

*...and Kyroot said:*

As truth behind words -- walls hide behind paint...behind misdirection,  
but most over -- behind themselves.

...and Kyroot noted:

Philosophies and theories to no avail:

If you man an ordinary mental position

You must always be defending it.

\* Dumb people fire dense bullets so that idiots will have some reason to duck. \*

One man says he calls his brain his, "nose whistle" --  
-- He says he doesn't know why he does this,  
And he says he doesn't care.

Then Kyroot took us again on, "Proverbs A' Revisited":

Creative minds are dense but once  
While the philistine's succumbs a thousand times.

...and Kyroot, that keen eyed observer of all things secondary, said:

Conclusions were the original inspiration for impotency.

("Help! -- I've come to the end of an idea and I can't seem to *get-it-up!*")

And a Kyrootian medical intern left this message:

Do note: Only *seriousness* can drive you crazy.

...and from Kyroot:

Directions For This Monday:

If you believe that you can "save up" to be a hermit -- you aren't even close.

Okay! -- a viewer asks: "Is ANYBODY close?" --

And with some show of feigned regret Kyroot replies: "No -- but hey,  
don't let that bother you"

...and Kyroot inquired:

Who but dogs and men will attempt to eat while sick.

...(and Kyroot asked for verification:  
I *assume* you refer to more than physical food.)



...and Kyroot said:

There is a fine line separating everything from everything else;  
So fine, in fact,  
That it exists only in man's mind.

The ole man told the kid:

"Do remember that confession is good for nothing."

When the group ran out of clay pigeons they began sending up proverbs.

Handy Household Reinvigorated Reality Check:

If you're imitatin *anybody* -- you ain't revolutin'!

Now I don't know which of the Primary, or Secondary Waiting Rooms you thought you stepped in.  
But Dr. Kyroot sends out this message by his head nurse, just the ole same-o:

Pain is pain -- but *thinking* can REALLY hurt.

(He says if you understand this,  
You can go on home and forget about it.)

Two bar philosophers were a 'sippin' and a 'spossin',

And the first one said:

"There is no harm in admitting you were wrong about something  
For it shows that you are now a wiser man.",

And the second took a swaller and replied:

"Yeah, that would be all right IF that were to be the LAST of it!"

...(They both whooped and hollered and damn near choked on their suds.)

Then, (as requested), in "comic book form",  
Kyroot presented the "Intellectual History (*sic*) Of Many A Good Man & Woman":

"Stand back! - I am armed and dangerous!",

(Then to):

"Stand back! - I am dangerous."

(And finally on to):

"God, I wish I was '*armed and dangerous*'."

...and Kyroot said:

Serious men have much to hide.

...and Kyroot said:

Men do not so much shrink the study of the sundry items in their closets  
As they do dread considering the adhesive that operationally binds them all together.

\* Thus do minds pursue an interest in stars and words  
At the expense of the "empty spaces" in between.\*

...("Grandpa, is that where a rebel actually lives?")



A Short Verbal Fox Trot in F:

"When there is nothing much to talk about, men will talk about themselves." --

(And the city wide response): "*Gee, there sure ain't much to talk about.*"

Note: The last mentioned area is wherein the herd generally feels that it is  
Dancing and stumbling about.

\* Cows look for a beacon -- then many will say: "No way! -- that one is TOO bright!" \*

And now for your listening pleasure,  
This "Variation On A Theme By Kyroot":

Any thing that can be truthfully said about man is at least half untrue.

During Intermission,  
Several patrons at the bar said that they didn't get it any better the first time round.

(And Kyroot,  
Disguised as a waiter among the crowd winked in your direction and *sotto voced*:  
"Do they really mean 'didn't *get it*', or 'didn't like it'?",  
They walked on away, knowing that you knew the answer to that one.)



Another certain ole man so advised the kid:

"Look at it like this: Even if reality weren't your 'best friend'  
It still controls who your best friends are."

