

...and Kyroot said:

Being a civilian,
And being prepared,
Doesn't MEAN that *you're prepared.*

...and Kyroot said:

A man's *private thoughts* are NO one's business.....

....Unless he lives a *public life*.....then he HAS no private thoughts.

...and Kyroot said:

If a revolutionist can't *scare* himself he's taking a nap.

...and Kyroot said:

The primary world *has* no tears — but it's a carrier.

...and Kyroot said:

When you dance real close to somebody you can end up doing part of their dancing also.

...and Kyroot said:

In its semi-infinite wisdom, this one reality said:

"Those who do not *wish* to think past a certain point, do not have to."

...(And all the sissies applauded wildly....."I'm sorry", said Kyroot,

"That should have said,

'All of the sane and ordinary'.")

...and Kyroot said:

As he TRIED to listen — *FORSOOTH!* — one man actually thought he HEARD something.

...and Kyroot said:

On the northwest corner the man declared: "The dead rule the world.",
And from the southwest quadrant came the query: "You mean the '*un-original*'?!"
"That's what I SAID!"

...and Kyroot said:

The plaid area of one man's brain told its striped counterpart:

"Having a *set-procedure* can save you the time of thinking you should HAVE one."

...and Kyroot said:

One sun reassured all the planets in its sphere of influence:

"As long as men believe that THEY are part of *their problem* — the end is nowhere near!"

....(Some rebels who've heard this little story before

Now say that THEY'RE not so sure but what they wouldn't like to SEE the end.)

One man said, "I feel like there's a bus in my closet."

...and Kyroot said:

The speaker-between-soup-&-salad said to the convention:

"Vultures are their own reward.",

(And a man in the audience elbowed his nephew and asked,

"Did he say 'vultures'?",

"Yes, Unc - vultures.")

A gentleman writes thusly to the Advice Doctor:

"Dear Doctor: Do you think the basic purpose of religion is to make men
Feel good or feel bad?"

My Dear Sir: Why not ask yourself this same thing regarding being alive.

...Instant replay:

A gentleman writes thusly to the Advice Doctor:

"Dear Doctor: Do you think the basic purpose of religion is to make men
Feel *good* or feel *bad*?"

My Dear Sir: Why not ask yourself this same thing regarding being alive.

Dear Doctor: Because I don't want to.

...and Kyroot said:

In one city 'twas said:

"In every dance team is at least one fool.",

"But," cautioned an observer,

"This does not take into account the slippery condition of the floor."

...(And a squirrel, sitting-this-one-out, said:

"No wonder men are jealous;

Life is the only cobbler who can make his own feet.")

...and Kyroot said:

Man's secondary world is this solar system's thickest coat of thin veneer.

...(Outdoorsman's tip for civilized indoor camping:

Even a flimsy sweater, if warm enough, is warm enough.

...[And a kid thought: "Does this explain why history and the city
Hold on to things not worth having or remembering?!"])

...and Kyroot said:

Man's mind has difficulty in remembering that the
Only thing that'll actually kill you is death.

(And as is so often the case in these curious little affairs —

That's how it is supposed to be;

It is part of the secondary world's self-defense strategy.)

Rushing from room to room, he cried out, "There're too many emotions in my house!!"

...and Kyroot said:

One of the more common and efficient royal ploys,
When the king is mad and has no method,
Is to proclaim that there is,
Method to his madness.

...(Those who become as smart as *they* are
During their own life time
Execute a mental *coup d'etat* that
Turns the neural revolution into a reigning reality.)

...and Kyroot said:

As men would moan, laugh, whine and giggle
In the appropriate sections of the store,
A voice over in aisle 4 would softly reassure shoppers:
"The sounds you hear are just life growing."

On the first day of "How To Be A Writer" class, the instructor began by saying,
"It seems to me that a man can write about two things:

About what he sees or about what he thinks.",

And a young lad leaped to his feet and demanded, "What kind of damn instruction is THAT?",

And the instructor replied, "Don't ask ME -- I'm just the damn instructor!"

...(Update from the world of the Circus Arts:

It is the LACK of originality

That SAVES a man from HAVING to

Catch the mental bullets of others in his teeth.)

