

...and Kyroot said:

To be original -- is to be alive.

...and Kyroot said:

If it weren't possible to know what life knows
You wouldn't know enough to WANT to in the first place.

...and Kyroot said:

Only the ordinary would bother to talk to themselves in their native tongue.

...and Kyroot said:

"Being dumb is no excuse."-- (then quickly corrected himself) -- "Being dumb is EVERY
excuse."

...and Kyroot said:

In SPITE OF waves,
Fish STILL swim.

...and Kyroot said:

One guy had a game he played with himself,
And, (rascal that he was), he always let himself win.

...and Kyroot said:

By the time the average passengers realize: the bus is NOT going where THEY hoped it would
The company, (in its interstate wisdom), has everyone so involved in
Singing and playing games that no one stays upset for long.

Several hours before the library was to close,
A chap at a front table next to the door looked out and mused,
"Trying to educate one's own mind at times seems like
Trying to put twenty pounds of ducks into a ten pound chicken sack."
(He did this in SPITE of the clearly posted sign that said, "*No Mus'ing!*")

...and Kyroot noted:

One rebel brought the abstract style of revolutionist mentation into focus by noting, "ANY thing that I didn't think is history."

...then just past seven, Kyroot remarked:

Regarding "human existence", one man says he's decided that life has a "game plan":
He says he's further determined that none of those involved have any knowledge of it;
He says he also hopes to come to a final conclusion that he figured this out
"all by HIMSELF."

...(I could be cute and say,
"File this under,"*Fat Chance*,"
But why bother when it's going in under,
"The Inevitable" any way.)

...and Kyroot said:

A kid asked his father,

"Pa Pa, why do you grown-ups have an axiom exhorting one

NOT to be '*Too smart for your own good*', but no similar one regarding being 'too dumb'?"

(And the elder ate the rest of his corn flakes in silence.)

...and then - "Kyroot's Rule: Number 4,688";, (that's HIS count), to wit:

Anything worth remembering, in the ordinary sense, is worth forgetting.

...(And a man portside, wants to inject his six cents worth in the matter by

Telling us: "If you re-NAME something you've thought about previously

It's not the SAME as just 'remembering' it.".....['So, there!'],
he adds.))

In a way he never expected,

One man came to realize,

"It's not so bad living in a land of morons as long as you're KING."

(Of course the word, "you" in that idea is of - shall we say - EXTREME importance.)

And a man who claims to be an interested and active follower of these proceedings asks:
"I still want to know what you mean would be the difference between,
'Remembering something without thinking about it', and
'Thinking about something without remembering it'."

- (As well you should.)

And whilst resting himself under the shade of a near-by Sly Tree,one chap pondered:
"Who would dance if they knew the music was *fixed?*...."

...and Kyroot noted:

The two Dukes, reluctant combatants that they were,
Knew that as long as they threatened, argued and TALKED about war
They could put off actually having to wage it;
(So too did a neighboring prince as regards the inner revolution.)

Over in one neighborhood

One guy's good friends called him *Big Bill Bounty-Brains*,

(That's because none of his good friends liked him.)

Short city scene:

First guy says: "If it doesn't help -- why think about it!",

And second guy says: "Hey -- that's F-A-R too easy!",

And the first guy says: "Y-e-a-h, probably."

...then for all-with-suitcases, Kyroot made this announcement:

"If you go by THEIR schedule,
You'll never GET anywhere."

(AND, of course,

Everyone already *knew* this -- AND, of course,
Everyone had already *forgotten* this....)

...Then speaking on behalf of all intelligent, right-thinking men and women
In all of our fair cities, Kyroot said:

"EVERY one wants to go just as *far as they can* — with OUT having to *stand up*."

...(And the baby-photographer cooed:

"Who says that cerebral neurons don't have feet!")

...and Kyroot said:

If the revolution is alive it's always different.

...then, (as promised), Kyroot handed out the, "Quiz For The Day":

Question: If you TELL what your pretenses are you'll RUIN them.

Answer: You should BE nothing but pretenses - and KEEP your mouth SHUT!

...then, due to the over, and side-ways-whelming popularity of the game,
M.C.Kyroot gave the Senior Version in the same category:

Question: If you TELL what your pretenses ARE you'll RUIN them.

Correct Answer: May all your pretenses be extremely LARGE ONES!

...(Production note: All prizes must be claimed before sundown,
Or they'll be worth no more than
You suspect they are now.)