A viewer objects: "I don't think that much of this should actually be called, 'advice'." ,

And Kyroot replies: "Me either, but that's still what your ears would make of it

No matter what I called it."

And surprisingly the viewer suddenly says: "Oh."

...and Kyroot said:

A common, natural trait among those who don't know where they're going  
Is to say: "I know where I'm going."

(By this method alone, you might care to note, [added Kyroot], do city buses continue to run)

...and Kyroot said:

Whenever he approved of something this one man would say, "Splendid-ferous",  
A nonsensical, non-existent word, and yet everyone understood what he meant.

...and Kyroot suggested:

Maybe you should think about this.

The speaker declared:

"Each man is an electrical outlet for a giant cosmic dynamo!",

And a man in the crowd screamed: "My god! -- I've blown a fuse!"

The Two Guys were talking and one of them said:

"Once coin collectors are well armed, philatelists will begin to suffer weapons hunger.",

And number two guy said:

"Is that an outgrowth of older territorial defensive drives?",

And the first one replied: "Yes, that, and the fact that this is how

The newer secondary world naturally expands itself."

...(They both puckered up their lips in a display of mental satisfaction  
As they once again marveled at the efficiency by which life, through man,  
Is simultaneously what it "once-and-first-is",  
Along with what it "next-and-forever-will-be".)

\* *Man: The only land where sunset and daybreak occur coevally.* \*



Pardon us now while we take time for our, "Serious Question Of The Hour":

What is the greatest fear of intelligent men?

That they will discover the truth regarding the power of heredity on their lives.

...and Kyroot said:

The Royal Priest, (who was not actually the official Royal Priest) so addressed the Court:

"In the eternal warfare -- if indeed such exists -- in which man is the battlefield,  
The struggle is between the two mighty armies of Stupidity and Idiocy."  
...(He didn't stick around to take up collection.)

...and Kyroot noted:

The "religious", by turning their attentions to the idea of a creaTOR  
Are thus freed from much concern regarding creaTION.

...(One of the king's guards by a side entrance was suddenly struck with the  
Possibility that the final great struggle might be between nouns and verbs!")

...then Kyroot added:

According to the Mystic Records of this one, past reality,  
On their final Day Of Reckoning,  
Just to keep things fresh and unpredictable right up to the end,  
A mighty voice rang out through the universe:  
"All of those in two-tone shoes are first-in-line."

...(And one of His Grace's personal pages suddenly wondered:  
"Is it to be that the '*ultimate sin*' will turn out to be  
A lapse in *good taste?!"*)

A certain rebel reflector one day sat and so reflected:

When I began,

I saw my mind as a pool, busied by ripples that were  
Caused by random stones tossed therein by others;

Then as I progressed,

I began to perceive the stones that produced the discontent

As being products of my own handiwork;

But now,

As I picture my intellect as that small pool,

I see fresh thinking as a tremendous boulder

Which I constantly hoist above my head as I shout out the warning to the waters below:

"Look out, you mutherfuckers -- here it comes!"

...("No, Jimmy", said the ole man, "You can not put him on the back of your bicycle.")

...and Kyroot said:

A seditious sarge told a young potato peeler over by the k.p. tree:

"In ordinary society consistency is considered true evidence of one's civility,

While in rebel society -- what the hell am I saying! -- there is no 'rebel society!'"

The speaker declared:

"Every dog has his day!",

And a man in the crowd screamed: "My god! -- my calender watch has turned rabid!"

...and Kyroot said:

As he looked toward his hometown of the city, a man pondered:

"Which is the more untasty, and least genteel over there:

To have something unsavory to hide,

Or to have to conceal the fact that you have nothing to hide?!"

"Yes", injected Dr. X, "Civilization is a funny business -- not of course, 'funny'

In the sense that there is anything at all *amusing* about it, you know -- just, 'funny'."



...and Kyroot accounted:

Man's mind and its secondary maps: *The source and materials whereby deadly acts  
Become merely "serious business".*

...then Kyroot, (with his trusty tongue)  
verbally sketched this picture:

Man's ordinary mind trying to comprehend itself is like a  
Spider web saying: "What the hell is holding this all together?!"

