

...and Kyroot said:

A person is not a Real Revolutionist if they do not have a
continuing awareness
of their singularity.

...and Kyroot said:

The People still take consciousness to be a "who", while the
Revolutionist recognizes it as a "what".
Consciousness not of the
"who-am-I?" variety, but
of the "what-electro-
chemical-process-does-
I-believe-it-is-anyway?",
type.

...and Kyroot said:

Now here's a subject that at first blush strikes me as truly
challenging: The Struggle To
Improve On
Patience.

...and Kyroot said:

When ordinary People speak of love it is just Life making passing
note of possible avenues of change
and growth.

...and Kyroot said:

We could say that the Red Circuits can certainly "act", and the Yellow ones can "thinkg-of-acting", and I suppose you could say that the Blue Circuits are the closest thing the Red has to an ability to do the later... sort of like an attempted connection between the private and public voices.

...and Kyroot said:

Why does apparent spontaneity seem so different from actions that are planned? Why the feel of distinction between musical improvisation, and the mere playing of someone else's score?

It all comes from within a Man, so what might we be talking about?

Different energies?

Dissimilar pressures
involved?

Or could it be simply
a matter of varied
tempos?

...and Kyroot said:

Inthat the State's preeminent Religions support the Ruling Powers
and not the Revolution, what might
Life be indicating regarding certain
areas of creativity?

...and Kyroot said:

An oblique maxium for the malls-of-the-mind: Either "buy it all",
or abandon shopping.

...and Kyroot said:

If you can see-the-cracks you can jump-the-tracks,

(and be
somebody else).

...and Kyroot said:

Speaking of shopping malls and the like, I just gotta tell you this; over by their insurance counter, and near the franchise spaces they rent out now to dentists and lawyers, one Sears store set up a "Philosophy Booth", and on opening day their resident pundit proclaimed the following, "He who hates stupidity dislikes himself.", and when he heard this, one old-timer standing next to me was so overcome that he nearly bought a pair of boots.

...and Kyroot said:

Over in one section of Town I have run across groups of People playing a new game, sort of "Intellectual One Down-manship", whereby one person might say, Believe it or not, I have never been to the symphony.", and another responds, "That's nothing, I've never actually read a full page of Shakespear."

It still sometimes
surprises me what
People in the City
will do to keep
from being
thought of
as.

...and Kyroot said:

In the City, nothing is certain except the past, and memory's
power over those who believe
and trust in it.

...and Kyroot said:

After attending a history lecture, I once heard a fellow muse to himself regarding some of the statistics just encountered, "How can it be that throughout history, four percent of Men have ruled the other ninty-six?"

How indeed, can the few so
control the many.

Now and then, it is good to
find a person not enslaved
to that curious habit of
self inspection.

...and Kyroot said:

Even the basest of tyrannies are freely supported by some.

(Put THAT in your pipe-of-self-knowledge
and see who salutes it.)

...and Kyroot said:

If the sign is correct and instructive that says, "If temporarily out-of-order, please do not bang on this machine; the owner is NOT inside.", then why do Men continue to bang on one another?

...and Kyroot said:

Last Thursday, or maybe it was April, I heard this tall, City person dramatically hurl the challenge for anyone to refute his contention that, "The prime, single source of all intellectual error is in the mis-naming-of-things.",
And although I didn't bother to do so, I could have replied, "Oh Yeah, how about the NAMING of things."

Hump!

...and Kyroot said:

Books have been called many fine and poetic names, such as,
"Windows of the world.", "Man's mental
geneology.", and "Lighthouse's in time.",
yet never called what they are,
packets of freez-dried info.

...and Kyroot said:

You know He's becoming serious when an Enlistee begins to ask,
"When do I get to take The Oath?"

...and Kyroot said:

One death, murder,
a multitude — TRIUMPH!

...and Kyroot said:

The more I think about it, the more I believe YOU should think about it:

Which is the ultimate City entertainment,
anticipation

or

guilt?

...and Kyroot said:

And from yet another view (number 726, I believe), this revolutionary activity could be seen as the private struggle to keep your ever blooming speech from strangling your understanding.

...and Kyroot said:

It kinda seems that by now, someone in the City would surely wonder
what use it is to offer up gifts and
sacrafices to their gods when history
obscenely shows that those dieities are
eventually going to wreck, and wrought
every possible form of havoc and
sunshine
regardless.

...and Kyroot said:

Two weeks ago, Wednesday, I heard the half-twin brother of a
previously featured Big-Town-sore-head
say, "You know, Kyroot, or whatever your
name really is, it seems like ever
time my brain gets a hard-on my
tongue gets impotent... and vicy
versy."

(Couldn't ya just sometimes
"grab-up" those City folks,
and "hug'em" real, real
good.)

...and Kyroot said:

Another Official, Maybe-Law of "City Physics": The more mechanical and unavoidable something is, the slower its is, and the more likely it seems to be related to the "D" family, why, the more "serious" it just gotta seem.

(Now, go "vicy versy" that.)

...and Kyroot said:

It is about time that the People properly recognize, and suitably acclaim hypocrisy, for without it, affairs in the City would never effeciently progress from"point A to B", go from"good to better" as Men are predisposed to resist obvious change.

...and Kyroot said:

Try and hear what I allude beyond these words; brace your young selves
and blink not into the light, or the glint
of the rifle barrels. Listen up, and
brave up, my little troopers.

At Its own
level, Life
does not
like
OR
dis-like
Man.

Insofar as human life is concerned,
Life simply IS.

(And I gotta tell ya,
as far as I'M concerned,
that's plenty good enough
for me.)

...and Kyroot said:

Although Enlistees cannot be expected to remember and apply themselves to the Revolution one hundred per cent of the time, they can be bound to the duty, when they DO remember, of then applying themselves with one hundred per cent of their efforts and energies.

How could you POSSIBLY expect otherwise.

...and Kyroot said:

The ordinary could make partial sense of my Equation; they could readily locate the "I-of-themselves", but would take the "Not-I" part as being clearly "out there", existing somewhere other than still in their own inner "I".

To City eyes, the Equation seems to patently affirm that "A is A", and "B is B", but the Revolutionary understanding of it is that "A is also B", and "B, A".

(It is only after you
escape the metropolitan
grip that mathematics
begin to smile,
to sing
and dance
for your
supper.)

...and Kyroot said:

It is, as you might have suspected good ole Yellow-Circuit-City-
Consciousness that not only
concocted the word "infinity",
but then went right on to
perceive of it as a postumous
affair.

(Could'nt you sometimes just
"pick up" the City, and give
it a big ole hug
and shake.)

...and Kyroot said:

If one person tells you they "like you but don't understand you",
you have dominating traits.

If more than one person says they "like you but don't understand
you", you have charisma.

If many people say that they "respect you but don't particularly
like you", then you have the marina to
launch an armada of potential grief.

...and Kyroot said:

I heard that at one City hospital a chap showed up late one evening
absoluetly insisting on surgery to remove,
as he put it, his "I-like-and-don't-like-gland".

(Lucky for him Dr. Yoo Hoo wasn't
on call.)

...and Kyroot said:

Beware, the flamingos of the mind.

...and Kyroot said:

Then there was this entertainer who was less than fully confident
of his dominate position who had
an unlisted michrophone.