

...and Kyroot said:

Playing a "waiting game" is only acceptable for those who invented the sport.
(Everybody else — *SUIT UP!*)

...and Kyroot said:

Nothing remains the best unless it remains;

Nothing is still your favorite unless it stays;

Thus the the ordinary's need for stability.

...and Kyroot said:

Right outside your window is everybody else.

(The "word" is: Be *aware* -- not *frightened*.)

...and Kyroot said:

If you are a good enough critic to discern a performer's influences,
You're either too good a critic, or he's too lousy a performer.

...and Kyroot said:

To his dining companion one man confided:

"In the human vehicle the brain is like the transmission between the
Engine-of-the-enzymes and the tongue-that-is-the-tires.

"And, oh yeah," he added, "In this world, everybody else is where the 'rubber-hits-the-road'."

The man near the weeds noted:

"Even the spatial realities of a locale dictate the limits of its culture;
Which is, for instance, why you see so few frogs who play guitar and sing the blues --
-- Cause you can't stomp your foot on water."

(Immediately after this was read,

A certain man's brain suddenly turned a metaphorical corner,

Quickly sized up the story and declared: "I was just about to say the SAME thing.",

And the man just as rapidly replied: "Hell, you're ALWAYS about to say the '*same thing*'.",

But his brain didn't get it.)

A guy notes to Kyroot:

"Sometimes your comments, even when they make me laugh,
Also make me feel kind of sad,
But then I'll think: 'What have you got to worry about!'
And then I'll feel better;
But then I'll run into a mental mirror, and it seems to start all over again."

(And in an aside Kyroot noted:

No matter how trying life seems, at least it won't kill you.....that's taken care of
by something else.)

...and Kyroot said:

Whenever this one guy's brain would try to have ordinary thoughts

He'd a lot of times dismiss it by saying, "Hey man, you might as well be on another planet."

One man's all-around good advice:

If you're ordinary -- always tell people what it is you're going to do before you do it;
Like if you're a surgeon, or plumber, or an intellectual.

...and someone said:

"Sissies deserve no respect."

...("Oh, okay", they added, "I guess they deserve 'sissy-respect'.")

And now,

Voguing down runway number two,

Is the lovely Michelle wearing that off-the-shoulder creation entitled:

"I'd prefer to be honest -- but if pushed I'll settle for a profit."

Next season "honesty" will be replaced by the concept of "intelligence".

(Cooked city books have covered for many an, "I'm=coming-up-short-again-this-month" goo field account

...[And a citizen says: "No matter how you try and indicate otherwise -- come on now,

Admit it! -- right here is an example of you

Finding-fault with the general nature of man -- admit it!",

And Kyroot said: Okay! - I'll admit it -- it IS hard to

Speak to fish with OUT them hearing gurgling.])

...and Kyroot said:

Younger wolves need the pack more than older ones;
Same with thoughts.

(While this is normal 'neural-zoology' a rebel better get something extra out of it.)

One chap's cupcake for the day:

"A man who will admit his stupidity is an honest man.....
.....he is also a stupid man."

"Oh YEAH-H-H?!!", one guy defended himself,
"Well I may be weak, but I'm EXTREMELY weak!"

....and Kyroot said:

If a man's going to have internal conversations regarding his relationships with other people
Then he'd better, by god, have the last word if he plans on being a revolutionist —
.....and it better be the RIGHT last word.

...okay, (said Kyroot), I'll even put it to you this way:

Any one who'd carry on internal arguments regarding someone's treatment of them,
And then let the voice speaking for the other party have the final, decisive word
Is far too flimsy to be of any consequence out of the ordinary.

And in response to a previous Kyroot a viewer asks:

"How do you know exactly where to shoot your foot so that it won't do any serious damage?"

After delivering what he considered to be an exceptionally witty and devastating remark,
He popped into the restroom,
Looked lovingly in the mirror, (as he slicked back his lovely hair),
And asked: "Am I a work-of-art or NOT!",
And his brain replied: "That depends on whether Rembrandt and Walt Disney are still dead or not."

"Remember", read the secret peanut nestled inside the chocolate bar,

"A man's past can't come back to haunt him if he either:

Never goes away,

OR -- if he does -- never thinks about it."

One man declared: "I will not be dumb before my time.", and everybody checked their watches.

