

The dull mind always dreams of the stable and the eternal.

One man's private motto as regards ignorance: "Use it or lose it."

And from our City Desk comes this item:

The title of the lecture was posted as being: "What Is The Purpose Of Life?",
And by all reports everyone who showed up was shot at.

If this proves to be a "late breaking story" -- we'll break it to you later.

And now for a quick, end-run around this next commercial.

"Hey!", said life -- "BUY something!"

It's almost as though the weather & food feed your hormones, and talk, your neurons;
And if this be accurate, then consider the particular foundations upon which your
Thighs stand, and upon which civilization itself rests.

Fact: For things to BE more complicated -- they must SEEM more complicated.

History: Man was driven from Eden because he wouldn't talk.

And now over to our Definitions Desk:

Religion, Philosophy & The Scientific Method: *Attempts to explain a merry go round
Whilest so dizzy you're always in danger of
Throwing up.*

After pondering his local myths, one man wondered:

"If '*being alive*' is our curse -- then what worse can happen to us!?"

Some sportsmanlike scores from the Hintsville League:

Since it is impossible to tell whether someone actually knows what they're talking about or not --
What difference can it possibly make to you!?,
And why should you care about it!?

Now here is an item from our, Police Blotter:

A man on Monroe Drive reported to an officer that some one threw "gibberish" on him.

In an odd moment, local reality once told one man:
"Speak only for yourself.",
And immediately realized it shouldn't have said that.

In addition to his singular abilities with his hands,
And his development of agriculture,
Even his talent for speech,
The one characteristic that most separates and distinguishes man from
Any other creature on this planet is his -- *good luck.*

If you walk in partisan shoes your feet answer to the names: *Bile*, and, *Melancholy*

A man looked around at his home planet and said: "Humans are truly astounding!",
And some trees and rocks thought: "How would you comparably know that!?"

Local reality noted: "All men look alike when they're bent over.",
And life shouted out: "Hey, some of you -- straighten up!,
And stand up, so I can get a look at you."

Note: Only hormones could possibly have a "personal, private life",
And only neurons would ever talk about it.

Note note: A vehicle that can go foward, but not in reverse, (or vice versa),
Is no fully realized vehicle yet.

If there is no precedent for what you think -- you're thinking.

The silent need not be defined -- which is why the verbal must spend so much time trying to do so.

In referring to his mind, this one man would some days sing this blues song to his brain:
"She may be your woman but she comes to see me some times."

You can only be smart in city games
If you play in city parks.

Thinker's Tip:

If you have a fruitcake living in your basement or attic -- stop it.

And now over to our Linguistics Desk for this definition:

Noise: *Noise*.

There are two main groups of people who are witless;
Foreign troops who obviously don't know anything,
And local soldiers who take shots at them.

And now once again, let's bounce back to our Definitions Desk:

Discussions With Civilians: *Noise*.

Ideas are dead --- thinking, alive.

One man would periodically send off, "Urgent" letters to life --
-- but they'd always come back for lack of sufficient postage.

In a moment of weakness a man can say the wrong thing -- Correction:

In a moment of weakness a man WILL say the wrong thing.

A man who could think, one day thought:

"If most of the world is always behind the times then where does that put the likes of me!?"

Another Ballroom Tip:

If you want to lead a group of people, but don't know anything worth telling them
The first thing to do is to make your ignorance appear systematized.

...(A little trick I picked up from life.)

Before there was home power available for electronic games,
Man's first hobby was ego.

Okay -- Definition Time:

Ego: *Hormones who can talk.*

A viewer notes:

"Some times after listening to the 'Non Partisan News' -- life *sounds* funny."

Only man can be verbally dissected.

Life does talk to all men -- but in a weird language.

As per the legend in one reality,
As soon as the gods made the universe, and the thinking creatures to light it,
They then created scaffolding, and bulldozers, and everything was off and running.

What is neural anger but the inevitable loss of the temporary.