A chap sitting in the park,
Who says he's seen many of our shows
Says he's decided that the mind of a revolutionist would either be
Like an infinite ocean, or else a beached whale.
...(He says, "Either way — Thanks, but NO-0-0 thanks-er-roonie."

...[And his brain-bud in charge of thinking added:

"Yeah, when I go home at night I want to know there will BE a home!"])

...historical, military footnote:

The most efficient defense of many lucid gods,
kings,
cities and men
has been *sanity*.

...(and don't you forget it!...
....as if you could!)

Then to pass some time,

The Advice Doctor reached into his mail and pulled out this letter:

"Dear Doctor: Is life as weird as we think it is?"

Dear Sir: A better question might be: Are *we* as weird as life thinks *WE* are?!

...and Kyroot said:

Creativity doesn't *have* to try and "look ahead" — it *has* no alternative.

...and a man near-by thinks,

"History has GOT to be the *stupor mundi*, THE magnificent instance of plagiarism;

And", he further mused,

"If this be so at the collective level

Then a man's memory is likewise at the individual."

...and Kyroot said:

Even just the ATTEMPT to "*think more than you have to*" and "*regrets*"
Are the matter and anti-matter of a rebel universe.

The mayor of one city gave his son this observation:

"The thing about BEING a *sly dog* is that you don't have to pretend to be one."

One man's Ponder-For-The-Day:

"Is there really a struggle - a conflict between the city and the revolutionist camp?
If so — what are they doing so close together?!"

...and Kyroot noted:

Some things pile up faster than others.

...and Kyroot said:

Vis a vis that earlier update from the "world of the three-ringers,"
You might care to note that the closest we could come to
Verbally connecting revolutionist thinking with routine forms of borderline-suicide
Would be to say that it is ONLY a rebel mind that could
CATCH its own spent bullets in its OWN teeth.

...(And a man in the crowd punched his niece and asked,
"Did he say bullets, or billets?")

In the grip of being appreciative of the small things,
A man squatted down by the pond and said to a mallard drifting by,
"Do you realize, good ducky,
That with OUT a sense of rhythm
Hormones could be - YUK! - *THOUGHTS?!!*"

...(Everyone wants to dance,
But much of the time is taken up
Fighting over which of the two ballrooms should be in operation.)

Addressing the secondarily attuned congregation the preacher proclaimed,
"There'll BE-E-E no rest rooms in heaven!",
And a lower-level listener thought,
"Well, god better have the biggest back yard in the WORLD!"

...(Some time later,
Adjusting his message to changing conditions and perceptions,
The evangelist declared, "There'll be no *flood plains* in paradise."

...[While sitting in a tree one day, a lad thought,
"Why cannot the primary and secondary worlds get along any better?",
And a hummingbird on a limb above replied,
"Any better?! - any better?!,
If they GOT along any better than they do NOW
You couldn't even distinguish them as separate entities."

(Moral: The proper power of merger is in the seamlessness.))

A rebellious ole man told his kid,

"When *they* are in the majority it does no good to call them idiots. —

— And when they out number us at the rate they do now, it's not even correct."

...and Kyroot said:

As the rest of the band scattered for break

The trumpet player rested his horn on his knee and said:

"If my mind was my 'main squeeze',

My lip would be at ease."

...the unmusically talented mayor of one city said;
"The people have become soft;
They want it all;
They expect everything to be handed to them,
And I'm just as *PROUD* of them as I can be!"

...and Kyroot said:

He whose writings concern memories,
No matter what his work be labeled,
Is still a fictionist.

...(Note: Even commentators who address current affairs speak from memory.)

...[Well!, and I guess you *SEE* where this leaves religious scribes.]

...and Kyroot said:

All forms of criticism are acts of memory;

Only original, creative thinking directly deals with the present.

And a viewer writes to the Advice Doctor:

"Dear Doctor: Is it possible to think AND be creative at the same time?",
(And the Doctor replied: "Uhh.....Well.....Humm, let me see....")

...and Kyroot said:

As per the rebel's remarkable, Diagnostician's Handbook:

The cure for everything - is originality.