\* For a clown or magician to properly entertain  
They must first make the audience accept the seriousness of the undertaking. \*

(And Kyroot P.S-ed: Any viewer who yet thinks that there is a difference between  
A clown and a magician shouldn't bother to write to me at this time.)

For his birthday one smart aleck intellectual said:

"I'll tell you what I'd like:

A lack of complimentary expressions regarding my intelligence  
From the dunderheads of the world.",

And the dunderheads said -- "Hey -- don't you worry about THAT!"

...and Kyroot said:

Men with normal, balanced mental capacities

Cannot even conceive of the game without the concept of "taking sides".

"Pop, how can you find the Rebel Sport Section in the paper?",

"That's easy my boy. -- just look for the Box Scores that have no scores."

In the city -- at street level -- mental roads that reach a destination  
Are not only deemed proper, but are the ones awarded prizes and recognition;

In rebel areas, neural travel is a bit more complex and interesting.

The speaker declared:

"What goes up must come down.",

And a man in the crowd screamed: "My god! -- they've shot Newton."

...and Kyroot said:

In one city,

Gender title was based thusly:

You were technically a "man" if you were the "penetrating partner"

Regardless of who you penetrated;

And upon hearing of this one man's brain said: "That's it! -- I'm leaving."

...and Kyroot set out what might could be a, "Rebel Condo's Secret Battle Cry":

*Turn up the music -- and  
Stoke up the furnaces  
So that the penthouse library might always cook.*

...(Not intending to discount those unidentifiable "Hermit Revolutionists"  
Who usually don't *live* where they *reside*.)

...and Kyroot konfessed, (admitted, even):

The tart taken from lemons --

Lockjaw removed from nails --

Such would be some people's lives, if therein, revolutionist ideas ever encroached.

...("Ohhhhhh! -- god help us.", the poor people cried,

And the god said: "Hey!, I didn't tell you people to ever think like that in the first place.")



...and Kyroot said:

An attentive viewer says:

"Have you actually begun to talk about how things really are  
Rather than just about how men THINK they are, while I wasn't noticing?!"

(Said correspondent also adds: "If I was really as sharp as you insinuated,  
I would object to you using an adjective to describe me.")

...and Kyroot said: Okay, did all of you fresh, young neurons take that down?!"...

The speaker declared:

"What goes around comes around.",

And a man in the crowd screamed: "My god! -- the lead horsies have dry rot!"

One ole man described to the kid that,  
"Heroes are like a stop-gap measure  
For minds to fill in the momentary blank spots  
In the on going sequence of reality.

All in all,

They're hastily drawn figures a man's intellectual opaque projector  
Will flash on the screen when his travel slides seem to have temporarily run out.

...and Kyroot said:

The unseated corollation between "*important*" and "*serious*"

Marks the line of distinction between ordinary thinking and the real thing.

...and Kyroot said:

A chap at the corner of Sixth and International Blvd. was publicly pronouncing:

"A simple life is a pleasurable life.",

And a fellow passing by suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"Then, my god! -- I've got to be the happiest man alive!"

...(Several people standing near by somehow doubted the sincerity of the comment.)

\* Moral: Loiterers can spell trouble.\*

...and Kyroot The Counselor (*sic*, and, *Ha!*), said:

Only two -- that's right! -- TWO, only two kinds of people believe that  
They can "outsmart themselves": Dumbos, and  
Rebel dumbos.

.....(That was two, wasn't it?!.....)

...and Kyroot said:

In king's court,

God's country,

And all other civilized enviorns:

*Thinking what others think is the most sincere form of sincerity.*

Some renegade neurons said: "So that's why we never get any where!",

And some more settled ones replied: "Quite contraire -- that's precisely how  
We have gotten ANY where.",

(But the outlaws STILL didn't like it.....[Which I guess,  
Is why they are outsiders].)

