

See -- here's the situation;

Life's always comin' at you from two different directions,
And you all the time only lookin' with one eye.

It's easy to fool the simple! -- don't believe it!? ---
Just go look in the mirror.

The speaker proclaimed:

"That which does not kill me -- makes me stronger!"

And in the audience, one man's mind warned him -- "Don't you even THINK about it!"

More, "Backyard, Neural, Animal & War-time News' As Related To Certain, 'Inner-City Affairs'."

A squirrel flying an F-111 among the birds

Has no need to be, "on-a-mission".

Just to check on its current state of health,
As it moved across one city,
Local conditions said to the people: "Whine, if you're alive."

In the wake of one of our previous news stories, has arisen a new, "Knock-Knock Joke":

Knock-knock:

Who's there?

What is the "after-life" reward for those who behave properly now?

They get to go from feeling, "guilty", to being, "frustrated".

"YA-A-A!", screamed one little smart-ass fucker,

"Let's 'HEAR-IT' for the gods!",

(And under his breath muttered: "Before we hear it from THEM!")

Local time has asked us to announce just how "sick" it is of people,
Under the professed guise of: "Getting older and wiser",
Stealing its credit.

Now, over to our, Sports Desk:

The math-of-life is such that only a *real* thinker really knows-the-score

Taking the opportunity offered by a brief encounter they encountered,
One man said to the older, more settled part of his mind and brain:

*"If you think middle class
You can kiss my ass."*

And though --

Heads can't reach that low,

It's surprisin' how far down they CAN go.

So as to better encourage his son in directions that would ultimately prove to be of
Most profit when dealing with ordinary people,
And the ordinary aspects of,
Ordinary life,
One father said to him:
"Never -- never, '*seriously*' entertain a,
'Serious-question'
From a blind-man
Until you have first delivered to him,
A cracking-good -- 'knee-in-the-balls'!"

Wow! --

Can you just IMAGINE some,
Middle-class, little,
Everyday-kind-of, decent kid trying to MAKE something outta that!?
Whew! --
Boy!, I'm glad I wasn't growing up back when I was growing up.

Civilization! -- Oh, Civilization! --

Wherefore Art Thy Sting!? --- Besides, EVERY WHERE!?, (That is)!?:

The apparent proper treatment for some

One-legged-cripples in the city is to -- *Shoot 'em in the OTHER leg!*

The crude worship the sun since it
Keeps them alive;
Sophisticates honor nothing since that's
All that they have.

Doing his part-time imitation of "somebody",
This one man slung the microphone around over his head,
Did a leaping, leg-split to the floor of the stage,
And sang:

"I got --

Rats-in-my-pants and I wanna dance." -- but it was already, too late.

"The purpose, My Young Elysian-Leaning, Advocates Of Life-In-The-Academy,
Of HAVING rodents,
Appear IN fables,
Should, by now,
Be as plain as a pimple on Plato's prosaic behind."

And a viewer out there, suddenly bolts upright in his chair, and exclaims:
"I've GOT IT! -- I see what you're getting at now! -- Wow! --
Those squirrels and rats in your stories, 'represent' something! Wow!"

Moral: A "*drugged*", drug-taker is a *happy* drug taker.

Time for another visit over to our, Simile Desk:

Arguing with ordinary perceptions is like sinking a submarine by spitting on it.

...I'm sorry -- did I say, "sinking it", or, "attempting to"?!?

The dumb talk about death;

Those still standing -- and attempting to pass for, "*thoughtful*" -- will make some,
Half-ass, passing attempt to say something --(now & then) -- about, "living"! --

....(But not enough to ever be of any consequence.)

Additional Recognitional OF The Most Effiential:

The ordinary, and thinkers alike -- operate off the same fuel.

A Lean Lesson In Civics:

Hormones may make you "territorial",
But it is neurons who become "patriotic",
And instead of urine,
Begin to use words to mark off their spot,
And drive us all nuts.

This item from our, "Ad Hoc, Definitions File,
As Flung To Us From A Headless-Horseman,
Riding Blindly By At A Thousand Miles An Hour":

A Real Thinker: One Newly, "UN-Civilized" -- and in secret.

