Each day, the Real Revolutionist faces His duty anew, and He must further refine His secret, inner maps, for each day this is not done puts His charts, and understanding another

24 hours off.

One view the Revolutionist can take of the apparent struggle is that He does not expect any overnight, complete victory, but rather, seeks to eventually banckrupt the opposition by continually raising the costs of its successes.

In the City, is there really any difference between "services promised", and their actual delivery?

Can discussions regarding the lack of delivery become acceptable substitues for the services

themselves?

Can the People, in fact, deal with their difficulties on a basis of, "Problems addressed are problems solved."?

Says one,

"I am a terrible person, and should change.", and the "addressing of the problem" becomes the needed action. No further services required.

Don't deal in left-overs...

never carry-over any chemicals, or emotions from one day to the next, they all spoil.

Heard it said in the City that "A loss unknown is no loss at all.",

and allow me to over-inflate just

"this one", just "one more time"...

To wit:

The only lasting victory

is one not immediately noted.

If you think its hard "pleasing" everybody, just try INFORMING them... wheeew.....

Another potential off-the-bushes-revolutionist-motto: In every worthy affair. consider the efforts required, the time involved, and the apparent rewards, then proceed anyway.

If the Ruling Powres actually had any "defensive intelligence" they would have long ago produced an aging/death antidote, and developed an anti-tornado bomb.

Back in the City I once heard this notion pondered, and proposed:

Is it better to know nothing of
a matter than to know only half?",
and a feller fessed-up,
"Half of everything I know is
correct, and half incorrect.
Unfortunately, I don't know
which half is which."

(I like these instances when \underline{I} don't have to make up a junch line.)

Sailors tell tales of the sea, shepards, of their flock.

What do you suppose gods would "chat" about.

1

...and Kyroot said:

If "habit" is not the answer, "harmones" is.

Common sense, reason, and proper judgement, all reside in the City, with the People: it is out-in-the-Bushes that new data, insanity, and madness thrive.

The People's Credo (for Tuesday): Approve the lofty, follow the base, and insist on strict prohibitions for all areas but yours.

In affairs, cosmopolitian, it could be said that one of the giant steps in physics was in seeing that "matter itself evoles", continually building up into increasingly complex structures, one atom at a time.

Man can just barely
begin to hear
the reality
of this
as regards
His own
consciousness.

The greatest hinderance to becoming a Real Revolutionist is in just being common.

In the City, it seems that when Men are hurt they either curse, or compose poetry.

Whata place...
I just can't
get over it...

Sin $\underline{\text{does}}$ exist, but only for those who believe in it.

Whata place, whata place.

If Men truly "learned from their mistakes" they wouldn't die, period;

The best thing any of you can do for your health is just to get out of the City.

On a recent sojourn to the City I saw this ad that promised,
"Cerebal Lifts: Makes you
almost 2 inches smarter."

C, and D, come and go, but E is forever.

I once heard a fellow say that "History wouldn't be all that impressive if it hadn't happened so long ago."

In the City it's almost impossible to be completely naked.

"Yeah", said the guy, "I know what you're trying to do, and it won't work...unless of course, it already has and I just didn't notice it."

Anything that seems to last beyond its initial flash is meaningless.

In the wonderous place known as "the City", People are permitted to "flesh out" their own lean minds with the fat from the thoughts of others.

Moderation is the illusionary pollutant in the stream of foresight, or,

put another way:
Restraint is the moderator of a
game show with
no prizes.

In the City they play everyone's song.

And just before the mighty battle had begun, from the rear ranks a voice was heard to exclaim,
"Ready when you are, my Liege;
my tongue is loaded and primed for action."

Just think, if you'ld never been born how much you wouldn't'ave missed.

11/19/87 in every worthy affairs Originals #8 Powers #9 Gunch punch #11 harmones hormones #20 Cerebral you'd # 30 11/19/87 #7 the efforts # 16 when Men are hurt Copies ASSAGE . tto Cerebral H22 ago.