

Click !!

Time on my hands

I've never been much of a television fan. An engrossing movie on DVD without commercials strains my patience. I soon wander out of the room as my mind craves another topic. I guess I don't like my head following someone else's script for long periods. It's like being in someone else's movie. But while TV makes me antsy, I can sit still for hours and read a book. I don't know why.

When we signed up for a new cable package and high speed Internet, we began receiving a hundred new channels. Unfortunately, none are any different from the old ones. There are just more of them.

The cable producers are fond of filming 15 minutes worth of basic material and stretching things from there. Camera shots and action sequences are repeated over and over to lengthen out the show. If there is a spectacular auto crash in the program, you'll see it a dozen more times before the final credits. Add another 20 minutes of advertising and Voila! ... you have the modern so-called one hour show.

And none of the programs are all that interesting, so I do a lot of clicking around. Last night, I sat down in front of the tube to find:

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A show on the PBS station about an organization called Blue Diamond that aids the poor "sexual minorities" (homosexuals) in Nepal. I suppose it's good to know at least one aspect of modernity has reached past the Himalayas.

CLICK.

The same old tired talking heads discussing a candidate's chances of being elected President. Bored themselves, the small group prattled on and noted little of importance. I was sure an ill advised cut to the moderator would show him yawning. I wondered how anyone could become interested in the race before Halloween. Nothing of importance ever happens in a Presidential Election until the coming of the Great Pumpkin. Only when the candidates are down to the last hundred hours before Election Day will they begin to talk turkey, if ever.

CLICK

A doctor show cutely named Grey's Anatomy, with teenage themes, teenage problems, teenage dialog, but with actors in adult bodies. This show must be a winner with adolescents who want to be adults. Or adults who want to be adolescents.

CLICK

A show portraying 6 or 7 really washed out blonde women nearing 40, who do their damndest to appear interested in chasing a three-times-married "bachelor." He's easily nearing 50 and is equally washed up. In fact, he sort of looks like he might be interested in the boys in Nepal.

CLICK

A screen roll of factoids on my local cable channel. Government regulations encourage cable companies to present educational content "for the public good." One of the facts I learned last night was that most elephants weigh less than a Blue Whale's tongue. Thank God for the government. Now, I have something to talk to an elephant about.

CLUNK.

Fade to Black.

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