...(If you care for another view: All secondary illness is from repetition & imitation.)

...and Kyroot said:

IF your terpsichorean interests are mostly aroused by the city
Then you'll always be subject to the Electro-magnetic Law of:

"You gotta dance with the one what brung you."

...and Kyroot said:

Looking up directly at the sun, (as best he could), one man said,
"Okay, let me get this straight: I've got my choice?:

I can either listen to great music written by the dead
Or to mediocre performed by the living --
Is that about *it?*!"

...(And in our audience a man nudged his sister and said,
"Don't you just love it when it talks in metaphors.",
And she replied, "Hell!, when DON'T he!",
And the guy punched her again and said, "Huh?")

Wearing a satisfied smile, and a nice herringbone jacket, one man said:
"I have come to the conclusion that interpersonal relationships
Aren't all *that* bad — (if it weren't for all the interPERSONALS!)".

...and Kyroot said:

As he slowly cruised by one man said,

"I think that this idea of '*thinking more than you have to*'
Is just a brief, passing, flash-in-the-pan — at best!"

...(As one general-in-upheaval reminded the neural troops:

"When you're *shot-with-words* you don't HAVE to say - "*Ohh-h-h, I'm shot!*")

...and Kyroot, (wiping the thousand island dressing from the telescope's eyepiece), said:

In this one universe hardly a day went by but what at least one person would say:

"It went too fast.",

And another would say, "It went too slow.",

And a third would add, "What IS a 'day', and who ARE you two suckers?"

...(Cosmologist's SERIOUS note: An actual reality that HAD three audible voices

Would have — One too many;

Be ready to explode;

And NOT be from around HERE!)

...and Kyroot said:

One day while out kicking rocks around, one guy said to himself,
"Ridiculing the way others *look* is the *easy-y-y* way out.",
And the inner spirit of his own mind asked,
"But what if you do it to your SELF?",
And he replied, "Well! - just take a LOOK!"

While watching the buses go by, two guys were talking and one of them said,
"You know, you can make a metaphor out of anything."
And the other one said, "Yeah, except *death*."
"Yeah", replied the first, "Or harder YET - *life!*"

A man writes the Advice Doctor:

"Dear Doctor: I have two brains — not one."

Two guys were dancing and one of them said:

"It is the UN-certainties that make the CERTAINTIES so enjoyable.",
And his partner stiffened and exclaimed - "WHAT certainties?!!"

...(Having secrets from oneself is man's greatest unknown hobby.)

City Addendum:

In areas where "*dancing with yourself*" is not illegal, it's immoral.

...(But one thing about being a REAL revolutionist is that

You'll never be caught at it.....[Well I said a 'REAL' one, didn't I?!!")

...and Kyroot noted:

The foreman of the factory said:

"Our materials, plans and orders come from god-knows-where,

And our finished products are shipped to equally unknown destinations."

...(And a manager of religion passing by overheard this and mused,

"Curious — so once were my thoughts regarding my OWN field.")

During his morning shift in the alleyway The Whisper Man was sending out this one:
"Do you realize that man is the only species
Whose name itself can make him loath to get out of bed in the morning?!"

...(Then popping out from behind a parked pickup truck Captain Obvious proclaimed,
"I don't see what is so obvious about THAT!")

...and Kyroot said:

A man with no originality *has* no focus.

Between rounds, as they lounged around the refreshment counter one man said to his friend, "If you can say one thing and MEAN another does this show that you're a parabolist?", "Nay", the other replied, "Merely proves you're civilized.", And the first one added, "No, I mean do it on PURPOSE.", "Oh", replied his bud, "Oh."

One seditiously inclined mother told her kid:

"Rather than blindly being impressed by whatever others may have already thought,

Remember this: IF they actually *knew* anything,

One: They wouldn't tell you,

Or, Two: They wouldn't be dead."

A viewer writes:

"Is the neural revolution *theoretical*, or *practical*?"

Dear Viewer: Which do you want?

One guy said,

"Boy! - just think;

If the secondary world could protect ITSELF as well as the primary does itself
What a great life it'd be.",

And his pal replied, "It does — and it is."

