

...and Kyroot said:

One guy kept reminding himself:

"Keep CIGARS in a humid place -- NOT good ideas!"

...and Kyroot said:

One man's view is as follows:

"Reporters, historians, and social commentators seem to consider themselves intelligent
Because they know how to use a pencil."

...(And Kyroot injected:

I suspect that what he's trying to point towards is the fact that

Truly understanding what goes on in life is more than simply

Observing what has already happened,

And then making some comment that the collective will find momentarily acceptable.)

...and Kyroot said:

As he would pet, and shower his dog with affection

This one man would often repeat parts of the multiplication tables to him;

He explains that it is a test;

A test from which he hopes to learn something useful;

About him -- not the dog.

Once upon a time there was a man who decided that it was impossible to fool the primary world.
(And further concluded that even if it WAS -- it'd kill you for your effort.)

...and Kyroot said:

During the noon request time over at the city deli a man stood and declared:

"Those who must construct elaborate, theoretical structures to support the lives they lead
Are the very heart, soul and backbone of the kinds of lives most men lead."

(Some of the diners lightly applauded, more just looked away.)

...and Kyroot said:

The center of the physical universe may be difficult to locate,
But the axis of the secondary world is easy to see -- it is each man's head.

...and Kyroot said:

For ideas he wasn't quite sure of,
This one man would wax his paper before he wrote them down;
For social events in which he wasn't quite sure of his expected role,
He'd wax his thighs, roll up the sleeves of his T-shirt,
And try to walk like David Hume....

A gaggle of neurons,

Dressed as Cleopatra, disguised as Ceasar's Wife, said:

"Where I-N T-H-E H-E-L-L did all these guys COME FROM?!!"

...and Kyroot said:

As it turns out,

Every time this one man would act ordinary

He was actually engaged in a satire.....or maybe a parody.....or perhaps it was a farce....

...and Kyroot said:

The prince reminded his tutor:

"Important information that takes a long time to tell
Is T00-0-0 tedious for the heads of future kings."

A man with three tongues,
Addressing passers-by on a select corner said:
"Men WILL HAVE their secondary world heroes!...
As lattitudes will longitudes...
...As swamps will gas...
...As bolls will weevils."

(He refused all offers of monetary contributions for this information.)

A guy asks the Advice Doctor:

"Dear Doc: Which is worse, a professional critic,
Or just your average man who repeats someone else's thoughts?"

Dear Guy: I guess the average man since at least the critic gets PAID for his thievery.

Dual Query: How long can a strictly religious man stand relieving himself with tool-in-hand

Before it becomes "self-abuse"?

And how many times can a man think another's thought

Before it becomes plagiarism?

...(Well, I do know the answer to the last one: Once.)

...and Kyroot said:

A certain rebellious thinker remarked:

"When the boring passes for the entertaining you KNOW you're *in-the-city*."

A sketch from another of Kyroot's unpublished textbooks,
This one detailing, "The Balance Of Multi-Storied Structures":

While those in the basement will burn books to bar-be-que their steaks,
Those on upper floors take the creaking of antique furniture for the sound of intelligence

...then Kyroot, (the Old Charmer), noted:

The so-called "excesses of human nature" are the fulfillments of what a human wants.

(Then, critiquing his own sweet observation, Kyroot concluded thereabout thusly:
Short, disruptive, and right to the point.)

...and Kyroot said:

Those who deny, lie.

...(A short form of self-explanation, but just as risky.)

One man said:

"I consider myself tolerant and broadminded,
But I still just *DESPISE* the inevitable!"

--(Hey sir, what a coincidence -- so does life.)

...("Maybe!", he muttered, "But I wasn't *SPEAKING* for life!")

...and Kyroot said:

Many things make people sick -- new information shouldn't be one of them.

"Dear Kyroot", begins, (reasonably enough), another letter from our viewers:

"After trying to think about all the stuff you've talked about

I've developed lower-back-pains in my head.

What 'da think?Hell! -- what'da I think?!!"

Sincerely -- (Forget-about-the-above) -- Yours", etc.

