

And now the news:

But first this, News Viewer's Reminder:

Remember that the news is brought to you by local conditions,

Is sponsored by present reality,

And is totally made up by your friend -- your close friend -- Life.

And now -- On with the shit.

After undergoing the invasive, embarrassing examination for prostate cancer,
One man thought: "I believe next time I'd rather have the disease than take the test."
Somewhere therein, also lurks a potential, (if I may use the word), "insight"
Regarding how ordinary minds feel about being prodded to think for themselves.

Man's standard model mind is constructed in such a manner as to not be seeking answers,
but forever, new forms of questions.

The truism that says: "The blind cannot lead the blind.", is not funny -- hell,
it's not even TRUE!.

Tonight's, "Phone-In Quiz" question is as follows:

"What is the difference between *criticism*, and the *progression of human intelligence*?"

We'll take the ninth caller.

And now on to our, "Defintions Desk":

Talk: *Conversations about talk.*

Story:

One man divided all of life up into, *little, bitty parts* --

And then the little bitty parts -- ATE HIM UP!

(That's right, you guessed it) -- The End.

"Popular songs" only become popular once they're played over and over again --
Same with routine knowledge and ideas.

A Real Thinker: *The original model for, "pirate" radio stations.*

Item from our, Social Graces: An independent thinker *may* only be popular with himself.

One father -- (or maybe it was a mother) --

Told her daughter -- (or maybe it was a son) --

"Remember: As long as you have '*personal problems*' at least you'll have a personal life."

When ordinary dumb people get even more dumb and serious they tend to get furious.

As a celebratory "joke",
For its twenty-first birthday,
Life let local conditions play a little trick on man by
Giving him two eyes, ears, and a binary mind, and dropping him into a three dimensional world

(Things went so well that man was soon after allowed to *dream-of* even more dimensions.)

Every day,
In its own little way,
The city reminds you to,
Practice "*safe thinking*".

And now let's move back once again to our Definitions Desk for these two additional entries:

Mental Problems: *Trains rushing down one way tracks -- that can't be stopped.*

Normal Mental Processes: *Too similar to the above to be re-defined.*

...("I say! -- would someone like to tell our writers that I personally
Didn't care for that one at ALL!")

Everyone who talks displays some dumbness.

One man called The Center For Disease Control and asked: "Am I over there?"

The ordinary mind must believe that there is a gigantic, mystical elephant,
Just over the visible edge of the horizon -- waiting for us tomorrow morning --
...or maybe the next day.

And a man over that way thought:

"Then what has an independent thinker got to look forward to!?" -- he turned and walked away.

An Escapee's Tip:

Anything you don't take seriously -- can't hold you.

Say, Dorian, shouldn't that be: "An Escapee's OBVIOUS Tip"!?

Okay, McBain: An Escapee's Obvious Tip.

"The Invisible Justice Of Human Existence Around Here & In The City" is that
The crude live just as long as the sophisticated, but the sophisticated don't think that they
SHOULD.

If you wanted to,

You could come to this ephemeral conclusion -- (just in passing, that is):

"My hormones DO make me do 'foolish-things', but who the hell said I had to TALK about it!?"

Heroes: *Genes personified.*

On the very first page of the Handbook, (second paragraph), it stated quite clearly:
"When you have nothing better to offer -- get REAL serious -- and then -- CRITICIZE!"

After he had studied himself for some time in the mirror,
And reflected further on what he'd earlier had to say thereto,
Deep down in his heart-of-hearts he truly wondered:
"If I DID, '*get-my-baby-out-of-jail*' -- where would I GO with him-or-her?!"

After he'd had the new area of his mental machine cranked up for a while,
One man realized: "I forget more good stuff now than I used to even think about."

From our, "Everybody's A Sportsman" desk, we find this item:

If you live & think in the city -- the dead'll use you for target practice.

Myths: *Heroes trying to get out.*

Heroes: *Myths, trying to get back in.*

And now from our, "Bumper Sticker Spotter's" Desk, this one seen this morning:

"Bums Won't Make It To Paradise, But They Can Hang Around The City As Long As They Like."

