

In the cities --

At street level --

All wisdom is, "colloquial wisdom".

...(Of course that's all that's NEEDED -- but, STILL!....)

Men who *worry-about*, "being alive" -- sure are hard up for something to worry about.

Under-The-Watertable-Tip: Thoughts HAVE NO feelings of their own.

...(But ordinary minds are not normally permitted to
Think about this.)

For his own use, one man renamed advice -- "laxative".

This year's "Street Corner Song Festival" was maybe won by this little ditty
(Only libretto noted):

Of --
Cows run in herds,
Wolves run in packs;
Men's minds run around
On each other's backs.

(A copy of the musical score can be obtained by sending five dollars to your
local theological stockyards and slaughterhouse.)

While drunk, the leader of one civilization told an aide:
"We all actually recognize the truth when we hear it.",
Then when sober -- directed that everyone be shot in the ear.

A busy mind is a happy mind --

-- Unless of course it's TOO busy, (and then it's not) --

-- Or unless it is not busy ENOUGH, (and then it's not either) --

So, all-in-all: A *busy* mind, (not too much, or too little so), CAN be a "happy" one

* It's *GOOD* we can have these little chats. *

Those living in a backward time zone still manage to see sex as a kind of aggression --
.....But so do most animals.

One man said:

"It's no WONDER I'm the way I am -- the way I've been abused and pushed around.",

And his friend said: "But you're only six years old.",

And the man said: "Yeah! -- and it's gonna get WORSE!"

Now on to our fine, Definitions Desk:

Ordinary Knowledge: *Knowing more-&-more about more and more --*

Which actually didn't amount to much to begin with.

.....("Ah yes!, Soclephus, but still it IS -- 'more-&-more'!")

Additional: Guidelines For Comfortable City Living:

The way things are arranged now, humble people need to be PRE-TEE pushy.

Query: (Other than the obvious reason): Why aren't point-blank-walls more popular?

Answer: Because they can't be organized, and systematized.

As the First Couple wandered away finally from the Silence Of Eden,
One of them looked around and began the very first verse:

*A tree is not a tree,
Until it's thought a tree by me.*

"Now!", said Civilization The Driver, laying the throttle to the floorboard,

"NOW!, we'll GET somewhere!" --

--- And a solo, thinking-traveler, in a window seat said to himself:

"I'm gettin' the hell OUT OF here."

Tag Team Definition: Maturity, Sanity, Civilization & All Other Forms Of "Ordinariness":

Painting "The Point Blank Wall!"

To Be Independently Alive: To "DO SOMETHING" about that TER-RI-BLE color scheme over there.

Fact: They won't be allowing paint brushes in the Bus Station that will BE the Heaven & Paradise dreamed-of by ordinary minds.

The more seriously one doesn't know -- the happier they are to *share*.

Mythology Update:

Trying to change yourself neurally -- not your waist size, or muscle bulk --
But actually altering your own internal, unseen nervous system in even the slightest manner,
Makes the Twelve Labors Of Hercules, and the Final Round Of Jeopardy seem piddlin' affairs.

* But hey! -- If it *could-be-done*,
Would it *be-any-fun!*? *

When it came his turn to recite, the man stood, coughed softly, then commenced in:

"They can steal your clothes,

They can waste your time;

But they can't take away your,

Ability to make two different words sound similar -- Oh my god! --

They DID!"

More In Regards To A Non-Partisan Approach:

The easiest way to not think,"this-or-that-way"about others is not to think about them at all.

Another Historical Example Of How Life Makes Sense To The Civilized Even When It Doesn't:

As he was driven to apparently "struggle against" certain natural, animal instincts
Yet intrinsic in man,

This one citizen remarked:

"All right then -- If that's the way it's gotta be --

Then I'll just use my pecker as a third leg to help me WALK with."

Moral: You can mash gophers back into their hole --

But you can't get rid of the holes.

Upon hearing this Moral I just made up,

A near-by civilization stuck out its tongue toward us and made an extremely rude noise.

As they sat reading, one man stopped, looked up and said:

"Why, as they get older, do people more enjoy irony?",

And the second one replied:

"But they don't -- the older they get, the more that irony infuriates them.",

And the first man said:

"All right then: Why does it make them angrier, the older they get?",

"Ah!", responded the number two talker,

"Because as their eye-sight decreases, the split in life that causes irony widens."

Now more from our, Fact Desk:

Fact: Men invented, "*Facts*" so that animals would "look up to them".

Addendum: Although they do not appear to have the mass, or density of rocks,
Facts can still seem to hurt sissies and other delicate warriors.

Part of one man's recent conversation with himself:

"If nothing added to nothing equals nothing,

Then how did I intellectually get here in the first instance? -- Hummm...", he continued:

"And if nothing subtracted from nothing still leaves nothing -- how can I ever
CHANGE what I am mentally?"

The Dance Of Local Life Explained In Yet Another Fashion:

Man with anchovies looking for woman with cheese & pizza dough -- or else her own
delivery truck.

And in charming response, a girl and boy who hadn't been out with anyone
In the last twenty-two years said, accidentally in unison: "Oh -- I get it!"

* It's *GOOD* that people can have these little chats. *

Although they are not normally constructed to be able to see this, nonetheless:

Everything that men dread is already behind them.

When he got past the cheap age of seven,
One kid began to silently sing as he would skip through -- AND skip his neighborhood:

*Being serious will make you sweat,
Sweaty people run the world;
I don't know, "how's-by-you",
But I say, "Phew! - Phew! - Phew!"*

...(In the instant instance,
Non verbal expression of his sentiments probably WAS
The wiser course of action,
[What with him likely being surrounded by
Mature, right-thinking grown-ups and all --
-- And you know how THEY can be about such things!])

