Organizations operate most efficiently when under attack, or preparing for same, thus Men love to talk of apparent threats to their health, wealth, and even survival.

Serenity is a Revolutionist's game.

To a Revolutionist its all a matter of "never the less". No matter that

at eye-level things appear certain,

inescapable, preordained, the

Revolutionist sez, "Never the less",

and presses on.

A well placed fanatic is like a super-duper dominant figure, hence
his attraction. (Compare
with Man's concepts of
a god.)

If everybody's saying it, it ain't worth saying...now is it.

Everything's an echo of sorts.

A Man overly infatuated can't get off the train.

If you wanna get in some good practice for the Loud Screamers Contest,

get someone to keep asking

you if you're jealous?, if

you're envious? if

you're mad?

In, I suppose, some moment of unscheduled stupor, a downtown fellow once

wrote that, "Those who pass most comfortably through this world are those with good digestive tracks and hard hearts.", and for the life of me I can't imagine why Life's Chamber of Commerce doesn't have this placed as a welcoming motto on all Its City limits signs.

I'm not sure we were suppose to find any religious implications herein,
but a certain ole City sore head
recently noted, "Each Man's life
represents a mad rush towards a
place where he can just hang out,
stagger around in circles, and
spit."

Hey, don't laugh, he could be right.

May I suggest to you that vis-a-vis the general operations of the City
Yellow Circuitry that
you therein favor short
stories, and not lengthy
novels.

A few days ago whilst strolling along a rather dreary street in the City,
from a roof top I heard this
cry, "I no longer believe
there IS such a thing
as normality.", and I
began to whistle as I
walked.

That life seems so unpredictable, and yet not all that surprising to

City consciousness is witnessed by the fact that at the track there are fifty twenty dollar windows for every one hundred dollar one. (And, I might add, ten bathrooms for every one lunch counter.)

The past is where all those who don't "Beware of the blank-blanks of the mind" end up.

One sorta fine day Life looked upon the saying, "Misery loves company", and found it to be good. But upon further rumination realized there was room for improvement, and need for an up-date. So Life added, "Misery loves publicity."

Now its right.

Things that don't matter, shouldn't.

Never trust a god who takes sides.

When playing chess with a blind man be sure he's blind, or else be sure you forget he's blind.

While one guy was telling a story, his listener suddenly threw in a line of his own which caused the speaker to stop, and admit, "That's better than what I was going to say anyway... but hell, ANYTHING is always better than what I was going to say."

Only the strong survive and live NOT to tell about it.