Over in a short-cut universe -- a reality REALLY in-a-hurry --
Instead of having a Holy Book to offer guidance,
The local god just issued this terse, two-word set of directions for all the creatures:
"Bend over!"

And now -- another questionable episode of, "Captain Obvious Speaks His Mind":

"Those who decry the use of blows-against-words
Always prove to be those with bigger mouths than fists."

(And a little feller lurking over in a corner softly added:

"Well, sometimes I don't think it's totally amiss for someone to

Go ahead and verbalize that which everyone already knows is so.....well, if it's done

If it's done in a decent manner....in good taste....and doesn't seem to offend anyone...."

...and Kyroot said:

In the general, rebellion is a defect;

In the particular -- a tantalizing possibility.

...and Kyroot said:

Real intelligence is not measured, only guessed at;
And only the dumb would guess at such things.

...(And one chap said: "Then where does that leave me?",
And quickly added: "No, wait; that line's too good for just an addendum;
I think I deserve my own Kyroot for that one."
-- [Yeah!, don't he GUESS!])

And from the mighty -- (might-disappear-at-any-time) -- Annals Of Kyroot comes this,
Yet another conversation, exemplifying the nature of secondary progress:

"Small birds sing large songs."

"That's not true."

"It's not true that small birds sing large songs."

The End for now.

An inquiring mind wants to say:
"I believe I've recently had a small stroke,
But my tumor says to just ignore it."

...A serious city contacts us to say:

"Health is NO laughing matter!.....

....and for THAT matter -- neither is little ELSE you laugh at!"

(And it stuck its tongue out at us.)

One man's contribution to the theories of "lexicology-amongst-the-civilized":

"A nice aspect of having more than one word for the same thing is that
A bashful man without clothes can point to himself and say, 'Nude,'
Before someone ELSE can point to him and yell, "Naked!"

...and Kyroot said:

The cast of characters in religion are easy to describe:

Demons are change -- gods, the status quo.

One guy told the city-side of his mouth:

"Don't talk to me about the relative aspects of being drunk or under the influence of drugs;
Truth is: After one drink you're inclined to say and do things you wouldn't do otherwise."

(And his brain overheard this and chimed in:

"Since you guys are so alert along such lines

How's about applying this to *moi* as regards dumb ideas.")

Pop Quiz: What are the three main parts of the human system?

Answer: The mouth, the brain and the tongue.

"But say", counters a chap, "What about feelings?",

I was asking as regards the *hardware* -- NOT the power source.

...and a young man informs us that after being initially exposed to the Western religious tradition he very quickly lost all interest therein
Once he found out that the Holy Trinity did not consist of,
Me, Myself, & I

One viewer of our program wrote this letter to Miss Etiquette:

"Dear Miss Etiquette: Taking the metaphors and symbolism of what Kyroot talks about, Regarding various forms of transportation, for instance, Then let me ask you:

What do you think would happen if YOUR moment of 'Enlightenment' -- of suddenly understand what the revolution IS, Occured while you were on a bus?"

And Miss E. replied:

"About the best I can suggest is that you be sure to have Some of those adult-diapers along with you."

Pretending to "have his cape between his legs", Captain Obvious returns for another chance;
This time his timely message is:

"Ordinary people think about ordinary stuff."

(He thanks you for your apparent attention, and departs again.)

Now serving Table Twelve: "Kyroot's Cheer-Up City Club Sandwich":

Everyone carries their secondary death around with them in their billfold.

A viewer writes:

"Don't make me laugh -- no, I mean it;

D-O N-O-T M-A-K-E M-E L-A-U-G-H."

I guess for the sake of fairness we might should call this next one
Something to do with like maybe,
"A Sobering Salad From The Kitchen Of Kyroot", (or something....):
But in any case,
Here IS what he said:

If dreams are your only "way out" -- then you GOT no way out.

"Okay", writes a viewer, "I'll bite:

Are you SURE that all the addendums are actually connected to the main body of your stories and comments?"

