

...and Kyroot said:

I am perhaps, time's greatest satirist... (especially when I play  
me self.)

...and Kyroot said:

I just read this in today's paper, "No Man's knowledge can go beyond His experience." So they still think that "knowing something" isn't a personal "experience".

(And the City still remains  
the City.)

...and Kyroot said:

They have "large print books" for those with weak, failing sight,  
so why not "large idea" ones for  
those of weak brain=e=doodles?

...and Kyroot said:

In the City, one of the signs of an apparent intellectual is that He uses such terms as, "In my humble opinion.", "I believe I may safely conjecture.", and, "I submit for your thoughtful consideration.", and so on, but the Revolutionist does not have sufficient time to spend saying such things, much less believing them. If He operated in this expected fashion He would not live long enough to ever learn, map, or do ANYthing new.

...and Kyroot said:

Once heard an old Citified, prune-thinker finally hitch up his drawers, rare back, and declare, "I've got it, by god, the will, and the intellect are one and the same thing.", and he seemed so delighted with his ole self, why I just hated to noted for him that, "Hell, ole timer, EVERYTHING'S one and the same thing."

...and Kyroot said:

What kind of bedazzling food-merchant, or ad man you figure coined the line, "Man can't live by bread alone."?, when the Revolutionist knows that a real Man can live by ANYTHING alone, (as long as it's the right thing, and you know the trick.)

...and Kyroot said:

Heard a guy who freely admitted he held little love for physical  
activity still point out that he  
did get a dose of daily exercise  
when he took his feet out for their  
nightly walk.

...and Kyroot said:

And in that inimitable style, native to the City, they pointed out that "What he lacked in speed and strength, he made up for in clumsiness and stupidity."



...and Kyroot said:

And then there was the time I heard this little voice bemoan from  
the rear of the would-be cerebral crowd,  
"Just about the time I begin to truly  
understand something it becomes  
passe and irrelevant."

Some time after that, from that same egeneral area, I  
also heard the following, "Bout the time I'm getting  
able to overcome a habit, I lose interest in it.", and  
finally this, "You know, just about the time I begin to  
have some interest in a matter I suddenly don't give a  
clinical-damn."

...and Kyroot said:

People say that they "Have no time", and what is meant is that they  
have no perceivable way OUT OF their "time-problems."  
The Revolutionist might say that He  
has "all the time in the world, for  
it all has me."

...and Kyroot said:

Real, fresh data makes you want to lick your fingers long after  
initially handling it.

...and Kyroot said:

And this guy says, "Hell, I could'a been famous too  
if I had'a died a long time ago."

...and Kyroot said:

If you really, really wanted to, you could treat your ordinary  
thoughts as boring relatives, and  
your everyday feelings as burglars.

...and Kyroot said:

I ran across this would-be mystical poet back in the City who, after a rather trying, if not inspiring night, told me that before his "very eyes, passed the picture of eternity",but that it was a rerun.

...and Kyroot said:

In the City, a wiseman flaunts it all.

(He's got no choice.)

...and Kyroot said:

Those who write odes to death (or have the inclination to do so)  
should be killed ASAP.



...and Kyroot said:

The new, useful data of the Real Revolutionist must meet three criteria:

It never was,  
is not now,  
and  
never can be.

(If the fresh-info were any of these three  
it would be true, it would be stable, and  
it would hence, be of no value.)

...and Kyroot said:

In the City, no one would be righteously expectant if they knew exactly what their religion's Paradise would be like, and no one would be properly impressed with their faith's god if they knew what He actually looked like.

All dreams of favorable change must be perceived in a cloak of mist and uncertainty, or their intrigue, and power will crumble, and cease to exist.

...and Kyroot said:

None of the famous, really important spiritual figures actually lived;  
history remembers only minions, and pygmies,  
and part of their responsibility is to make  
up those Buddha-kinda stories.

...and Kyroot said:

And yet another, (and I trust, final) version: "I think, therefor  
YOU  
are Rene Descartes.

...and Kyroot said:

In the City, everything is merely "true."

...and Kyroot said:

To properly survive in the Bushes, some talent could be used in  
willfully disdaining what you  
cannot presently have.

In the City  
everyone does this already,  
but  
that's another matter.

...and Kyroot said:

Anybody that knows anything extraordinary is either nuts, crazy, or  
insane.

...and Kyroot said:

I have heard that once, a long, long time ago, a certain Revolutionist did agree to be interviewed by someone from the City, and was first off asked, "We all understand what other professionals are, like doctors, lawyers, soldiers, by 'what they do', but what you are often called confuses me, just what does being a 'Real Revolutionist' entail?"

And just before our Insurgent apparently "came to His senses", and "walked off", He thought, "Being a Real Revolutionist is simply doing what I do."

(A totally unacceptable definition, and totally telling, at that.)



...and Kyroot said:

Damn!... Oh, O.k., just one more: "I think, therefor I NEED to think."

...and Kyroot said:

I once heard it said that "Books are the children of the brain.",  
and if so, then in the Cities,  
literary illegitimacy must be  
on the roll-of-the-century,  
(running  
better  
than  
rampant<sup>2</sup>.)

...and Kyroot said:

If bullets and fears are death-by-the-pound, then boredom and fear  
is destruction-by-ounces.

...and Kyroot said:

And the motto for the rest of this year, at least: If it ain't fixed,  
don't break it.