Life & intellectual life in this universe is carried on in a kind of invisible ocean,
And man is like a form of internal, ESP communications.

Routine knowledge and the normal progression of information could be likened to:
Ladders constructed of the shavings of ladders previously cut up.

Okay, Mister Know-It-All-Or-Some, then what would be the alternative, NON routine?"

Well, okay, Mister Ask-It-All-Now-Or-Later, I'll just TELL you:

It would be ladders made up of magical, brand new material."

Whoa! -- hold on there, that's a trick:

Anything actually "NEW" would have to be magic ANY way!

Well.....I reckon you caught me, old chum.

More of the, "Unrecorded History Of The Intellectual Domestication & Civilization Of Man":

One of the purposes of HAVING a home is so that you don't have to GO there.

Some powerful consolation for a mid-night, or, mid-life, even a mid-street crisis:

At least real famous people know what *they're* doing.

One man's "NOW" opinion -- (at least he SAYS it now is):

"If men really WANTED to know what was going on in life, well -- Hell! --
SOME way they'd FIND OUT!, now wouldn't they!?"

A kind mother looked down at her child and the child's unzipped head, and said:
"Go ahead and play with yourself-and-it all you can now because they don't
ALLOW that over where we'll have to go later."

Local Condition's continuing good-advice to the creatures of this planet:

"Don't fuck with your hormones! -- and don't pay MUCH attention to the
REST of your operations."

"And, God!", said Brunhilda to Bruno as the years pressed on, "What a comfort to hear!"

Even things that aren't connected -- are connected.

Those who wave flags, and shout out, identifying themselves as being either, "this-or-that"
-- are just *asking for it!* -- just like they're supposed to.

Definition: An Independent Thinker: *A hermit who can "hide-out" -- even when alone.*

Item: An ordinary man -- no matter who, or what he is -- who is *proud of what he is* --
has far more pride than is profitable.

...(So! -- can "hide out" even when by himself!)

Continuing, Traveling Fact:

Ordinary minds are never stuck for a reply,
And everyone has something in mind to replace things they criticize
That are dumber than the first things.

In what I guess we can mostly all agree was an, "un-orthodox" fashion, one man mused:

"*THINKING* about death can kill you faster than *dying*."

Boy! -- now THERE'S sure another one that I'm glad can't have nothing at all,
even metaphorically-and-crap, to do with a man's *mind* and ITS life!

Boy! -- Yeah! -- tell me about it!

News For The Big Girls & Boys:

Heroes, fiction & religion are here so that sissies will have something to think about in bed at night.

--- Hey! -- I ain' sleepin' with ME! ---

New tip on howto: "Slap Your Mind Around" - (When It Needs It) - With Out Hurting It TOO Much.

If you're illiterate, you can't hold up an intellectual bank using a note.

When one man began to realize what the news ACTUALLY WAS -- he,
(After being sure to unplug it) -- stood up on a chair, and
took a pee on his t & v.

Instructive Item:

If you talk enough about something you can usually manage to fuck it up.

Related Datum For Advanced Students:

If you THINK enough about something you can usually manage to do so also.

You can well ignore the idea of a, "long-lasting", *moment of epiphany* --
-- Change takes time.

Pretending that certain intellectual, strictly-human things, "didn't happen" is good enough --
-- since they didn't.

A four word, comprehensive description of:

The Life Of Independent Thinkers: *Permanent vacations BEFORE death.*

Everybody loves a "*quiet man*" ---- as long as he'll shut-up about it.

One of the many free funs, and pastimes man receives along with the
Issuance of his standard-operating mind is the ability,
After a childhood of playing outdoors,
To bring himself finally into the house,
And then spend the remainder of his adult life trying to get back out.

The local god on this one planet laughed and observed:
"Ain't civilization a, '*Kick in the balls*'!"

Clear Thinker's Miracle Windshield Cleaner:

All descriptions of man are flawed and suck.

Since there are no ordinary methods whereby a man's mind can operate apart from
The everyday influences of his physical, hormonal drives --
-- Ordinary men like to pretend that there are.

After reaching a "certain stage", one man threw away his mirror,
Looked at life this time instead -- and said: "Hey!, don't take it personally."

If man's mind
Were not his friend — with an open end,
The word, "transcendental,"
Would not exist.

— "Hell, Hubert! -- I wouldn't even exist!" —

A man who doesn't see the basic humor in all of human seriousness will never see much.

Upon returning to this world after a quite lengthy absence, an observer noted;

"What man has accomplished is truly amazing ---

What he BELIEVES he has -- even more amazing!"

Interstate Anthropology:

Man doesn't have to "take a back seat" to anybody! --

-- Cause around here, he IS the back seat.

** "Oh, Daddy, Daddy -- I want to drive! -- Let ME drive! -- PLEASE?!",

"That's my boy! -- Go get 'em, Tiger." **

Two items -- (related perhaps, or not):

Toadyism runs the routine world.

A thinker should be one of his own best friends,

Original, creative people only communicate among themselves -- Hey! -- who ELSE!?

When the ballroom was originally moved from the first Promised Land,
The purpose of talk was as a substitute FOR dancing --
With most, it still is --
-- What is it with YOU!?

Thought one certain man, privately to himself:

I will strongly pretend that I can fly --

I will do so until I crash-&-burn ----- or until I FLY!.