...and Kyroot said:

Over in this other reality that had never been given much to
Emotional forms of religion,
When a new god was assigned there, and he took a good survey of what was going on,
Instead of giving these still rather physically oriented creatures
The standard story of great life-threatening sacrifices being made on their behalf,
Every morning he'd simply show up, sweatin' and pantin',
In shorts and Nikes,
And tell the locals: "I've been out runnin' for your sins.",
And health-minded-fools: that they were -- THEY BOUGHT IT!

The Royal Magician-Astologer was attempting to entertain at the prince's birthday party,
And asked the revelers: "Who believes in sign?",
And the young regent raised his hand and said:
"I do!, especially on the weekends when I'm riding around with my buds drinking beer,
And looking for one that says - '*Rest Rooms*'."

Tuesday a man showed up in the speaker's area of city park with an orchestra,
And when it came his time to take over the soapbox he told the conductor:
"When I get to the exciting part of my comments you start playing exciting music
So that everyone will know we're at the exciting part."

Based in part, on such individual, awe-inspiring episodes by its citizens,
One city is proposing to change its official slogan to:

"Nothing Succeeds Quite Like The Obvious."

One man's brain asked him if it could watch the Kyroot show and think about things like this
And he said, "Yeah -- In your next LIFE!"

...and Kyroot noted:

The religion changes as the priest ages.

More excerpts from "Kyroot's Parts Of An Alphabet":

(We pick up the festivities today at the letter "M"):

"M": All the answers are on the train.

"L": A revolutionist's thinking becomes like a spirited freight train that
Runs ever onward, twenty-five hours a day;

It then is a question of how often and how attentively one looks, or
Doesn't at the rushing behemoth.

(Now back to "M"): All the answers are on the train.

A certain rebel,

Who's never applied for a door-to-door permit,

Said to a friend who came to visit:

"For primary and secondary reasons -- but mainly secondary ones --

Don't be looking down a lot."

Another of civilization's normally uncirculated comments:

"The whole point of being a parent, priest, teacher or king
Is to lead others into better behavior —
— Through use of the rod, if necessary —
— Which they'd be loath to apply to themselves."

(I don't know about you, but sometimes I think there's even someone else speaking for
civilization.)

An older physician who had been around the city for many years cautioned a young intern:
"You must be ex-TREME-ly careful if you attempt to separate a man's brain from a tumor."

The warrior chief so told his youngest son:

"When you are finally delt the fatal blow,

Only THEN

Can you forget who issued you this

Useless, impotent and sissy suit of armor."

(Another reason civilized men HAVE gods, governments, mothers and psychiatrists
Is so that there IS always someone else to "blame it on".)

One man acted as his own physician -- he said that was the only way he could afford the liability insurance.

(From The Rebel's Secret First & Fourth Aid Handbook":

"Who better to treat the wounded than those already bleeding."

...[And Kyroot reminds you: Don't even say this aloud, or else

You'll put *the curse* on it, and it'll never work again.]

There was a letter signed as, "From A Parent" that arrived at the Advice Doctor's office
Which asked:

"Dear Doctor: Why does it seem unavoidable that you must MAKE children do
The VERY things that are good for them?"

(And the Doctor took the letter over by the window,

Holding it up in the good light,

Trying to determine if it was ACTUALLY from the local god.)

...and Kyroot said:

According to an item reported on an unidentified radio station

One man, whenever he'd have real limited and dead-end ideas

Would point to that area of his brain and yell -- "Shark bait! -- Shark bait!"

Once the lad was old enough that his wiring began to show,
The old man lead him toward the egress and said:
"As I now prepare to kick you out of our tree
I offer as your departing gift your choice of the following:
You can become a particle physicist,
Learn to play the zither,
Or have this pair of brass knucks I have left over."

(When what you've said, "covers-it-all" what more can you say -- [beyond the *ob-vee-o-r-so!*])

A gent down in the coffee shoppe makes this observation at lunchtime:
"I have read of philosophers who conjecture the State to be no more than
An artifiical man,
But what if, in looking outward, they look amiss?,
What if we turn our attention inward and just as well conclude
A man's MIND to be an 'artifiical man'. "
(He sipped and looked at the window.)

