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Our intellect is based on a miscellaneous grab-bag of assorted memory-junk & prejudices arrived at largely by accident (what we read, heard, saw --). We are not even properly programmed for our job like an IBM machine!

Yet these chance memories give the flavor to our "I" that we call "personality". [We "remember" things we do not properly understand or respond to, apart from certain useful facts.]

Thus the much-vaunted "I" is a collection of half-understood chance perceptions!

And this bemused captain controls the vessel we call our 'body'. He is only "conscious" a few minutes at a time during the day! Rulers of the earth! Voyagers to the stars!

(with a trail of empty beer-cans &, mentally, a cargo of aberrations, for  $\alpha$ -Centauri!)

I wish we were kinder to the animals.

I wish we were kinder to one another. There is nobody on earth, even Kunderdler, who will not feel one day his or her utter loneliness, utter insulation from any other human being. To avoid knowing this we engage in commerce (must work to eat you say? YES, but I have known millionaires go on working!) & fill our time with distractions.

The "work" I do helps toward breaking down this separation we human-beings feel. It is not necessary, it is only the impulse to defend ourselves, — we are terribly afraid of "coming out" just as ourselves & being stepped on!

This is a false fear. A lot of people, some professional speakers & entertainers, are quite "open" (cf Will Rogers), & I do not mean backslappers.

This "I" of ours has a better side of course. Its basis — apart from memories — is the strange "self" conception. This is a direct reflection of the One Self & it is this we can see in one another.

Friend,  
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