

WORKING PAPER

APRIL 1977

I used to enjoy being alone. Alone to sit and ponder about the things around me. Now being alone has become an alienation, a scary place to be. The brief glimpses of truth ~~at night~~ revealed become grotesque in their nakedness. An hour alone turns into a horror movie a decade long.

Yet my mind seeks an answer, otherwise it would not take me where it has today. I have not doubt that what is sought is good. An answer to something I seek and cannot put into words.

But alas, for this I must pay the price. I must view the tainted husk that surrounds the kernel of good for which the mind is seeking. As Ecclesiastes 1:18 puts it, "For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

The mind is a powerful thing. It will figure out any problem the conscious self can present it, and it is at times like these that I wish I had not learned how the process works. ^(N) Therefore I see that blessed are the simple-minded. There is the real and happy world.

To answer my question, whatever it is - I do not know; - my mind leads me to the final answer. Without any conscious ~~&~~ control, the mind within has led me to places I do not wish to go, and has shown me things I do not want to see.

Yet, thro' the massive jumble of thoughts that are spinning within my conscious mind, the mind within leads. Where we're going, and what we'll see I can only wait and see. For it must rise to the conscious mind and the conscious mind recognizes one governing factor-time.

Hopefully, through patience will come the peace I now seek. So deep has become the pain of thought, that at present, I desire ^{peace} ~~it~~ more than the understanding, and the answer that awaits me at the end of the road.

① explained in a second working paper