A thinker thought:

"The more you understand -- the more subtle becomes the humor."

On his hallway wall, one man drew a chart -- which noted:

"You can either '*live*', and not give much thought to it -- or

You can '*think about it*' a lot, and not actually live much....",

It then said, "But...", except the man hadn't written in anything after that.

If you can't talk -- you can't dance;

If you won't talk -- you're destined to fight.

At Home Query: Why would a thinking man ever hit a friend?

Why would a thinking man ever strike out at any one?

And lastly & ultimately: What could a thinking man POSSIBLY

"Have against him SELF"!?

And back to the Definitions Desk:

City Artists: *Some with a natural suspicion that "seriousness-ain't-all-THAT-serious",
But who don't much know what to do after that.*

From the non-standard, Thinker's View: "*Operational silliness*" is a talent that must be EARNED.

A man back over that a'way muses: "You know, if it weren't for similes and symbolism
You couldn't even attempt to describe a real thinker, even in the unsatisfactory manner
We do now. Hummm....", (he mused onward), "But then again if it weren't FOR the presence
And persistence OF symbolism, metaphors and the like, we wouldn't even have the need for
'Real thinkers'. Hummm....", ("Hummed" he, on down the musing path), "But once man began
To think, all forms of non-literal representations were inevitable -- just as much so as was
The dreamed-of appearance on stage of the illusive, 'Real Thinker'. Humm, hummm, and hummm."

More Good Advice You Never Got From Your Mama:

Never offer to assist a philistine..

And now another story from our, "Big Plaid Book Of Faraway Myths":

There was once a thinking creature over in another reality, who,
After having died and gone to the Day Of Judgement,
And who had never had any idea of what life had been about,
To try and help "excuse" himself on this most fateful day, before his maker,
Smiled seductively, dropped his pants, and showed god his tits.

And -- "Did it work?", you ask -- "Well, did it work or not?...."

The ordinary, *coarse-ground*, want to criticize the dead;
The ordinary, *a-bit-more-refined*, believe we should learn from the dead;
A thinker just wants to bury and forget them -- same as he does everybody else.

Fact: It is the BASIC drives of live that can "drive you crazy".

Fact-ola: It is ONLY the basic drives that can do so.

Fact-ola-rama, Correction & Conclusioness: It is only the THINKING about the "basic drives"
That can drive a good man crazy.

A previous word's definition expanded to meet the growing needs of today
And of tomorrow -- Thank you:

Advice: *The first and final refuge of the dumb and of the serious.*

-- Thank you.

As a child he'd skip through the neighborhood singing:
"Everyone's crazy but me -- everyone's crazy but me.",
Then when he got grown he began skipping downtown,
Through the financial and commercial districts,
Silently moving his lips, but in a manner that everyone still believed was him singing:
"Everyone's crazy but me.",
And after much serious discussion,
The city leaders came to the conclusion that he was god --
--- or else an investment banker with some really big take-over plans in mind.

The king of one land - (who was a native of the territory he rules) --
Proclaimed: "Any man with just a *pea-brain* can marry my daughter."
And a foreign prince, just passing through rubbed his royal chin and mused:
"I would have thought THAT went without saying."

And for this next story, we move over to our, "No Suprise HERE" desk:

One man immediately threw away the book he'd just been given,
Entitled, "The 100 Most Important People Who've Ever Lived",
As soon as he discovered you-know-who wasn't included.

Item: A man who can think-for-himself is like a dam that's about to break.

Update!: More like one that's ALREADY "given way"!

Thank you -- and don't forget to roll up your pant's legs as you leave.

Well, B.J.,

So many of our viewers have called the station here in the last five minutes
Regarding an earlier definition we read regarding what "Talk" is actually about,
I believe we should offer an expanded view thereof — what'da say:
Here 'tis:

Man's intellectual Life, aka, Civilization: *The supreme example of a growing operation,
Fueled solely by "self-reference."*

To replace his mind,
One man had surgically implanted,
A small AM/FM tuner where his brains had been;
The operation was SO successful that he says he can
"Hardly tell the difference, tell the difference."

