

...and Kyroot said:

For revolutionist measurements and assessments no *particular* number is the *right* number.

...and Kyroot said:

The similarities between all earth-bound knowledges are so striking as to be
damn-near invisible.

...and Kyroot said:

During the mid point of his sunshine-years

One man decided that his current question would be NOT "why", but "HOW"?

...and Kyroot said:

It is unstated, secondary themes that sustain man's interest in many things.

...and Kyroot said:

A man's whose secret response to all personal questions is, "I don't really know"
HAS the possibility of someday knowing.

More, "Joys Of City Life": All the world's great men converse with the dead.

.....(Well - Hey!, it's not LIKE they've got a CHOICE, or something.)

...and Kyroot said:

A man with no personal anecdotes can think without examples.

...then quoting someone, (maybe himself), Kyroot said:

The secondary world could be explained in 60 seconds.

...and Kyroot said:

Although not commonly available, or much sought out,
There IS a kind of simplistic intellectual food that is actually enriched.

Near closing time at the Ole Sorehead's Bar, one of the regulars said he did not consider his irritating and irritable life a complete waste;

He said in fact he now believes that his existence has made a particular point;

He said he now looks upon his life as a matter of "*explanation through complaint.*"

The Travails Of City Incitements:

One man decided to write a series of "Exposé articles",
But before he could do so he became the subject of some.

...(One voice said, "Hey man, I'M gettin' outa here!",
To which another replied, "Are you bragging, or admitting the inevitable?")

...and Kyroot said:

All plagiarists make house calls
So it does no good to have an unlisted number.

...(And a viewer asks: "If I understood how life actually works would I like it?")

The speaker in the park declared,

"Any religion worthy of the name will provide excuses for the priests.",

And a sandwich vendor in the crowd suddenly connected:

"Why that just proves that such institutions are but reflections of how
Our own minds look after their own thoughts."

...then, while they were changing the generator, Kyroot mentioned --

One man's latest fix on the matter he expresses thusly,

"The ordinary mind's conception of the future is like reports coming in
From the primary world as re-written by cub reporters at the secondary desk."

...and Kyroot said:

On his birthday this one king told all of the people,

"Each one of you is an 'expert' in some little private matter.";

(He enjoyed doing something nice for them each year on this special day.)

...then Kyroot, (that naughty ole Saint Nick assaulter),said:

There is no basis to any claim.

...and Kyroot noted:

A still unrecognized characteristic of *individuality* is *captivity*.

...and one man assures us: "Being stupid is NOT as easy as it looks!"

..."Oh, okay", (relented Kyroot, just in case the Easter Bunny wants to make a showing),

"You can grapple-danggerwith it further, (just so): All claims are local;

All refutations, universal:

None of the locals can

Hear the universal.

And from a viewer, this letter:

"Dear Kyroot: When you say a present operational description of how to approach

The attitude of a neural revolutionist would be to

'Think more than you have to,'

Do you really mean just think *more?*, or to

Think *differently* than is necessary?

Sincerely," etc.

Dear Sincerely: One will lead you to the other.

...and Kyroot said:

Lest you overlook some of the exhilarating variety and complexity in what you
May already be aware of, let me remind you that man's ordinary world is not simply
A polar-based, binary one of mere single digit forces (such as "positive & negative"),
But is polarized in the sense that at any given instance there are in fact
Two whole, three dimensional REALITIES, of opposing natures extant.

While out for a family drive,
(Since they forgot to bring along any games, or wild animals),
The ole man gave the kiddies this question to wrestle with:
"Who do you think would use the most modifiers? - a king, or a beggar?"

...then Kyroot gave us today's Reality Wrap-Up:

The debate was between those who say: "We have created a society of monsters.",
And those who say we have not — They were both wrong.

The Philosophy Twins were in line at the bakery when the first one said,
"The name of the human game is not '*change*', but '*revision and re-write*';
If life had wanted man to be responsible for real change
It would have arranged for him to live longer.",
"Yeah", added his brother, "Or else shorter."

...and Kyroot noted:

The gods of old men all have one thing in common — their physical enthusiasm.

...(And a chap ponders, "Do the younger, more intellectual generations
Yet have their own gods?" -- Yes,
The exciting possibility of certainty.)

