

...and Kyroot said:

All machines, systems and processes must have a built-in degree of suitable tolerance; a little looseness and room for slight movement of the individual parts.

If the mechanics of any living structure fit too closely, it could not move and grow.

Thus, you should understand, that from this viewpoint, there can be no "perfect machine", but always a matter of limited variations within known structures.

...and Kyroot said:

As long as you obey the desire to identify yourself with some group
of humanity
you heed the call to rest and die.

...and Kyroot said:

The world wide cry for, "more education" is but a mechanical reflection
of Man's destiny to extend the upper
levels of the nervous system.

...and Kyroot said:

As understanding increases, you begin to see Man as a never ceasing
growth process,
and your duty becomes
to halt all criticism
of life-in-action.

...and Kyroot said:

The ordinary nervous system consciousness of Man can study its lower operations, but the apparent "I" cannot so study itself.

One's
development
must rise above
this mechanical
level so that
the I-functions
can then be seen
and studied as
a lower operation.

...and Kyroot said:

I once met a cutesy little human couple who swore their's was the
love-of-loves.

She waited tables while
studying ballet, and
he laid bricks and played
his music in week end bars.

They claimed they were just "ordinary
folks"
except for their unequaled, uncontrollable
undying love. They said they didn't have
much, but they had each other, and this
forever, spiritual, extraordinary love.

And yet they still seemed rather
ordinary.

(But, I guess I had no real reason
to doubt them; she did have the
bruises to prove it.)

...and Kyroot said:

You can only be impressed with ordinary Men so long as you do not
know your own condition.

...and Kyroot said:

The ordinary often speak of a certain "inherent contradiction": in a situation, or idea, when it is simply that they are blind to some of the various forces and interactions at work.

...and Kyroot said:

The Few must make that which is presently too drastic

become gradually
believable via
neural overload.

...and Kyroot said:

I once was trapped into conversation with a so-called, holy man who did not seem especially pleased with my pedestrian and noncommittal responses to his bombastic ravings.

Following one such exchange, he stopped the dialogue and informed me, "If you, sir, had been better trained in religious affairs you would not have referred to this matter in those crude terms."

And I said,
"Well, I wasn't, and I did."

...and Kyroot said:

I once discovered two would-be evolutionary groups in the jungles near Growtalov. The first group studied apparent maps and imagined what it might be like to make such a journey and visit the secret kingdom.

The second group took a more curious approach: They began to "build a castle" at their present site to make the far-away land exist there.

...and Kyroot said:

If a Man could just glimpse the never ending flows, and interactions
of energy he could suspect how the
tongue speaks without a script.

...and Kyroot said:

Once, while passing through a small village, after much urging on the part of the spiritual elders, I addressed the people on matters generally related to the arcane.

After my little talk, one of the elders took me aside and said, "I know you weren't aware of it, but several times during your talk you used profanity."

And I replied, "The hell you say."

But he insisted that due to my fatigue, or from some unconscious drive, I had indeed, interspersed my spiritual words with quite profane terms.

Seeking to extract myself from further entanglements in this folly, I did agree that it was possible I had unknowingly let such words accidentally slip from my lips; I apologized and left.

(That's exactly why I don't like to normally fuck with these bat-eyed bastards.)

...and Kyroot said:

You must See that no matter your fine day dreams and splendid plans,
there is a "something else" that
ultimately fuels, or withholds the
power of locomotion

...and Kyroot said:

I once wandered into a lecture wherein the professor was unrolling a bombastic, garndious commentary on the little creatures, enterlaced with such pronouncements as, "As is an undisputed fact in the field, amongst all spiders the bite of the tarantula is the most deadly."

Afterwards I approached the grandmaster and asked him exactly "how does something become— a fact?"

He peered over his glasses at me with a surly expression and said, "I believe there has been some mistake here; the attendees were assumed to be only those interested in insects".

Not being able to locate my magnifying glass I could not continue the conversation.

...and Kyroot said:

Is part of Man's so-called progress to go from vague anxieties to
definite fears?

...and Kyroot said:

The Church used to say, "Give us a child for his first ten years, and
he will be ours forever."

Life does
this also.

...and Kyroot said:

The Few must feel and exercise total control over unknown phenomena,
(at least, banish them to either:

The O.N.K.I. File: Of No Known
Importance.

or:

The L.F.Y. File: Later For You.

or:

The B.D. File: Bad Dreams.

(There are other catagories
for those of a more
religious background, but
I'm on a profanity diet.)

...and Kyroot said:

On one of my numerous travels on earth, I once stopped for a while in a village of hard working souls whose would-be religious life was somewhat of a microcosm of humanity's in general.

Sensing some potential in these mortals I tried to show them that their ideas of a better spiritual state were all based on the assumption that Man had lost something in the past, and that so-called religious efforts were an unusable attempt to go backwards, not forward.

Well, they had a fine ole time laughing and ridiculing this notion, and insisted that everyone knew help and salvation lay in the holy past. I decided to try and offer them physical proof. I produced an old laundromat washing machine, talked six of the elders into climbing in, stuck in a coin and sent them back to the days before Adam.

And the result? After five furious minutes of tumbling, kicking and screaming, "Wheeeeeeee", a voice from within cried out, "Stick in another quarter."

