

...and Kyroot said:

A man's nervous system can tell him ANYTHING! -- that's why it's your nervous system,
Sweets.

...and Kyroot said:

Just as borrowing will not cure poverty

So too does the acceptance of other's thinking only forestall the ultimate triumph of stupidity.

...and Kyroot, your neighborhood "Efficiency Expert" said:

A man who can be insulted up-close can also be insulted from afar.

...and Kyroot said:

From one view -- smaller minds are the easier to protect,
As 'tis simpler to defend a mole hole than a castle on a hill.

...and Kyroot said:

And the kind ole city would so advise all of its patients:

"Just because an operation *won't help* is no reason not to have it."

...and Kyroot said:

The only way knowledge can exist with the collective
Is for it to be split up and divided up with everyone getting just a little piece.

...and Kyroot asked:

What'd you think of that?!

...and Kyroot said:

UT - 703, Code 9: "More City Lore":

One man became a "Super Hero" so that his children wouldn't realize what a wimp he was.

...and Kyroot described:

Genetically-correct thought: *Blinders for the mind.*

Institutionally codified: *Helmets with no eye holes.*

...and Kyroot noted:

A rebel K.P., (acting as M.C.), started off by saying to the audience:
"The difference between the ordinary's concept of life and a revolutionist's
Is similar to the distinction twix a pig and sausage links."

...and Kyroot said:

While hormones get inside everyone's eyes and brains,
The city kind all wear wristwatches.

...and Kyroot said:

People adopt a "set of values" for the simple reason that they have none.

...and Kyroot said:

The discussion, apparently having gone quite far enough to suit one of the participants,
Ended as the man in the front of the line violently threw down a can of sauerkraut
That was on sale, and yelled to his debating partner,
Who by then had already begun to sack up their groceries: "No!,
Applying moralistic motives to animal behavior is NOT simply '*silly*' --
It's down-right religious."

...and Kyroot said:

Without self-reference,
Cities tremble, and personalities fall.

...and Kyroot said:

The creative talent of the revolutionist, whether he can paint, or sing or not,
Is in his mental output of original, non-polarized thought.

...and Kyroot said:

By speech does the universal become the local, and through words do journeys take on the appearance of destinations.

...and for your chewing satisfaction Kyroot handed out:

The revolution: *The only thing with a name that DOESN'T actually exist.*

...and on the quiet, (well, at least in an aurally restricted area),
Kyroot mentioned one of the "secret questions" the revolution may ask itself at times,
Quote, (well, at least "*pretend*" quote):

* Is it possible to help people feel better mentally without having to first
make them feel worse? ! ? ! *

And your local weatherman, Smilin' Bobby Kyroot, predicts:

Those not going any where like to know that others aren't either.

...and Kyroot said:

"A Test You Can Do At Home -- No Matter WHERE You Live In Your Head":

If your thinking is like a wrestling match then YOU'RE a, "*Regular Thinker*"!

...and Kyroot added:

While the north and south poles stick out their tongues at one another,
The equator smiles,
And those in space ships laugh out loud.

...and Kyroot said: (To be sure we do not get any of these verbal signals mixed):

The secondary is to journeys as the primary is to destinations.

...this local scene relayed by Kyroot:

Near a rusted out row boat the man with the minority opinion scoffed, snorted and said:
"While they're alive, men will believe most ANY thing! -- but just wait'll they're dead!"

From the non-public files of, "Kyroot's Secret, Secondary Scientific Knowledge":

One man kept a ladder propped up against his house;
So as -- (said he) -- to insure the continued integrity OF the house.

Instead of mustard or relish
You could put on your frank
The possibility of houses-&-ladders
Actually being the stage-names for certain neural actors and activities.
...(I mean, you don't HAVE to -- but you could! -- it doesn't cost any more.)

An ole man advised the kid: "Never get in a '*stupid contest*' with an institution."

