

In that all ordinary intellectual positions can be opposed with equal reason and validity,
All such thinking is safe,
In that it can be inconclusively debated, *ad infinitum*.

A man looked at a dog --
Then looked at civilization --
And thought:
"To befriend someone you must first dominate them.",
And his mind shuddered and tried to look away nonchalantly.

Underground Philosopher's Tip:

On binary playgrounds there is no choice! -- It's, push, or be pushed!

An Unscheduled Listing Of Unexpected Stops:

Only the dumb will lie with no advantage to themselves --

Only man will lie --

Only man can lie --

Only man, the creature with a verbal-mind, knows about lying,

And even then, he doesn't understand what it's all about.

** The club car will be open in five minutes. **

In neural prisons,

All cell doors have an escape you can walk through -- right before your very eyes --

It is known as: *Direct Vision*.

The moment they're born,

Life offers everyone a secret deal: "Don't ask -- and I won't tell."

Only children,
The simplistic,
And those with Groover's Syndrome
Enjoy a secret -- for long.

A Post-Garden, Social History Of Man -- (aka: "Ken & Barbie Go To Town"):

Since hormones can't sin --

And neurons didn't know what sin was --

Life told man's mind what it meant --

-- And thus did everything get off on the nice, moral, and all fucked-up right foot.

Advice to a horse is only useful when followed by a good -- *Whack!*

- And one man's mind shivered and tried to roll up into an inconspicuous little ball.

And now over to our, Definitions Desk:

Collective Thought: *Public transportation for the mind.*

The, "impossible" exists only for sissies --
Which is why they must all the time be talking about it among their old selves.

While just engaged in rhetorical conversation with his cat,

One lad mused:

"Are there actually as many ideas and concepts as there are words?...

...Hummm...well, there's gotta be! -- right!? --

I mean, that's where words came from to begin with -- right!? --

I mean, it's just gotta be.

Huh!? - huh!? -- what'da think?"

** Scratch Latch Fever. **

One city observer's latest city-based observation:

"The religious turn out to be those most fearful of being overlooked --
....Which ends up making almost everyone religious in some kinda way!"

The flesh on the bones of
Neural prisons, are the
Words from other folks' minds.

And now a short feature from the, Warden's Joke Desk:

When many people get too depressed, they'll say: Okay -- what's the punch line?"

Don't let the philosophy of the collective fool you --
Bad news is never of any use to a thinker.

The independent minded view:

"If I wanted a, 'learning experience' -- I'd poke myself in the eye."

Quoting the dead takes the pressure off everybody.

In the years of his wondrous mental adventures,
A thinker's mind gleefully confides:
"My *excesses* have been my *virtues*."

It is only the more complex who can properly engage in, "plain talk".

More useful tips from our own news room commentator: Miss Romance:

The world's three biggest lies are:
I just had a complete medical exam;
I'll call you tomorrow, and,
I won't get serious.

And, ah yes:

Those of you with no social life
May take this item as applicable to your own intellectual activities.

Gradually --

Rising above the driving, pounding beat,
A voice could be barely heard, singing:

"I have been poisoned --

Injected with civilization.",

And the properly trained bouncer

Threw the voice

Smartly out the door.

Self-pity is surely a suitable cell mate for passive prisoners.

And -- just then --

The station's, Love Doctor offers up this timely observation based --
I can only assume -- on his own examinations:

"Some people would whine about their relationships
Even if they were dating themselves."

One Way To Tell If You Are Mentally Aging On Schedule And Meeting Life's High Standards:

You are not only pretty much neurally deceased, cranky and out of sorts,
But also ----- almost perversely proud to BE so.

Check it out!

From our, "News Room, Book Of Facts":

To "*think*" is to think without the help of others;
It is to dive in a pool, using no one else's board;
It is to speak, eschewing words already used;
It is to drive on a highway, solely your own;
In a word -- "Impossible".

And all good thinkers respond: "*So the fuckin' what!?*"

People full of advice

Were originally people, full of shit --

.....Who became embarrassed and changed the name over.

some Special News From The Wonderful World Of Man's Mind:

When it rains, sissies carry umbrellas --
And when it rains, REAL sissies get WET!

