

...and Kyroot said:

One man proudly compiled a list of his:

"101 Best Thoughts Of ALL Time." — although he only had two to go on it.

*** Proudly is as proudly does ***

...and Kyroot said:

While waiting on a bus,

(And spending some quality reflecting-time with himself),

One man mused:

"Men DO want to be led, or else wolves wouldn't hold parliamentary elections."

...and Kyroot said:

Everyone has the same secondary parents:

A couple of two-eyed, incestuous cannibals with a penchant for plagiarism.

("Heads Up!", from Kyroot):

One guy had some plans --- but they didn't seem to include himself.

...and Kyroot said:

Alone,

In the closet by themselves,

This one man told all of his imaginary friends:

"Don't worry about me!.....unless you see ME start failing to do so!"

(Geographical/topographical curio:

One man's mind was reputed to be larger in size than the entire
Metropolitan area of Hamburg.)

...and Kyroot said:

All plans contain a flaw --

--(But not to sweat bullets, Brutus) --

-- If it were possible to have a plan without a flaw

You wouldn't NEED plans to begin with.

One guy said:

"So sure -- so I am a little dizzy and disoriented -- but you just wait! --
Some day I'll be a LOT!"

...and Kyroot said: "Save Your Stubs, Or Else Throw Them Away!":

Any thing that's gone will never make a come-back.

...and at an alternate time, in an alternate reality, Kyroot said:

"Well, I TOLD you to save 'em!"

EVERY thing makes a come-back.

...and Kyroot said:

The city didn't want TOO many eccentrics -- (although it didn't come right out and say so).
How does your brain core -- I mean, city -- feel about it?)

...and Kyroot said:

One man discussed his "philosophy of life" with his tomato plants —
— Until he realized how dumb they were —
— Then he shifted the conversation over to his hamsters.

A viewer writes:

"I've watched your show, and want to know: What's the point?

(I wrote you at least twice last year asking the same thing, and you never replied.) "

During the last week of summer one ole man told all the kids:

"Although reality didn't seem to give you a choice -- you've now still kinda got a choice:
Either have big butts, or big brains."

...(If any of the youngsters actually profited from this observation

(It was hard to tell -- what with all the cryin', kickin',

laughin', screamin', and fartin' goin' on.)

Kyroot's "Internal Punctuation For The Neurally Rebellious":

Whenever you pluralize a process

You turn it into something else — wittingly, or not.

...(Civilians should stick with nouns.)

...and Kyroot said:

As the blue moon peeked ominously through the clouds exactly at the stroke of midnight
On the deserted road, just as the young lad was about to swap his immortal soul
To the custom guitar maker, he said:

"Now it is agreed that in return I get justice, cause-&-effect, and normal chord changes
All screwed up here on earth to my advantage such that if I

Find-a-hair-in-my-soup

It will at least assure that I have a bowl of soup. -- Right?!!"

One man said: "Without mystery, the human life is not worth living."
And a rebel picked it up: "Without knowing what's going on,
The revolutionist doesn't find life acceptable of living.....

....(of course a little *pretend-mystery* still thrown in
is not completely out of order.)"

Kyroot's "Ruler's Tip For The Week":

The king can cut down greatly on debates regarding the question of his legitimacy
By keeping everyone discussing his hair style.

(And a man thought:

"Now THERE'S the sort of trick I could truly USE on myself —

If I knew HOW to use such tricks on myself! —

— [And ever saw the need to DO so! - (Sniff! -- Pout!)]")"

...and Kyroot said:

Your local cable company received this letter:

"Is it possible for someone on tv to read my mind?"

...and Kyroot whistled:

*A man not slightly
Ahead of his time,
Is ment'ly already,
Fallin' behind.*

("That's the beauty," said the beautiful lieutenant, "OF the revolution — that
'being smart's' NEVER enough.")

"Dear Advice Doctor:", so the epistle from a viewer commences,

"Would it be out of line for me to ask you: Is it *hard* to be good looking AND intelligent?";

Dear Viewer: No, no, not at all -- for I am 'THAT' kind of doctor...."

...and then with a "nudge", Kyroot said:

More forces bring men together than have any particular plans for him after that.

And in response to a previous Kyroot, a guy explodes:

"Now WAIT-T-T just a metaphysical minute! --

If life it SELF doesn't know 'exactly what it's doing' then how'm I expected to?!!"

...and Kyroot read out a potentially-embarrassing, non-extant headline:
"Logic Seriously Injured In Local Collision":

"Distinct categories are *ONLY* important to those who live in the basement."