...(Thus concludes another excerpt from "The History You'll Never Hear".....[at least
around here.]

...and Kyroot said:

In the native woods next to one urban area,
A man has just published a survival book entitled,
"How To Stay Alive In The City With Only Money, Words & Human Sentiments."

...(And a combination bookcase & wheat thrasher said,
"I trust our time won't be further shredded & wasted right here
On some addendum having to do with the nature of redundancy.")

One guy's mind, who thought it was god, or at least the founder of a religion,
Said to all, (near-by enough to hear it):

"Go ahead, my children;

Rejoice in your sorrow,

Wallow in your joy,

Sling your oatmeal and pinch your baby sister, but DON'T — but DO NOT,

DO NOT

spit in the

collection plate!"

...and Kyroot said:

Dancing with others can *give you* ideas, but YOU have to have them.

One guy thought,

"It's hard to help someone if they don't know what they want.",

And a little later added,

"And especially so when it's you trying to help yourself.",

And later yet thought,

"I guess that explains the popularity of 'support groups'

So that numbers of people who don't know can all get together."

...(And a viewer writes:

"Since you often seem quite interested in being succinct and precise in your comments,
Why do you continue to say, 'A man thought' when it was his brain that did?"

Okay, thank you sir;

Now let me ask you people here now: Is that a good question or not?)

And Kyroot offered another, "Simply *Horrendous* Rebel's Hint":

If you're worried about doing it,

You'll never do it.

...(And don't tell me that's "plain enough",

Or it just shows you're still worrying over it.)

...and Kyroot said:

Originality favors the living.

...(And in certain secret quarters — vice versa.)

The afternoon speaker in the park said,

"Just as at law,

A husband and wife should not be forced to indict one another,

Neither too should a man's mind be made to turn on itself."

...(Kyrootian footnote: The sounds arising from the bowels of the city,
If the city be healthy,
Are always self-serving,
No matter how rude they sound to strangers.)

One king decided that he'd give the position of Prime Minister to
Anyone who could prove to him which was the most important: *Efficiency*, or *success*.

Two talkers were talking:

(First one says): "As humanity progresses, does the individual also?"

(And the second one responds): "Is the view from a front window in a bus
Different from the view in the rear?"

(Moral *du jour*: If you wait for an earthquake you'll never feel the ground move.)

...and an ole cozy codger added:

"Yeah, that's the worst thing about *public transportation* — the public's always there."

(Moral with cheese & apple slices: It's hard to stay dry while swimming,
Or be an exhibitionist at a hermit's convention.)

...and Kyroot said:

After he surveyed to the left, a little to the right,
Looked some up, then around the down,
And tried to link up the connections between man's past and present,
Between his feral growl and his civilized prowl,
This one man had only this to say for the moment:
"If hormones had brains,
Then thoughts would wear chastity belts."

Social tip one unknown gave his equally unidentified kid:

"If some one goes up and asks the band to play, "*I'm Dancing With Tears In My Eyes*",

Tell 'em to take the sure way out and just quit dancing -

or leave town -

or better yet

Then for your after-dinner pleasure Kyroot came to your table and performed:

"Error Made - THEN Corrected, Right Before Your Very Eyes":

On their way down, many men go sideways;

Not so: Men do not go on their "way" down -- they simply GO down.

...as in *dead,*

deceased,

finished and kaput.

...(In the singular secondary world of man

There ARE no debilitating diseases or gradual declines;

It's all a matter of, "Here today -- gone tomorrow.",

EXCEPT for all that goes in between.....normally referred to as "life".)

And another viewer writes:

"Dear Kyroot: I've figured out what's going on with you having the other guy
Come on the second half of the show and comment on
Stories and comments you'd already made earlier in the program;
What you've got him doing is
Plugging in adjectives and adverbs here and there — Huh?! — Am I right
or what!"

Speaking over his head-high hedge one man noted:

"In this neighborhood when a revolutionist gets in trouble he won't get YOU in trouble too,"
"Which," injected his wife, "is more than you can say for the ordinary affairs of civilization."
"And," added his doberman, "is more than you SHOULD say."

(And they all three smilingly nodded their tripartite agreement.)