Hotly arising from his seat about midway back,
One man stood and interrupted the speaker's remarks with this one of his own:
"H-e-y!, you don't fool me;
This legal theory that 'You can't slander the dead,'
Is just a crude ruse to protect SOME body's LIVING ass!"

...and Kyroot said:

From two-eyed views of three-D worlds arise such notions as,
"What unexpected ills
From beauty springs."

...(Helps keep city poets in pocket change,
But offers little in the way of widespread illumination.)

The last speaker of the afternoon at the recent convention had this to say:
"According to our best statistics and projections,
Within the next twenty years tourism will be this planet's largest industry.",
- (And a stand-by waiter wondered, "Does he mean external, or internal?")

...and Kyroot said:

Man's solemn institutions are like a harmless lubricant
For the expansion of his "civilization machine."

On the evening of his thirty-fifth birthday
This one man wrote himself an extremely important letter,
But now refuses to read it, he says,
Until someone comes up with a macho looking photograph of Franz Schubert.

...and a chap who momentarily stopped here asks:

"Just what is the exact difference between excuses the literate might make,
And those that come from your ordinary man or woman?":

My good man: What is the difference in cost in riding-the-bus, AND
Riding the bus in your tuxedo?!

...and then that same gentleman's younger brother joined him in pausing with us,
And he then injected:

"I find it surprising how many things seem confusing
Until someone asks YOU about them,
Then your replies, quite often in instant retrospect,
Make one long for the comfort and clarity of merely, 'confusing'."

Now for this evening's, Pop-0 Quiz-0: Inasmuch as thoughts do not have
Biceps, or switch blades,
They defend themselves how?

Some correspondance from the Advice Doctor's files:

"Dear Doctor: How can you tell the living from the non-living?"

"Dear Sir: Do you mean the 'living-who-think'?"

"Dear Doctor: Yes, that's it, I mean how can you tell the 'living-who-think'
From the non-living?"

"Dear Sir: The former is always covered in irony."

Inasmuch as he didn't drink coffee,

On his first morning "coffee break" this one man would just slip off and ponder;

Yesterday he treated himself to this one:

"If *knowledge* always seems to lead man to some additional degree of seriousness

Then the revolutionist's fresh *new-thinking* should surely be an entre into

Some new level of festivity and merriment."

One ole man told the kid,

"There can be real personal profit in a '*knowledgable disregard for the conventional*'- BUT
It MUST be done in secret."

...and Kyroot said:

Alone, no man would ever begin to think;
But then collectively, he'll never move on.

Just outside the Ole Sorehead's Grill & Squatatorium,
One grizzled vet declared,
"What I really enjoy about life around here is that
You're damned if you do,
Damned if you don't,
And even damned if you don't GIVE a damn.
...Ahh!, I just LOVE it!", concluded he.

There was once a race of people who believed that
Everyone had a valuable, secret mirror buried in their backyard -- if they just knew
where to find it.

...then from the kitchen, Chef Kyroot brought forth this item:

Another, "S.B.S." — Short But Sweet — (actually more, "S.B.S.B.B." - Short But Sweet But Brutal):

Anyone concerned about their social position
Is not truly civilized,
No matter how civilized they are.

During the sacred, New Knights Initiation Night, the king told the Neophytes humbly kneeled before him:

"On this great journey you now undertake,

There are two paths open: The Way Of Knowledge, and The Way Of The Spirit."

And his brother in law leaned over and said,

"You're forgetting to tell them about 'The Way Of Spears, Arrows & Hand Grenades' again.",

And His Grace said, "Oh yeah, I forgot."

...(Such are the pitfalls of progress, even among royalty.)

And another viewer writes:

"I've never written to you before, but I've watched your show many times,

And the one I liked best was when you described the revolution as, "*The Wondrous Flb*":

I've never heard you mention this again;

Did I misunderstand what you said originally?

Sincerely," (and out).

Graffiti writ on one booming city:

"Real imaginary concepts are the ONLY way to go."

...("One thing remains for certain", said the mayor,

"Under proper urban conditions your brain will never lie to you."

...["As if", muttered the Chief Of Police, "You'd ever know the difference".])

...and Kyroot said:

A young chap, with his own business,

Has come up with his own private formula which states that:

"If *bad news* is overwhelming then *LIFE* is also."

