

...and Kyroot said:

Showing strong signs of stamina and determination the man stood tall and declared:
"I will NOT be placated.",

(He did later, however, agree to be embroidered and partially embalmed.)

...and Kyroot said:

Another sterling and singular aspect of the secondary world is that
Failure is no ultimate proof of anything.

...(When beasts and buildings fall -- they stay falled,
But the mind of man is always back on its feet before you can blink twice.)

...and Kyroot counted off: "Hup, two, three, four -- (and like that)":

To begin with, one man ended all his sentences with exclamation marks;

Then with periods,

And later with question marks,

And finally moved on to just not ending them at all.

"Hup, two, three, four -- (and like that)".

...and Kyroot said:

When trapped -- humans will eat their own feet.

Then Kyroot presented this short dialogue, fully representative of the secondary's nature:

"A man without a mind can not suffer.";

"Jeeze! -- that must be HORRIBLE!"

As they danced,

They whispered in one another's ear:

"Staring at your own back yard won't help.";

"Yeah! -- but it won't get you KILLED!"

...(One, two, three -- turn.)

...and Kyroot said:

In secondary battles only the dumb defend themselves.

After local reality had just taken its best shot,

The guy,

Looked it in the eye

And said: "Naw man! -- I don't wanna be admired -- I wanna be PAID!"

...a follow-up: In secondary battles only the dumb participate.

...and Kyroot said:

One man sent his thoughts off to see what *NEW* they could discover,
And when they returned, they reported by saying: "Ah, nothing special."
And he said: "GOOD-D-D thoughts!"

The "Big Maybe" for 1992 -- (or five o'clock, whichever comes first):

A day without modifiers is like rebel-depression without anxiety.

...(Well I SAID-D-D, "maybe"!!)

From
This, *from* the office of, "Life Can Sure Be Like That -- Can't It.":

When it came to having fun

This one man said:

"I came to have fun.", (and let it go at that).

"Kyroot's Improbable Conversation: Listing RT, Seven-0-Six, Crimson-Alert":

"Help! -- We're trapped down here?"

"What ho! -- Who said that?"

"Help! -- Not us -- we can't talk down here.

Help!"

... "Just think", said the man in the large coat, several years after selling the business,
"If we could make merry go rounds go FAST enough
They could become their own proctologists and treat their own ills."

... Or, as every good scout knows: An alert lad always carries with him
Not only his "Snake bite kit",
But a snake as well.

(Okay, for you children who still *believe* in Moby Dick and metaphors,
If it'll make you *feel* any better,
I'll tell you this much:
Allegorically, [at least],
At one time, [at least],
Some men near a marina had similar musings regarding their own intellect.
Now -- *away-with-you* -- go on out and play in the REAL-L-L deep water.)

This letter just came into the program:

"I used to have some respect for television
Until I accidentally saw your show."

(The remodeler told the happy homeowners:

"Were not certain electric forces subject to special limitations in this neighborhood
Many peoples' brains could short-circuit on them.")

...and Kyroot said:

One guy liked to privately call himself, "Old formica brain";
(You can probably guess that he knew the man with the dog named Voltaire.)

...and Kyroot said:

A sociologist and a critic were out by the swings, playing during recess and one of them said:

"A man with big plans,

Needs big hands.",

And his bud replied:

"You mean so as to be able to receive all the bountiful rewards

That will surely flow from the diligent pursuit of one's dreams?",

And the first paused just a moment, then said: "Well...yeah, and that too I guess."

Regarding the interviews taking place,

The reporter's assistant thought:

"At least during times of catastrophe people use cliches with a bit more passion."

...with robe & slippers, Kyroot read-or-said, to-or-with, the boys-&-girls:

Once upon a time,
After hearing-about, and thinking-about
Ideas such as ours
One man thought:

"This revolution-thing is like some kind of 'throw-back'! -- but what's weird is,
it's like a throw-back
to the future!?!'

...(and some of the kids-or-Kyroot giggled and said:
"Don't you really enjoy it when the ordinary people
And grown-ups in our mind get all spooked by this!")

...and Kyroot said:

When it comes to speech and self-reference:

A revolutionist should always point some where else.

(Okay, item: "Hey man, I didn't rip my telephone outta the wall!";

"My telephone's not working.")

...and Kyroot said:

When you live inside a finite head three minutes can be a long time;
Compared to a seventy year life span -- three minutes can still be a long time.

An ole sorehead told his son:

"If you really wanna give people the *red-ass*

Then wherever you find 'em,

Ask 'em real serious like: "*What are you doing here?*" -- Heh heh --

It's a little something I picked up from life,

It does it to people all the time, and it never fails to get 'em."

From Kyroot -- this update:

You can catch more flies with HORMONES than honey.

From Kyroot -- this expansion:

With the "Big H." you can catch more of ANY thing.

...and Kyroot said:

If for nothing else,

Life uses sickness, fear and death

To cause men to have at least SOME regard for plagiarism.

A viewer writes:

"I more or less mostly enjoy your show, but you spend too much time on words."

