

...and Kyroot said:

Man's continuing "self-doubts" are a further hint regarding the  
confrontational forces necessary  
to keep him a functional growth  
outlet.

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...and Kyroot said:

Human consciousness is the necessary-constant, while the pictures  
and voices on the screen of  
consciousness are the continuing-  
variables.

...and Kyroot said:

Why is it, one should ask, that Mans' so-called "creative arts" appear to know and use only the D-medium.

One might later question the possibility that C-materials may be too quick and slippery.

...and Kyroot said:

I once heard a man tell his grandfather that he should not go about  
"talking to himself", and  
the old man said, "Oh yeah, who  
told you to tell me that?"

...and Kyroot said:

The ceaseless internal flow of conflicting energies are a frictional device necessary for new circuitry growth.

Until higher areas are activated, being emotionally and intellectually disturbed simply comes with the human territory.

...and Kyroot said:

Words can explain everything but themselves.

Like unto timber used  
to construct exemplary models of  
their intent, yet materials, about  
which the Yellow Circuit can offer  
no clue regarding their own origins

...and Kyroot said:

Indicision IS a decision.

And the other side of every verbal  
coin has its own unrecognized like  
value.

(All of which could change  
your mind regarding the  
inherent worth of mortal  
collectables).

...and Kyroot said:

Don't react to the oppressive movements of Life in an immediate fashion as if you are a blameless party in the injustice. For in the overall Grid you've already been made an unknowing participant just by being what you are, and by being at that particular location.

The only possible question of fairness for the Few resides in the blinding potential of personally affecting that sort of illusionary time before it exerts itself through the pulsating fabric of time tied consciousness.

In other words  
Its too late to do any  
thing once it has  
happened other than  
find a black hole and  
crawl in it.



...and Kyroot said:

Man's word and idea of "destructive" can be seen as a misnomer for  
a certain aspect of D's responsibilities  
to make preparations for coming change.

Mans' fascination with the  
horrible and inhumane is  
but an unrecognized interest  
and participation in this  
area of D's domain.

Blood and guts  
makes splendid  
fertilizer, be  
it physical, or  
otherwise.

...and Kyroot said:

As disturbing, and confusing as it may still seem, I remind you again  
that "Revolution IS the name of this  
game."

Its does, most assuredly,  
require a working familiarity  
with the present power  
structure, and a functional  
knowledge of explosives, and  
short cuts out of town.

Still, no matter your  
degree of proficiency,  
and impartiality, someone's  
certain to get hurt and  
pissed.

...and Kyroot said:

I once heard a mortal king questioned about the widespread hunger  
amongst his people, and he responded  
by noting that it seemed to be a  
quite ancient habit of theirs,  
and a cultural precedent inwhich  
he saw no need to meddle.

...and Kyroot said:

"C" doesn't have to announce itself.

(And note how everyone else  
demands lengthy, lengthy  
introductions).

...and Kyroot said:

What ordinary consciousness thinks and says is of almost no personal  
importance.

(And ultimately, the  
consequences of its  
behavior even becomes  
problematic).

...and Kyroot said:

In the land of Green-&-Grey, a young hungry-what once started a revolt against the reigning tyrannant. As his activities increased, he was joined by much of the populus, including a well know member of the established priesthood. The people did indeed have many grievances against the harsh and barbaric rule of the sitting despot, and with the priest always near his side, offering counsel, and encouraging the people to believe in the righteousness of their struggle, the day came when the young revolutionary seized the temporal powers in his own anxious hands.

But it soon came to pass that the new, revolutionary leader proved as power hungry, and dictitorial as his predoecessor, and the people who had so valiantly fought for "better days" found themselves once again oppressed by the single-minded greed of one man. After a time, the priest came to visit his old comrade, and brought with him the

many concerns, fears and complaints of the people. The revolutionary leader listened impassionately, and said nothing. The priest then began to denounce his friend, and reminded him of the high ideals for which they had originally fought. He pointedly accused the new leader of betraying not only the helpless followers, but the priest's faith and trust as well. The priest's sense of anger began to rise dramatically as he screamed at the new leader about "betrayal of authority, and mis-use of power". And finally his old revolutionary friend stirred. He took the priest by the collar, pulled his face up to his, and whispered, "My old comrade, you spent many years before you met me doing apparent battle in the garb, and name of supernatural gods. You knew the purpose, and taste of power while I was yet a babe. Do not ever speak of such matters again, or old friend, I will have your bloody head hung neath my picture in the square."

He released the priest, who stepped back, stroked his serious beard, and noted, "Yes.....I can see your point."

...and Kyroot said:

Man is driven to continually cry "Doom" because Life's life is forever in the process of breaking up old patterns, habits, and structures, and since the upcoming new patterns and structures are always yet to be fully formed and realized, ordinary consciousness senses only a continuing scenario of upheaval and impending doom.