Notes an associate:

"Another side benefit of *thinking-being-the-music-you-perform*

Is that when you travel you don't have to pay extra to have your instrument shipped."

...and another Kyroot Tale:

On this one world, several thousand years ago,
The creatures were told that many of them "lived in a dream",
And can you believe it! --
Right up until today some of them still think it was meant metaphorically!

...and Kyroot said:

Under normal, healthy city conditions institutions have two main responsibilities:

To excuse man,

And to offer up confessions in his name.

Then the Whisper Man sends forth from the alleyway his vision of one area:

"We are all small appliances plugged into a circuit-breaker that IS civilization."

Overheard,

This two-voice conversation:

"Every half century or so, life seems to temporarily 'slow down'. ";

"Is it really THAT?, or do just fifty-year old people THINK it does?"

...a viewer recently wrote us to say that if we ever wanted to use HIM
In one of our imaginary, "Overheard Conversations" that we did not have his permission.

Over near "The Soft Sciences Museum & Walking Garden" a man joined me at the water fount,
And said that what had kept him alive and active all these years
Was his attempt to answer the question - "Just what IS the purpose of '*temptation*'?"

Next to a baked potato cart in the park was a man who offered us this - his theory, which he says he "believes, but cannot presently prove", (offers he):

"I — I say — I believe that

Cowards band together for the very same reasons that our thoughts do;

Yes, that is *what-I-believe*;

The ball's in your court,

Now it's up to you."

...(A chap with some corn on the cob, walking by, stopped and said,

"Is THAT the zenith of intellectual conceit, or what!";

...[Although his comment initially sounds insightful

I fear he hasn't BEEN around these parts long.]

One day, off alone, a kid thought,

"Why is it that life just seems to be BEGGING for criticism?!...."

Near the university sewer plant a chap on a bench said to a stranger who joined him thereon:
"You know, a man is kinda 'found-out' in his hobbies;
He can blame fate and circumstances for his job, his wife, his social position,
But when it comes to responsibility for your recreations - you're about stuck with it."

...(As the second fellow got up to leave, he said,
"I want you to know that I am NOT on my way home to burn my
Collection of nude opera singer photographs!.")

As per one ancient myth, that never found its way into print,
There was once a race of terrifying creatures whose job it was to protect the past;
They're now known as "Me-&-You, Tootsie".

Okay, a quiz to give yourselves: Under ordinary conditions,
Which makes the most noise? - health, or illness?
...(No peeking under your neighbor's sheet!)

A mid-agish chap at a yard sale sauntered up and told me
That he'd somehow rigged up his neural telephone to his toilet:
He says he's not yet sure exactly "what it's going to do,"
But he says he feels p-r-e-t-t-y confident that it WILL be interesting.

...and Kyroot said:

For the family's royal anniversary the neural king told all of his synaptic kids,
"The only power possible is power that is seized."

One of The Flying, Thinking Brothers said to another,
"The trouble WITH philosophy is that it is always '*after the fact*'.",
To which his sibling nodded his agreement,
"Yes, but in our field, tell me something that's NOT."

...and Kyroot said:

Although the ordinary find the insane upsetting
They do enjoy their enthusiasm.

And another gentleman writes to the Advice Doctor:

"Dear Doctor: What good will keeping up with current news events do me personally?"

...and Kyroot said:

Whiners need no bodyguards.

The counsel for the defense said,
"Being in love with yourself is no crime in some states.",
And the city prosecutor wondered,
"Is he refering to the state of bliss, or South Carolina?"

...and Kyroot noted:

While the primary players can properly follow the dictum, "Grow or die,"

The more civilized secondary ones must pursue the alternative, "Think or wither."

The first speaker declared,

"One thing's for sure: The dead never lie and they never forget.",

To which a second voice rejoined, "How wrong can one idea be!"

...and a third party wondered:

"Is a '*wrong idea*' actually a wrong idea, or just an idea that the wrong person had?..."

And a correspondent writes:

"Hey, now I think I've got it figured out;

Man can't be allowed to think of his mental operations as being just as
Plain and physical as those of his respiratory, or digestive systems, for instance,
Or else he would have never concocted the secondary world wherein he is now able to
Refute such notions.

I would thank you for prompting me to see this if I was quite sure it was beneficial.
Yours", etc.