If you expect to get more fun and entertainment out of life than you do out of yourself.
Then you're in for -- what is known in some circles as a:

Sweet-Jesus!,

How-long-have-I-been-here!?,

The-doctor-won't-see-you-yet!,

How-do-you-spell, "eternity"!?,

Hell-of-a-long-time wait.

As his business ventures and social position improved,
One man reflected this by his upgrading the name of his tumor to — "goiter."

One honest, sincere parent so instructed her children:

"If you will live the decent, ordinary life that the city expects from you,
As a reward -- you will die."

The only people who are really civilized are those who personally, *WANT* to be.

All info has a "punch line"! --
And a thinker's always says: "More to come."

And, "Tramp, tramp, tramp!" -- things march on:

A man says: "I may be dumb -- but at least I'm dumber than YOU are!"

'Tis never too late -- save for,
Those dealing in time.

More, "Unwritten-Down Definitions" From Our City Dictionary:

Proverbs, Truisms, Maxims: *One-and-all* -- *Warm blankets for weary little minds.*

One man felt COMPELLED to write his autobiography
After fully realizing
Just how boring his life had been up 'til then.

The mind is the only sense that can,"see in the dark"!and also provide its own.

Counters one guy:

"Hey, well I'll tell you what --

If there AIN'T no conspiracy -- there SHOULD BE!"

Another Ode To That Babe -- Terpsichore

*The crude have their boogie,
Thinkers, one too;
A few dance the latter,
How about you?!*

From our, "Transportation Files Of:

'Oh driver! -- if this is either the Hormonal, OR Neural Stop, then I want to get off.'",

We get this Inside - Edition of the, "Garden Story":

The Snake: *The first Author.*

Eve: *The first Reader.*

Adam: *The first Critic.*

Life called up one thinker on his local phone and said: "Just checking."

In the cities,

Whilst the people pray that they may, "better *REMEMBER*",

This-or-that-god, or moral precept,

Thinkers quietly seek for a sort of, "*on-the-OTHER-handedness*"

Whereby they LOSE their recollection of hesitancy and doubt.

...(Yep!, that's right --

Life said: "*Just-t-t* checkin'.")

Local life's invisible, "Elementary School", (obligatory for all),

Teaches its mortal graduates:

"Once out, in adult, intellectual-life --

If you discover you don't know what you're doing --

Assume the appearance of being extremely peeved and serious."

See -- here's how the situation is:

Life's always comin' at you from two different directions,
And you all the time only lookin' with one eye.

And -- See! -- here's another way the, "situation be":

Hormones want to be fed -- with no temporal questions regarding any, "finality",
While neurons seek "answers" -- and in a manner exactly otherwise.

A Follow-Up to a story we brought to you last night:

The ordinary will often use their brand of humor as an attempt to camouflage their plagiarism and conceal their lack of originality.

And now for some, "Live -- and, 'SEMI Live' News From The Old City Stockyards":

All cows want is to be, "left alone";

All that, *thinkers-trapped-in-bovine-bodies* want is to be, "put out of their misery!"

Fashion News - As Regards Semi-Indelible, "Body-Adornments":

On his most private-of-parts,
One man had tattooed, these words:

"The Ugly Have Only THEMSELVES To Fear."

...(Aren't all you thinkers glad now
That the Union made you throw away your mirrors when you first signed up.)

The only permanent arrangements needed by a thinker are the temporary kind.

The routine health of ordinary minds
Is dependent on the nexus of collective thinking;
This gives natural rise to such everyday affairs as:

Gossip,

Hero-worship,

Fascination-with-the-famous,

And all manners of casual, friendly, "chit-chat".

While the --
"Cat's away",
Birds can still play;
But when the birds are away -- no one can.
Well....actually, they CAN,
It's just that there's no one around to REPORT on it.

One urban viewer joins in the fun by sending us her own original definition:

Advertising: *Laxatives for the mind.*

The Way In Which Life Directs Certain Aspects Of Its Local Battle Strategy:

"Give the crude swords and pistols —
Give the civilized, partisan thinking."

From the "Thinker's Ward" of the field hospital
Could be heard such mournful cries as:

"Ohh-h-h! — Ahh-h-h! — Ugg-g-g!