When one "old philosopher" reached the Final Port Authority, after dying,
He was given as his reward his choice to either
Trim his toenails regularly and "settle down",
Or else live in a place where they manufacture boom boxes.

From the window-of-Kyroot: Additional secondary travel tips:

No matter how fast you drive it,

A bus can NEVER make up for "lost time" -- wanna know WHY? --

Cause it never LOST none! -- THAT'S why!

...(Three guys with fake cardboard suitcases all said:

"We can dig it! - We can dig it! - We can dig it!",

Which was just as well -- any question of there being any alternative
being moot.)

Dialogue In A Flat, A cappella:

"Everyone has a secret place..."

"No they don't.",

"You didn't let me finish,"

"Okay, go ahead.",

"Everyone has a secret place..."

"So how come nobody goes there?",

"Would you allow me to complete the thought?"

"Sorry.",

"Everyone has a secret place, but they don't know where it is."

"SO?! -- are you going to tell us, or not?",

"It is 'tomorrow'."

("Should we revamp?", asked Elmore, "Our concept of, 'well-hidden'?!")

...and Kyroot said:

The topography of man's intellectual geography is easy to describe:
The terrain, reality -- the hills and valleys, truth and error.

...then Kyroot noted

Another difference between man and other local creatures:

While dogs sure find the human hand that rubs them where they itch to be wondrous indeed,
Yet they do not concern themselves with plotting how they might develop such a manual extremity.
Only man — even when things are at their best — will not let good enough alone;
Thus the nature of what is "good enough" continues to always improve.

(And life said: Bow wow — Ya'(((")

...and Kyroot said:

To be tied to memory is to be *king-of-a-cemetery*.

Some unsigned party slipped this note into Kyroot's post office box:

"Some times watching your show I feel stupid;

Then at other times I feel unusually intelligent;

Then about every four weeks I feel like my TUMOR'S about to have a stroke."

A chap who works in the city factory where they make jute backing for nice carpeting
Offers this personal opinion-as-definition:

"Civilization: The pursuit of sleazy desires while bathed and shaved."

...and Kyroot said:

All of those on campaigns to save the world
Will read your mail if you leave them alone in your office.

...(As Jack Of Arc said just before they burned him:

"A man who will not stick his thumb in your eye is no friend to man,
And CERTAINLY none to god."[Hey!, pass the matches.]

And here's another letter sent to the Advice Doctor,
 (Which actually addresses him as the "Rebel Advice Doctor"
 Whatever the hell the writer means by THAT?!);

And it asks:

"What is the difference between *understanding* and *indifference*?"

And our renowned, neural-quack replied:

"Ahh!, an easy song to sing;

Professor, kick me off in 'A Flat' — Oops!,

Somebody's already used that key this evening.... okay, arpeggio me in 'E' — here goes:

What's the difference in *understanding* and *indifference*?:

Okay:

'If you don't now know,

You'll never, never know,

So you better, better,

Get-to, get-to knowing. --- Da-da-da da-da dah!"

...(Vamp me off, Fleet-fingers.)"

Kyroot's Farm And Far-Away News:

Carnivores who grow cabbage have little left to ask about.

One man used to be nearsighted but changed over to being farsighted
Because it came earlier in the dictionary.

(A viewer writes:

"I don't like Kyroots that don't make sense;
Is there by any chance any correlation between
The ones that don't make sense;
The ones I don't like,
And the ones I don't understand?"

Our new atomic fax machine had this overnight message waiting on us this a.m.:

"Dear Kyroot & Crew: I know you didn't ask me,

But I've been around advertising and P.R. work for many years,

And I can tell you right now that people will never believe this:

Neural-revolution-thing to be important if you don't TELL them that it is."

(Signed, fax-number, over-&-out, etc.)

Reaching the crescendo of his remarks,

The street corner preacher raised to his tippy-toes and exclaimed:

"God gave us mathematics NOT to simply count -- but as a METAPHOR!",

And a woman with some sweet potatoes she got on sale stopped long enough to ask:

"A metaphor for what?"

