

SEPT 1, 1960 (cont.)

I am willing to be "friends" but that word means an awful lot. Friends trust one another, would share all they have, would even trust their lives to one another. That is a long way. Right now your approach to me is as follows:

Another cultist?

a liar?

Incomprehensible?

May have to be placated?

Must know a lot more about him.

A guesser.

One who doesn't define God.

Maybe well-meaning.

One who "should" know whether he has had past lives.

One who "should" be able to push Richard Rose over.

One who "should" be meek & good-tempered (confusing me with "religionists") & meekly present my rear-end for Dickie's little boot.

OCT 10, 1960

I PRESUME THAT HE WHO KNOWS
GOD KNOWS EVERYTHING.

When (IF!!) you "work" with me you had better stop "presuming" so much & get scientific. Experience shows that you are wrong. The process is to UNLEARN not to "learn" & finally you finish up "knowing" nothing.

[Of course I "know" as much at least as you having read much, studied at college & elsewhere, and all that. Indeed you may not have had your esthetic side very well developed as I see nothing in your letters but a constant repetition of "how can I know the unknowable?", a little primitive mind-discussion not even deserving to be called psychology & much misconception of a quasi-magical nature about past lives, immortal bodies & what not. Alla podrida.]