

There's a certain nexus twix speech and reality appreciated by none but the Revolutionist.

•

A guy declared, "I'm not going to do something simply because of biological urges.", and a passing
Revolutionist was so staggered as He tried to contemplate the alternatives He fell into the foyer of a post-modern skyscraper.

Those in the City who take advice from their peers certainly NEED it... deserve it...will get it, and no doubt pass it on.

Thought one starry night I heard a Revolutionist tell some of His Troopers, $\hbox{$^{\prime\prime}$I realize that most of you believe I} \\ \hbox{have no interest in what you do} \\ \hbox{personally, but hey, I got hardly no} \\ \hbox{interest in what \underline{I} do personally."}$

If you're convinced you have something to prove, trust me, its already proven, and probably obvious to all but you.

and	Kyroot	said:
-----	--------	-------

Another nominee for the Safe Statement Of The Month Award: "I could be wrong."

And yet another father, as he prepared to send off his son to his first

City studies, counseled

him thusly, "To give you

some idea of what you're

in for over there, consider

this, the fight song of

most schools is,"We Surrender."

If you've had more than three partners die on you perhaps you're in the wrong business... (or standing in the wrong place in line.)

There's this other guy, just off shore of the New Herbrides, with a phone, who sez that you can call him up when you're out of sorts...(and he'll never mention suicide.)

The difference between a fanatic and a Revolutionist is that he isn't correct.

And the partners conversed yet again, "Hey, you can't HAVE it both ways."

Second voice, "If you're normal, you mean?"

"Well...yeah."

"Right."

One guy, out in ye ole City Park, by way of encouraging the spiritual philosophy he was touting, would periodically yell out, "Submit, submit...give in.", and sometimes when his halfsister was there she'd chime in, "You'll like it, I did."

```
A rhyme-a-day, & all-that-improvisational-stuff: Those on crusades, have had their days, (but\ I'm\ not\ a one of them.)
```

Just so's all my usual talk about the City doesn't get you down, let me

tell you bout this dude I met

last time in a small room; He

calls his best pair of dress-up

socks, "Ray & Earl", (although

he did add that these

are just nicknames and

not their real ones.)

Any guy that'll step right up and tell you what kinda guy he is ain't much of a guy... $\frac{\text{or}}{\text{or}}$, is "QUITE A GUY."

While in the midst of a difficult and painful endeavor, for encouragement,

a Man declared, "Well, I'll

just reach down deep inside

myself - WHEW!, its yucky

down in there, no

WONDER I feel so bad."

A dead tyrant is a happy tyrant... (that is of course, just one outsider's view.)

I met a fellow who says that one, among his several hobbies, is to introduce his neurons to some other new ones...have 'em make new friends.

At a City rally a speaker cried out, "You can do ANYthing you wanna do.", and a kid in the crowd thought,

"Yeah, 'cept what you

DON'T

wanna do."

and	Kyroot	said:
-----	--------	-------

A Real Revolutionist is a person who can stand on His OWN shoulders.