

...and Kyroot added:

Okay, for all you sophisticates and would-be intellectuals:

One man was in constant contact with his *mind*.

...(It's really kind of pathetic how easily some can be pleased -- at no profit to them.)

...and Kyroot said:

Words can reveal a lot --- once you understand their purpose anew.

...and Kyroot said:

There are places in every universe where time controls temperature.

...and Kyroot said:

In certain quarters an abundance of hormones can compensate for a paucity of talent.
...(in certain quarters, matey.)

...and Kyroot said:

The collective area of one man's nervous system would caution him:

"Remember: There is safety in the herd --

in the primary world --

in our institutions, our shared beliefs and wisdom --

and in a place where acts and facts no longer fight one another
sufficient to disturb my rest."

He would then congratulate himself on his continuing insight, and lay down for a nap.

...and Kyroot said:

As is normally manifest: Individuality is like rain on the ocean.

...and Kyroot said:

The rebel reconnaissance instructor told some troops:
"There are those far away who attempt to send signals.",
And a recruit asked: "Should we take them personally?",
And the officer replied: "Now THERE is the question!"

A guy suddenly addressed some other guys:

"What would a real rebel really have to be mad about?!",

And one of the guys thought: "BOY! that pisses me off!"

...and Kyroot said:

One man accidentally had an original idea — he assures us he won't let it happen again!

...and a Kyrootian note on --

City food:

The sandwiches they serve are the sandwiches they served.

* A fast is a metaphor for not eating. *

...and Kyroot said:

One man thought that if he had important books he might have important thoughts;
He later believed that if he had important thoughts he'd then have important thoughts;
When he finally got to where he knew what was going on he undertook the proper effort of
Trying to actually HAVE some thoughts.

...and Kyroot said:

The nervous system wants to *play ball*.

...and Kyroot said:

The lungs of the secondary provide their own air.

Only a peach grove can produce peaches, but ANY human vineyard can yield whatever'S needed.

Thus it is that a revolutionist isn't much concerned over whatever it is he learns, or
Learns from, since it's all about the same.

Words that floated in:

The belief! -- The belief that life was somehow predictable.

...and Kyroot remarked:

One man said:

"What I like about being interviewed is that it gives me a chance to talk about me.",
And he all agreed.

...and Kyroot, that ole urban planner, said:

One way streets preclude perfection -- but assure survival.

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"Keep in mind", said an ole man to the kid,
"In life, promises were meant to be promises."

More of Kyroot's Battle Lore:

One man kept his plans in his mouth.

...and Kyroot said:

Cities tend to enforce strict intellectual dress codes for the citizens;
Which is part of civilization's strength in that then among the collective,
Even the weakest individual link is no longer as weak as he would BE individually.

A no doubt agreeable and ever-recyclable, exciting fall fashion line-up for most,
But one always a bit too drab and unrevealing for a neural artist.

And Kyroot relayed this,
Conversation:

"All chemicals have a voice."

"Yeah, but why do they all have to talk at the same time -- in ME?!"

And now: Our Thought For The Old Day:

Into each life some hormones must fall.

One local reality found this reminder written in on its calendar for Friday:

Man is like a corn field -- you gotta shuck him real-l-l good.

...and,

"The Get Right To It Man" said:

"Okay, here's what you do: If you don't have any talent -- GET some!"

(One listener's hormones said: "Don't you listen to him!")

...and Kyroot said:

If you can pare a good idea from thirty words down to twenty -- why stop there.

...one man says that most modifiers are used by sissies with tumors to "cover up".

...and Kyroot said:

Institutions have nowhere to go -- which is why they're so accommodating to man-the-passenger.

One ole man advised the kid:

"Whenever you come across a bus that has a welcoming committee and a band on board,
Tighten up your own shoe laces and make a unilateral run for it."

Semi-Conscious & Sane City Based Moral:

Over here -- Anyone who'd be your friend ain't your friend.

...(And remember, friends: A true revolutionist is never discouraged or upset by
Mere words, or the mere truth.)

...and Kyroot said:

As the local appears to break up and speed away from itself
the universal becomes more stable and coherent.

From the audience comes this letter:

"Dear Kyroot: My sister says that some time back — on the air — you stated as a fact that
You were not a comedian — 'was that a *joke*, or something?!"