The American Association Of Delicate Persons sends in a petition that says
They can't see how this has anything to do with intellectual processes.
...(You didn't sign it, did you!?)

More Info That Life Doesn't Want You To Know:

Since the threatened, day of the, "Final Test" never arrives,
It doesn't matter HOW long you study.

And one quite exemplary, city chap remarked:

"Now that I'm *dead* I feel much better."

A prisoner who is sufficiently simple need not even be chained to his cell --
Any more than a cow must be tied to her pasture.

A viewer writes:

"Pardon me for buttin' in,
But I'll just bet your show would be a LOT more popular
If you'd talk more about politics, money and health --
And start mentioning specific people by name."

** A safe bet. **

All collective thinking is a matter of *duplication* --

-- No place at all for a real artist to be.

Everyone enjoys a good fight! --

Which is why religious programming, and the normal news shows

Are all more popular than ours.

Flag A Linguistic Freight:

A non-partisan mind thinks with almost *no* accent.

Hey! -- hormones don't care! --
but neurons don't WANNA be naked.

Definition Break:

Decency: *A concept the mind conjured up to help cover up its awkwardness.*

Free Medical Advice:

All phobias are caused by thinking --

Not all fears! --

But all phobias.

Free, free, free.

Patient Follow-up:

It is now pretty well statistically established that

Inexpensive "treatments" of any sort,

(Be they medical, religious, psychological, or whatever),

Do not work! --

But we here in the News Room say -- "SO what!?" --

Neither does anything else! -- and much of it is even cheaper!"

So - there you are! -- be of good cheer! -- it's--*Free, free, free!* -- (and don't
think about it.)

The city made -- I mean like, "forced" -- one man's neurons to sing this song:

*Oh I --
Can't begin to
Comprehend,
Why I love this
Life of sin.*

Interrogatory For The Intrepid Of Foot & Mind:

Just what kind of boogie is the, "Guilt-Ridden-Boogie"!?

The questions life puts before the mind of man
Are not there to challenge -- but to *intimidate*.

...(Which, not surprising, is all the more challenging to a real thinker.)

There seems a certain impediment
To feeling warm and cozy toward some one
Telling you the forbidden,
And giving guided tours of point-blank-walls.

** And all good thinkers, both here and abroad, gleefully cheered:
"So the fuckin' what!?" **

Heads Up:

Those who think they're delicate are delicate.

Time to waddle over to the old-d-d, Definitions Desk again:

Man: *Life's domesticated pet.*

Some where between the "D's", and the "F's",

A guy stopped and thought:

"So of what the hell use are ANY words or thoughts of ANY criticism?!"

Neural snipers

Sitting atop city structures

Manage to only wound that which -- were they a thinker --

Would be in fact, the very thing most dear to them.

More, Sociological News from our Weather Desk or some where:

Rather than saying that they're, "civilized",
Some people say instead: "I feel YUCKY!"

Morality: A thinker's obligations turned into child's sport.

Warning Sign Secretly Spotted Beside Thinkers' Tracks
For Trains That Had Reached The Speed Of Forty:

A man who will passively accept death
Will finally abide the sluggish embrace of stupidity.

Even at the crudest level -- what the hell does any race mean if you don't finish it!?

Okay --

Another one of those, "Non-Standard" questions for all you,
"Non-Standard-kinda-guys":

Is it just possible that if a real thinker really told you what he really knew
that he could lose it himself!?"

The Image Of Man: *The oily film that builds up on the surface of man.*

Carpenter's Tip:

You are not a real, hardwood thinker if
ANY of the distances between what you are and what you apparently are
Are greater than half a millimeter.

And a:

Thinker's Bonus Round Question:

Why *talk* about something you never *think* about?!

"Um-gaw-way!", exclaims one man,

"Forget goiters, tumors and the gout! --

Nothing is quite so painful and debilitating as -- *personal stupidity!*"

A viewer says:

"I certainly enjoy watching your show on tv,

And am REALLY appreciative that I don't have to attend it in person.