May god have sweet mercy on me! —

I have been struck — and to the depths of my soul, sorely pierced — by either:
Jagged shrapnel, or,

Someone's blunt opinion! —

— But either way: Ohh-h-h! — Ahh-h-h! — and, Ugg-g-g!"

First Act: Under hypnosis, one man admitted he had a, "dirty little secret".

Interactive, Alternative, Subsequent Scenes, (select one):

- * There is no such thing as, "hypnosis";
- * All secrets are, "dirty":
- * Men will admit anything with OUT any coercion;

Or:

- * There are no such things as, "men".

A "*thinker's concern*" is NOT about, "Getting stuck out on a limb" --
But rather how to get out ON a limb.

And a viewer sends in this telepathic question:

"Hey -- if,

As you've said, more than once --

There IS no such thing as your verbally-taged: 'Real & Independent Thinker',

Then where the HELL DO you get off

To keep TALKING about 'him'!?"

Sir! -- one of the better questions of the month:

I get, "*off-the-hell*"

At the same place every other thinker does -- No where, and, Every where.

...Well -- *Hey!* -- Well, how about this! --

He just mentally sent me back a smiling, "thank-you".

More of the: "Otherwise, Invisible Reality -- Right Before Your Very Eyes":

The crudely-religious see the "hand-of-the-devil" in
Any activity that truly encourages man to -- *change*.

"That's right, mama! -- it's *true* -- and yet it CAN'T be true."

But further note: A reality that comes toward you from only two directions
Is already a mangled basis from which to begin.

Why does man have two brains? -- two eyes? --
Why are libraries, "air conditioned"?.....

One man's conclusive, *take* on the matter:

"Some books are famous, and some are not ---- so what."

If you run-out-of everything at once -- you die;
If you do so "selectively" -- you begin to THINK.

Logic: As Portrayed By A Version That Leaped, Nude,
Out Of A Cake At A Recent City Convention:

Any one who wants to be the "center-of-attention" should be shot;

Everyone should be shot;

Everyone should be the "center-of-attention" -- now put your clothes back on.

Although job descriptions come in many forms in the city,
For the truly civilized and sophisticated, there are actually only two, now on-going:
You're either: "in show business" -- or else,:
you're a, "reporter".

While giving a son an admonishment regarding gossip and back-biting among friends,
The father said: "You don't, '*talk-about*' a bud.",
And a daughter, overhearing this thought:
"Is that why you never hear a thinker comment on what he thinks!?"

A certain city soothsayer,
As he became increasingly popular with the would-be, "rich & famous",
Started billing himself as the: "Hairball Groomer TO The Stars!"

After pondering the ancient, philosophical question regarding: "Reality And Consciousness",
This one man decided that if there was any validity to the whole affair,
Then BOTH of them could NOT simultaneously exist.

After that,
He also invited his first cousin,
Who is an, Old-World, short-haired beaver,
To "reflect-on-the-matter" -- FOR himself.

Only the bored and the dumb have the time to comment on others.

In a way,

(You might say),

A "Thinker" is one who can --"Do The Boogie" -- with his clothes ON.

And a viewer -- some where --

Thinks to his-or-her self:

"If this is another one of those, 'metaphor-things' -- I'm gonna -- *PASS OUT!*"

"Okay", said the teacher to the kids,
"You dumb-wits in the back -- get your glasses checked! --
Everything you keep asking me about is right before your *little squinty eyes!*",
...(And under her breath,
Muttered something TOTALLY, "un-lady-like".)

And the "Ph.D-Man", who was the Superintendent Of Schools
Happened to be passing by the door at that moment, and
Immediately slapped himself on the forehead, with both hands,
As he internally screamed to himself: "My GOD! -- Chicken Little was RIGHT!"

Now For The Closing Prices On Today's, "City-Streets, Drug Market":

The popularity of a thing depends on its popularity.

...don't get anxious! --

We'll give the final tallies from the Religious Exchange also in just a moment --

.....(Assuming that's not what we just did.)

To help note the shift in his thinking,
Right above his mind, one man hung a banner which read:

"Under New Management!"

Hormones tell time, but don't watch clocks;
Neurons do, and still don't know high-noon from a hole in the ground.