And one of those whore-train camp-followers and dilettantes wants to know:
"What's the difference in an important sounding idea,
(Like in a proverb, and stuff),
That makes you look off and wonder,
And one that makes you laugh?"

...then uncle Kyroot told us kiddies this little story:

Once upon a timey

A man decided that what he wanted to do in life was to

"Lead a band of pilgrims on a mystical journey" - but he couldn't seem to find any;

So he announced that anyone who WASN'T a "pilgrim on a mystical journey"

Was érring even MORE in life than your ordinary person,

And then he got some.

...and Kyroot said:

Once you realize it,
You need TAKE NO particular notice of the collective's thinking
Because you know what it is already.

"Nay, nay", said one seditiously tinged elder to his younger,

"From our more abstract family-view,

What our neighbors call 'sins, wasteful vices, and useless hobbies'

Are in fact quite necessary distractions to help them make it through the long ride home."

...and Kyroot said:

As he began to personally understand what the abstract revolution is actually all about, This one chap thought to himself, "What a curious word, '*effort*'."

One of the king's adjutants mused: "Interesting —
While the priests and ordinary men think of magic as 'making things disappear',
The revolutionists seem to consider it as making one's SELF beat a retreat."

...and Kyroot said:

In explaining why he'd apparently "given in" and accepted city life as it came to him,
One man said it all came about when he discovered "termites in his garden."

(Note: The linear necessities of ordinary life WILL be met, no MATTER the costs.)

..."Oh", added Kyroot, "That reminds me:

There's this fellow who has his own new theory;

He says - '*Without costs there ARE no consequences.*' --

(He says that beyond THAT - he cares NOT to tread!")

...then Professor Kyroot handed out this additional History Of Intellectual Man:

In the begining was, *One Book* -- and it was sufficient;

Then it wasn't:

So there were MORE! -- and they were sufficient;

Then they weren't:

.....(and so on, like that.

.....[Well!, what'd ya EXPECT?!!])

...then Kyroot offered this:

Midbrain Myth: One man was a hermit in his own home town.

...and Kyroot observed:

There is a difference between being a hermit and willfully dancing-with-yourself.

...and Kyroot observed some more:

Of course there's a difference between legitimate marriage and intellectual incest
Though the ordinary mind is limited to the latter.

...and Kyroot made mention:

When it came to revolutionary household-goods
One man's operational, rule-of-thumb was to
Always keep at least one extra lifetime's supply on hand.

...and Kyroot said:

Immediately upon arising each morning, even before donning their official attire,
The drivers of this one bus-line-reality
Were required to read the directions written on a small card they all carried,
Which reminded them:

"The passengers are NEVER to know the details of the trip;
And I will NOT feel foolish dressed up like this."

...then,

During a particularly *lively* spell of life, one guy thought,

"Hey, if LIFE can't be embarrassed then how's it possible I can?!!"

...then Kyroot passed along this additional,
"City Conversational Fragment":

"What if it turns out to be of '*no avail*'?"

"What do you mean -- 'What IF'?!!!"

...("Jeeze!" said Kyroot's little nephew,
"Do they ALWAYS talk like that in the city?!!")

"You see", whispered oneman on himself,
"A fitting king of mental kingdoms deals in cheese - not rats;
And if not that,
He deals in rats, not cheese."

...then Kyroot recounted:

Yesterday, in the speakers' area of city park,

Was a surprise appearance of that,

"Oh-so-quotable, quite-formodable" verbal duo,

The Siamese Brothers (*"Joined At The Hip For An Additional Quip"*),

Who, in their inimitable, tag- team fashion, had this - in turn - to say:

"The whole world loves a parable."

"Except those who can't get reservations tonight at their favorite restaurant."

...then, acting as a temporary Undersecretary Of Misc. Info, Kyroot noted:

On this planet are two types of talking creatures:

Those who find life formidable — and admit it!,

And those who also do, but won't.

(There are of course, several OTHER types....)

The kids on one side of a certain neural street were chanting:

*"Those with only half a brain
Shouldn't play out in the rain,"*

And the synaptic nippers on the other side thought,

"Yeah, but it's only those WITH brains to begin with
Who ever EXPERIENCE inclemency and live to tell about it,"

(And one of them further muttered, "And Boy! Do they EVER *'Tell about it'!*")

...and Kyroot said:

There was one young man who found that certain of his organs "snapped at him",
But he, having rebellious interests, said he discovered them to be the
"Wrong ones".