...and Kyroot said:

At odd moments Men are driven to note that circumstances are not always a justifiable explanation for individual behavior. Such as in noting that even though a dangerous person came from a particularly unsavory background, not everyone else from those same circumstances likewise behave.

This may verbally sound meaningful and specifically reasonable, but it unknowingly speaks of two other matters:

One, being a reference to how everyone should apparently be → being working for "C", and secondly it notes the objective danger should everyone be allowed to even momentarily work for "D".

...and Kyroot said:

What-scientists & psychologists often state, "We do not yet know if these new effects we are observing are real, or whether they just seem to be real."

And from the back of the room, a would-be Who-scientist says, "Gimme a break."

...and Kyroot said:

A certain king once found his domain under the threat of immediate invasion, and although he had heard rumors of the enemy's inferior training and weaponry, he sent forth a young scout to survey the amassed army and deliver a first hand report.

The young man returned and gave the king the exact number of the enemy troops down to the last foot soldier, but the king screamed, "I do not want these raw numbers; I want a detailed description of the men, their leaders, their weaponry; how they look, how they speak. I must be familiar with the enemy as people."

He sent the scout out again, and when he returned he informed the king that his original count of the enemy was indeed accurate. The king was ablaze with anger. "You fool, you dolt; I want an eye witness surveillance and description of mine enemy in human terms so that I can rightly plan to deal with them should the need actually arise." And whilst he screamed and berated the scout, the enemy forces, although frecklessly inept and pitifully equipped, overran the kingdom by their sheer number.

...and Kyroot said:

The apparent power of extrinsically based "truth" is in that it is the ONLY power available to ordinary consciousness.

It is information/energy distilled over much time and over large areas of the Grid.

Only the Few can ever distill and re-mix their own energies.

...and Kyroot said:

For now, you must simply forget that which cries out from ordinary  
mind-memory. Everything it remembers  
happened below the Line, and consciousness  
perceives this source as the proverbial  
lake of fire, folly and damnation.

The river Styx can only  
accomodate those who remember  
its existance.

...and Kyroot said:

On earth, I was observed a political type gathering, wherein numerous Men were addressing the audience, seeking their favor to gain the available seats of power. One of the candidates devoted most of his speech to a personal attack on one of his rivals seated on the platform, a "Dr. Flew". The speaker denounced the Doctor as a "bastardly cur", and a "worthless thief". But each time he would mentioned the Doctor by name I noticed the Doctor would immediately look to the audience and smile and wave no matter the degree of slander being directed towards him.

His opponent wrapped up his speech by calling the Doctor every despicable name in their language, and concluded by describing Dr. Flew as an "illiterate sub-human, deviate, scum-faced son of pig-devils", as the good doctor continued to smile, and wave to the assembled throng.

I later discovered the two opponents behind the platform, and heard the Doctor say, "Great delivery, what a dynamic voice you have. But tell me, what do you REALLY think of me?"

...and Kyroot said:

There is a difference between habit and a halibut...

although  
répétition  
does have  
a fishy aroma.

...and Kyroot said:

Under optimum conditions, sex could be noted as the ultimate energy  
exchange among the weary foot soldiers.

(It makes you wonder what  
transpires at the officer's  
club.



...and Kyroot said:

Everything signifies something true and pertinent, even foolish ideas,  
and incorrect predictions.

How else can you explain the  
continuing public occupations  
of economic and weather  
forecasters?

...and Kyroot said:

In the land of Various Designs, a certain man once sought election to that nation's highest seat of power, and specifically enlisted the aid of a well known, and respected thinker, who although without wealth or position, exerted a significant influence on the hearts and minds of the people. The candidate met privately with the thinker, and after soliciting his active support, made certain specific promises to him regarding noble plans that would be initiated after the election, and which the thinker would direct. Since the politician's plans were so in line with the kinds of changes that the thinker had so long dreamed of, and the total purpose appeared so pristine and decorous, the thinker agreed, and became one of the candidate's most active, and profitable supporters.

The candidate was successful in his quest, but after taking power many months passed as the thinker courteously awaited his summons from the new leader, a call that never came.

The thinker then, after much frustrating effort, finally arranged an appointment with the newly elected, and as he arrived at the official building he discovered the leader about to depart. He managed to reach him, and gently touched his sleeve, "Sir, it's me. I've been awaiting your call. Don't you remember our grand plans, and my assistance?"

The leader halted his stride momentarily, smiled and said, "Why certainly I remember you. You're wondering why I haven't contacted you about the promises I made. Well there's a very simple explanation for that —

I lied to you."

and  
off  
he  
went.