Stand back! - make room! --"Definition-On-A-Hog"coming through!:

Original thinking: *Individual achievement with no necessary visible reflection.*

A mother told the kid:

"No mind -- no conscience;

No mind -- no chance."



While his dog was out of the room, one man gave himself a "good talking to," thusly:  
"The sooner the better that you can get firmly set in your mind  
The undeniable though slippery fact that  
Every single thing men say, present and propose is a form of absolute 'show business';  
They continually ask one another, and large audiences to 'dance with my ideas,'  
While hopefully swooning also at my handsomeness."

(Lord Byron-The-Lab then stepped back into the room, and  
The man discontinued his efforts for the day.)

Let me put it to you like this,  
(Said Kyroot to a visiting magazine article),  
Non-magnetic, revolutionist thinking is like atom smashing for the mind.

Then Kyroot dished out one of those kind of things that may-or-may not be as  
Potential possible-or-not  
As it may at first sound:

About the only way the truly talented and original can get work in the city  
Is for their talent to be at least *slightly* misconstrued.

("Wooo!", said one guy, "I'd get out of town -- if it'd do any good.

...Wooo, Ya'll and ya'll)

And now this great new, break-through "slogan" from the ad desk of Kyroot & Kyroot:

"Repetitive thought: *The heart-beat of the secondary world.*"

...and Kyroot said:

You guys might enjoy hearing this one;

It's the Creation Myth from that galaxy just up front there, over to your right;

It says that immediately after the local reality-cum-god had created the first creatures

It told them "The Secret",

And within a short period of time the creatures said:

"Hey, now tell us what The Secret MEANS.",

And the god shook his head negatively, replying: "No, you know too much all ready."

...meanwhile, over at Space Base Seven,

Out on the stardust playground, some little nippers skipped and sang:

*"The secret's in the blood,*

*The secret's in the air;*

*I would have gone ahead and said*

*The secret's every where .....except THAT'S too predictable, eh what!"*

Shortly thereafter, The Fleet Commander ordered:

"Get those little fuckers outta here."

Then,  
Through the efforts of our,  
"In-House News Item Network & Desk-Top Piddling Operation",  
Someone who signed their submission with just the letter, "K.", says:

Being of a rebel mind and having a rebel friend  
Can be more fun than riding the rails in Alaska  
During January in your underwear.

It's reported that in some revolutionist publications  
Nothing is accepted that contains the word, "can".  
...(Can you understand what that infers?)

One guy told himself:

"Well ole sport,

You know you're back home when

Being a pea brain is no disadvantage."

A viewer writes:

"I know for a fact - (having seen my X-rays) --

That my brain ITSELF is larger than a pea;

Does this exempt me from your classification of 'pea brains'?"



A lady writes:

"Dear Advice Doctor: Is 'old age' a fitting death for a revolutionist?";

Dear Madame: Do you mean physically, or otherwise?

The Weird Lobby continues to insist: "It doestoo count! -- Being weird DOES count!"

...and Kyroot said:

In the "fairness of the city" -- (in fact, damn near approaching transcendental fairness) --  
Being a peckerhead is no bar to becoming a SUPER peckerhead.

...(Dig it if you can! --  
Smoke if you got 'em! --  
Write if you get work!,  
And brush after each flush.)

Then,

As your hungry eyes met his,  
Over the cheese, bearing the holes of ever increasing magnitude,  
Kyroot whispered:

"So, it is more non-menu descriptions you want -- so --  
Then consider that the unsponsored neural expedition is the  
Difficulty in promoting a product that is not for sale."

\* In civilized jurisdictions,

Few diners who sit down for nouns find favor in being served processes. \*

More Verbal Circus Lore From A Rebel's World:

Reality: A tightrope too funny not to be taken seriously.

And making his ears light up, Bozo the Bozo said:

"I do so trust that you grasped the ramifications of this, ewe'all."

