Those who don't KNOW when its over can't SAY when its over.

Mechanical morality is percisely what is needed if you're the Tin Man, or a follower of the Black & Decker Philosophy.

One guy told his partner, "The only thing lacking in our relationship is the failure-to-communicate."

At the War College of this one tribe they teach that the army with a slogan is always at an advantage.

Amidst a slow rolling boil on one planetary caldron I heard a voice proclaim, "May the future forgive me, but I DO so love the sound of electricity."

In a superbly tortured form of what I took to be attempted encouragement of his kid, a certain father said, "Son, you'ld have to be an <a href="idiot">idiot</a> to be talented."

Within the ordinary constructs of history heroics be must personafied, villainy institutionalized.

One chap who pretty obviously did not suffer from hyper-activitystated, to no one
in particular, "I don't mind
so much <u>living</u> in space if I
just didn't have to MOVE in space."

Once upon a time a curious fellow cornered a reputed Revolutionist and asked him, "Would this activity of yours result in me becoming a new person, or just a better me?", and the rebell said, "I'll have to get back to you on that.",...
... no response as of yet... that was in 1948.

It is now official; The guy who first said, "Anatomy is destiny" has called in from the great beyond and apologized.

An anxious soul with two feet on that other planet says that the

"question of the hour" is thusly;

"Is there an intellectual

equivalency to the

notion of a moral one?"

Those who take the grave seriously do not understand the humor of the heroic life.

A myth without humor is a mere commercial.

Whilest in the hot embrace of the Madonna Of Pique, one young swain declared, "If I cannot, by god, be a prince I'll be damned if I'll be a lady-in-waiting.", which gave the rest of the people, who were all ladies-in-waiting, a good laugh.

Without traitors and spies the wars could not go on.

...(After dark part of all dry armies are wet.)

At three-fifteen, one day, the father said to the son, "Its good that we can have these little chats.", and the kid replied, "Yeah, but good for who?"... the old man looked far off toward the distance, and said, "You still don't get it, do you."

The people continue to use rituals as a secondary way to have some experience of the heroic adventure; the Real Revolutionist looks upon this as a fading, family photo album.

In yet another example of that dreamed-of attempt to unset the normal balance of the planet, one guy had this notion; He wanted everyone who believed as he did to get together in one place, on the same side of the world, and on a given signal everyone suddenly think the same thing.

A strong man, and a fool will both wish their opponents, "Good luck."...

...(someone else, will also.)