ETC contributor and Korzybskian scholar Robert P. Pula died January 11, 2004. These selections from his collection entitled “Aphorisms, One-Liners, Snippets, Notes, Jottings, and Smart-Ass Remarks” were compiled by Robert Potter.

FROM THE PEN OF BOB PULA

ROBERT P. PULA

I call my grandson Cory “Cory Borealis” — he of the flaming red hair.

“Why, Bob, do you fool around so?”
I play with language.
Why?
Because English is my mistress and we frolic in the formulational meadow.

‘Evil’ is not a noun; it is a verb.

The sweeping broom retains some of what it sweeps.

Democracy is wasted on the stupid.
Dangerously so.

Whatever becomes stable is temporarily so.

Why do people discuss the weather?
Partly, if not mostly, because it’s a subject most can handle, requiring as it does no study and only a little experience.

Genius is its own explanation.

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The greatest mistake of the present generation is to think the previous generation(s) stupid — or quaint.

I am of an age when I can no longer afford the luxury of endless questions late into the night. I am obliged to work at answers in the bright sunlight.

The thrust of poetry — away from the general to the particular.

A long-standing problem in Poland is that 99% of the people there are nobles and among those 100% are geniuses.

The problem with the tragic hero is that he understands enough to maintain his condition, but not enough to become a comedian.

I would rather be the subject of a sentence than the object.

Just because you’re a nasty shit doesn’t prove that you’re a genius.

E’s ‘questions’ almost always constitute poorly disguised affirmations designed to show his erudition.
I want to publish a news magazine called
*U.S. Noise and World Rapport.*

We must learn to content ourselves
with approximations.
Gradient evaluating.
Smiling bravely under Pula’s Uncertainty Umbrella.

I lack the twisted eye of fanaticism,
and,
perhaps for that reason,
greatness.

I don’t mind intellectuals liking baseball
(after all, I do),
but when they try to make the *game* intellectual,
I resist.

Proselytizing vegetarians
constitute a diet tribe.

I have personally
not known an arrogant person
whose ‘arrogance’ did not appear
to be masking feelings of inadequacy.

I laughed at the kitten’s inconstancy,
attacking one moment,
licking his fur the next.
Then, instead of working on my paper,
I fetched a string from the clutter-drawer
and we played together.

I wish you peace without numbness;
Happiness without hysteria;
Economic adequacy —
and an occasional burst of madness.

Exit, desperately laughing.