

...and Kyroot said:

The Real Revolutionist should assure the People that what is ultimately
necessary and correct will also
prove to be safe and convenient.

...and Kyroot said:

I once heard a man mumble something to the effect that "Disengenious historians
wrong the dead." which sounds like a
pretty shoddy affair until you ask
yourself,
"Well, how have the
dead treated me?"
There.

...and Kyroot said:

In a certain, peculiar lateral-sence, the Real Revolutionist doesn't particularly
"like, or dislike" anyone, but is rather
clinical, and impersonal.....not unlike
Life's own stance toward Man.

...and Kyroot said:

I sure hate to anytime, much less, too "oftime" sound discouraging in my notations regarding mortal affairs, but I must mention to you this....

for
your
own
good:

You can't tell which way the train went by studying the tracks, and you can't tell the final score by looking at the ticket stubs.

(Now that wasn't so hard, was it.....)

...and Kyroot said:

Can there really be "reasonable" new information?, revolutionary rhetoric radical
enough to immediately attract, yet still
sounding sufficiently routine as to not
seriously frighten the children
and the
bankers?

...and Kyroot said:

Limited, or controled reaction to criticism could be seen as one measure of a recruit's potential value to the cause, but the Revolutionist Himself must be far beyond its very call

When it comes down to such matters, the Real Revolutionist does not simply have an unlisted number,

Ha has
no
phone.

...and Kyroot said:

The Ruling Powres love to proclaim that, "The very idea of freedom is the
living strength of our People
and their government.",
which is always
a Top-40-Hit
with
tyrants
and
submission
loving
listeners.

...and Kyroot said:

If it's mere decency you want then, by god, it is decency you shall have.
(But don't ever speak to me again
about getting out of
the
charity
ward.)

...and Kyroot said:

Once you realize that something is correct, it is no longer of any consequence
whether it's true, or not.

The very idea of "truth" is
but a three dimensional,
disposable yellow-diaper,
and a verbal concept
the Real Revolutionist
should simply
abandon to
the wind.

...and Kyroot said:

It is not simply that the Real Revolutionist is "immoral" rather it is that
He has no time for mere "mortal" sins.

...and Kyroot said:

Knowledge may come and go, but ignorance is forever.

...and Kyroot said:

The Real Revolutionist would be He who might shout, "O.k., reality, do your worst."

...and Kyroot said:

It is the duty of all right-thinking men and women to apply themselves to serious physical disciplines and diets, and to take whatever strenuous measures may be necessary to see that health-wise, they bring themselves upto that grand level of feeling "O.k.", and
"Pretty good."

...and Kyroot said:

The Real Revolutionist's attitude could be summed up as being:

Rule or ruin;

Correct or corrupt;

Deploy or destroy.

...and Kyroot said:

To the Real Revolutionist, the infinite health of the bourgeoisie is a
breathing example of the term,
"The calm before the calm."....
(the
quiet
just
before
the
stupor.)

...and Kyroot said:

And lo, behold the very first appearance of a truly ingenuous political creature;

He cried out to the People, "Elect me,
and I will steal all I can, betray every
trust, misuse every power, abuse every
foe, and stay always just out of your
reach'- smiling."

He might also be the one to
bring-out the power of the
bullit-over-the-ballot, and
point out the supremacy of
"I-&-Me" over nuerological
democracies.

(What else is a Ruling
Offical-I good for
except to show
the folly of
trusting
anyone.)

...and Kyroot said:

From a certain bourgeois view, the People could conclude that Real Revolutionists
are the natural advesaries of the gods,
(but note here the possibility
of a most peculiar collusion
wherein one party is not
even fully informed
of the situation.)

...and Kyroot said;

And the day came that a certain would-be revolutionist decided that His knowledge was such that not only was He beyond the hold of criticism, but that He should cease even thinking about such things.

Being pleased with this decision, later that day He added "gods & religions" to His list of "things not to think about."

Then as evening approached, He tacked on "politics & business", and even later that night He added "sex & literature"

and the next morning He.....

...and Kyroot said:

As one rather "plump" monarch explained, "Look at it this way: For every gun and bomb we produce it's one less pound of butter will be available."

Hammering blenders into bazookas,
hot-plates into hand grenades.

(And the regal tailor
gingerly cried out,
"Better dead
than dumpy.")

...and Kyroot said:

One day the People found a broadside posted near the boundry-signs which they

immediatly assumed was from a

Revolutionist,

it said:

"I do not seek victory over evil,

or triumph over ignorance, only

the conquest of my own

ignorance and ignorance.

I do not seek the destruction of

your existing structures,

just mine,

so

STAND BACK."

...and Kyroot said:

While a member of the Military Establishment was crying out for ever greater armament expenditures, a Social Critic countered by declaring, "For every missile produced, and for every bomb constructed a hungry one goes unfed and a homeless one unsheltered."

The surprised General pondered this interruption for a moment, then said, "Ah, but this will all work out: we can all be seen to. We'll simply turn some of the new weapons on the hungry and homeless."

(And some still wonder where our new Red Circuit philosophers will come from.)

...and Kyroot said:

I once finally agreed to furnish a certain person with a three dimensional photograph of myself, but when they saw it they said, "It looks like an arial view of a mob scene, or two armies clashing," Then pointing intently at the photo they demanded, "Which one is you?" "No, no.", replied I, "I'm not IN the picture, I AM the picture."

...and Kyroot said:

Amongst the legion of horrors in wartime, there is, perhaps, no scene more
frightening, more detestable than
that of enemy frogmen in our harbour;
some with mines,
others with
clarinets.