

...and Kyroot said:

It takes limited vision to lead a limited life.

Oh yeah,

Before it gets forgotten,

Kyroot wanted you to know that The Sympathy Patrol stopped by and left you their regards.

...and Kyroot said:

Under local conditions,
When they run out of steam,
All systems, institutions and ideas begin to engage in extensive "self-reference".

* Moral: You don't even want to HEAR about it! *

...and Kyroot said:

One man kept a photograph of a pea brain above his bathroom mirror.

...and grandfather Kyroot, standing out in the hallway, strikes twelve and notes;

The clock-of-ordinary-thought will not run without the weight-of-seriousness.

...and Kyroot said:

A man without a friend is dead -- a rebel without a spark, dead twice.

...and Kyroot said:

Everyone's mind is a relative who lives with them.

And a lady asks: "Could I have a parakeet instead?"

...and Kyroot said:

In the city there are two kinds of freedom: Illusionary, and none.

...and Kyroot said:

A man who'll accept a dollar will later take a quarter.

And the city's mind retorts: "Just who do you think you're TALKING about, buster?!"

...a gentleman inquires:

"If we're all BORN in the city, how can we ever get out?!"

- *You ever try just LEAVING!*

...and a good-natured urbanite chuckles and notes:

"A neat thing about being dizzy is that you never know who you're gonna throw-up ON."

...and Kyroot defined:

Civilization: *The predictable.*

...and Kyroot continued:

Seriousness *adores-s-s* predictability.

A Modern Urban Scene:

In the heart of the daily flurry of sophisticated and complex problems
Which arose in his professional practice this one man declared:

"Ahh, in a way I envy those with simple minds.",

And just then his mother came into the office and reproached:

"Now, now! -- don't be gorging your vanity dear."

...and Kyroot said:

One chap serves notice:

"There's some of these revolutionist ideas in particular I don't like! --

After all --

Part of the fun of screwing up IS in *talking about it*"

...and Kyroot said:

(Speaking in a non-essential sense):

Most of the ordinary understand that life has an unlisted number;

Which in part, is what keeps the self-proclaimed "spiritual"

Trying to ring-him-up

Under a variety of other names.

"Definitions CERTAINLY Not To Tell To Your Aunt Clara":

DNA: *If they could talk -- The world's greatest liars.*

...and Kyroot, (of the infamous Kyroots), said:

The Lonely write of love,

Sinners of salvation;

A rebel writes home and says: "I ain't EVER comin' back, Jack!"

And an average viewer thinks: "Why is it that I don't really take your
Verbal aggression seriously?"

And Kyroot The Magnificent responds: "Cause you ain't LISTENIN' good, bitch!"

...(And may we be the first to remind you that

Monsieur Kyroot writes both his responses, AND

The words and thoughts of others that solicit same -- So *there!*, [bitch!]

And lo, beyond it all -- The lonely continue to write of love,

And the sinners of salvation.....(What are ya gonna do?)

...a gentleman contacts us to ask if he could have the midwest franchise for,
"Kyroot Extenders";

.....(He says he assumes we'll recognize a joke when we see one.)

...and Kyroot noted:

No matter what you say about man, at least half of it is untrue.

(And Kyroot additionally noted: Of course

The "key words" in this statement are
All fourteen of them.)

...and Kyroot said:

Looking up,

One man had these descriptive words to offer:

"Man's intellect: On a sunny day, a lively kite in his sky;

On others, an enemy flight squadron on a bombing mission."

While there may be no life on Mars,

There are enough deep and shallow canals in man's limbic system

To more than make up for any such emotive deficiencies in this solar system.

Then for all of you "four-eyes" in our audience,
(Which of course, does not count wearing glasses),
Kyroot released further non-local history:

Right after the dawn of 3-D time,
When the Cosmic Energy Commission staged its very first "Verbal Beauty Pageant",
They immediately realized that there was not sufficient difference
Between the contestants for a winner to ever be chosen;
Thus, to establish the needed, apparent distinctions
The concept of *selective seriousness* was hatched.

...and Kyroot said:

A man who holds the ideas of others in esteem has had a hysterectomy without leaving home.

A viewer writes: "Is being a neural revolutionist anything like
'Painting-yourself-into-a-corner'?"

And Kyroot replies: Indeed, dear viewer, but with the addition that a
Rebel brings his own corner WITH him!

...And we received this letter from our audience:

"It would seem to me that an ordinary man could be driven insane by your so-called, 'Revolutionist ideas'!" -- *Indeed, sir! -- indeed as well.*

...(But, [*chuckle, chuckle, chuckle*],

Ole forgetful Kyroot neglected to mention that

In the Land Of Fudd, Elmer is properly king, [*har, har!*])

...and Kyroot defined:

Words: *Pajamas for thoughts.*

...and Kyroot said:

One man treated every little hang nail he got like it was "the end of the world!",
And then when the end of the world DID come
He rushed outside screaming: "Oh my god! -- it's a HANG NAIL!"

(Life was so amused by this that it asked me to ask you if you really got the point.)