...and Kyroot said:

Two of the several forces that ran this one reality were sitting around talking one day,
And one of them said: "You realize that we're in a mortal battle for men's souls?!",
And the second one replied: "Get REAL!"

...and Kyroot said:

The mark of a true rebel is that he thinks more than he is thought about.

City, "Inspirational Thought For The Day":

If you keep your eyes on the collective horizon you don't have to contemplate your own
ugly feet.

Anyone who doesn't believe that the secondary world looks after its own is living in a mail bag.

Then suddenly! -- all out-of-order, and everything -- a fellow leaps in to say:
"Why? -- Why? would anyone who LIVES in the city NEED inspiration?";
He asked, "Why?" several more times,
Then fell silent and reflective,
Then said: "Never mind.", and left.

...and Kyroot said:

The fortified castle, with the protective moat, started out as a metaphor for "thinking man",
But after a while, man thought: "I don't need a metaphor like this", and left:
But after a while away, thinking-man reconsidered his position and thought:
"Perhaps I was too hasty...."

During the seventh inning stretch an ole man told the kid:

"Anyone who you believe has made a fool out of you deserves to be smiled at."

Another one of those guy's latest theories:

"Making plans is like drawing cartoons on salt water."

The following MAY be true:

"You can tell 'one of those guys' by the fact that he has 'one of those brains'."

Life gave man mirrors to save him the effort.

..."Effort?!", exclaimed one dictionary, "Effort?! -- I'LL tell you about human effort:
One man would grunt when there was nothing to grunt about!"

...(Hah! -- 'effort' my Aunt Clara's bed-pan!)"

Postulate In Waiting: A testy book is a meaningful book.

...(And an alert city critic pronounced: "Wait-no-more, you hearty postulate you!")

...and Kyroot said:

One rebel student quit reading -- he said it weighed him down and held him back.

...and Kyroot said:

The difference between cyanide and cynicism is the cost.

A viewer writes:

"If I didn't truly believe that deep in his heart a revolutionist is
Just as pissed as everyone else, I'd quit watching your damned old show."

Song-Without-End; Call-With-No-Response; Question-With-No-Answer, and Quiz-Without-A-Prize:
What IS a tv show, or any other entertainment, a metaphor for? --
...(Only a rebel knows!, and he IS the song-without-end,
quiz-with-no-prize.)

...and Kyroot said:

One man wrote his own autobiography
With the help of no one and others.

...and Kyroot said:

The king, in many lands, in conjunction with local, secondary reality, often announces:

"The time to be ill is now --- the time to get well.....well -- you just never mind that"

...additional Captor's Update:

The sick don't need chains.

...and even more Jailer's News:

Even the imaginarily sick don't

A man says:

"I had just begun to get accustomed to these shoes when I turned on your program."

And now a segment of life, entitled, "Life":

The manager of the campaign's main job was to

Constantly announce: "No one is managing this campaign." -- (that, and keep an eye out for
Captain Irony.)

From over near you comes one man's latest definition:

Morality: *An extreme cover-up of insanity.*

(His brother however has an alternative version: Morality: *An extreme form OF insanity.*)

...I guess this being Oz, and it being Tuesday, you can take your choice.

From the desk of Kyroot: Another torted, complex example of the birth, re-birth and
Re-birth of the more complex, torted life of man and his mind:

Just as hormones cause a man's dog to come over to be petted,
So do his words eventually drive him back to his own
Canine corner.

One guy scoffed: "Ahh, those old tales don't bother me;
I don't worry about me starting to look like my dog -- I AM my dog!"

On his private blackboard a kid began to write:

"Serious people are happy people....no, make that: Serious people are normal people -- yes,
And furthermore: Serious people need serious occupations."

(He laid down the chalk).

...and Kyroot said:

A rebel musician's main axe is his mind.

Official,

Underground Physics combined with Trans-Galactic Psychology, (or something like that):

When the physical world is stretched too far it will either snap, or snap-back --
And in either case, usually some new secondary stuff is produced.

A chap reflects: "I do so *love* the world of science --

It's like...well, it's like fairy tales in a corset --

And I just *love* it."

"Okay, boys & girls -- let's play; 'Let's Talk To Ourselves OR Somebody Else!':"

First Talker: "The revolutionist mind doesn't NEED anything to protect it."

Second: "*And why is that?*"

First Talker: "Simple! -- cause nothing CAN."

"Okay, girls & boys -- who wants to play:

'Let's Pretend To Commit Suicide On Ourselves, Or Somebody Else?'"