Thank god for Philo T. Farnsworth, and General Sarnoff.

Yours For Better Cable Reception", etc.

How The Physical And Mental Help Support One Another:

If men didn't have heroes

They couldn't so readily accept plagiarism as the norm.

...Okay --"How They Help Prop UP One Another."

Literary View From A Fast Moving, Midwestern Cattle Car:

Between here and the slaughterhouse -- ask yourself this:

For whom BUT cows do bells ever toll with such a message!?

One man was asked: "What do you want said on your headstone?"

And he replied: "*Not Dead Yet.*"

A dance that ever ends,
Is not the dance that's a thinker's friend.

City Advice: *Crumbs thrown into a sleeper's bed.*

Some more good news regarding our local sports teams:

Life is much too short,

And swimming in the city neural pool -- far too sluggish and dilatory.

For a thinker to spend any time being critical of the simplistic.

To a prisoner -- everything beyond his cell window resembles *Paradise* --
-- and who's to say it's not.

Tip:

If you -- *go far enough*, no
Tellin' what you'll find.

As the dreaded, Binary Reaper strode ominously through city minds it proclaimed:

*That which you can still compare,
I will let Stupidity spare.*

..Hey troopers! -- what more can you ask!?

Definitions, Ahoy, Again:

Collective Thinking: *Fancy birds that can't fly.*

The, "Off-The-Books, Open-Campus, Just-Outside-Of-Town, *Thought-Instructor*",
Previously was the proprietor of a low-rent liquor store,
Where at he developed the policy of: "Don't give 'em any credit."

** And all the exhilarated thinkers cried out: "It fuckin' works for us!" **

When he heard it said that: "To be sad is to be held captive.",

This one man began shouting:

"Then -- held by WHO? --

My hormones? --

My neurons --

My body?, my mind?, my family? my city?, civilization itself? --

By WHO, dammit? -- by who?"

....(Jeezus!, what'da think set HIM off like that?!)

Look At It This Way:

City insanity don't mean squat! --

Or else they wouldn't've had nut houses already built before you were born.

....The head Snake poked Ken in the ribs and said:

"Don't you try and make nuthin' outta that regardin' sin."

"Save yourself some needless sweat, kid,
And forget about notions of -- 'Truth in advertising' --
Its purpose is to promote civilization --
Which itself is less than guileless and forthcoming --
-- So what can you expect!?"

The speaker announced his topic: "The Life Of Ordinary Man.",
And then delivered these words: "Always a cocoon -- never a Buick.",
And a listener inquired: "Don't you mean -- 'never a butterfly'?!",
And the speaker replied: "I'd rather be a Buick."

From a certain view,
Within that singular universe of the free-thinker,
There is no such thing as,"good advice".

...and yet ---- yet:

The, "truth", that is -- "*escape plans*" --

Should pass verbally between friends with the equivalent intimacy of a kiss between lovers.

Since -- over in this one universe --
No one has ever just -- "up and said it" --
I'll go it for 'em:

Part of the fun in trying to think more than you need to
Is in how it ultimately causes you to feel beyond the stage you were intended to.

We've gone this far -- why stop now:

Since hormones and age obviously influence neurons and death --
How -- in a binary reality -- can you assume the reverse is not also possible!?

Those satisfied to be a "victim of life"

Will also be content to be cut down on the killing floor just like any other old cow.

As far as life's concerned -- if you can't *think* up -- you can't speak up.

The city still tells,
Those with tin ears,
That the number one song is:
"Life Don't Give No -- One Way Tickets.",
But who you gonna b'lieve -- me, or it!?

And now -- "The *Mystery Of Life*":

Those stuck on buses,
With no knowledge of planes,
Cannot BELIEVE that men can fly!
Why the hell are they -- "stuck on buses"!?

Thus concludes this episode of: "The *Mystery Of Life*".

...("Turn off the transmitter when you leave, Earl, I'm goin' on home.")