One man dropped us a postcard from his summer home just outside the corpus callosum.

...and Kyroot said:

The caretaker of one guy's mind warned:

"Hey!, you better watch it -- I've got a short fuse!",

But don't be too impressed -- his actual firecracker's no bigger than his
incendiary trigger.

(Why do you think all mortal kings have palace guards?! --

Would a real ruler require such extrinsic protection?!!)

...and Kyroot said:

After many years of hard work and perseverance,
One man made a name for himself.....but later found a hair in it.

...one of Kyroot's young frisky kousins, out by a woodsy intersection told some guys:

"Only people who're nuts worry about their sanity."

...(Kyroot himself then appeared to add a more mature light on the subject:

What you just heard the lad say is not-a-pretty-sight;

It is not the sort of thing civil, decent people want to consider;

It also serves no useful function in regard to man's collective mental well being,

And yet it's just as true as a mad dog's plumb line.)

As he was working on his car the customer said to the mechanic:

"My mouth's sore,"

To which the tune-up man replied:

"Judging by what issues therefrom,

I would expect that its headwaters — your brain —

Must be in complete AGONY!"

...and Kyroot-of-the-pith-helmet-and-jodhpurs said:

In the primary world everything must defend its territory to survive;
In the secondary, nothing must -- ESPECIALLY dumbness!

...("Hey hey-y-y!", cried old Intellectual-Limited-Britches,
"Lack of complexity DOES have its own little rewards,
And endearing young charms - [well, perhaps not all that *young*,
but endearing, nonetheless."])

The man by the drainage ditch was telling pedestrians who passed:

"Just think, my friends: If man did not have dreams,
We'd have no sales tax."

(A frog [just in town for a tattooer's convention] said to the bellhop:

"Why is it that on man's dance floor certain intellectual diary products
Do not display that opposition to gravity and inertia so common to farmer's barns?")

...at a well attended party later,
One reality did its popular imitation of its own creatures
By dropping to the floor,
Making its head light up,
And saying: "I'll just lay RIGHT-T-T here!"

...and Kyroot said:

The following is an example of the kind of thing
The Royal Tutor always wished he could have told the Prince:

*"It is only those who wish to 'help' you
who will do you harm.....(along with those who wish to do you harm)."*

There are some things you simply can't tell others — particularly if you can't tell them
to you.

...gardner's corollary:

What ordinary minds are wont to bundle up in the words "justice" and "fairness"
Are, in physical fact, either one of two things:

The armor truth wears,

Or,

The armor armor wears.

With an entree of "Edge Foo Young" you also get this side dish of another Kyrootian Konundrum

Whenever you hear the words: "Time is running out." --

Whether realized or not, the reference can only be to the primary world --

Which is kinda interesting -- inasmuch as it is only the primary which doesn't speak, or
have a sense of time.

...("Hi!, my name is Bland, and I'll be your waitron for the evening,

Assuring your dining satisfaction and complete mental distraction.

Hi!, my name is Bland "-- and I'm 100% PROVEN, 'medically safe'. Hi!")

Then Kyroot noted a REAL-L-L "safe bet" --

(For areas in which visible wagering is not possible -- [much less, visible]):

When it comes to what a revolutionist *does*,

The choice is pretty simple;

He either: *Knows-what-he's-doing*,

Or is,

Looney-as-a-tune.

...and to the walls without class Kyroot said:

Remember: All self-reference is a form of plagiarism.

The editor told one of the paper's interns:

"We're moving you up from cleaning the toilets to being a critic,"

And the young man said: "Now hold it just a minute! —

Let me be sure I'm getting this straight...."

Then Kyroot delivered your latest package from the, "Joke Of The Month Club":

One day a priest, a politician, and a philosopher
Were walking down the street together,
When somebody came up to one of them and said:
"What are you doing associating with such dunderheads?!",
And all three of them replied: "Hey watch it! -- they're my friends."

...(Oh yeah, almost forgot -- "K,'s Reminder:
The check's in the mail -- the joke's in yo' head.)

...and Kyroot, (dressed up in the garb of "The Old Forest Philosopher"), said:

The crows with the largest brains make the most noise --- (Heh heh).

...and Kyroot said:

All secondary affairs are subject to the "snowball effect,"
while with revolutionist activity the trick is to get the weather to
turn appropriately inclement to begin with.

Poetry For The Full Condo Owner's Association:

*Kings have urges
That oft bring purges.*

(When beasts and basement dwellers get ill they throw up — the mind & upper-story tenants
tend to feel guilty.)

The kid asked the ole man:

"Why does everybody out-grow the merry go round?",

And the ole man replied:

"But they don't.",

So the kid asked:

"Then why does everybody believe that they should?",

And the ole man replied -- "Ah HAH!"

...one of the rebel's in charge of "Camp-fires-after-eleven", poked around and said:

"Trying to deal with ordinary men while they try and protect their ordinary ideas
Is like trying to help push little fishes along through the water."