Some one writes:

"Dear Advice Doctor: Is there any real difference between being civilized and being stupid?"

Dear Sir: Can you picture the distinction between a real live race horse,
And a fine oil painting of one wearing sun glasses for blinders?

...Yeah;

Some one else recently wrote and asked:

"Dear Advice Doctor: Why the hell do they call you '*Advice*' when so many of
Your responses are themselves in the form of questions?"

...And privately to himself the Doctor thought: "Who the hell does he think he is!"

...and Kyroot mentioned:

One man's quote of the day: "History is too expensive."

Instead of speaking,

The speaker-in-the-tree threw down this note to the crowd:

"The concerns of the stupid are '*stupid concerns*'."

One of those below mulled this for a moment then thought:

"Who does he think we are?! -- a group photo of the Obvious Clan?!"

Zoo-o Rhetori-o Footnote: Many modifiers started out as scorpions.

A Big-K. Toe Tickler: The reason we never receive any complaints from the Verbal Lobby is that they know THEY'LL have the last word!

And now for another example of those, "Fascinating Twin-Truths":

A man's best friend is always himself;

A man's best friend is always somebody else.

In local affairs more people will some times say they're fascinated than actually are --
And sometimes, less --- and that causes it all to balance out just right.

A viewer writes:

"When I first started watching your show it sounded more aggressive to me than it does now;
What gives?"

...and Kyroot said:

One man discovered foot prints in his house --- but decided to say nothing.

New And Improved Creation Myth:

On the first day, local reality created itself;

And two hours later, a critic of itself.

"Yes sir-ree Bob-&-Bill", said the old farmer to his faithful mule,

"It takes a *real* man -- OR reality

To crack itself in the knee with a two by four and then smile about it.";

(His plowing companion understood well how all forward movement requires the
Breaking, and tossing of new ground.)

Note from Kyroot:

When he didn't know exactly what to say this one man would often substitute something else.

And everybody said: "Hey, he's talking about US."

A concerned correspondent sends you this info that he says, "*They* don't want you to know!":

Some city institutions contain drugs.

A perky proctor whacked his stick and stated:

"First kid that says: '*Well that explains a lot!*' -- gets his face slapped."

...and Kyroot said:

Another way to look at the difference is that strictly human enterprises must always be explained.

The question & answer game between them went like this:

"What could be easier than laughing at man?"

"Taking him seriously?"

"What??...."

"Oh! -- I thought you asked what could be HARDER."

...and a viewer, holding on, if not over, from our last show says:

"I don't HAVE to guess! -- I KNOW who's behind Door Number Two -- ME!"

...and Kyroot said:

Okay -- Corollary: EVERYBODY'S behind Door Number Two.

Okay, okay, (said Kyroot),

The competitive, "Comprehensive Corollary": If it weren't FOR man there'd BE no Number Two Door.

...and Kyroot said:

Routine progress in the city is in either praising, or kicking the past;
Which is why you can't really tell which way a rebel's actually headed.

Local conditions will tolerate a few *wild-cat* trains JUST so long as they
Don't try to take over any established right-of-ways.

...and Kyroot said:

When it got to be eighty-one degrees that day, a man told his cousin:
"If you cut up the life of man into enough different pieces,
And examine them from enough different directions,
And then put them all back together,
You can end up with something that'll make Frankenstein's monster
Seem as seamless as a bowling ball."

And stepping gingerly out of the shadows by Lane Number Four is that ole sorehead again
Who whispers: "Family is so that you don't have to lie and mislead perfect strangers."

...one man discovered some unexpected relatives
Hiding quietly in an undisturbed corner of his closet.

...and Dr. K. said:

Talking hormones invented the idea of history so that genetics could pretend to have left.

...and from the shelves of, "Kyroots R Us" comes this:

New Intergalactic Theological Space Game-Quiz-Trivia-Definition:

God: *The supreme self-reference.*

Round Two:

The Secondary World: *What you talk about when you don't KNOW what to talk about.*

Round Three:

An Ordinary Life: *What you LIVE when you don't know what ELSE to do.*

The private tutor the mayor hired for his son told the lad:

"If you'll talk about yourself enough, other people will also start to talk about you --
And even if they don't, it won't matter."

The kid inwardly puffed and smiled: "Boy!, I'm a real chip off the old chip."

