



...and Kyroot said:

After all I have said, hinted, and sang on this subject, I guess
I should go ahead and give you the
final word: Yes, there IS one
unanswerable question, and it is,
"What's the purpose
of This?"

...and Kyroot said:

Another distinction, although, minor perhaps, between the Revolutionist
and normal folks is that He alone
discriminates between the useless
and the entertaining.

...and Kyroot said:

There is no way to free yourself from ordinary madness as long as
you wear City clothes.

...and Kyroot said:

Have you ever noticed that it is the old who laud advanced age?

Is this because it is true?, or

because it is because?

...and Kyroot said:

I find it interesting that in certain circles in the City, the debate continues over whether the Mujo River of Australia originates in the wet lands of the North Territory, or in the Swiss Alps.

...and Kyroot said:

Beware, the underwear of the mind.

...and Kyroot said:

And you don't think I can really enjoy myself when I visit the City?
While standing in the lobby of a building
I saw the following listings on its
Directory:

The National Institue Of Satire
The Alabama Coucil Of, And For Panache
The Will & Advil Durant College of Histrionics
The Lower California Board of Epitomes
The Reformed Zen Privy of Nude Bricklaying
The Refried Wagner School of Humility

And then a poster nearby announcing the
following two events:

The Wynton Tinley Wet & Wild Night Of Willy Tinglers,
and
The Normal Vincent Peel Memorial Parade of Hip Shakin' Mammass,
both to be held in the
Ye Ole Mountbatten Olympic Style Squatatorium.

...I can't hardly stand it...

...and Kyroot said:

The correct, true "seizure of power" is never a past, or future act,
but must be now,
amidst a living
process,
in an ever
active battle.

...and Kyroot said:

In a place not far down the road from your City, there was a guy who had this theory regarding human existance, and particularly the notion of deja vu. Well, he said that Men unknowingly live the same, one day over and over again, and the only reason people sometimes feel as though they do remember already doing some of this is because of something they ate that day. And thus it is that holy men, and the would-be-exceptional, without knowing why, have so often favored fasting, or at least doing with as little food as possible, so that they cut down on the possibility of something reminding them of the fact that we live the same day over, and over, and over, and over.

...and Kyroot said:

Time would eventually turn any "E" into "C", or "D", thusly,

Time=All Potentials, and therefor,

All Potentials must equate with Time.

Now I ask you, if a person attempted to activate all of
the many potentials in, and available to
themselves, would they thus create

"new time"

for themselves?

...and Kyroot said:

Least you begin to think that I only note foolishness in the City,
let me tell you of a brand new book I
saw displayed in a shop window; it's
title was, "How The 14th Century Ultimately
Became The 15th."

...and Kyroot said:

It may not come as a total surprise for you to hear that to a
Real Revolutionist
"everybody looks alike".

(Sometimes, even Himself.)

...and Kyroot said:

Whilest sitting amidst the shadow of a Bullit Bush, I heard a
would-be revolutionist say to His-ole-self,
"My present state-of-mind is tomorrow's
state-of-the-art."

(I guess it's good that some bushes
can't bite.)

...and Kyroot said:

I once heard a Psychiatrist defending his profession, specifically
trying to explain why such a self-proclaimed,
"significant art" was so historically late
in it's arrival on the human scene, and
the good doctor said, "I'll tell you
precisely why;
Up until the
late eighteen
hundreds
everybody
was o.k."

...and Kyroot said:

The Real Revolutionist should run His Yellow Circuits in such a manner that the mere sonance, (o.k., "noise") of its basic operations would make Him cock His ear, and say, "Ah, the sounds of excellence."

...and Kyroot said:

(Although this may not be the absolute "best" way to describe it,
it is also not the absolute worst,):

Along the way, among His collection
of new data, and out-of-the-City, life
experiences, the Revolutionist would
begin developing a personally strange,
though distant vocabulary of secret
violence.

...and Kyroot said:

And then there was, as I might have suspected, the chap who was so courteous that every time He saw Himself in a mirror He would say, "Ah, pardon me."

...and Kyroot said:

No matter what is said, or believed in the City, it is NOT what you feel,
but how you FEEL about
what you feel.

...and Kyroot said:

To really be counted among the unbianarily, and revolutionarily "happy",
one must be severely, and I
mean — SEVERELY
pleased.

...and Kyroot said:

City Men have both a public, and private Potential; the Revolutionist
must bring the 3rd "P"
on line.

...and Kyroot said:

In the City, the effort to refurbish an old item unto it's original condition will almost always end up costing more than a similar new one.

(Revolution, dear;
rehabilitation,
astronomical.)

...and Kyroot said:

There was once a middle-aged chap who thought it time to find himself a religion, He eventually chose Christianity, and submitted Himself to all of the required rituals and initiations.

He later heard that some of his new religion's factions believed circumcision to be merely an allegorical "act" symbolizing a "clean start", and he said, "Now, you goddamn tell me."

...and Kyroot said:

And I heard yet another ole-sorehead who said he worked for
Proctor & Grumble.

(Who has more fun than
those City folks.)

...and Kyroot said:

Serious involvement, by an Enlistee, in verbal matters regarding the question of, "good & evil" is one, or more of the following:

Simply a sign of limited knowledge,
A serious sign of serious ignorance,
Simply a sign of limited experience,
A serious sign of being too long in the City
Or, a super-serious sign that
one did not like the
truth when they saw it,
and have simply erased
the whole episode
from their mind.

(And above all such explications by me, you know not to let your hearing/thinking molecules take this seriously.)

...and Kyroot said:

In the City, nobody can tell anybody anything,

yet, in a weird way,
all is known.

...and to think that some burgs have called
ME curious.

...and Kyroot said:

If you ever doubt the cogency and need for hobbies, just ponder this:

Men with no hobbies at all are very
inclined to become politicians....so,

watch it

Buster.

...and Kyroot said:

Ordinary wit - ordinary wit, I say, is usually at the expense of a
Man's understanding;
sad, but true,

Ha ha ha h

...and Kyroot said:

In the City, if you run across a Man who doesn't like to talk, you
have found yourself a corpse,
or a displaced hermit.

...and Kyroot said:

No one can correctly describe "things as they are" if they are
limited to the truth, (and only
the crudest of City-ites
would even dream of trying.

An oblique illation, I might add, could be:
If you just come-right-out and "say"
what something is, you've probably
ruined it for everybody,
(and you're no
Monet,
or Moliere
of mine.)

...and Kyroot said:

Men unthinkingly hurl the cliché, "Too good to be true.", but in our case is it just barely possible that this could BE possible?

(Or is it just another instance of "Too CORRECT to be true"?)

...and Kyroot said:

In the City, all seriousness is mock seriousness

...and Kyroot said:

Yet, in the Bushes, even mock seriousness has it's place, and is fun.

...and Kyroot said:

Never forget: God helps those who help him,
(well, what'd you think!)