Life asked one man: "Hey, wanna have some fun?" -- and then left.

If not an act of will,

If not a desire to get ahead,

If not a fear of failure,

Then what makes a dog, a cow, or sheep get up and go about its business?

Hormones have but *one* duty.

As they stood on a corner waiting for something, one man thought:

"I am from another world.",

And a man next to him thought:

"I am from another time.",

And a third man there thought:

"I am from a different theory.",

And the pavement marveled:

"And they still don't recognize their common ancestry --

Even though the same, same, same buses keep picking 'em up, and dropping 'em off!?"

One thinker examined history, the news, and all local conditions, then asked himself:
"Where is the philosophy that has no bitter-sweet after taste!?"

Logic For The Firing Range:

If a man's personality is a lie -- then every thing said about it is also.

One of the ways to be civilized is to believe that,
"You can make a difference" -- and then not try.

Many of the non-clever like to believe that you can be too clever for your own good.

Yes, that sound you hear is either the footsteps of man forever marching forward -- or,
of the old migraines still trying to slip up on you.

A real thinker is one who needs no support for what he thinks.

This, distinguished from a fanatic in that the latter must hear an occasional, "Amen."

If you feel your individuality on some hormonal basis -- you aren't very individual.

And now for a brand new rendition of that old favorite hit: "Time Is On *ITS* Side.":

By the time that things come down to what they actually are --

Some people will be ready to say: "So -- that's how things actually are!?"

One city dweller pleaded with local reality:

"Come on! -- I want to have MORE fun! -- Give me just one more concussion."

Non partisan brain activity can produce drugs that the ordinary are not
capable of SEEING -- much less prohibiting.

Attempting to join in the spirit-of-things,
One man now holds out this self-made dictum:

"A *small* man is a *happy* man --

Because even if he's not, we can beat him up and make him SAY that he is!"

There are some things that a growing intellect should not waste its time thinking about.

One man thought:

"Who the hell came up with the idea of calling brain operations, 'thinking'!?"

On this one world,

Any one who wants to be "famous & important" must first be seriously shot.

And now to our department of: "Okay, Mister City Britches -- How Do You Explain THIS One!?":

Civilization is for the purpose of bringing men together --

And yet one truly civilized wouldn't hang out in crowds.

One man who really enjoyed his excursions into *ex parte* thinking
Would periodically take some subject about which he liked to think,
And delete it from his thinking repertoire.

Sloppy Snooker — Dirty Pool Time:

A man who talks about what he's doing generally doesn't know what he's doing.
...(That's one reason he talks about it.)

To a still, hormonal-driven mind -- the larger must always seem the more important.

Advice: *Posion with no warning.*

Question: What do you call a three dimensional merry go round
That has at least one foot in the fifth dimension?

Answer: The human mind.

And a viewer wonders: "In that case, such a merry go round shouldn't actually
Be CALLED a, 'merry go round', should it!?"
No sir, you're correct -- it should not.

The city's continuing directive to man: "Only look at one place at a time."

One thinker would remind himself:

"Whenever you get serious, you get unintentionally pretentious."

A "civilized" man always believes that SOMETHING-or-the-other is his "duty".

Hormones could see the obvious -- but never its significance;

Neurons can speak of it -- but never understand it.

One man's theory:

"If you keep track of life -- life'll keep track of you."

What local reality understands finally seeps down to man --

And one fellow said: "I'm tired of living in this damp cave! --

-- It's far too far behind the times."

A thinker thought:

"If silence is golden -- then speech should be platinum."

And

A stand-by thinker later thought:

"If the band could ever learn to play, "Should Be" in an agreeable key --
EVERYBODY would dance."

One man told himself:

"There's no accounting for *'what you are'* -- so stop trying."

Everyone will pretend to be more intelligent than they are if you'll just ask.

Independent Thinking: *A continuing synonym for, "Tomorrow".*

For one final time, one man called up all of his ancestors on a phone.

Amongst thinkers -- Things easily explained are easily understood.