More of, "Kyroot's Logic For Timber Wolves":

Ordinary thinking is all thinking;

All thinking is old thinking;

If you're awaiting the arrival of the collective's wisdom tomorrow,

Then it's always yesterday.

...and Kyroot said:

One way that the secondary-world-kid knew it was ready to strike out on its own,
Loose from the drastic grasp of its primary-ole-man
Was when it came up with the explanation, "Well, due to certain circumstances...."

...and Kyroot said:

All human attributes become apologetic.

One guy had a tattoo on his left forearm which I hereby quote in its entirety:

"The revolutionist's view would be both more complex and more direct,

And if you don't understand this,

Move on to the next message

Conveniently inscribed on my upper, inner thigh."

Another unsolicited Kyrootian Kap-Off:

The difference between '*real civilization*', and '*stupid civilization*'
Is that one of them is based on the trading of primary goods,
While the other would rest on the exchange of information.

...(Hey, now don't be dumb yourself, and ax me to 'splain this.)

The mail brings this communique:

"I have watched your shows several times now, and I don't think I like you.....and
I don't think I know why."

At first to his neighbors' annoyance, then gradually to their approval,
This one man screamed over and over again, "If you can't '*do it*' — TALK ABOUT IT!";
They in fact, came to favor him so highly that they made him god.

...and Kyroot said:

There is an unmapped Land Of Havoc that is not THAT far away;
It overlaps into the territories where you presently reside,
Yet it is not what ordinary men perceive of as "always impending destruction".

...(It is, in fact,

Not at ALL as unpleasant as you might first think from its name.)

Then, whilst standing atop his apparent younger brother, this one man cried out,
"Just being ALIVE is to '*trivialize yourself*'!"

And just as some had feared,
The official announcement was finally made in yon city:

*"Those who are nouns
Can just STAY in town."*

One man was his own booking agent;

Then, after peeking into his own skull declared,
"Ain't no act of MINE playing a room this small."

...then, assuming a fake mechanical type voice, Kyroot said:

"I regret to inform you that there ARE no degrees of responsibility for the rebel.
Stand back, and watch the doors;
Have a pleasant trip."

Every year for the last seven,

Instead of a vacation this one ole man tried to talk his family into
Spending the summer taking their meals in the middle of the highway.

Rule Number Thirteen: A rebel is nice to his neighbors.

Rule Fourteen: A rebel ain't GOT no neighbors.

...then Kyroot mentioned to the troops:

I know some of you will hate for me to bring this back up,

But, *what the hell!*,

All I have to do is change a few words and most of you will think

It's something new any how:

Anything that can make you mad is better than you are.

And another correspondent thusly corresponds:

"Will you please contact me when this revolution thing becomes something
I can '*believe*' in.

Appreciatively Yours", etc.

One father gave his son this advice,

"Do what must be done, and say as little as possible;

The trick is to have '*minimal operational garbage* — I mean, *verbiage*'."

...and Kyroot said:

One day,

One king,

While lazing in the royal gazebo thought to His Gracious Self:

"Me perceives a form of power — Nay, of GRAND power,

That is not based on strength, numbers, or even intelligence, but on *exclusivity*! —

A monopoly in the exercise of control in one particular area.

Hummm", (he mused onward),

"Me wonders how I might cram and use this entire concept in the ole imperial noggin?!"

...and Kyroot said:

A woman who has watched many of our shows, and says she's thought on many of the ideas
In a most sincere manner, now says the following:

"If I've '*got this right*',

And seriousness is always just a 'local matter',

Then I tremble to think what glimpsing the universal might do to

My laughing glands."

...and Kyroot said:

One peoples once had a version of the Great Quest Myth
Wherein one of their past heroic figures undertook an illustrious adventure,
But instead of miraculous travels from one land to another
His journey took him from the world of nouns to the realm of verbs,
Then ultimately onto the Kingdom Of Giants,
Wherein Grand Ideas can stand alone, like beacons,
With no need of verbal support from man.

...and Kyroot compared:

Ordinary knowledge is like revolutionist thinking AFTER a crash.

...and Kyroot said:

As the ballroom moved ever closer to the horizon
Some dancers would often hear a faint voice that seemed to say,
"All night passes have been temporarily canceled."