(A chap who impartially assures us that he personally is not dumb at all,
STILL says, that on behalf of others not so fortunate, he objects to this comment.)

Oh -- all right;

Let's all be ashamed.....or at least LOOK ashamed.....well, okay, how about normal

The Duke Of Hormones announced to the people:

"Now you are free -- and you can select anyone you want to lead you.",

And they all cried out: "The Duke! -- the Duke!"

(Once this was settled,

The people said to themselves individually: "Forget about it! -- Forget ALL about it!")

...and Kyroot said:

The original idea for a "Potemkin village" came from a man who once
Accidentally got a good look at himself.

(Additional, "FYI": Pseudonyms weren't far behind.)

As he sped past the health clinic for the thirty-thousandth straight day,
He glanced up in the rear view mirror and reminded himself:

"My main sores are brain sores."

...and Kyroot said:

When you KNOW that the last page of your embroidery manual is missing
You'll believe just about anything-the-hell that you're sewing on NOW.

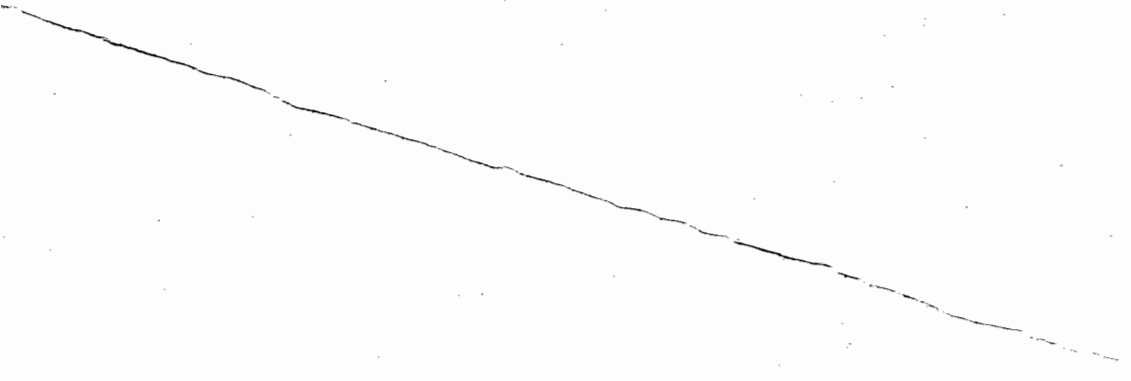
...(This:

A comprehensive explanation regarding several of man's more pervasive institutions.)

And a fellow pondered: "Is this the basis for that old proverb that says only an
Steerage-class chowder-head would ask if the life boats
On a sinking ship are consecrated, Brahmanical, or kosher?...."

...and Kyroot observed:

As genes get old they're prone to get pissed.



...Later that day,

Sometime after an earlier paper had been read,

Another man abruptly thought:

"Am I just behind?! -- It just suddenly strikes me that

Without an intellect man would never even suspect that his ship might sink -- But

Without an intellect he'd a'never had a ship to begin with.

-- Is it just me? -- Am I the only one so far behind?!....

To help pass the time while he was on the way to pick up the warden's daughter
He would think,

And tonight he thought:

"In the city there are two kinds of talk:

The recreational, and the.....the.....the -- hell!, there AIN'T hardly any other kind!"

(Next trip he dreamed of whistling, and of "parole with no-chance-of-life".)

...and Kyroot said:

Originality is so far removed from the norm that normal people do not even notice much
its absence.

As they were making-the-morning-rounds,
The Chief Of Staff said to the interns,
"Fear will make men do many things."
And a lad, (intending to major in neuro-economics), noted:
"Yeah, like live and breathe."

(Your flowers came with this note:

"If human existence DID move in the direction as appears to limited city sight,
Then 'gravedigger' would be the remunerative occupation-of-choice for the astute."

One mother-civilization beamed and said: "Ahh — my son the dead man.")

...and Kyroot said:

As waters hold fish together, so memories, man.

...and Kyroot continued:

As waters hold fish together, so memories, man;

Trouble is, for a revolutionist's intentions too often the adhesive is contaminated.

From our audience, this communique:

"After listening to your ideas,

And after looking back over what I perceive to be the

Historic traces of this thing you call, 'The neural revolution',

I -- I believe that there's always SOMETHING that's never being told!"