"Dear Advice Doctor", commences *el lettero*,
"In the way he uses the two words,
What do you think Kyroot means is the difference
Between the *ordinary*, and the *stupid*?"
I figure the degree of plagiarism.

A person asks:

"Which does trying to be a revolutionist most interfere with:

Your business life, or your social affairs?"

A man thought:

"If I WAS trying to get more sane

The revolution sure ain't the way to go about it."

...and Kyroot recounted:

The sentiments of many a king, plunderer, and intellect:

"If you can't grab it -- smash it."

While applying for the position,

On the employer's wall the young lamb spotted this sign:

"It's Better To Wear-Out Than To Rust-Away.",

And the wooly kid thought -- "I didn't plan to do either."

...and Kyroot said:

Thoughts have a life span -- not so, the mind.

...(Simple, [noted Kyroot], but most have it backwards.)

The man told the visitor: "We raise pasteurization here on the farm.",

And the man responded: "No, you mean you deal in,

'Pasteurized *this*', or 'pasteurized *that*'! --

-- You can't *GROW* processes!"

"No?!", he replied, "You ever hear of the revolution?!"

"Kyroot's Stay-At-Home Medical Tip": As long as you can spit -- you're well.

...(Closed systems best furnish their own treatment and repair.

.....[Which, by-the-boom-by, is the reason the human intellect can
Operate in such a singular fashion within an otherwise closed & finite system.)

Physical kings like to say: "Well, I'm not dead YET!" --

Spoken with the assurance native to one unable to smell the stench of gradual decay.

...and Kyroot said:

There are actually two different kinds of day dreams:

The ordinary day dreams, and the revolutionist version.....and I don't think
I can tell you much
about the second
kind.

...the Kyroot-Of-Sparta, (by way of Vidallia),
Spake the indomitable legend,
The same as it was never spaketh to himeth:

And lo,

The mighty warrior,

With biceps of Rhodes,

And the thighs of Gibraltar raised himself tall and said:

'I can endure the pain of flaming arrows,

Even suffer the noise of sharp nails on a chalkboard,

But that which I cannot bear is the sound of a serious man's voice, speaking seriously.

----- Yikes!"

...and Kyroot said:

A visitor to man's secondary world,
Once he understood what was going on therein,
And what men thought they were talking about in reference to,
Made this outsider's observation:
"Why all the fuss and turmoil over this notion of '*the truth*'?! --
Don't they see that in fact they must *live-a-lie* to survive in this realm?!"

There was this one person who finally leapt up and screamed:

"You people are driving me CRAZY! — with all your WHINING, and BITCHING and COMPLAINING! —
You're making me NUTS!" — (and he was alone while doing this.)

...and Kyroot said:

That part of one man's mind that was becoming truly rebellious one day told him:

"There certainly ARE a *few-things* that ARE sacred and serious.....and all of them are
dumb and stupid."

...(But come on folks! -- let's face facts: The *dissatisfied* element of ANY population
will SAY almost ANY thing.)

Then filling in for Captain Obvious and his team, Kyroot said:

After the primary world is satisfied — everything else is just entertainment;
Whether it's loud and boisterous, or quiet and serene;
Whether it feels pleasing, or is self-flagellatory;
Whether it makes you laugh, or cry — it's ALL-L-L still just entertainment.

(Many people in positions of seriousness in the city would find this offensive —
Everyone would —
How about you?)

A viewer writes:

"I sure enjoy the reading of the Kyroots,
But why do you keep the best ones to yourself?"

Then Kyroot, (made up to look like, "The Old Cosmic Thinker & Reflecting Agent"), said:

What's true around here is true *every* where ----- until you GET over there.

Wild rumor of the night, at one rebel camp:

EVERY one can be testy, but only a revolutionist can get paid for it.

...("Ye gads!", said a plump owl,

"That opens up the possibility of having to RE-define every word IN that sentence."

...[Hey, (said a plump ole Kyroot), that sounds like the possible beginnings of real
thinking.]

...and Kyroot said:

Adopting, or even construction your own, "philosophical system to live by"
Is as good a cover for not thinking as any.

...(Is this why K. spells "revolution" with a small "r"?)

...when men believe they're drowning,

At about the same time they suspect all boats leak,

What could be more expected than they DEMAND to be rescued by no LESS than the Queen Mary.

...*"God, that hole's big!"*,

"Yes, I know.",

"It's even bigger than the previous one!"

"Yes, I know.....ain't progress grand!"

...and Kyroot added:

For those of you who enjoy your philosophical and spiritual allegories
A bit more direct, and a tad less nautical and oblique,
Here's a version of the preceding just for you:

Men on a mission'll fuck anything.

And —

Another damn definition for our times:

Self-reference: *Masturbation without the guilt.*

...Kyroot noted this --

The Great Invisible Balancing Act Between The Primary And Secondary In The City's Main Ring:

Everyone who's sane has someone in charge of them -- but the someone is crazy.

...(A viewer punches her husband and grunts: "If he follows up just one more of these, Just ONE more time by saying: 'Don't you just LOVE-E-E it.', I'm changing channels.")