"But they don't care, AND can't talk about it anyway!-?-!"

"Well, don't blame me -- I'M not the one who had-the-wreck!"

(Moral for some news-starved suburbs:

Discussion can be "good for the soul" -- if you got no soul!)

"Progress? -- Progress?", spat the ole sorehead,

"Ill tell you about human progress!;

After three thousand years the poetic tongue of man's secondary mind

Still has little better to do than to track the comings and goings of the primary,

And in brief bursts of glorious inspiration, label some of them as folly."

A viewing correspondent of our show has this to say:

"Okay, so you've gotten me over being concerned as to whether the
REAL Drifters will ever show up again or not,

But now I've got a NEW take on the whole question:

I'm sure that the 'end-will-be-near' if I can ever get everything in the world
Fitted into twelve categories.

Sincerely — Oh, P.S.:

Since writing the above I've already narrowed it down
To eight categories.

Yours — Oh, P.P.S.: Before sealing up the envelope I've moved even further,
And am now down to just five categories — and here I believe
I should stop! — inasmuch as I am beginning to scare the crap
Out of myself.

Sincerely Yours For SURE This Time," etc.

A letter from a viewer:

"On some of your shows I count the number of '*alleged*',
'Letters From Viewers' you read -- (not counting this one)."

And another veiwer writes the show:

"I have a question."

...And --

This letter from our electronic audience also:

"All of my life I've looked for practical ideas and advice to *improve myself* --
-- Then I discovered your show."

(And there was today, also this other letter from a viewer:

"Dear Kyroot: I'll send you twenty bucks cash,

If just between me and you you'll privately admit to me that YOU write all
The 'Letters From Viewers'."

Okay - I admit it.)

...And we have yet another viewer who writes us:

"What kind of god damned name is *Kyroot*?! -- why don't you have a decent, Ordinary, god-fearing & decent name, like *Job*! -- (my name is Job).

Yours", etc.

Quite a coincidence, (K. replies),

My real name IS close -- it's, *Anti-Job*, (as in, anti-matter).

...and Kyroot said:

Every man is a genius when alone.....except for city geniuses — they have to have somebody with them.

...(One of Kyroot's young nephews asked:

"Is it easy to say: 'I'm glad I could be of service,' when you know you weren't?!")

And since a new local ordinance now forbade the seventh inning stretch,
Kyroot filled in the dead time with a new definition:

Gossip: *The REAL news of the secondary world.*

...(The manager finally had to come out and join the catcher in having a word
with the pitcher, which coincidentally turned out to be these very words:

"Don't you ever forget, Two-Fingered Billy Bob,

Exactness ONLY counts in whittlin',

Pluckin' your eyebrows,

And describing the primary world!" — [Spit, pause, spit.]

Pop Quiz: In this three-D world, if everybody else has five senses
How many does a revolutionist have? --
-- How long do you think he'll live, compared to the average? --
-- How much you figure he's got saved?,
How horny is he?,
And will he draw to an inside straight on Saturdays?

Moral-with-fleas: Only dumb, serious people have any interest in questions concerning themselves.

(And that previously noted viewer punched his wife again and said:
"Martha, I knew THAT one all ready too!")

(May we watch and eavesdrop as life croons in yon, thou ear?):

One man had an intellect roughly comparable in size to that of a dried-up pinto bean,
But he discovered a recipe that could do wonders — absolute wonders — with leftovers.

(Somewhere a kid screamed: "I don't want to BE no god damned leftover!",
And his old man replied: "Shut up boy! You'll be whatever life TELLS you you'll be!",
And the kid yelled: "So how can you be so sure of that?",
"'Cause I'm your damn old man — that's why!"

[Kyroot's editorial footnote: If this just read, family scene seems to afford YOU
ANY useful, practical ideas,

Then you're as full-of-it as both of THEM are.

...(Now, as we leave, let's all sing:

"Genes are mean,

But what I WANT is even meaner."))

...and Kyroot said:

During one, "Human Appreciation Day", some kind of creature from some other place stood in the shadows and made this toast:

"To man! -- The only plum who can't BE-LIEVE he'll ever be a prune.

Skoal!, and, *Salute!*"

(A man asked his brother, [who could work geometry]:

"Can imagination run both ways?")

...and an ole sorehead writes:

"It's not gonna help ONE little bit -- you tryin' to make humans '*look good*', and all."