"By now", opines Professor X,
"If neurons had any real sense of shame,
You'd think they'd've raised MANY-Y-Y an objection to
Much of what's been SAID about them around here!"

More News From The World Of: "Neuro, Electro-Chemistry":

On the beach where Mary & The Lamb play,
Which is where the collective's reality meets the individual's potential --
Whenever the, "*surf's up*" -- everything else is, "shut down".

Only a "viewer"
Would take the time and effort to
Write to himself to say: "I don't, '*get it*'!"

Additional Note To The Unusually -- "Open Ended":

When morbidic, and deadly conclusions are not your goal -- "*getting it*" becomes irrelevant.

....("Baa-a-a",
Added, you-know-who!)

A Test For City Dudes & Dudettes:

The way to tell if what you, "Believe-In" amounts to anything or not
Is whether -- if you DIDN'T -- nothing would be ANY different.

Life: *The Process.*

The Mind: *That which says: "We MUST come to some CONCLUSION here!"*

A drug has not "done its job" until the taker has fallen down;
No institution is exempt from this law.

In The Area Regarding City Matters And Local "Experts":

It's hard to take what a "serious man" says -- seriously.

A man said: "I have, '*hormones-on-the-brain*'." ,
And though he was not correct, I know what he means.

The natural arrangement of things seems to be such that
Minds weren't intended to be solitary creatures.

Now a "Medical Follow-Up" to an earlier story we covered tonight:

Only a person with a tumor -- or other form of an ordinary mind --
Has ANY right, privilege, OR reason to EVER -- "pass out".

(Thank you doctor -- thank you ever so much.)

The old parts of a man's mind say:

"If you don't *think* -- and *talk* about problems, you'll never cure them,"

While the newer parts would say: "WHAT!?"

A certain, "grown man",

After hearing it said that: "Everyone's best days are already behind them.", asked:

"Then -- where was I when I peaked!?!?"

An ordinary man with OUT neural problems would be "brain dead".

Those who publicly identify themselves and tell what kinda guy they are
Have an unnoted desire to be brittle -- and therefore, sensitive.

And now an "end run" back to our, Simile Desk:

A *thinker* -- with "credentials" --

Is like a brand new life raft with even newer HOLES!

Super-Hero, Super Tip:

Being, "bullet-proof" only counts -- internally!

Men who can actually "do" something better than it's being done
Do not say: "I could do that better."

Cows will some times feel such a desperate need to be taken, even momentarily --

"Seriously -- as an individual" --

That they will *pay* for the privilege.

Any who doubt this

Can simply go look in the mirror, or

Review certain of the "900 number" calls on their phone bill.

Local conditions confided to one inetersted man, this further bit of previously
Unrecorded data:

"Time is not only, '*on my side*' -- time IS one of my sides."

There is a quite present danger in a thinker "taking credit" for anything he does;
And although this cannot be explained, or proven,
Any thinker past his own age-of-maturity knows exactly what I mean!

One man's description of it:

"The *trick* to thinking is to *stay alive while dying*."

A thinker already knows what everybody else thinks --
His excitement is in seeing what he'll come up with next!

Those who know the secret -- just smile;
And those polite, (who know) -- keep even their smile secret.

And now:

Courtesy of one of our, "In-House -- 'Sponsors-Of-Thinking'", this:

"Orthopedic Ode For Use On Certain Lame City Dreams":

You can either:

Live-in-the-city -- or,

Go-back-to-the-garden.

Nope! --

You can't GO BACK to the garden.

"Okay, nurse --

Send in the next one of those crippled ducks

So we can -- *get the hell outta here!"*

The roadhouse wherein is played the, "Thinker's Boogie"

Is just outside of town;

Always ----- *just outside of town.*

All right -- now here is the complete situation, *all* wrapped up for you this evening:

- * Life's always comin' at you from two different directions,
And you all the time only lookin' with one eye;

-- *and;*

- * Hormones want to fed -- that's all -- just *fed!*,
With no temporal questions of any "finality" --
While neurons seek "answers" -- and in a manner exactly otherwise;

-- *now, add to all of that -- this;*

- * The definitive point at which ordinary perception and a thinker's understanding diverge
Is in the fact that : Life doesn't want -- *cats to become birds!* --
It wants them to become -- better CATS.