...and Kyroot said:

A young lad once asked me, "Pray kind sir, what kinds of forces rule
the universe?"

And I asked him what
kinds he thought did,
and
he said, "I don't know"
and
I said" There's your
answer."

...and Kyroot said:

Late last century I was seated in a sidewalk cafe in Turkey when a man at the next table suddenly began to mumble and shake the newspaper in his hands. I went back to watching the people parade, but the mumbling and noise grew louder. The man leapt to his feet and began to tear the paper into shreds while screaming out that all of the reporters and editors were liars and fools. Smoke began pouring from his ears as he hurled the shreds to the pavement and began jumping up and down on them screaming out that you couldn't believe anything printed in these lying newspapers.

After a bit, when he had calmed down, I asked him why he read the papers if he had such an attitude, and he replied, "Well, you must stay informed."

...and Kyroot said:

Recently, a lad engaged me in talk, and disclosed that based upon his extensive research of all religious, mystical and occult studies he had decided that all of the famous spiritual figures of history were not super human messengers from the gods, but were beings from other cosmic worlds.

He
wanted
to know
if I
agreed.

I pointed out that it was a shame his education seemed lacking in the physical sciences so that he might consider the interchnagability of time and location.

...and Kyroot said:

If, as you humans say, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,
what would be its aroma if "smell"
were spelled, s-o-u-n-d?

...and Kyroot said:

Some years back, I stayed for a while in a village where the people showed an unusual ability to hear of ideas extraordinaire, which I periodically presented to them.

After several months of such conversations, a large group of them came to my hut and announced that they intended to replace their king-priest with yours truly.

I declined their offer and left the village that afternoon.

After my departure, their leader learned of their attempted plan, and with his personal warriors came after me.

The morning of the following day, they caught up with me as I strolled along, and the king-priest, who had previously displayed only kindness, leapt from his steed and demanded to hear what I had to say about his village's attempted coup. I pointed out to him that I had declined their offer and left.

All grew silent as his warriors
turned to gauge his response.
He scratched his back with his
sword and moved dirt around with
his right foot, and said, "Well.....
I still don't like it."

...and Kyroot said:

A mortal with whom I periodically met one day approached me in a
most forlorn condition, and said
he dearly needed to talk with me.

He commenced to relate an endless stream of hard-
luck tales about how no one liked him; how everything
he attempted came to naught, and how deeply difficult
it was just to keep putting one foot in front of the
other each day.

During a pause I told him, "Hell, look
on the brighter side: you might die
tomorrow."

and

he

said,

"It's always a relief to
speak with you."

...and Kyroot said:

What is it that you expect from an activity such as This?

I can say that all of
your worst fears will
ultimately be realized.

But what you don't now
understand is that these
worst fears are not dread
at all, but your salvation.

...and Kyroot said:

How is it that the Few attempt this miraculous journey into another
living time in the midst of the
ordinary world where no one else
is even aware of what is taking
place?

(And you sometimes
think its not
mysterious enough.)

...and Kyroot said:

Do any of you begin to slightly See and feel the necessity for group effort in
This activity?

Can you begin to glimpse
the need for a kind of
unknown companionship,
a
friendship
not based on ordinary factors
of one reactionary system
fueling the deficiencies of
another. Not of one
illusionary-I stepping on another. But
of objectively sharing the physical reality of this extraordinary
food so that its nourishment reaches the farthest corners of the
Group body.

Can you also begin to understand why I cannot deal with individual I's and the
expense of either overstuffing, or starving the ultimate purpose of This activity?

...and Kyroot said:

A few years back, while walking along in western Belguim, a young
man pressed a handbill on me
which read, "Love, love is the
answer."

I went back to where he stood and
asked him, "Then what is the question"
and he said, "Beat it."

(Maybe I should stay out
of Europe.)

...and Kyroot said:

One summer while on the Greek isle of Mitoma, I sat in an open air academy, joined by a collection of local scientists and philosophers who were passionately discussing the concept of "the real" as opposed to the "imaginary", and its impact on the life of Man.

The heart of the discussion was centered on the premiss that humanity was far too influenced by false, illusionary ideas, and imaginary concepts far removed from their fields of scientific study and analytic scrutiny. They seemed all convinced of a basic "reality" which alone would serve the ultimate needs of rational Man.

A mathematician arose and decried, "For instance, my colleagues, in my field we have the supreme proof of a basic, concrete reality — there is nothing less than zero"

As they all ponder this, I asked him about negative factors, and he surveyed me with some disdain, but replied, "Those we use merely as a practical necessity; they really do not exist, they are imaginary numbers." And I said, "Well?...", and he said, "Well?..."

...and Kyroot said:

In North America, I once entered a small bookstore, and in the rear found three young men reading through some printed collections of my words. I pretended to be examining a book while listening to their conversation.

The first man said, "This Kyroot is surely an extraordinary creature. He is about that very thing that we used to dream of."

And the second man looked up rather curiously and said, "I'm not so sure. at best, he seems to be somehow playing out for us in words the folly and misdirection of ordinary man."

And the third one slammed his book shut and declared, "He's crazy."

Well, I left just before the fight broke out, but it's good to know that some things never change.