After breakfast, while they were just sittin' around relaxin' and percolatin',
One god told his kid:

"Here's a useful little something: Whenever you write a song,

Try and work your own name into the lyrics somewhere."

Then writing on a whim, (and part of a brown paper bag),

A woman sends along this inquiry to the Doctor:

"Dear Advice Doctor: How can I not live at least partially in the past
Since that is where my genes came from?!"

Dear Madam: How many sane buses do you see

Sucking on their own tail pipe?!

...and Kyroot said:

In a side-ways-reality from here,

A kid told the ole man,

(Who was actually just his own kid-self dressed up as something else):

"Hey, want to know what I want to be when I grow up?",

"Nope."

...a viewer faxes:

"I gotta admit this much -- When you ain't funny, you REALLY ain't funny!"

...and Kyroot, (actually just his own-self dressed up as somebody else), asked:
Is it curious or not that no one ever writes in to ask that we re-read
The item that noted how you can't believe anything you don't like?!.....(or was it,
any ONE
you don't like?!.....)

...and Kyroot observed:

One man told his partner:

"A revolutionist can write on both sides of the paper.",

And his counterpart replied: "But so can any body.",

And the guy said: "Yeah, but a revolutionist can REALLY do it."

...(And just before it hit, the bomb noted:

"You SEE! -- RIGHT there is the main difference all over again, again."

Boom! - chak a lak a lak a,

Boom! - chak a lak a lak a!)

...one day a man started to write the show to say: "But I don't HAVE a partner.",
And then upon fully realizing what he was thinking -- almost scared himself to death.

Some kids near the planet's back yard were singing this little rhyme
(As they annoyed the hell out of almost everyone else):

*"Getting things done,
Can be fun,
But how do you gauge a rebellion?!"*

(A would-be, mental impressario standing near by wondered:

"Was this the original example of 'The Dance That Never Ends',
Or did men get it all confused with apathy, and frustration -- and death, and like that?!")

A young viewer writes to Miss Etiquette:

"Dear Miss Etiquette: You seem to be a quite learned and literate person yourself,

And I am an aspiring poet,

But I am perplexed:

I only seem inspired to create when I am despressed and melancholy.

Would you please grace me with your thoughts on this matter?"

Dear Youngster: Simple --- YOU'RE no fuckin' poet!

And for the benefit of our viewers in the secondary world -- some secondary news:

If you do something just slightly new in the city
Someone will almost certainly say: "Oh, is that *new*?"

In his diary he wrote:

"Thursday, March 5th: Dear Diary: Today I looked up the word, 'poetry' in my dictionary,
And -- I ain't no fuckin' POET!"

Kyroot's "Earthquakes For The Secondary":

If what you STAND on shakes -- where you gonna stand?!

And just before closing, Miss Etiquette received one more communique:

"Dear Miss E.: You got a *SMART* mouth!"

Out behind the pig barn,

The Royal Priest's oldest son told the young prince:

"A man with a humble heart, and a repentant attitude can get much

Through prayer to the gods;

However —

A man with some compromising photographs of the Big Guys can get even more!"

(To keep abreast of the ever changing market and times

The card company changed its slogan to:

"If you 'CARE ENOUGH' To Blackmail — Blackmail The Best.",

And the first purchaser of the new version was a man who sent one to his own intellect.)

A hippopotamus stopped our producer in a nice men's store last Tuesday and said:
"I notice you use us fairly infrequently in those Kyroot fables,
But", he sniffed, pretending to examine a silk paisly tie,
"I'll bet, no thanks to any efforts by our local Hippo Union!";
(And as he ambled away, muttered, "Talk about your wasted dues!")

...and Kyroot said:

Everyone's brain is delicately tuned to a certain "directional specific" frequency, like FM:
 but to make up for this,
 Everybody in the basement has a super cheap AM portable that'll pick up almost EVERYthing -
 Whether you want it to or not.

...(And that's not even taking into account the fact that all the stations
 Are in a foreign language to EVERY body.

....[Talk about your chaotic fun!,
And the unrecognized fun of chaos!])

A viewer writes: "I sometimes don't much like your picturizations of man vis a vis
 An apartment building with some people in penthouses, and some down
 In its bowels.

Sometimes I dislike this more than others —
 — It seems to depend on where I think I'M living at
AT the particular time.

(Don't think I'll bother to ask you if this is 'weird' or not.)

Yours."

...and Kyroot said:

One way the neural revolution -- (not to mention the secondary future) --
Has kept itself from being crushed by history
Is that it exists only in one man's mind at a time.