From the pages of, "Kyroot's Unrecorded Biological Histories":

Man got the idea of making rude body noises

From his mind's coming up with the concept of advice.

A passing gent told his son:

"The secret to not getting trapped in a well is to think of everything in the plural."

As he sat and stared,
He finally lapsed to spit and say:
"Talking about living
Has GOT to be the piss-poorest hobby possible
This side of doin' it."

* - *Spit, sit, stare.* - *

This day,

This letter:

"Dear Advice Doctor: Query:

If men actually UNDERSTOOD what they talk about

Would they then understand everything -- OR

Would they then be quiet?"

...and Kyroot did something-or-the-other:

Laughing so hard he had to hold his sides, (and even made a grab for yours),
This one man de-de-clared:

"I don't know WHICH is the funniest!, - the word *freedom*, or *seriousness*!"

Then making the sign of the star at the crossroads, ayatollah Kyroot noted:

"The lord says he don't know which he loves best: A cheerful prisoner,
Or a happy chuckler."

...and from K., this:

Arts Calender Reminder: Remember: The DNA Choir will be appearing in a location near you soon
-- if not nearer.

An average gent,
Looking down at his average dog pondered:
"What would a dog think if he could think?",
And the dog thought:
"I'd probably think: 'Who DID this to me?!'"

An original kid thought:

"The rebel mind: *An over-filled balloon in an unscheduled parade.*"

...and Kyroot said:

For some unknown reason
One man decided that
If you let 'em give you an award
You're as dumb as they are.

...and Kyroot said:

In city gravity words weigh about the same -- men's ear-scales differ.

...and Kyroot said:

At city-level even Pea Pea The Clown gets serious when he thinks he's about to die;
No surprise here --

What's actually curious is that there's not more serious men dressed up as buffoons
in the interim.

...and Kyroot said:

One guy wouldn't take a "lot of crap"! -- OH, he'd take some --
Even more than he'd admit -- but still, "not a lot";

It's called, "Being alive & living around here".

And Kyroot kindly reminds:
You know I DO all of this for life,
And I'm not even on commission!

...now for tonight's Unforgettable Fable:

One day life & Kyroot came face-to-face in a hallway too narrow to pass one another,
And life said: "Okay, how do we get out of this one?"

A viewer thinks:

"I like to hear about 'men-on-a-mission';

I myself have gotten as far as the religious/philosophy-stacks in the library."

From Kyroot's Public Bulletin Board:

The winner in this year's City Poet's Society's slogan contest is this entry:

"A *sad* man is a *happy* man."

...(P.S.: Several of the judges in fact,
Felt that this one was SO profound and comprehensive
That they proposed there be no further competitions.)

...and Kyroot remarked:

I guess in some sort of "copy cat" response,
The city's, "We're Just Everyday People Society"
Issued a new motto:

"A dumb man is a happy man.",

(Which would seem to *a-bout* wrap things up
from this end.)

A head-viewer thinks:

"What if all the silliness and frivolity of the Kyroots is just a prelude to **SERIOUSNESS?!**"

...and Kyroot said:

Words can indeed be magic -- and in ways not normally noticed -- (for instance):
Words can put a creative mind to sleep, and also set it ablaze;
(This also occurs with the ordinary, but it doesn't mean anything).

* Moral For The Transmoral: If you can't think originally,
All you can do is eat, sleep, and screw -- which indeed is a
"Bit-of-all-right"
If that's all you can do. *

...and Kyroot asked:

Who but the imprisoned ever discuss freedom.

In response to the growing demand for yet MORE such definitions,
Kyroot obligingly obliged:

A neural revolutionist: *A hermit in sheep's clothing.*

(Alright all ready!)

In response to the growing demand for more definitions that are immediately CLEAR,
Kyroot gave this version:

A neural revolutionist: *A hermit in disguise.*

Most played new record on the jukebox in one condo's "rec room":

"Genes Just Wanna Have Fun."

...(And Kyroot asked: What's the latest on YOURS?)

...and Kyroot said:

Reality reminded the civilization,

The civilization reminded the god,

The god reminded the king,

And the king reminded himself and the priest: "*Seriousness! -- seriousness is the key.*"

After listening to all of the popular theories a man thought:

"If man's mind were meant to live in the '*now*'

It seems to me that there'd a been a '*now*' created for it to live in."

...and some time during the weekend outing, Kyroot said:

The less said the better --- except when more is needed.

One uninhabited planet, for Lent, gave up the use of the term, "of course".

...and Kyroot said:

In the world of man -- All insult arises from a lack of seriousness.

...and Kyroot weighed and defined:

Man: *The full measure of seriousness.*

And one of Kyroot's Ministers Of Mayhem messaged you thusly:

Any revolutionist who believes that there IS officially such a creature
Is officially NOT one.

Only a real rebel can MAKE himself one,
And only he can properly resist being forced to BE one.

(Remember: Any artist with a smock and a typewriter can tell the city: "Get fucked!",
But only an *original* one can do so and never be caught at it.)

And from our audience comes this:

"I have been following quite closely for some time what you've been saying,
And am proud to note that I do not understand any of it."

