

...and Kyroot said:

Simply "being a success" is no sure sign of success.

...and Kyroot said:

For those with that certain, equal blood type, there is almost no
joy like that of your own
original,
meaningful idea —
almost nothing!

...and Kyroot said:

When you're a dimension short you're always a day late.

...and Kyroot said:

Although in the City it is not improper for the pigs to feast on
the truffles, in the Bush the
Revolutionist should only
execute His talents, and
expend His energies in a
manner that is ergonomically
and economically
proper.

...and Kyroot said:

From a certain Revolutionist view, there is no such thing as
"good" publicity.

...and Kyroot said:

"What you don't know can't hurt you."

"What you don't know can't hurt you."

"What you don't know can't hurt you."

Its hard to believe that some
human once said this.....and
almost as hard to believe that
no one else ever understood it,
(even if it is
one word off).

...and Kyroot said:

You can theorize, rhapsodize, and poeticize about life all you want,
but you still got to
LIVE
the son of a bitch.

...and Kyroot said:

Two ways to tell its time to flee an otherwise apparently intelligent
host: First, when he reaches for
his bible,
and secondly, when he starts
pointing toward
his flag.

(Excuse me, but I believe I hear
my mother calling me...

Thanks
Mom.)

...and Kyroot said:

Any time that you forget that "the house always wins", you have
ceased having fun, and are now
gambling with your own cerebral
rent money.

...and Kyroot said:

You should never merely despise words, but rather, know them and
treat them with all due
respect
and
disbelief.

...and Kyroot said:

Only the ultra-common could truly hate a dead man.

(I don't suppose
any of you expect
me to carry this
any deeper into
the unchartered
interior.)

...and Kyroot said:

Back in the City I once read this, "The moment a Man begins to ask
Himself the 'meaning of life'
He is on the inalterable road
to sadness and depression.".....

...I hardly know WHAT
to say.

...and Kyroot said:

The Real Revolutionist knows that only the truly powerful can
keep a secret.

...and Kyroot said:

The People do periodically display a belief that life "could be measured", but they forever lack the resolve to discover the necessary, new geometry.

(Potential without
execution, of course,
remains but a dead
man without
a cause.)

...and Kyroot said:

Anytime you feel disturbingly dispondant, serious, or excited, just
remember, even the President
doesn't know all the words to
"Louie Louie."

...and Kyroot said:

Is the Real Revolutionist the ultimate specialist, or the
supreme generalist?

...and Kyroot said:

Listening to serious music can make you serious.

...and Kyroot said:

Can a man feel "guilty" over any action unless He can mentally
remember it
and
think about it?

Can the "conscience" conceived
of in the City go any deeper
than the width of words?

...and Kyroot said:

I've heard Men say that "To teach is to learn twice.", and I gotta
admit that it will at least
reinforce one's present
opinions and ignorance,
and
that IS
what it's all about,
right?

...and Kyroot said:

If, as some City Religions believe, wearing one's collar backwards is good for one's spiritual being, just imagine the benefits, were one able to do likewise with one's head.

...and Kyroot said:

In the City Library I once read this comment, "The most pressing of
of Mans' problems are not to be
solved, but merely outgrown."

I wonder how long
he expected the
rest of us
to live?

...and Kyroot said:

On His deathbed, one Ruling Power serenely summarized thusly, "Ah,
all is surely well with my life
as spent, how ELSE could I have
possibly gone wrong."

...and Kyroot said:

Truism Update # 24: "Evil is to whom evil thinks."

Version 1987: Lithium is to whom lithium thinks.

...and Kyroot said:

"And-then-I-wrote"... No, seriously, folks,

I composed this little
song for Man, and it
goes something
like this:

I got molecules that taste,
I got molecules that touch,
I got molecules that hear, smell, and see,
Then I got this "elemental sensation",
an "atomic generation", called "ME."

(For the time being,
supply your
own tune.)

...and Kyroot said:

You should probably never agree to "hold hands", and "be buddies"
with anyone who doesn't like
latin music.

(Or at least, Mozart.)

...and Kyroot said:

And off at a certain right angle, I surveyed the falling place of
the few recruits, and discovered
on each hidden headstone the same
epitaph,
"There was none,
save one,
to show me
my way home."