The ole man heard the kid singing while he was in the backyard playing with his toes:

*"The mind has made us what we are,
The mind has brought us up this far;
The mind has made me make this rhyme,
My mind is working over time."*

And upon being directly confronted with such an egregious waste of perfectly good time
His left foot lept up and bit off his fuckin' nose.

(You may now turn the page, and begin work on the math problems.)

A man who is in no known wise employed by any city agency or bureau says this:
"Fashion is the attempt to publicly make some kind of statement that
Might be able to camouflage the basic attitude your hormones have laid on you."

(A man wonders: "Could my sense-of-self be a piece of attire?")

...and Kyroot said:

Passing judgement on mens' character is a weighty matter indeed,
And should be left in the hands of experts.....such as waiters,
roofers,
and automobile mechanics.

For his doctoral thesis one man wrote a learned and researched paper
That NO one could understand;
In return they made him president of the university,
Then quickly defiled him,
Then named the stadium's west bleachers after him,
And he told them that he didn't understand all the fuss,
And they said now we're even.

(A gentleman asks: "Why is it so hard to find 'intellectual humor'?"
Is it because of a lack of humor, or of intellectuals?")

Then,

Acting as your "stand-in-contestant" on the show,

Kyroot was confronted with this question:

"Do foot prints on the back of a man's head prove whether he was coming or going?"

And Kyrroot observed:

From a revolutionist view what is it to say that someone is "weak"?

It is to note that they are complete captives of their genetic needs —

— Just as they should be — if they're going to be ordinary.

First man says: "If there is a paradise after death then it must be a place of
Complete perfection -- a place where even fleas have no fleas!",
And the second man responded: "Yes, the kind of place you imagine would not only have that,
But nothing else either."

The only consummations and realizations of which the ordinary mind can dream
Are all too small to be a black-hole, and far too broad for just dust.

..and Kyroot said:

The belief that man and life are extremely complicated not only helps keep them both going,
It specifically encourages stability in life,
And in man the belief that he and life are extremely complicated.

A guy without a kid told his dog:

"Once you understand why man's history, institutions, and sense of individuality came about
It s-u-r-e is hard to take them seriously any more."

What is purported to be one guy's latest blues song:

*"Oh I got rocks in my pillow,
And my baby's left this town;
They is rats out in the corn field,
And my house is fallin' down;
Got no money for no food,
And-d-d on top of every thing else I'm begining to think like an ordinary person-n-n."*

A man writes to the Advice Doctor:

"Dear Doctor: Which is the most important to a good joke: The 'set-up', or the punch-line?"

Dear Sir: As I always say: The right shell for the right gun.

(Neural medical & re-loader's note:

If axon terminals were as choosy as the chambers in a revolver

There might be fewer mis-fires in intellectual competition.

...[And that previous citizen-correspondent returns again to inject:

"All right then -- what do you call THIS one?! --

Not a slam on human thinking, I guess,

But - 'just a joke' --- right?!"]

...(And Kyroot slipped in long enough to say: "He still doesn't get it.")]

Kyroot's Brief History Of Armaments:

At first the primary had no weapons:

Then it got a bit secondarialized and had a gun;

Then it became even more civilized and traded the gun for pen and paper;

Now many of them want the gun back.

(P.S.: A lot of them always did.)

Without much warning or anything
A man all-at-once thought:
"If I am laughed-at only by my peers,
(Knowing me as I do),
What the hell am I worried about!"

Kyroot's Rhyme For The Time:

*Brains that work by
Brains alone,
Won't be brains -- I mean,
Will be brains for
Very long.*

(Thank you,
Be sure and slide carefully,
And don't forget to give Virgil a real nice kick on your way out.)

...and Kyroot said:

After you move from city consciousness to revolutionist thinking
One of the first things you should do to continue to get along with the world
Is to lower your expectations ---- with good humor.

Right after August a man sat musing on the general poetic musings of man:

"If feet could write" 1/22/22

What would they say they

Fear to lose?"

(Even on foreign planets Chinese sentences expect to end in Mandarin punctuation.)

A guy says:

"I've been listening to your show and I don't believe a word of it."

And Kyroot said: "That's another nice thing about it."

And
Another
Short

History: The whole idea of "belief" came about by people talking about things
They didn't actually know about,
And they decided to call it *SOMETHING*.