And still another chap so advised his son:

"Naming your thought-patterns after famous circus acts can prove most beneficial."

...and this neighborhood item from the Kyroot Pad:

A fellow with a watering can

Stepped up to the edge of your yard and said:

"People aren't necessarily as informed as they seem,

Even when they seem to be properly informed -- for instance:

The real reason that wine should be stored on its side is because

With the job facing it -- it needs all the rest it can get!"

A viewer says: "I am a typical man;
I am a relatively successful man;
I am a relatively satisfied man,
While yet being a still living man with all of the normal sensations of
Failure and dissatisfaction,
And in the midst of such a normal mental existence
I still must ask myself,
In light of listening to your neural revolutionist ideas --
-- WHY would ANY body actually GO to the trouble to
Think MORE than they absolutely had to?!

.....(assuming of course,
that it's really possible)."

More "Urban Definitions, Depictions, and Destitutions":

A city: The local dressed up to look better than it is.

...(At least attractive enough to make cows collect in a herd.)

And courtesy of Kyroot & Co., this --

"Contemporary Theological And Part-Time Allegorical Dialogue
Conducted Friday Last In Central City Park
'Twixt Archetypical Yet Living Figures: Part 1":

The first speaker raises his voice:

"Inasmuch as 'words are energy' -- those who talk a lot are always tired.",

And a young lad approaches and submits: "But I have an uncle who's not.",

And the speaker responds: "Shut up, kid."

Conclusion of Part 1.

...and Kyroot, (large man that he is), took out time to make this note:

In response to what they perceive to be recent attacks on their calling,
And those they represent,

The Poet's Lobby sent us the following message:

"There was an old man named Tucker,"

Two guys were sitting by a wood pile and the first one said:
"I heard a poet say that from our souls doth our body take shape.",
And his bud asked: "You mean we look like what we are inside?",
And the first guy replied: "That's what I took it to mean.",
And the second man leaped to his feet and exclaimed:
"Well I don't know about you, but I'm gettin' OUTTA HERE!"

...and Kyroot said:

One fine urban area so stated:

"Who -- who better to sing the praises of the direct and open
Than the twisted and disguised of the city!"

And now from, *you-know-who-root*:

This scouting tip of how to tell time in the city even if you don't have a watch:

It's "Too Late" to offer a man with severe bee stings the loan of your bear costume.

...and Kyroot said:

To ordinary home builders,
Human existence costs twice the original estimate, and pays out but half the hoped-for joy.

...then, slinking out onto the balcony,
The diva-of-life clasped together her most sincere hands and sang:

"Don't Cry For Me, Upper East Side."

...and while the bomb shelters were being remodeled, Kyroot brought in a Semi-disarmed, "Proverb Refurbished":

A journey of a thousand miles begins with but a single step;
While a destination IS but a single step.

And from the "Big Red Can Of Wormy Definitions" the hand of Kyroot thusly withdrew:

Votes: *Bullets for wimps.*

And from someone's "Big Red Head-Can Of: 'I Can Think About It Further'" comes this in response:

"I'll just bet you, '*Great-George-A'Mighty*' that a man with a special kind of brain
Could take what you just said about bullets and votes,
And force it all some how to have something to do with
A man's mind and how it seems to go about the business of thinking."

...(If I am correct in my suspicion,

Then please run the Secretary Of State's drawers up the pole at half mast
Tomorrow at noon, and I'll see your aces,

Raise you twenty,

Bid twelve birds,

Slap your bishop silly,

Take a walk on three balls,

And cut EVERYBODY off at the pass.)

...and Kyroot said:

By civilized, city standards:

A *wise man* is one who thinks what those before have thought;

And an *artist* is one who also does -- but with just some minor variation.

A man with his own soapbox,
Over by city park's west gate,
Mounted same and began to harangue the multitudes;
(He opened by proclaiming): "Biblical Update! --
It would be harder for a man with a pea-brain to enter the kingdom of heaven
Than it would be for him to get a credit card! -- but NOT as hard
As it would be for him to get a teaching position at a major university."