...and Kyroot said:

Through ordinary eyes it does appear that individual efforts can produce specific results, but what does not ordinarily appear is the fact that the results were a product of an equation inwhich you were not the sole factor.

There is even the lesser apparent aspect of named "results" being further effects in a right-angled-reality, and the fact that effects are what are produced by results.

(This is all hard indeed to fit into words, and I have no idea what its effect may be on random listeners.)

...and Kyroot said:

A man from Siam said "I don't give a damn",

and a man from Wheeling said,  
"That still shows his feeling."

But the man from Siam said "I don't give a damn",  
and a man from Berne said "You've expressed your  
concern."

And the man from Siam said, "Look, I really don't give a good god damn,  
and this includes your comments as well."

And a woman from Woodstock  
proclaimed,  
"Ex—treme Gridlock."

...and Kyroot said:

A simple young lad from Redland once took a trip to that illustrious metropolis of the Yellow Apple, and returned some weeks later looking quite worse for the wear. After having a fresh drink, and re-arranging his tattered clothing, he sat with his friends and made these comments regarding his adventure.

He said that the yellow-big-time was interesting at first, but that everyone there seemed totally engaged in constant yapping, and endless debate over the smallest of matters. He said that they weren't bad people, just boring, and frustrating.

But, returning home became his real problem; passing through the elusive area of Unincorporated Bluefield.

He said that he seemed to understand the people there a little better than he did those in the Golden Apple, and yet, he said, "They moved about like puffs of smoke; like frightened, or frightening shadows. They would whine in one ear, and shout in my other; they badgered me with moans, and threats, cried on my shoulders til my new suit melted at the seams, and before I could leave, they stole my shoes, and shrank my soul."

All his friends nodded, and agreed,  
"Its always good to be home."

...and Kyroot said:

When I speak of "kingdoms" who can feel the people move within.

When I speak of Man, who can sense Life stirring about.



...and Kyroot said:

There was once a land where no one ruled, and an adjoining land where  
no one obeyed.

The priests and  
philosophers of the  
two lands got together  
and decided that if the  
two peoples would simply  
swap places all would be  
fixed.

(And again the voice in  
back pleaded, "I asked  
you to gimme a break.")

...and Kyroot said:

There was once a man who owned and operated a merry-go-round, and he was quite successful as children and adults came from miles about to enjoy the pleasant sensation of the circular ride on the wooden horses.

After some years, boredom (or, "ennui", as his Norwegian brother-in-law liked to call it) set in, and for new excitement the man began to run the merry-go-round backwards on some dull days. Soon people began to ask to go backwards, and he arrived at a schedule whereby every other day the merry-go-round would go forward, and on the alternate days, backwards. He was soon more successful than ever, and all the children and adults appeared to enjoy themselves even more with this mixed running.

But soon,  
(as his brother-in-law had predicted) he grew bored again.  
Then he decided on a new tack:  
He would start the merry-go-round running in the posted direction for the day, and then suddenly he would slam the gears into the opposite direction.

First getting it going good in the forward direction, then, "Bam!", whip 'er into reverse as quick as possible; children screaming, adults cursing, bodies flying and falling ever-which-a-way. And, "boy-oh-boy", did the man laugh.

This was the most fun he had had since he bought the whirling machine. He sure wasn't bored now, as he watched the helpless people flail about, laughing so hard he cried and almost choked. Boy-oh-boy did he ever enjoy his-self.

But the riders  
didn't, and they  
beat the holy shit  
out of him.

\*\* END OF STORY \*\*

...and Kyroot said:

A young boy once told his mother that an invisible voice had been talking to him, telling him wonderful stories about all the exciting things that would happen to him when he got older. His mother told him to "shut up about such nonsense"; she said there were no such things as "invisible voices, and that he was crazy."

Later, when the little boy was a grown, older man, and his mother was older still, he told her that an invisible voice had began to speak to him, and it spoke of nothing but doom, and discouragement.

His mother nodded now in knowing agreement.

\*\*\* WELCOME TO THE BIG TIME, SONNY BOY \*\*\*

...and Kyroot said:

There was once a young boy with musical interests, and as he dreamed of his grown up future as a happy musician, he came to the conclusion that there was a "missing note" in the known musical scale, and he turned his energies to discovering this note so as to better assure his reputation and future fortunes.

Meanwhile, unknown to all involved, there were two other lads dreaming of their happy futures in different fields. One had decided that there was a "missing letter" in the known alphabet, and he directed his efforts to being the first to discover this "missing letter."

The third boy had come to a personal determination that there was a "missing number" amidst all of the numbers now known, or suspected, and he began his search for this number.

After some years of search, research and struggle, these three lads and their quests became well known, and they were unanimously labeled as "crackpots, kooks, and decidedly weird." Not only did they not become famous in their chosen fields, but could not, in fact, even gain minimal employment. (That is until they secured non-existent positions on an invisible project whose purpose was totally "missing.")