...and Kyroot noted:

Man's world, along with its partner, Collective Thinking,
Constitutes the only known business which,
When consulted regarding a specific service will freely declare —
"No! - we do not provide this.",
While still ushering you in and making you a satisfied customer for life.

...and Kyroot read us from the Off-Road Muddy Book Of Myths:

Once upon a time

The creatures of this one world had their choice,

To either be in this story or not.

To himself,

Non-verbally,

In private and on-the-sly,

One guy concluded for his own use that:

"The danger of revered city institutions misleading you is that
They won't lead you at all."

...and Kyroot said:

Upon reconsidering a recent piece of secret info I passed along,
And reflecting upon the widespread lack of action taken thereon,
I'd like to - (*ah hum*) - *correct* myself:
Roachs don't cause stupidity -- butterflies do!

In his Secret Rebel's Dictionary,
This one man struck out the word, "dose", and only left the term, "OVERdose."

...(Then, out in the wild jungle a guy spit in the wind,
Kicked up dirt in his own direction,
Jumped up and down on his own foot and demanded to know,
"What kind of friggin' knowledge is it that has a CONCLUSION TO IT?!!!"...[Spit, spit,
Kick, kick,
Jump, jump]

...and Kyroot said:

There are always some passengers who believe that if you'll just "talk enough"
The bus will *finally* go where YOU want it to.

...(And don't YOU be dense enough to think such travelers foolish or deranged.

...[And Kyroot added:

Might I point out an "interesting Fleet Street anomaly":

There is no known instance of a publisher ever being a critic.

....(Now don't say you can't learn ANYTHING from the news!))

Once he BECAME mayor, (and thus began to dream of being KING), he constantly Reminded himself, regarding his public persona and speaking habits:

"Never underestimate the power of understatement."

...(Some credit his older brother with being the author of that

Other famous dictum:

"If you don't take it back you'll never have to say it in the first place.")

...then from a "non-televised-view"

Kyroot offered this seditious verbal vista:

Only the ORDINARY

Know what they're doing.

...then Kyroot passsed along:

One man's story, (as told by him),
Is that he was "Originally on the road to happiness",
But then they called out "his stop".

...then Kyroot gave the, "Rebel's Athletic Support-&-Update":

Intellectually, the revolutionist must go "one-on-one" with him SELF!

...(Which I'll grant you is
Easier said than understood,
But Hey! -
What are subversive sports FOR!!)

...and Kyroot said:

It is easy to underestimate the power of "*Thinking More Than You Have To*",
And if you don't DO it you'll forever underestimate it.

...and then, this "one liner" from that ole Borscht-Belt-Bastard himself,
"Kyroot The Infinitely Irritating Comedian":

"Thank you, thank you -

No applause, please -

Okay, call my agent -

And now on with it...(okay, sit back down...now are you ready?),

Okay, here it is:

A real revolutionist never tells himself '*what he means*'.

...(No, no -

You're TOO kind -

Oh, sit back down, you're embarrassing me...)"

...and Kyroot conveyed the following interlude twixt
The Advice Doctor and a correspondent:

"Dear Doctor: Is it always wrong to 'quit too soon'?" -

"Nay, dear sir -- It's wrong to QUIT!"

...then from a parallel street Kyroot extracted
this variation of the episode:

"Is it wrong to 'quit too soon'?"

"It's wrong to QUIT."

"Then how about just 'taking some time off'?"

"Then how's about 'GOING TO HELL'!"

...(Which version you think you like best?....)

...and Kyroot said:

Since the elder understood that everyone, including his own son,

Must be raised in part by the city and its institutions, he told the younger in this regard:

"Either follow the gods, or follow your genes.",

And when it was obvious that the lad missed it, the ole man re-put-it-to-him:

"Okay, either chase the garbage truck in silence, or

Keep shouting as you run - 'Hey!', *slow down -- Hold up!*"

...and Kyroot said:

As regards sequels, "follow-ups", ahd, "sons-of" in man's secondary world, Their REAL name, (if you're interested), is actually, "*Go Figure*".

...and Kyroot noted:

In safe and proper city homes, nurseries and institutions,
Everyone is sleeping with a roomful of drunken sailors.

...(And CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? — Some of those SLEEPING with a roomful
Of drunken windjammers resented me MENTIONING IT!!