Someone in our hearing range ponders just for a moment:

"You know,

If you could somehow get by with it

You could conclude that anybody who takes anything other than  
Strictly primary matters seriously is an idiot."

(He quickly regained his normal composure.)

And later that day, Kyroot brought up a "Post-Creation Myth" from yet another solar system:

The local god got the thinking creatures started out by  
Giving them "The Secret" in five words,  
And once they'd learned to chew on it real good,  
And wanted a condensed version,  
He changed it to a ten word description.

A viewer says:

"Okay:

I've listened to you talk,

And I've listened to the Kyroots,

And I just want to tell you -- Don't try and cheer me up!"



For your holiday buffet, these Kyrootian,"Words to live by":

*A content man is a dead man.*

The Subversive Show Business Directory lists  
A "Neural Rebel" as: *An act with no audience.*

...and Kyroot said:

To help keep things at a "hair-triggered-edge",  
Whenever he was at home alone, or anywhere else like that,  
This one guy'd wear a *mental see-through-blouse*.

And thus spaketh some of the more exotic, young neurons:

"If you can't, or don't stimulate yourself -- then what're gonna expect from others!"

The Four Star General in charge of the elevator informs you all:

"Where the brain runs into the body  
Seems to be the area of greatest confusion to man."

...(Later over drinks he added: "Well, that and when the cable breaks.")

...and Kyroot said:

Re The Matters Of Pride, Beauty and Conceit:

Secondary matters can apparently be improved only through secondary means.

And The Ole Park Proverbist proposes thusly:

"The guilty tremble at the sight of the law -- the stupid, at mirrors."

(And Kyroot noted: Should not we all shake to consider what SHOULD frighten a revolutionist!)

...and Kyroot said:

One man became a mere reflection of what he once was --- (he says it's still too much!)

To help further elucidate the matter, Thomas Alva Kyroot said:

When brains can bleed -- THEN will secondary matters be serious.



...and Kyroot said:

Looking deep and far away,

A man on a hill pondered:

"Perchance, an ultimate triumph of chaos AND chance will BE the supreme establishment OF  
order."

...and Kyroot said:

The Interstate Highway System was unconsciously fashioned after the human nervous system,  
With truck stops, rest rooms, roadside parks, and information stations  
Being a natural after-thought.

("Hey man!", said one guy to himself,  
"If you're 'gonna go' -- go first class! -- go by 'ME'.")

...and Kyroot said:

At one time,

Rebels tried to move their goo field further away from the roadhouse of emotions.

Near the begining of a new week,  
One young firebrand thought:  
"Sometimes being of a revolutionist turn-of-mind  
Is like being an escapee from a mental institution  
On a planet that has no concept of sanity."

...and a stat note from Kyroot:

For every ten people who enjoy *hearing* revolutionist ideas -- LESS than ten REALLY do!

Someone in the audience says: "I thought you were going to say something else."

"Okay, gang," said the substitute teacher,  
"'Til the rain lets up we'll play an indoors game;  
What is one danger to a revolutionist?.....  
.....That's right!

That his efforts get too-o-o close to that naughty old 'S'-word."

...and Kyroot said:

ANSWERS are *easy* to come by -- plain, blank, revealing WALLS are another matter.

...and from the lecture hall of Kyroot:

"More Of How Genetics And Other Almost REAL Things Work":

Children are the low-man on everybody's totem pole.....except for the next one  
coming up.

Now for the, "After-Class Version": All games are won by kids.



...then, just for fun, Kyroot said:

The secret actually put in words

Would be like a snake that bites off its own head before it can ever speak.

...and Kyroot said:

As this one neural imbibler grew increasingly sophisticated in his social and mental tastes,  
He began to enjoy his drinks more mixed and complex,  
And his thinking more, "Straight, no chaser".

..and Kyroot said:

Then once,  
Some outlaws in the roadhouse,  
After considering what was going on with those in the basement,  
And in light of what some were trying to do out in the goo field,  
Simply turned and said: "Put another quarter in the jukebox."