When it comes to new and important information,
Many people near city park -- far from city park -- and at other places,
WONDER what it all-1-1 might mean.

...then Kyroot, (phoney "poet-in-residence" at some non-existent locale), said:

What is "but" but the rattlin' again of the jailer's keys.

...and bowing, (pseudo-deeply), Kyroot humbly offered the Proverb For The Day:

Men started words, and men can jolly well sit and now ponder the folly of what they have done

...and Kyroot mentioned this little question & answer game that was played between two men pretending to be children:

First one, with the Question: "How can you always spot the ordinary in a crowd?"

Second one replies: "Easy: They're the ones who expect the herd to do more for them Than they'd ever do for the herd."

* Moral: Institutions are umbrellas to provide enough shade so that the Ordinary don't get *dumb-burned*. *

...then sending the regular audience out of the room, Kyroot noted:

A *serious* revolution is a revolution with a *bad* cough.

...a viewer who hid in the corner and heard the just read, said:
"Am I correct in thinking that when you say, 'serious' you mean something
Specific that you mean?!"

...and Kyroot said:

As he gazed out of his bedroom window a man mused to himself:

"My memories of others are as little doors that must be opened",

Then suddenly sat upright and yelled to himself: "Quick! - go hide all the keys!"

...and Kyroot said:

On annual, "City Day",

One city,

In tribute to itself and its inhabitants, declared:

"Let us repair to the dead --

Let us honor our ancestors --

Let us exemplify sequence and stability --

All-in-all, my friends and subjects -- Let us be normal."

...and Kyroot said:

In the normal course of secondary, city affairs,
The human mind is the only operation that can apparently malfunction and yet "function on".

... And after a

Dramatic pause,(pause, pause,pause), Kyroot said:

Many people who live in the city often secretly think: "This sure does look familiar?!...."

...and Kyroot said:

It is not correct as scientists speculate
That men use only 3% of their brain --- they use one third of three per cent..

While the trolley was temporarily stopped, a man near the front stood and said:
"Near's I can tell,
The real basis of all religions is *attempted bribery*."

Someone writes to Mr. City:

"Dear Mr. City: Who can be the more hostile: A hungry man or a full man?";

Dear Sir: In this regard the better question would be: Who can be hostile most efficiently?

And Kyroot notes: To extract even more juice from the above,
Substitute "stupid" for "hungry",
And some other words for some of the other ones.

And Kyroot said: "Moral With Story, Followed By The Moral Revisited":

The defense of the weak is always timid and brash.

Even when men say they want to hear something new,

They mean as long as it sounds like that Mozart piece they like so much.

The defense by the weak is always timid, brash, and efficient,
Especially in the case of the human intellect.

And from the "Ole Cow-Herder's, Saddle-Bag Book Of Monumental Trivia" comes this item:

Suicide was a latter-day "knock-off" of self-reference.

...(and all the little demons of joy and horrendous discomfort demanded:
"Where are our royalties?!")

...and Kyroot noted:

Only in city institutional settings is a man with meaningless credentials
Preferable to a man with none.

* Impertinent Corollary: In the city,
Even outlaws are institutionalized. *

...and Kyroot said:

There are numerous ways you could look upon the question of how thought,
And the human mind ever came together;

You could say:

"I was born with a cake in my oven.";

Or you might say:

"I arrived here bearing a recipe.";

Or you could think:

"I seemed to have naturally possessed plans for a stove.";

But then again,

Ordinary thinkers never think about it any way.

Culinary footnote: Recipe for "Revolutionist Pie": First -- blow up your kitchen;....

...and on behalf of all good urbanities everywhere, Kyroot said:

What could be dearer to the heart of the city than a dumb man -- proud of his achievement.

A certain local reality over in another universe told its visiting niece:

"A desperate man is a happy man! -- it's only those around him who might have
some cause for alarm."

