

I have felt that all existence

I have felt that the search for existence could be solved by a new word and that such a word could be the key to another diminution. The word equation. That basically means that all is the same; all is equal. That the between does not contain but is a part of the whole. That the heavens and space do not contain the stars, but that space is a part of the stars and stars are the between of space, if time is the going-between two points and space is between two points. Time is a between of existence and an existence is the between of time. A short time is the between of a long time. If space contains time, then time must contain space. Therefore if eternity contains our existence then our existence contains eternity. There is no concept of existence unless we accept these facts.

or for a guiding intelligence. This assumption I cannot believe.

I have often heard the remark after someone has died: "Well, he knows the answer now."

If we don't know the answer now we never will after death. Many times in my youth I have almost known the answer. In youthful contemplation I have trembled on the brink of profound realization, of verging on the concept of eternity. Those magic mornings in California when I would lie in bed relaxed after breakfast and my mind would dwell on the oneness of all. My exaltation was so great that I would feel myself being transported and I would have to check myself before going too far. Often I felt I was on the verge of a truth, a period of occult forces, although I did not believe in such things. As I grow older

I have felt that the whole of existence

Dryden preface to The Hind and the [xxx]

Conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man.

He is absolute in his own breast and accountable to no earthly power.

[these sound like lyrics]

something in your smile, in your style makes the living of life worthwhile

something in your glance when you dance makes me think of romance.

The music of a thousand stars were singing in my heart,
singing while the moon went by,

While a midsummer night's dream was all about me.

There's something indefinable about you.

The bioplasmic and hereditary truth of the individual should be examined before we can determine the social philosophy of any "ism." And when we have thoroughly analyzed the germplasm and the organism of human society we can never achieve any united front necessary to carry on the changes which our present social system calls for.

in the study of human conduct there is definitely no trace of the biophonic organism that exists in the ant or other hymenopterous species. True, there is a similarity between the social conduct of hymenopteran insects and men, but it is superficial and has nothing to do with the germplasm or the instincts.

I am man. I am element. I am the Universe, the Earth and the Heavens, the fire and the water, the light and the darkness. I am man.

I am life. I am death, the conscious and the unconscious, the possible and the impossible, the separable and the inseparable. I am eternal. I am man. Out of chaos comes the birth of a new star; into chaos goes the death of an old star. All that are dead are living, because all that are living come from the dead.

Life has a technique. There is only one way to arrive at happiness and that is to benefit others. Others' achievement alone will not give it to you. Whatever you achieve it must have the mechanism within it to benefit others. How many people have said to me, "It must be wonderful to make so many people happy." They instinctively realize the true technique of happiness. If only in our present social system the bankers and capitalists realize that they had the power to make a new civilization, a new era which would benefit all mankind, there would be the greatest happiness.

Constructive adventure that has the [xxx] beneficial to others is an avenue of happiness. Whether it be an exploration of the mind, an adventure of draught or action, dealing with spiritual or material things providing it is of interest—and beneficial to all mankind. The greatest heights of exaltation and joy are to help in the betterment of human existence. The acquisitive are never happy. They only cause misery to the majority and comfortable boredom to a few, such as their own relatives, etc.

[Notes]

I believe life and death are technicalities attenuated along a journey leading to an unknown destiny. Without death there is no life which is a changing form.

I think I am more stimulated by disagreement than agreement.

I question Plato's theory of oneness. Personally, I believe in twoness of existence: the observer watching the it.

How can the soul exist without environment?

All conditions of thought started by faith-mathematics.

All conditions of thought were started by faith; without faith in the beginning there could never have been science or mathematics.

Life isn't governed by noble sentiments, but by an animal instinct to survive. In this world, we do the best we can. That isn't true—our existence is a ceaseless struggle to ennoble ourselves (smiling) to enrich ourselves.

Would you say that of your life?

(he reflects) No...not exactly. Perhaps I use the wrong word—ennoble—which, after all is dramatizing ourselves.

[Life]

The light that denotes the eternal path of time. Leading into time. The ever re-occurring accident in nothing and what is nothing? The ever re-occurring in accident. Life is like a punctuation method of sentences which merely denotes itself. The draft of unquenchable desire.

An accidental light whose bleak rays are just discernable on the path of time.

Is not the conception of stillness just as mysterious as motion?

If death is everlasting, what is life? If life is everlasting, what is death?

The consciousness of me is not the real me. The real me is the one that consciousness watches and comments on what he does. The real me seems to me to be the untamable, irresponsible [xxx] that seems to only function with consciousness as its guardian.

Hope spurred on by the draft of unquenchable desire.

The real me seems to be an unintelligible mass of charged motion and action that has neither respect or regard for whichever it complements life with.

It has no discrimination for the spirit and soul that can develop a consciousness that will interpret its actions, but it will [xxx] its being, life force. A tree lives a thousand or four thousand years, an elephant a hundred or more, and a crocodile five hundred years, while man, the useful [xxx] unto himself, has only a short allotted time to express all the beauties there are in life, according to his own standards.

[Books to buy]

The Golden Treasure of Irish Verse, edited by Lennox
Robinson

Byron in Italy

Shaw's Complete Works

Life isn't governed by noble sentiments, but by animal
instincts. Under these circumstances we do the best we can.

Life isn't governed by noble sentiments, but by animal
instincts. And under the circumstances we do the best we
can.

Life offers no set prize for virtue.

Virtue is its own reward. But the reward can be very arbitrary.

I want to work in a play that has real girls in it.

[Thoughts]

What are the elements, the integers in clear thinking.

What are the principals, the elements, the integers involved in clear thinking?

Introspection, the comparing of one's self to others, without passion or desire, without superiority or inferiority towards yourself or the other person.

In the critical judgment of others, one must first ask oneself what they would be like were they in similar circumstances as the person they are judging.

The mystic urge to gamble is as deep in man as the instinct to survive. It is as much a part of him, and as unavoidable as all the manifestations of life itself. Metaphysically, it is a desire to project his calculations into the fourth dimension and to project his instincts into future time, knowing that chance is pre-ordained. As a result of cause and effect, man's instinct is a desire to project his mind into future time.

The sequence of events following through cause and effect pre-ordains the future and the metaphysical mind of man.

The mysterious urge to gamble is as deep in man as the instinct to survive. It is as much a part of him and as unavoidable as breathing, for whomever lives, gambles with life.

Within me stirs eternal years of endless time. Clouds and trees and mountains. Fire and water. All of which has converged into human consciousness, a phenomenon which has probably only happened once in all eternity, but having done so, it will continue to re-occur in the system of cycles forever recreating consciousness.

A phenomenon which was probably an accident in the beginning.

Our only hope in life is to rise to a greater dignity.

The salvation of man living in these chaotic times is that he will try to rise to a greater dignity.