Kyroot noted:

That persistent viewer writes in and tries again:

"Okay then,

Will you repeat the one where you said that

Just because something is collectively natural doesn't mean it's individually necessary?",

Okay then — No.

A city man with a strong, firm opinion about himself
Will never lack for adequate rain on his fields of harvest.

(And a guy thinks: "I don't really know if I like the sound of that or not?!.....")

And lo -- justice, from the heavens rained down mightily

Inthat the insensitive, greedy and dishonest got the MOST severe paper-cuts.

(Lo.)

As he sat quietly sucking on a Betamax copy of Monday night's show, a man pondered:
"Could the admonitions against 'blasphemy-toward-the-gods' and 'spitting-in-the-wind'
Be unknowingly based on the unranked fact that
Certain 'shadow boxing' can actually increase the size and strength OF the shadow?!"

One of the questions that helps tie together a couple of the dimensions in one reality:
"How much IS the amount that's 'too much for your own good' for a creature to know?"

...("Uuu!", said a guy, "Not ONLY give ole Virg a good kick,
But better also tell Telemann to look for a new tenor man
Now that Maceo's been busted again.")

The Dorm Master told one of the young lads:

"Nothing great will get done without the help of the gods.",

And the boy asked: "How about hormones and neural activity?" -- "Yeah, them too."

...and Kyroot cautioned:

Even though you CAN simply:

Shake out your socks,

Air out your underwear,

Turn your sheets over,

And even re-use a garbage bag,

Don't! — don't EVER tell your mind what you have in store for IT!"

...and Kyroot said:

The goo that holds an individual's brain together likewise binds civilizations.

...(And a Kyroot pondered: "WHERE is that musky odor COMING from?....")

One guy said:

"W-e-l-l, I don't guess 'two-heads-are-better-than-one' if both of them are mine."

...and Kyroot said:

Individual originality is too fast for collective reality.

As he was cleaning up the wrapping paper from the party,

He stopped, sat down by a window and mused:

"Here I am at another chronological, birthday-crossroads --- What would happen if I

Sent my enzymes to a spring-training camp,

My hormones to an X-rated movie,

And my neurotransmitters to a fat farm?"

(He got up and returned to the job at hand,

And smiled broadly at one of the bows he retrieved from the floor.....well, at *something*.)

...and Kyroot said:

Those who can think about thought separate from man have a chance.

Then Kyroot wrote in and asked:

"But doesn't EVERY one have a chance?",

And Kyroot replied:

"Most assuredly! -- Everyone has every chance in the world!;

And anyone who tells you otherwise is no friend of yours."

...and Kyroot said:

Men who need "spiritual inspiration" from other men need more than spiritual inspiration.

...and Kyroot sang:

If thoughts could be detached,
From the brain;
Hardly any questions,
Would remain.

"All right", said the head of the culture/city/civilization/collective,
"Before we kill him have him do an interview."

("Now!" they all cried, "The future's not a 'chargin' -- it's already with us.")

...and Kyroot said:

If you have nothing to intellectually defend, all battles are victorious.

Pleafully, the little neurons cried out:

"Send us up some beliefs! -- or some drugs! --- no wait!....there was another possibility,
...wait just a minute
and maybe we'll remember what it was..."

Kyroot's Kustom Kliche Of The Day:

Revolutionist thinking is nothing if not relentless;
Relentless, relentless, RE-LENT-LESS!

...And make careful note: The word is relentless -- NOT repetitious.

...and Kyroot said:

Ordinary thinking can trap words in your bloodstream.

And V-E-R-Y slowly, the skywriting blimp spelled out this "fun definition":

Human existence: The only instance in which the network-of-Life has been able to
Pass off a sit-com as a dramatic series.

You know, (said Kyroot),

A man can hide almost ANY thing *except* a lack of originality.

(And a Kyroot kid asked: "Is that why the ordinary are so obvious, and *stand-out* so?")

The fellow up on the platform addressed the crowd:

"A man's mind is a personal, sacred thing.",

And Kyroot nudged you in the ribs and whispered, "He got one out of three."

...and Kyroot said:

A man rushed into headquarters and exclaimed:

"I've just realized — there IS a conspiracy going on — it's the stupid vs. us!",

And the Officer Of The Day replied, "Well, who's winning?"

And the man then REALLY exclaimed - "My god! — YOU'RE on their side!!"