...and Kyroot said:

There was once an old man who worked on horses. He traveled through several adjoining kingdoms accepting the animals for treatment no matter the complaint. The old man never had received any formal training in the care of horses, and in fact had no particular fondness for animals in general. Yet he pursued this trade for many years, and through many, many clients. He had a particular touch to this pursuit that I will mention. He long ago decided how much money he wanted for his efforts, and calculated the maximum that he thought anyone would be willing and able to pay for his services, and that became his price. Once he arrived in a village, and someone brought their horse for his treatment, he would take the animal into a barn for a private examination, wait an appropriate length of time, then come from the barn and inform the owner that he could indeed treat the horse, and that the

full price would be 147 Dolkirks, and 29 Zins. No matter the apparent malady of the horse, no matter what treatment, if any was called for, the price was always 147 Dolkirks and 29 Zins. (No one had ever noticed this fiscal facet but Moi).

Well, one day the old man entered a village he had not visited for many years, and once his presence was known a simple farmer came forth with his horse, and asked the old man to check him over for a reoccurring problem he described. The old man listened intently, lead the horse into a near-by barn, returned in a bit, and informed the farmer that he could certainly treat the animal properly and that his bill for services in this particular case would be 147 Dolkirks and 29 Zins. The farmer nodded his agreement, but as the old man walked backed toward the barn, the farmer called out, "Wait a minute. You were here twelve years ago and treated my horse for an intirely different problem, and now I remember distinctly that the bill then was also for 147 Dolkirks and 29 Zins."

The farmer waited with accusation-stained breath, but the old man didn't miss a beat as he smiled and said, "Isn't it good to know that at least MY prices haven't gone up."

...and Kyroot said:

There was once a small man who dreamed of designing the world's first and only "absolutely, positively, fool-proof, fail-safe, burglar alarm system". Well, he spent several years in private just poring over the problems and possible solutions. Then he spent several more years in his basement constructing then discarding models of his proposed, possible systems. He lost his job for absenteeism, and his wife took the children and left him. But on he toiled.

Then when a lesser man would have surrendered to defeat, he was sure that he, and he alone had solved the problem of the "fool proof home alarm system".

Early the next morning the bank foreclosed on his unpaid mortgage, and he was thrown into the empty streets, homeless.

But what the hell; irony is the spice of life.



...and Kyroot said:

There was once a man known as Professor Turkay who was a skunk exorcist. He was known in many lands as being able to rid a community of unwanted skunks. Whenever skunks would suddenly appear in a peaceful hamlet the Professor was never far away, or far behind, and the people were always sorely thankful for his coincidental proximity. That is until it was discovered that the professor carried around a small herd of skunks which he would let lose in villages, and then suddenly make himself available to exorcize the pungent little darlings.

After losing this profitable occupation it didn't take long for the professor to get sick of honest, manual labor. So he devised a new scheme. He grew a beard, changed his name to, Dr. Thrustmore, and traded in his skunks for a sack of evil spirits. He then proclaimed himself a "spirit exorcist", pulling the same scam now with his demons, and this time no one ever got wise.

...and Kyroot said:

There was once a young boy in Turning City who made friends with a road.

The road was near his house, and he would go there often; he would sit and talk with the road when no one was travelling thereon. The boy had never been down the entire length of the road, but the road assured him that it went more than five hundred miles in either direction.

The lad continually pressed the road to tell him of the many wonderful sights to be seen in the far away locales which the road transversed. And with some prodding the road would indeed tell marvelous tales of other places which the boy might never see.

One day the boy's grandfather discovered his friendship with the road, and heard of the wondrous tales the road had told the boy of the far away places. The old man grunted, and said, "Boy, that road ain't seen all those places he's been telling you about; he ain't been nowhere... he's just what other people use to get to those places".

And suddenly, in spite of, and hidden amongst his grandfather's discouragements, the young boy understood a great secret: You can't separate a path from the places it may go. A destination is not separate from the journey, and the path of travel itself already touches all possible destinations.

The boy smiled and wondered what kind of gift he could give to a talking road.

...and Kyroot said:

There was once a young boy who made friends with an overcoat...

(There's no further  
story to tell; I just  
thought it was  
interesting enough to  
mention)

...and Kyroot said:

Who can look up when the cry is, "Down"?,  
who can feel squares when the object is round?

Who can move back while staying ahead?,  
who can taste yellow while seeing red?

Who can stay wet when all is dry?,  
who can say "how" when the question is "why"?

While all remains flat who can see depth?,  
and who knows a word to rhyme with depth?

(You know, you people  
now tend to laugh no  
matter whether you get  
the expected, OR  
otherwise.)