Just "acting" civil is like applying for credit.

All evil is a local phenomena.

One guy turned to his neural partner and said, "If you show me yours
I'll show you mine.",
and that other part
replied, "Hell, you
say that just because
you ain't got one to show."

After lo, these thousands of years that men have been repeating, rephrasing, and reshaping the notion that,

"Never was, nor is, nor ever be
A faultless work a man can see
after all this time has it
never, ever occurred to anyone
to get man's eyes checked?

Culture is bricks.

Over in another little cosmic bar, one of the full throated regulars,
several times a night, would
hoist high his glass, and toast
all assembled by proclaiming,

"To the wine,
Which righteously loosens the tongue.",
and one night, one
guy in the corner
finally thought,
"From what?"

Information doesn't exist,
Apart from a retrieval instrument.

Even after you suspect"what comes next"- THEN what comes next?

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This speech writer asked me how come the same line spoken by the king sounds better than it does delivered by a duke?...
..."How come?", he asks,
"How come?"...(Do you have an answer
for
him?)
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Something that's correct by comparison is not yet correct.

The first son declared, "What we know is all we'll ever know.", and
the second one replied, "Nay, may I disagree,
and say that we do not yet even know all that
we do know.", and they both turned to number
three son for a deciding judgment but he
was already scratching his little chin, and
rolling his eyes about, and said, "Ahhh, I
don't know, we aughta ask the old man.",
and second son said, "Save your sweat,
it's a waste of time; If the old man
knew we wouldn't be sitting here
wondering."

The Revolutionist should die at night.

No information is particularly useful unless it has an escape clause.

(...and Kyroot said he'ld add this:

The infantile eye says, "Fate ruled my parents, chance, me."

Those who still claim to be seriously worried over "man's attempt to play god" sure don't have much to worry about.

The mythology of this one group, (no longer as extant as they once were),
tells that even though Life's
primary business is change, that
the constant disruptions inherent,
in such pursuits were resulting in
inordinate stress, migrains, and
the threat of ulcers...but Life
found a way out, it made man
and turned the job over to him.

In the ordinary conditions of the City,
Don't pity the poor,
For if you think you're not one of them,
You're both poor and stupid.

The older planet told his satcllite son, "Whenever you wonder whether a

beckoning activity is truly essential or not for you personally, the way to always tell is that only the non-essential comes with instructions."

Only a Real Revolutionist can listen to almost anything without losing
his temper; There are
some things a Revolutionist
will not listen to.

One low-level sore-head muttered as follows, "I've looked at life, and I've looked at the alternatives, and I'll say this - I'd like to look around some more."

Then he told me that he already had the title for his new book, (it would actually be his first one, but he wanted me to call it his "next book") and it is,

"The Expansive Power And Limiting Factors Of Talk."

A Real Revolutionist is whatever he says he is...

...(the beauty of it is
 that if he says what
 he is he's no longer
 a Revolutionist.)

As he was leaving, he slapped one of the other gods on the back and said, "As long as seriousness passes for intelligence we've got a job."