



...and Kyroot said:

An ordinary Man says, "I need to talk about my interests: the more I explain my ideas to others the better I understand them myself".

Thus, a routine thing is never fully formed,  
and plotted until it is declared.

Only those incomplete, impossible  
scenes formed from the peices of  
three different puzzles offer any  
promise.

...and Kyroot said:

That which may seem to be firmly in the arms of the D-wind can be viewed from another area of the dance floor as a kind of "hoped-for-C".

And from the balcony it can be seen that the partners of the Three Muses are all the same, only different in time.

...and Kyroot said:

I once met a Man, who when emotionally upset and destabilized, would only admit that  
he was back working "part time".

...and Kyrroot said:

"You must learn to hold the irrelevant dear."

I once mentioned this to a guy on the  
sub-continent, and damned if he didn't  
start a whole business with it.

Then again, a bit west of there I told  
another old dude that "Man must strive  
to rise above his older, baser passions",  
and he damn-near killed half the  
population trying to get the message  
across.

...and Kyroot said:

Each person, no matter their Grid position, no matter the schematics of their wiring;  
be they tall, fat, short, slim;  
gleeful leapers, or midnight weepers,  
one and all, be they blatant,  
joyful proof of Life's good health  
and continuing growth.

Had the fertilizer plants  
been destroyed, Bach would  
no longer be among us.

...and Kyroot said:

Ordinary awaress sees human life as a string of seamed scenarios, and has not yet  
the ability to questions the apparent rips  
and tears in an otherwise undisjointed  
universe.

...and Kyroot said:

In the Human Department of Life's corporation, I could note for you three levels  
of mortal commentaries on the health of the  
business: The first level speaks of problems;  
the second level, of dispair;  
the third level speaks of possibilities.

It is you who must help developpe a fourth level.

...and Kyroot said:

While it is necessary to give complex directions to those who are simple,  
simple directions are all that are needed for the complex.

(Of course, the complex of whom I speak,  
must have a simple understanding of their  
condition.)



...and Kyroot said:

You should be delighted to begin to see that no one view is ever correct, and  
no one instance a statement of reality.

...and Kyroot said:

Another great thing about sex-amongst-the-masses is that they can fully enjoy a  
guilt without actually doing the guilty act.

...and Kyroot said:

All knowledge becomes increasingly cool and remote as it moves through the time  
of Mans' memory.

Memory says that this should  
not be so, but it does not  
perceive itself amidst the  
heat exchange as well.

...and Kyroot said:

As a teaching-experiment, I once tried to convinced an interested fellow that he "didn't really exist".

We met on a regular basis as I implanted intrigate new threads in his mental cloth. And although he initially rebelled at such an irrational notion, I slowly made headway with my undertaking.

I was, in fact, very near to winning him over when he just suddenl quit showing up ...

and I  
never  
saw  
him  
again.

...and Kyroot said:

The continual attempt to ignite, then reignite the 4th Circuit is THE cure for  
boredom.

It is the essential ride,  
the ultimate trip.

...and Kyroot said:

Life has caused Man to proclaim, "You can't understand another until you have walked a mile in his shoes", and this can be understood as a verbal urging to move from a D-step into a C one.

But to move onto that 4-dimensional path one must be able to walk a thousand miles in everyone's shoes without leaving home.

(Dr. Scholls can't help you now)

...and Kyroot said:

It is said, scientifically speaking, that a "fact" is something that is repeatable;  
I ask you then, are Men verifiable facts?

(Worse-Yet-And-No-Matter-What: The  
voices of their awareness are  
undeniably so.)

...and Kyroot said:

If indeed all problems are but symptoms, and all medicines placebos, then  
might all words be but euphemisms.



...and Kyroot said:

Another secret weapon that should be tucked in the belt of all midfull travelers:

Take conscious responsibility for all things,  
especially those that seem totally not of your  
doing, or desire, and beyond any perceivable  
control.

...and Kyroot said:

The ancient notion of Men wanting to be the "servant of God" can be seen as the desire for an acknowledged position with an identifiable master, or partner rather than a helpless wanderer in Life's overall, impersonal dance.