...and Kyroot admitted:

A person wondered:

"What would happen if a bunch of revolutionists got together on a bus and decided to go
somewhere?!"

...and Kyroot said:

Since all the other corners of the philosophical concourse had been taken
This one man staked out his claim by proclaiming:

"GEOGRAPHY is just a metaphor for man."

(At a new kind of "experimental" school over in this one, all ready somewhat skewed, reality,
At graduation, along with your diploma you would also receive one of the following items:
A gun,
A letter of condolences,
Or a bullet-proof codpiece.)

...a man asked the Grand Quizmaster:

"What could one call, '*intellectual suicide*'?"

And the G.Q. replied: "How about — '*breathing*'."

(This time Martha punched the old man and said: "Now I don't like it!")

At the last Ole Sorehead's Monthly Meeting,
During that part of the program when members read original papers,
Which is entitled: "That's The Nature Of Life",
One of the regulars presented this pithy presentation, (to wit):

"If you have *good books*, you have bad eyes; trashy novels -- 20/20 vision."

(And out in the audience a person privately oozes: "Gads!, it must be great to be a
Professional sorehead!")

The *carny* kid asked his old man:

"What is it that the *townies* enjoy so much about the rides?:

The fear of their heights? -- The excitement of their speed?",

And his father replied: "Nope! -- their imagination."

(And a viewer whose cable box is temporarily stuck on the channel that carries our show
Says he appreciates the fact that none of this stuff obviously has anything to do with
Ordinary, stay-at-home, people like him.)

...and Kyroot said:

One man was so plain and sane

That he gradually merged with the woodwork and peacefully disappeared.

...and Kyroot said:

According to the man with the chocolate flower concession:

People who die in the middle of the week go to a different place.

...(Later P.S.: After several good kicks he admitted he couldn't prove this was true.
But said you couldn't prove it wasn't!)

The mayor's brother in law noted after dinner: "Another great thing about the city is
That you can discuss things forever that can't ever really be known,
And it simply doesn't matter -- it simply doesn't matter even a little bit."

...and Kyroot said:

In two-part harmony went the particular city song:

"Dense of a feather flock together,";

"The area is becoming over populated."

...(The unperformed coda says: *"That's not possible -- Ya'll."*)

The professor professed:

"A physician who heals himself is a GOOD-D-D physician.",

(And no, this scene did NOT take place in a medical school,

Or in any other place in the city.)

And from a school boy comes this letter:

"Dear Advice Doctor: I've lost my physics book; can you tell me how fast earth is going?"

Dear Lad: Better yet -- How fast are YOU going?!

(Four days later): "Dear Advice Doctor: My old man TOLD me not to write to you!"

Imaginary revolutionist's instructions:

"Live close to the edge, but not TOO close."

"Not 'too close' to WHAT?"

"Now you've got it!"

(And sitting at home in his "Relax-o Veg-o-matical Reclining TV Chair" a viewer thinks:

"Well it's no WONDER he calls so much of this stuff that doesn't

Actually exist, '*imaginary*'!")

A viewer opines:

"I think it's just about time you abandoned your little stories about the
'Old man and the kid,'
For there's no part of MY brain that's any older than any other part!"

(And Kyroot konceded: Ain't no diabolical doubt about it friends:

Those listening out for the *Mozart Express*

Can have the *Picasso Five-O-Three* fly right by them at the station

And never even notice it.

...[And a gentleman writes: "It's bad enough that I don't get most of what you say,
But it's even worse when I suspect that you've jumbled up metaphors in such an
Obvious way that I'm sure you meant for us to realize that you did it intentionally,
But THEN — I don't understand why you've done this EVEN MORE!...

...(Pardon my entangled grammar,

But this is what you do to me."))

...and Kyroot said:

Over in one modern city

Was a man whose ancestors wouldn't leave him alone -- even the dead ones;

This man's name was:

Doctor, Duchess, Professor, Madam You And Everybody Else That LOOKS Like You.

(What ho, Joe: No need for listless acorns to trace their roots!)

No matter how often a mind on a merry go round asks:

"Where are we going? -- Where've I been?" --

The answer is always -- (*What ho, Moe*) -- the same. (*Yuk, yuk!*)

...and Kyroot said:

Instead of availing himself of the services of Miss Etiquette, or the Advice Doctor

This one man asked his dog:

"How can you be sure if you're wasting time in life, or not?",

And after pondering for a while what he'd done, he thought:

"Boy!, did I ever pick the wrong person to ask, or what!"