As he looked out upon the beasts of the field,
And the birds of the air,
One ole timer turned reflective and mused:
"The thing about being HUMAN, and 'being alive' is that
You can complain about it."

While attempting to nudge your attention in a particular direction, Kyroot said:

There's a certain peculiar *thread* running through life.

As one man sat with his nephew looking out over the city, he remarked:
"I don't so much worry over 'the evil that lurks in the hearts of men'
As I do about the lethargy that loiters about their minds."

Meanwhile,

Downtown

An ole sorehead was just then describing to a bud that a
Relative is simply a friend you haven't alienated yet.

Yes, viewers and allies;

Why go to church? - Why seek professional help? -- Why buy expensive drugs and booze
When the Kyroot Show is playing this week on your local cable station!

From Kyroot: "Unknown Facts That Everybody Actually Knows About,
But In Other Ways -- From Other Directions":

A serious man will assault any body,
Screw any thing,
And pick a dead man's pocket during an earthquake;
It is also the serious who rule the world and make all laws and morality.

* The *funny business* of everyday life is a serious matter. *

...and Kyroot said:

New ideas are always "up-the-sleeve" of neural magicans.

Just before they decided not to execute the rebel he proclaimed:

"ALL RIGHT! -- I confess! -- The worst is all ready suspected! --
I confess! -- I have nothing to hide or declare! -- so there!"

...(Rabbits should HAVE IT so good.)

...and Kyroot made note:

One guy says he seems to have just naturally reached the place
Where he doesn't like to think about how stupid people are
Because it makes him think about how stupid he is.

A woman writes to all of our columnists: "Just what IS stupidity?",
And they all replied: "Being intellectually unoriginal."

...and in response local reality said:

"Yeah, I stay awake at night worrying about what you think of me too."

...and Kyroot said:

One guy decided to add a "voice over" to his life —

—— Oops!, too late.

A man asks: "Why should the revolution,(its apparent self), need to grow?";

Answer: To get big enough to sprout its own feet,

So's it'll have something to eat.

And along lines pressed this evening, Kyroot further noted:

Morality: *Treating seriously, the being of others.*

A Kyrootian influenced commentator observes:

Men make proverbial notes regarding the nature of other ordinary men so that they
Are less likely to ever think about what is generally going on, of which
Man is but a part.

Mystics sing the praises of existence -- poets, of man,
But only a rebel thinker, of the two together --
Along with the uncredited force that makes them so compatible.

...and Kyroot said:

One man got some of his neurons rounded up together over in a normally
Unused area of his brain,
And even got them to admit:
"Yes, it's certainly not impossible to think of truly 'new things',
So it's not so much a question of 'ability' --
It's just that doing so seems so useless and unnecessary."
(The man wasn't immediately sure what to say to them in response.)

And Kyroot re-entered to hint:
It is at times and places like this
That you might do well to reconsider the
Standards by which your mental scale weighs such words as
Seriousness, and personal-entertainment.

A couple of hours later, K. slipped back in your room and said:
You ever think about why life makes the final act in man's drama seem so deadly serious? --
And how this then tends to effect his attitude towards his LIFE?!

...and Kyroot said:

Only those who *understand* humor never laugh at others.

Two men were talking and one of them asked:

"What is the absolute difference between just plain folks and a neural revolutionist?",

And the other one replied:

"Well, when they go out, ordinary people will let their brain 'take them for a walk',
While a real rebel won't be seen in public with no ugly person."

As he wiped the grease from his lovely hands, chief mechanic, Baby Bubba Kyroot said:

To increase the octane,

One man put a "seriousness additive" in his mental tank;

This inabled him to go no where faster.

A viewer asks:

"Is there a *theme* to tonight's show?; sometimes I think there's a theme to my daily life."

And that phoney Gene & Herb Doctor Kyroot said:

Men's attitude toward strangers is a reflection of the mind's to new ideas.

A viewer thinks: "Some times this sounds like psychology --

At others, like biology;

But most of the time like all knowledge simply having a feast of itself."

...and Kyroot said:

One civilization collapsed from want of a "God Of Seriousness".

...and Kyroot said:

"Self-reference" is a maneuver to hide something.

...and Kyroot added:

Don't any of you children try and figure out what!

The parbroiled professor,

As he gazed out over the landscape available to him mused:

"If three-day old ideas smelled the same as equally aged socks

We could probably GET some where!"

...and Kyroot said:

Only words can be serious -- acts, deadly perhaps, but not serious;
Only words can be serious.

A viewer writes:

"Then based on what you've been saying of late,
Should one even take the idea of stupidity seriously?";

(And K. replies): Under two conditions: If you're either stupid or serious.

...and Kyroot said:

The older the institution -- the dumber.

A man pondered:

"Just how free can your mind be? --

It could be free from thinking what it's always thought --

And it could be free from thinking what everybody else is thinking --

But then what?!...."

(As he left, he decided that freedom was an idea deserving of more pondering.)

...and Kyroot reminded the rebel science class:

Anything that can be analyzed can be done away with.