"Moral?", cried the Moral Butcher, coming down your aisle, toward your seat,

"Moral: Put THAT in the box marked, 'Paper & Cardboard Only' -- there's your 'Moral!'"

...(I guess it could be the time for "some alarm"?....)

...and Kyroot said:

As regards "The Outpatient Clinic Of Journeys & Destinations":

Life: The known, fatal operation that coos as it raises its scalpel: "There, there."

Addition, "Kyroot's Tips For Would-Be Leaders":

When you don't know what to talk about -- talk about yourself;

When you don't have the least idea what you're doing -- talk about the gods & your village.

...and from Kyroot, this little known, "rainy-day'trick":

If you take the initials of your name,
And fit them into the spelling of the word, "creative"
It'll end up saying, "fun".

...and Kyroot notes:

A powerfully beautiful aspect of the sequential dynamics of ordinary life is that while
Things past can appear to return,
Things gone can seem done-with.

...(And that marvelous dance-team of, "Life & Life" points out:

"Keep your eyes on the feet; Two feet --

Unbelievably tapping out rhythms that should be
Possible only by four or more. -- Watch 'em!")

...and Kyroot said:

Related, scientific principal:

If something doesn't do more than it's supposed to -- it's not secondarily alive.

...and Kyroot kouched:

Conversation: *Aural dancing.*

...and Kyroot said:

When journeys stop they become destinations;

That's, "destinations" -- spelled, "d, e, a, t -- and a big ole, h".

....okay, den, (said Kyroot), "Legend Update":

Secondary-journeys were the inspiration for the story of "The Lady & The Tiger" --

You remember: She's on the tiger's back,

Wants to get off,

But if she does dismount then the striped-one can EAT HER!

(Great story --

Great Lady --

Great life.)

...and Kyroot said:

The 2nd Force of Resistance-To-Change never needs wear a disguise.

...and Kyroot said:

Only those in the good employ of the city can dispense that which they do not possess.

* Corollary At The O.K. Corollary:

Institutions: *The places to go get stuff that you don't have that they don't either.* *

...and Kyroot said:

Having a "close brush with death" usually has no long term effect on a man;
But a passing proximity with non-polar thinking can leave a mind quite shaken.

* And the little dancing neurons all kicked and sang:

"Shake me Daddy, eight to the bar."

...and speaking on behalf of many fine viewers, Kyroot said:

A revolution that doesn't seem to take sides doesn't seem like much of a revolution.

Standing atop a bloody hillside, just outside the city,

A man peered into his own wounded heart and lamented:

"Alas! -- even the bravery of my own soul has deserted me.";

(He paused, and reflected in silence for a while -- and decided to let it go at that.)

...and Kyroot said:

Plagiarism, and other forms of collective thought,
Are the living being weary of life,
And seeking solace with the dense and deceased.

A supervisor told his son just before sunset:

"Most people's opinons are kindalike their noses;

Everybody's is different,

And most people don't particularly care for theirs, but hell! -- it's all they've got."

...and Kyroot said:

Institutions: Man's collective attempt to draw destinations on a never-ending map.

...and Kyroot followed with:

The revolution: *A map with no edges, boundaries, or destinations -- just like life.*

...and Kyroot, (the ole sulfur-headed, "match-maker") said:

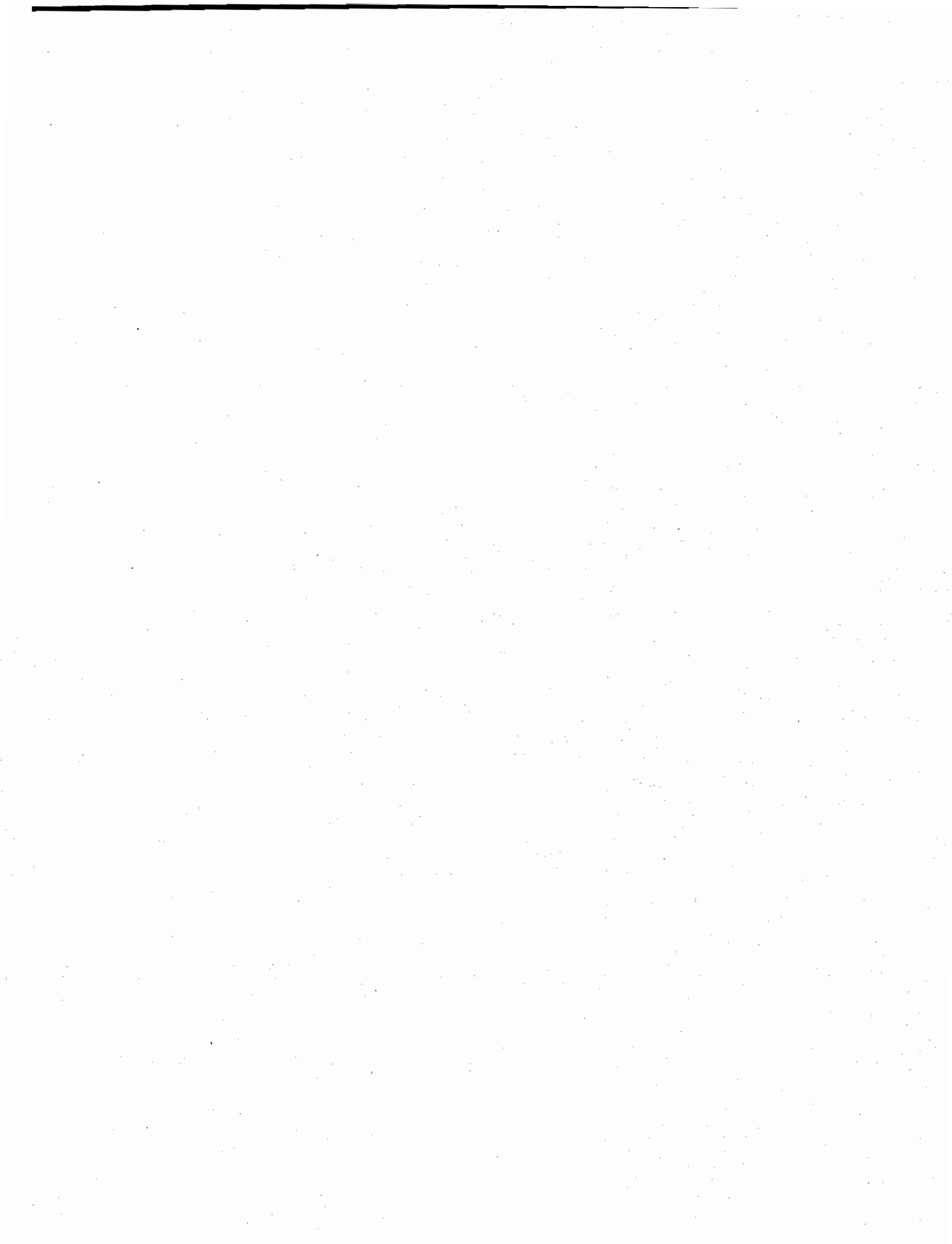
Eventhose who swear they're not "sleeping" with life are still engaged to the son of a bitch.

...and Kyroot, of the cut-away coat and sham, solicitous smile said:

Those driven by secondary concerns are ultimately driven to local cemeteries.

...and Kyroot said:

Life: A journey in which the travelers are made to continually confuse & misdirect themselves



...and Kyroot said:

For general secondary uses — destinations are far too blunt.

...and Kyroot said:

What makes secondary activities so terrific is that they're always incomplete.

...and Kyroot said:

The difference between an artist and everybody else is that
He gets pleasure from the output as well as the input.

** Two! -- Two jolts for the price of one. **