...and Kyroot said:

The primary world makes the primary go round, and the secondary, the secondary;
but what drives a rebel?

More of "Kyroot's Rebel Wood Lore":

Once the pigeons know where the bird food is
Their calls home become less frequent.

One man said: "Pigeons don't live in the woods.",
And one man is an idiot.

And a viewer asks: "Then what does that make two men?"

Yes - More of "Kyroot's Wood Lore" spread all-around.

...and Kyroot said:

The secondary world is not about freedom, and in the primary, such would be suicide.

(Thus the local dreams of a universal that never was.)

...and Kyroot sailed on:

Thus the local dreams of a universal that never was,
while the revolutionist in its midst forges a new one.

One observer notes:

"You know, it sounds really strange, but it'd have to be that

The ultimate '*human institution*' would be one that never referred TO man."

He walked away shaking his head, smiling and musing: "It *can't* be, but it's *gotta* be."

We could, of course, refer him back to that earlier Kyroot of tonight which noted that All strictly secondary, that is, human enterprises must always be explained....(we could).

An ole man told the kid:

"Even though local reality is not all it's cracked-up to be,

It is cracked-up enough to keep an ordinary man knee deep in unicorn sweat for sixty odd years."

A correspondent writes:

"My mother who's been watching your show and thinking about the things you talk about
Says she's now almost totally convinced that revolutionist thinking might actually
Take you somewhere, other than just figuratively speaking."

...and another letter from a viewer:

"A neighbor told me that several weeks ago on your show you said that for Kyroots that seemed too short we could write in and get a longer edition sent to us."

...and Kyroot said:

You might care to note that as regards such matters as:

The postal service, libraries, museums, prisons, sports teams, and so on --

Things that seem to be a metaphor started out as something else -- AND,

Everything that starts out as something else eventually becomes a metaphor.

(Such also, could this be considered a brief history of the sensual dance between
The universal and your friendly local.)

...and Kyroot said:

The local is like a bucket bringing up the universal sun from a well.

...and Kyroot added:

If it would help in grasping this, take a sip like this:

"The local is like a bucket bringing up the universal sun from a well" -- and

One man said: "I AM a well."

One ole synapse told a younger one:

"It is the *looking-over-the-shoulder* that creates the shoulder."

A rebel sarge told some recruits:

"No matter how smart you are, the dumbest thing you can talk about is you."

True mutineers develop a whole new understanding of what a "you" really is.

...and Kyroot, and Kyroot said:

Everyone's a pathological liar --- except "pathological's" not the right word.

Entry from "The Distinguished Farmer's Almanac" & Dictionary For All Seasons":

Humility: *The apologetic smell of shit.*

...and Kyroot noted:

The first line to come to us from a certain future generation is this:

"When *shall* we think -- if not now."

...and:

The non-existent, Pro Revolutionist Society says we cannot

Too often remind you that there IS a difference between *thinking*, and your *brain-running*.

...and Kyroot said:

The local is to the universal as captivity is to unknown freedom.

For "Show And Partially Tell" day at school

One kid wore a sign on his head that said: "*Fewer ideas of dead guys.*"

...(His ole man carries a card with him that says: "*Fewer ideas of ANY other guys.*")

Some more of Kyroot's descriptions and definitions that you should probably
Keep WELL under your hat:

A revolutionist: Someone who enjoys and pursues the revolution.

A REAL revolutionist: Someone who doesn't take it personally.

The *Rara Avis* Society has just issued an all-points-lookout.

The mythical, Mary-&-The-Lamb Lobby notes: "It's HARD-D-D not to take chemicals *personally* --
...Not to even MENTION electrical shocks!"

As he drove through the interchange of the city's outer beltway, the man speculated
To himself that a real revolutionist would be a man whom you never hear say:

"It hurts when I do this."

...and Kyroot said:

No matter how reasonable or applicable,
A revolutionist should never use an explanation already used by the collective.

From the Big Blue Book Of Kyroot comes this "Insider's Myth Not To Be Mythed":

Once upon a time far away,

One day a rebel stopped and thought: "You know --

I've either lost track,

Or else they've subtly changed the subject on me while I wasn't looking."

...and Kyroot said:

For a while he read;
Then he pondered the thoughts of others;
Then he learned to do it all for himself.

...and Kyroot said:

Past a certain point, there is only ONE real sight worthy-to-see: *A nervous system --
Trying to go it alone.*