"Kyroot's Eleven O'Clock News Wrap-Up For A Ten Hour Day":

The primary world is serious without talking about it;

The secondary "not so" by dint that it does.

And just about the time you'd finished glancing through the very last glanceable magazine
Left on the table, the nurse came out and announced that,
"Dr. Kyroot, The Perverse Pediatric Psychologist and Small Animal Veterinarian," would
See-you-now,

And upon greeting you in the mauve exam room the first thing he said was:
"Rebels, priests, and tyrants are all, at one time, childhood bullies,
And only one of the lot ever discovers the profitable place to direct his
Jolly-good aggression."

(Perhaps you'll be relieved to know that he never conveys this information
To any patients with children.)

And Miss Etiquette was the proud recipient of two nice inquiries this fine day:

"Dear Miss E.: Is there some useful word that rhymes with 'tumor'?"

...and Kyroot said:

Entertaining ordinary thought is like trying to use small arms fire
To cover up the sound of an approaching hurricane.

...and Kyroot continued:

In the routine world, everything works;
But as to what benefit that may be to a rebel remains open to some question.

...and Kyroot added:

Do you *get-it*, or what?!

...and Kyroot said:

One man had a hypothesis.....

One man had a hypothesis.....

One man had a hypothesis.....

One man had a hypothesis.....

...and Kyroot said:

One symbolic city became SO-0-0 civilized that in addition to the expected departments,
Such as,
The Department Of Safety,
The Department Of Sanitation,
And The Department Of Transportation,
THEY had -- a "Department Of Departments",
Wherein,
If you REALLY wanted to become "secondaritized",
You could enter, and from which you would never return.

(And a potential audience of five billion all said: "It works for US!")

From the rebel's unaccredited, "Handbook Of Extraterrestrial Logic And Like That":

You can't respect that which you don't fear:

You can't understand that which you fear:

You can't understand anything you can't laugh at -- *Ergo Mama!* -- you take it from there

A woman asks the Advice Doctor:

"Dear Doctor: Could thunder-&-lightning be seen as a metaphor for thought?",

The Doctor pondered for a moment and answered:

"Better still -- an oil-spill-&-lightning."

Mary told the Lamb:

"If you're not skating on thin ice you're just NOT-T-T skating."

One man's *serious* organs -- (you know, like liver, lungs and kidneys) --
Got together and told his brain:
"Hey!, be *cute* on your OWN time!"

Then there was this other renowned city thinker who,
Upon having died after an intellectual life fairly well spent,
Was rewarded by being ushered in to see the Big Brain himself;
And the cerebral deity decided to grace the mortal with a brief cosmic comment, (said he):
"Man was MADE to be dissatisfied.",
And the old philosopher walked away mumbling,
"He waits 'til NOW to tell me!!"

...and Kyroot said:

During the recent celebration of, "Saint You-Got-Me Day,"

One rebel admitted:

"Okay — you caught me — I'll confess:

Everything I've ever told you I stole — from ME!"

(Tune in next time when we'll be covering the goings-on in YOUR bedroom.)

Although the salutation of the letter itself begins, "Dear Advice Doctor",
The writer actually addressed the envelope to Kyroot,
So K. took delivery of same, and replied thereto,
(Just as though "*Old English*", and archaic grammar had never even existed):
And any rate, here is what the letter writer asked:
"Are there any exercises for the mind?",
And Kyroot replied: "Yes -- sit-ups."

The Tyrant-Of-Stable-Neurons addressed his subjects:
"Why did the electro-chemical gods GIVE you knees
Were you not intended to stay ON them!"

...and Kyroot said:

A real revolutionist should, in a sense, have two internal sovereigns:
One each to rule his thoughts and his will;
They should both have absolute power,
And one of them, unlimited freedom.

And yet another interpretation:

One man says:

"After thinking over this neural-revolution-thing

I am personally beginning to see it as a way out of having to forever

Dance-with-your-genes,

And

Converse-with-your-ancestors."

...and Kyroot noted:

Without the anchor of the past,
of family,

of religion, culture and tradition,

Most men fear that their little boat would just -- "*drift away*" --
and more likely than not -- they're correct.