel deeply, and those who wander the back alleys,
Armed with dangerous, out dated weapons...".

Then life adds: "Need I go on?!"

One man thought:

"I'll *HELP* other people;

I'll help them wind-up their toys,

And if they don't like that -- I'll help break off their wind-up key."

Throughout history certain men have attempted to make themselves indifferent to
Their surroundings in a crude effort to imitate physically what would be,
non partisan thinking.

And from our Viewer's Mail Bag comes this timely inquiry:

"I feel as though I may be getting confused regarding somethings said

On recent broadcasts: Could you tell me just what IS the difference between being:

Sensitive,

Being delicate,

And being a sissy?" --

Say Duffy, are you sure this came from the Mail Bag, and not the garbage bag?!

The witlessness of institutional claims seems to strike ordinary ears as being
Not quite so witless as the witlessness of individuals.

He attempted to check himself into the Emergency Room on the basis of
Having an "acute hormone deficiency", and being in need of an appropriate transfusion;
Even as problematic as was this approach,
He knew failure would be certain if he'd listed "neurons" instead.

Routine artists make fun of life -- neural ones secretly do of art.

*You can dance with strangers,
You can dance with friends;
You can dance as a fist fight,
Or to make amends.*

*You can whirl as you dream:
"It was me who decided to dance.",
You can live such a dream and never see:
"I'm sorry, but there's hardly a chance."*

*Still,
All must dream,
All must dance,
Relax -- here comes your partner now.*

And life noted:

"So --

There are still those who

want to slip outside and have a drink from their private bottle

And talk about songs the band can't play.

So", said life -- "So."

And finally this -- what should be every *real* thinker's motto:

"If I stop now I'm a dead man."

Then there was this man who implanted electrodes in his brain to keep an eye on the electrodes already there.