...[Okay, you regular ole salts DO realize
This is our joke for the day?! -- that is,
The humorous part is in me saying that
Some of those involed objected to me
SAYING that they were.....Yeah, I know --
A pretty cheap
Laugh.])

...then Vascode Kyroot offered this Cartographer's Tip:

If you "*know*" where you *are* — you're in the city.....or else you're a
revolutionist.

Day in,

Day out;

Month come,

Month go,

This one man would unrelentingly remind himself,

"If you're going out of town, go W-A-Y out."

One "Soon-to-be-king" would only answer to the name of, "*Bite My Ass.*",
(And most of the time he wouldn't even answer to THAT.)

...and Kyroot noted:

One guy used to say that "Sunshine talked to him":

(I trust those of you who've been around rebel camp for a while

Don't find this too curious.....that is unless you've already forgotten
the sorts of strange creatues that
speak to ordinary men back in the city.)

...and Kyroot presented this, "Three Bushel Data In A Two Peck Context":

A revolutionist's efforts should ALL be in the area of Efforts;

Nothing LESS,

And

Nothing less.

"Y-E-A TEAM! -- Y-E-A TEAM! -

Push 'em back, knock 'em down - YEA!, Efficiency High":

A man with aspirin can ALWAYS find a headache.

...and Kyroot noted:

For those not totally distracted by the passing scenes outside their window:

The *aftermath* is always the *fore-math*, after a while.

...and Kyroot said:

During an instructional period in camp,

The rebel sergeant spoke to a group of younger troops:

"Regarding the question raised of whether a real revolutionist could actually

'Waste his energy' on some ordinary activity or not, consider this:

If a lion had to *practice* to BE a lion,

Would he be so ready to BE the King Of Beasts? -- and yet

If he did not accept the situation -- What's he gonna DO for the next thirty years,

Hangin' around in a boring jungle?!!...."

...and Kyroot The Range Warden added:

One of the still unrecognized jewels and beautiful facets of man's intellectual life is
That it provides him with the singular idea of "choice" whether he actually HAS any or not.

(Pity the poor creatures of the wild;

Who but man can dream -- can dream of a Shangri-la and be pleased

JUST with the dream, whether he ever goes there or not;

And moreover, even be satisfied to merely debate with others, and himself,

The actual existence of such a place,

Juxtaposed with ponderings regarding the sanity and propriety

OF the dream to begin with.

All-in-all,

A compelling tune to hear -- a provocative dance to be involved with.)

...then Kyroot said:

One man kept his finger stuck in his own eye - JUST to make his family mad.

...(And a fellow asks: "Are you EVER going to explain exactly what you MEAN by

The term, '*family*'?",

And I responded: "Why should I?!!")

...and Kyroot observed some more:

When it comes to thinking the ordinary mind has difficulty distinguishing between
Quality and quantity — which is understandable — since it doesn't NEED to —

...and Kyroot, (substituting for Miss Manners),
had this to say:

The rules and rituals of the collective are for the ordinary to "go by" — for the
revolutionist to
pass by.

...and Kyroot said:

Man is a dumpster.

...and Kyroot continued:

Okay, Second Act:

Man is a recycling-center depository.

...then Kyroot added:

All right, the Third Stage:

Man is a shiny, perfumed, intelligent, reproducing dumpster.

And a viewer writes:

"I would like to get this straight:

Now I believe I understand what you mean by the term, '*Thinking more than you have to*',
But did I MISunderstand another of your comments in that same area?;
Did you say a more complex mind could, '*Remember things without thinking about them*'- OR,
'*Think about things without remembering them*'?

I must say that either way, it sounds very interesting."

Signed, "A Viewer Still Looking For More".

...(A Kyrootian post script: At junctures and times when a matter can apparently
Be-or-go, "either way", pursue it as such,
Then go BEYOND its polar possibilities.)

...and Kyroot said:

When silent, primary energy finishes a job, it stops;
When man's secondary intellect completes an undertaking it wants to talk about it,
And thus it can survive indefinitely.....even while *sort-of-not* doing so.

...and Kyroot said:

In abstract kingdoms where the ruler is truly alive -- All "results" are dead-end.

...and Kyroot said:

There is a way inwhich the city can check on its ill and they become well;
The revolutionist has his personal version of this.

One guy who somehow got off the bus and got onto another journey would think:

"Boy! - I wouldn't quit THIS if I COULD!!",

(Then he'd add),

"Wow! - I hope I never CAN!"

...and Kyroot said:

One man inherited a house,
Onto which he added a secret wing.