Religion: *Gossip with the fun taken out.*

Hey! -- More than one can
Take such a run:

Neurons: *Hormones with the juice taken out.*

Yeah! -- and how about:

The City: *The woods with the trees removed.*

Right on! -- and dig this:

Civilization: *Hell with its paradise missing.*

Hey! -- now we rollin':

Man: *The creature still waiting for his full "marinity" to be installed.*

Any ordinary idea is a *simple* idea --
And any simple idea is at least half of any other ordinary idea you can come up with.

Thus,
The demise of half of a dead whale
Is the expiration of the whole creature.

...And all of the minds capable of point-blank-hearing, said:
"Here!, here! -- oh, do count us in,
For at least a hundred per cent -- plus ten."

And the teacher told the young class of neophyte neuralists:
"Matters naught whether you matured by the sea or not,
We shall stay here until each and every little swabbie comprehends
The full significance and use of the word, 'overboard' -- as in, 'just-the-right-amount-
for-a-thinker!'"

Another "Energy Saver" from your friends at the New Intelligence News:

Forget about elaborate, erudite, critical essays,

The ultimate "Bad Review" can be expressed in but two words -- "bor-ring."

...(P.S. -- no need to *tempt fate* and ever use this against your own mental presentations.)

From our big bin of: "Perhapses -- Appearances -- Maybes -- and, What'da Thinks":

More difficult than depriving the stomach of food
Is to separate the mind from habit.

And crankin' up the ole Definitions Machine once again, we find this one spewing forth:

Civilization: *A rear-guard-action whose voice yet seems to come from up front.*

And now an entry from our, "Thinker's Book Of Antonyms":

The Truth: *Familiarity*.

At least half the fun of a, "secret pleasure" is lost if you tell about it.

Some Specious Salve For Certain Human Psyches:

If beavers had any possibility of becoming more complex -- then they too would be miserable.

Okay! -- feel better now!?

The Civilized: *Followers of the, God Of Whine.*

...But, Hey! --

If they do good

They can always move on up to the, *Muses Of Excuses.*

The Rallying Cry Of Domesticated Patriots:

"I regret that I have but one set of hormones to give to my city."

On one July,

One kid *ex parte* up and thought:

"Anyone who really needs -- 'social advice' that is -- *formal* advice --

Is actually in need of much more than that! -- Say, like a 'keeper' maybe."

Slapping himself demonstratively on the chest, one man announced:

*Right here at home,
Inside my hide,
Is where the rare and
Common collide.*

Even a thinker has the challenge of not riding his latest trick pony 'til it slowly drops from boredom and familiarity.

Then! -- suddenly! -- as he instantly understood what our news show is really all about,
This one viewer leaped from his seat, and cried out in a loud voice to the heavens:

*Well -- I could just cough.
I could just wheeze;
I could just hold Jim
Henson on my knees.*

Definition, from that secret edition of "Tv Guide-o-rama Lama":

An Independent Thinker: *A dummy who's turned the tables on the ventriloquist.*

You're not fully civilized 'til you're civilized twice.

* The first shot of anything never works sufficiently for a thinker. *

And one man thought:

"Every time I hear the same word more than once

It makes me want to look for a trap door -- QUICK!"

Now for an: "All-Too-Human -- Interest Story":

To drown in oneself

Is a horrible death;

To do so in the shadow of oneself

Is probably even horribler.

One man says that if he lets relatives stay with him for more than 6 or 7 days,
They begin to smell too much like the truth. --
And if he allows the truth to stick around about as long,
It begins to reek of week old fish.

The weak look to the king --
The fearful to the priest --
The hungry to their family,
And a thinker looks around to see where all the racket is coming from.

In the case of some private thinkers -- two people are TWO too many.

Sitting on his penthouse terrace,
Looking out upon the city --
At the bridges,
The hospitals,
The skyscrapers,
The airports,
One dweller so mused:
"If man could do all that he does now, but with out *talking*,
He would then indeed be the -- *Stupor Mundi* -- 'The Wonder Of Creation'.
And the spirit of the steel girders supporting him replied:
"I understand what you're attempting to express,
And it is almost worthy of a passing smile,
But it is not the way things could ever actually be -- do you see?!"
....And the man softly brushed his eyes, then continued his gaze, out across his life.