(Stomachs, bowels and basement-dwellers may not have clocks,

But they SURE-as-hell always know what time it is.

...[Okay, fair's fair, and we should give equal time for "equal" alternate perspectives:

Those who live upstairs with the brains : and "human emotions ALWAYS know

What time it is, but they don't know WHY the hell they know it.]

On his birthday,
(Since the squirrels were temporarily not speaking to him),
One man rewarded himself by having this removable tattoo put on his knapsack:
"Remember, (You old camper you)", it read,
"Whenever you feel like giving yourself a REAL good talking-to,
Just remember -- that you are ab-so-lutely FULL of,
'ye ole shit-o'."

...(And his gold card acorns commanded: "DON'T leave home without us!")

...and Kyroot said:

There are two ways you can "have to go to the bathroom" -- that is:

You can "Have to go to the bathroom" -- OR

You can "Have to go to the bathroom REAL BAD!",

But you can only want to be a revolutionist in one way -- the REAL bad way.

And in the mails this letter from our viewers:

"Dear Sirs: My platoon and I have been watching your program for some time now,
And we all find it most interesting -- verging in fact on captivating,
But as an old hard-nosed army man, and straight talker myself
Let me say to you -- *OUT WITH IT*, man! --

Just come on and SAY exactly what it is you have to say;
Just plain old 'out with it'
Is the best policy, I always say!
Respectfully Yours,
Colonel", etc.

...(And Kyroot kinda sighed): Boy, instead of ME having written that one,
I wish we DID have a group of people like that watching!

...and still another viewer writes:

"Is it just my imagination,

Or has there been an unusual number of 'Letters From Viewers' on tonight's show?...."

...and Kyroot said:

On alternate days one man would be first optimistic and then depressed;
(He's now refined it to a matter of hours).

...Okay, (said Kyroot),

How many people we got listening in the city?,

And how many places otherwise?.....

So okay then:

How many of you want me to leave it saying, "HE refined it," etc.?,

And how many would prefer I change it to read that his, "nervous system" did it?....

...and Kyroot said:

It has come to my attention that a certain man who watches our show told his wife:
"It's weird, but the less seriously I take life now
The less I seem to have to do."

(And a little "Q.T./P.S." from the old Kyrooter:

This may explain why so many secondary gods are such heavy investors
In hobby and leisure-time stocks.

...[And, oh yeah: For your own personal protection in this area you might want to consider
Joining the "B.A.C.T." — The Bureaucrats Against Complex Thinking —
— (I guess our unemployment figures are high enough as it is!)]

...and Kyroot said:

One man had "frightening fits" --

-- Until they realized he was king! --

-- Then they had to think up another name for it.

A man who owns a cable company says:

"I will NOT carry your program. --

Because my wife and mother say that you shouldn't fool AROUND with your nervous system."

"And now for the Grand Prize", said local reality to one man;
"Tell me: What IS the '*slickest trick*' life plays on creatures?",
And while the mortal was pondering the question, reality spoke back up:
"I'm sorry, but time's up and you lose anyway -- 'cause life doesn't PLAY tricks!"

(Some years later, looking back on this affair, the man felt he'd been tricked.)

Then Kyroot made up this little imaginary scene to offer you additional instructions
In revolutionist type "logic":

A person says to Kyroot: "Sometimes your show offends me.",

And Kyroot replies: "Children shouldn't watch our show.",

And the person says: "I'm not a child.",

And Kyroot replies: "Anyone who gets....", *blankity-blankity-blank* -- you fill in the rest.

...and Kyroot said:

All *good* letters come from out of town.

Convo-Number 66: *"Write if you get new info."*;

"Yeah, I'll have to! -- that'd be the only way you could hear from me."

...(and predictably: A man who *"didn't get it"* said: "I got it.")

...then Kyroot gave out with, "The Myth For A Monday":

Over in this one universe

Reality would sometimes say to the creatures:

"No need to take it all *personally!*" --- (but it never did say it REAL-L-L loud.)

One man said:

"I don't mind dying, but being dumb scares the hell out of me!"

...and Kyroot noted:

One guy says he's almost got it down to the point where if
HE didn't think of it
It's neither interesting, or funny.

A man pondered:

"Since the body is more stimulating when nude -- why not the mind?!"

...and from the mouth, (and other possible openings), of Kyroot came these words:

Folklore, (rebel, or otherwise-?-!): One guy saved all the best parts for himself.
(Said he, later in private: "Well, what other
Benefit is there in BEING you?!")