And now for an unscheduled class in our, "School Of The Air":

How To Grow Up, Sideways:

If you don't leave home you can't be led astray;

If your mama will allow you to STAY at home -- you NEED to be "led astray".

That's all for today children -- class dismissed -- oh!, wait just a moment:

I wanted to mention that some of those following these lessons by way of their

Television have written in to ask if these instructions are pertinent to

Behavior, or to thought --- and by god, boys & girls -- that's a pretty neat question.

Okay -- *Shoo!*, with you now -- go on out and play.

And now this fine, fine item from our department of:

"Health Through, '*Major-Breakthrough*' Definitions":

Taking Your THINKING Self "Seriously": *The very first step to having EVERY bad thing
That could ever POSSIBLY happen to you -- happen to you.*

A less encumbered thinker might be thought of as someone who can see mortal existence,
And all of its strivings and growth,
As a good natured, humorous tale that never gets to the punch line.

And I might add, along such lines,
That original thought IS always -- its own never-ending conclusion,
resolution,
and punch line.

The sign cautioned:

"Don't Get The Wrong Idea! -- Facial Surgery Should Be Done In The Front."

One man mused:

"If you can *think* good -- it doesn't matter how you smell! unless of course,
you want to get laid!

And now over to our Sports Desk:

In the continuing competition between the hormone team, and the boys-of-the-neurons,
The hormones just keep on a'grinin', and a'winnin'.

-- "*Yeah -- may-BE!*", spoke up the late fourteen hundreds,

"*But, 'right-now' ain't NEVER 'always'!*"

Yeah! -- Yeah! -- You tell 'em, big boy!

Another, "Secret Law Of Biology":

If you're dead and no one knows it -- it doesn't count.

Note: Only a *thinker* could have thought of that.

.....(Yes, sir-ree! -- it just doesn't count.)

Many of the world's truly "Great Thinkers" secretly live in those bushes over there.....
.....those just over there.....

As regards the, Great Dance Of Life, do note that:

Life provides the ballroom,

the band,

all of the food and drink,

the tables, chairs, and any door prizes to be given out,

and even each person's date;

It even in fact -- furnishes YOU.

.....come to think of it -- What the hell else is LEFT!?

Conversation in D, Kershel Listing, "Unlisted":

"I've come to the realization that you can't be depressed unless you're being serious."

"Well, hey! -- I hope you don't think THAT'S going to stop me!"

Under normal, city lighting conditions,
The dumb never appear as "dumb,"
Any more than a really fine babe in her birthday suit
Is any more "rude & crude" as she is "*artistically unclothed.*"

"Oh, I get it!", says an obese man named Elmer,
With three eyes,
One tooth,
And a spreading herd of warts on his brain.
...("I get it." — indeed, "words-to-live-by" for urban, historical man.)

A plagiarist will always agree to be interviewed.

According to one version of the, "Real Thinker's Secret Handbook & Field Guide":

"If you are NOT your own non-partisan, original thinker

Then you are, perforce, a shill,

a bum.

and a thief!but other than that -- don't sweat it!"

Description to help you spot:

Independent Thinkers On The Move: *Those who'll shoot the dead twice.*

Quiz:

As soon as man's mind was fired up and could talk,
What was the very first thing -- (okay, the second or third thing) -- it said? --
.....Give up? -- it said;

"What difference -- if any -- is there between my mind and my body?"

Oh yeah -- And as this query keeps on a 'continuin' -- we all keeps on a 'winnin'.

To, "*scratch where you itch*"

Would be to think as your now-&-future children want to tomorrow.

To help understand it better, one man took everybody's serious talk and let the air out.

If you look back -- you *deserve* what you see.

One man called to say that he believes the urge to be your own original thinker
Is just the desire to *cure yourself* of everything.

A viewer wonders:

"What if I did start trying to think more than I have to, and less dependently,
And then died before I ever got good at it!? -- What then!?"

Well-wondered, good viewer -- well put and good night.