Stereophonic ideas aren't adequately reproduced on a monaural mind.

If it wasn't for cliches, we wouldn't have these days.

The "truth" of Man is indeed, etched in wax.

A profit-minded father told his sales-minded son, "Just keep talking while you're thinking of what to say, it saves time."

If they say "We're doing random testing.", you say, "My name's not random."

There's no retirement from real power.

You're never offered an apparent free choice between two possibilities without the outcome already being known.

Man is not proffered a selection of two candidates without either the vote tally already having been fixed, or else both candidates being in-the-pocket.

(You do realize that I am speaking of the general nature of Life, and not mere specifics.)

To look upon the absence of an occurrence as its cure is to accept starvation as the ultimate laxative.

Sure Bet Number 22: Anyone who attempts to explain genius ain't one.

There are TWO eternities.

To City poets, EVERYthing rhymes with "whines".

A recent City speaker stated that there is some evidence to suggest that

our entire planet, along with

its eco-systems may be one,

living, intelligent being, and

a voice from the audience asked,

"Does that include my uncle

Elmer?"

City proof that one is still alive: When one says, "I pretty much find things the way I've always found them."

Through all the histories of human prejudice, and narrow-mindedness I have never heard of a cemetery that rejected a client on the basis of his dumbness.

If you're gonna attempt to study Life in a closet you can expect no more than a B.O.D.D. degree: a Bachelor of Dust and Darkness.

One Man's parting advice, "Give dynamite a wide berth, and calamity the right-of-way."

Some City-time back, there was a mighty warrior known as Retorious, which means, "He, the fear of whom, makes the tongue sweat.

One guy used to start his day by pointing at himself in the mirror and saying, "Don't let THIS happen to you."

It wasn't so long ago that it wasn't so long ago.

A revolutionist-type guy walks into a bar, and sez, "Gimmie a <u>double</u> shot of the inevitable."