

Since all fashion is a form of temporary fraud, what does that say about collectively-acceptable truth & reality!?

The Further Adventures Of Man:

First man is man,

Then a metaphor for man,

Then a symbol for man,

And then a man againsort of.

Okay -- Big Band Fans! -- Take A Step With It In This Direction:

What if the reality behind all historical ideas of man being in captivity,
And the belief that he should be somehow attempting to escape
Could be fully understood through realizing that you are NOT under any
Obligation to, "Dance with the one who brung you." inasmuch as -- no one brought you here!

As he suddenly appeared on the terrace,
Straightening out his cape,
And brushing the crumbs from his lap,
Captain -- *Somebody!*, with hands firmly on hips,
Said to the semi-startled crowd:

"Being *crazy* is NO-0-0 job for amateurs."

And a viewer was damned-near thrown from his chair with this one, as he thought:

"*Mein Gott & garters, sweet Madaline!* --

Is that the onliest difference between an independent thinker and the insane!? --

Just that one of them is a professional at what they do!?

-- *Ounn Mein Gott!*"

A man with no name has less to lose.

Now for some, Health News, (From 4th Street):

Sanity is never, "far away"

So long as a man has a *gun* and the will for *self-infliction*.

Now for some, Viewer Mail:

A gentleman writes: "I am either:

A psychiatrist who used to watch your show -- or,

I used to be a psychiatrist who watched your show --

I now find myself somewhat confused, and uncertain of the situation.

Yours, (from out-here -- some-where)", etc.

Okay, fans -- let's try it simpler still:

If you don't write your own material you don't actually have any material.

"Verbal Civilization" -- Dig It!:

That which is silent is only potential --
Yet spoken, its realization is ruint.

Then,

Speaking on its own behalf,

Life declared:

"Life giveth --

And life taketh away! --

But mainly --

Life doeth whatever the helleteth it wanteth to! -- to."

Onward, onward,

Tramp, tramp -- onward:

It can now be stated with a reasonable degree of statistical certainty

That a: Man with a *word processor* can be more stupider than a man with just an old typewriter.

Entertainment Tip:

A thinker's club is never closed.

One time,

One certain local reality got REALLY-Y-Y -- and I mean, REALLY drunk, and said to someone:

"You wan' me to tell you da truth!?. --

Truth is that I'd prefer to have one talented, unruly badger dropped down in my drawers

Than a whole planet-load of submissive, philistine cow-brains."

No -- you're right -- it never happened.

Deep From Within The Yet, DEEPER, "Archives Of History" We Withdraw This Item:

Man's first murder weapon was -- boredom.

OR -- had you selected Door Number Two:

A *simple* mind tends toward the suicidal.

All that's needed for you to participate in perpetuating your own captivity
Is for you to continue thinking locally -- that is,
Having all intellectual processes commence with the word, "I"