Today's Comfort Tale:

One man wrote god,
Then he wrote the king,
Then his rabbi,
Then he wrote the mayor,
Then he wrote his mama, and said, "I don't feel good."

One man said,

"I guess kids are *cute* enough, all right,

But what I don't like about them is their lack of seriousness!"

...and Kyroot said:

All creativity is in part, an act done in secrecy;
That produced IN public is FOR public consumption,
And seldom has anything to *do* with originality.

...(The collective forums-of-man

Are the arenas of both his brilliance and his brutishness;

[His institutions are established to collect the price of admission.]

On adjoining soap boxes two speakers in the park began to speak,
"Beneath skirts, hides the secret of the world," proclaimed the first,
"But," responded the other, "the secret of WHICH world?",
"Ah hah!," parried the first, "the only world that HAS secrets."

...(As they played their little sidewalk game, the chipmunks sang:

"Hormones can't hide,

But thoughts'll make you pin the tail on somebody ELSE'S donkey.")

One guy's latest postulate:

"In a hollerin' contest 'tween the primary and the secondary worlds

Put your mama's jewels on the secondary;

And you know WHY?.....Well I'll TELL you why;

Cause the primary world don't HAVE to shout —
— It can just kill you and get your attention
any time it wants to!

...and Kyroot said:

One rebel's judicial code told him that the
Only crime is "*Inadequate thinking*" — its applicable punishment, *weakness*.

...and a follower of these proceedings writes to Miss Etiquette:

"Dear Miss Etiquette: Might the proper treatment of all ills, save death,
Be simply, *more thought?*"

Dear Sir: Not only, "Yes" on an individual level,

But greater-over ask yourself:

Is that not a fine description of how

The collective affairs of man -

Civilization itself — continues to progress?!

One king concluded,

"Hangings and picnics are best done on Saturdays

So's not to distract from the commerical business of the week."

...(This was the same court which had a priest who was quoted as saying:

"The gods *LOVE-E-E* a cheerful employee!....especially the minimumly-waged....
...and the un-unionized.")

...then Kyroot, clearly disguised as a,
"Psychologist From Outer Space, (Or SOME Where Else)",

Offered this earthly diagnosis:

"The dancers don't HAVE to know what they're doing so long as the ballroom floor DOES."

...(Few were those who heard this;

Fewer yet, those who pondered it,

And fewer still, those who ever used it.)

...and Kyroot noted:

Those waiting to hear from god don't wanna TAKE no calls from no hormones!

...and Kyroot said:

There are circuits in man that make him happy,
And some that make him sad,
But the MOST circuits are those that make him *man*.

...(And from both the basement AND the attic the electrician cried out,
"Jeeze!, they're EVERY where!")

One guy's admonishment to his kid: "Remember —
A hermit with a good dog,
Good books,
A good garden and a wine press
Will still have to pay property taxes."

...(A certain surgeon considered offering a procedure whereby
He'd remove the secondary from a patient's mind - BUT —)

...and Kyroot noted:

Just as they should,

Each new secondary generation says, "Dancing just AIN'T what it used to be."

...and Kyroot said;

The tattoo on one planet's left, upper bicep said:

"Why BE Sad If You Don't Let It Show."

...(He said he got it while on drunken leave,
In Marrakech,
Back when life was young.

...[As regards *some* adornments,
SOME people later regret they'd acquired them.]

The founder of one great city returned from the grave and proposed:

"Anything that can be said can also be conveyed by action.",

(Once she realized he was missing,

Terra Mater was most upset and called him back immediately!)

Instead of a promised reward after death.

This one planet told its creatures to go ahead now and *be their own best friend.*

(The home solar-system said to no one in particular,

"They better watch that shit!")

...and Kyroot said:

From the revolutionist's uncommon view,

The primary world does not reward originality — the secondary, nothing BUT.

...and Kyroot said:

The anti-mama of one universe's matter warned,
"Last one to still be serious has to stay and close up."

...and Kyroot offered this "Creation Myth Update":

"In the begining there wasn't much of anything;

And then later — a whole bunch of stuff showed up."

...One man named his mind, "*Stay Tuned*".