...and Kyroot said:

Although ordinary memory is a way inwhich Life works through Man to recycle previously spent energies, the Few must note that although such memory can apprently raise-the-dead, it cannot return to it the healthy-blush-of-life.

(Hence, you could say that the only good memory is a forgotten one.)

...and Kyroot said:

Might there be no nouns?, only the matter of seamed-together-scenes as flashed  
through the projector of fragmented consciousness?

(Perhaps after death, instead of  
a physical paradise, Life will  
award Oscars to the most  
disjointed.)

...and Kyroot said:

Can any of you hear inverted echoes from the ancient tales of a big-god having trouble with lesser gods, and then banishing them from his presence.

Can you detect earlier rumblings of Man becoming aware of growth only being possible when the Primal Flow has split into The Three and each then goes its own way.

...and Kyroot said:

As long as I have been around, Life has been prodding Men to proclaim, "We must  
learn from  
our mistakes.",  
but who can see this as a 3-dimensional  
expression of the triaxial dance of D to C to  
E to D to C to E, and so on?

Or, can you even see it on another  
level as an unrecognized notation  
of Life surviving despite Its  
mistakes?

...and Kyroot said:

Is it not curious that everything I say eventually "fits"?

...and Kyroot said:

I once heard a discussion amongst a group of Men regarding the notions of a god and his anti-god, demonic counterpart, and of humanity, the spoils overwhich they battled. The discussion finally reached the stage of them wondering whether it would be preferable to be god, in such a scenario, or the devil.

After much talk, one man concluded that it would be better to be the devil inasmuch as he would surely be the only one capable of laughter.

The conversation stilled for a while, and I thought they had run-their-course, until another man said, "Contrarie; In such a scheme this devil would have been the product of the god, and the creator would have the greater laugh on the subject of his creation."

I thought this would really end the discussion, but suddenly another fellow spoke up and said, "No, I believe it would be preferable to be an insightful human who understood the value of the prizes overwhich the two do battle. He would surely have the best, and last laugh."



...and Kyroot said:

Would it be better to be rich, or famous?

To be beautiful, or talented?

To be wise, or powerful?

To be tall, or short? Slim, or fat?.

...you know, once you get started  
with this there's almost no  
stopping.

...and Kyroot said:

I once met a man who told me that his one passion in life was "chasing shadows".

At first this struck me as slightly curious, but he explained how it was unique among all hobbies in that it could not be pursued in either full light, or complete dark.

(If that don't have all the makings of a new religion, then Buddha runs a diet center.)

..and Kyroot said:

Years ago, when I first became aware of it, I found it most curious that many mortals who claimed to be seeking some "higher truth" denounced, or abandoned sex.

But then I found the people so involved more curious than the phenomena.

But later then, I came to realize that you cannot separate Men from what they do; that in fact, what they do IS what they are, and what they are has no influence over what they do.

It was good that I was eventually able to see it all so clearly.

...and Kyroot said:

I know that many mortals have claimed that a "god spoke to them directly", but recently I met a fellow who claimed to have a manuscript actually written by god. He said that this great-being had given him this work, and had appointed him as his literary agent, to find a publisher, and handle all the mundane details, etc. Well, if this claim be true, said I, you must have many publishers interested and excited by now. "Not so", said the would-be agent, and I inquired as to how there could be any possible difficulty in finding an anxious publisher for such an historic literary event, and the fellow shook his head and explained, "He insists on using a nom de plume."

(Things ain't changed so much after all.)

...and Kyroot said:

Why would Life display a new squeek in the north, only to produce a new lubricant  
in the south? Why does It present immediate  
resistance in any good new idea It has?

Why does Life deliver Man  
with his hands firmly around  
his own throat?

The rose could only respond  
to such inquiries by either  
death, or growth. How  
fortunate be Man to be  
above such simplicity.

...and Kyroot said:

From one viewpoint, its all quite funny.

But from another, its not funny at all.

Being able to see them both  
however,  
is the last word in humor.