

And that the appetite for mental and spiritual growth is something many are endowed with. In looking back upon my earliest childhood I had well developed tastes and antagonisms. As far back as I can remember I had an aversion to the powerful, to kings and princes, as well as a contempt for the coarse and vulgar. It was many years later that I understood the refined instincts of the peasant and that his dignity was equal to that of any king. As a child I hated power. I instantly felt it was a tyranny and a rebuff to everyone. That it was cold and insulting and annihilated all individuality and personality.

It is hard to write objectively about myself, but I shall do my best.

Orientation.

That is to say to dissolve that environment of ignorance into which I had been born. Those early years, many of which I seemed to be groping my way in a fog.

Groping my way through a spiritual fog of abnegation and despair that seemed a never ending sunless arena in my personal orb. Very early in my youth hope dimmed in my boredom. I was introspective and knew enough to realize that the lack of education that is of the ordinary grammar school was a handicap and of something to be ashamed and the three years I had of it gave me little assurance or defense against the multitudinous complex problems confronting me in

gave me little protection or assurance. I felt ill equipped to embark on life's rugged expectations.

Yet even as a child of five I felt an inner truth, something that was more conscious than were my actions. But this inner something seems always in conflict with the outer world. Grown ups seemed always to [xxx] it over with their own [xxx] confusion. It is difficult to explain what that truth was, perhaps the magnanimity of growing life—what the [xxx] thus in the past all nature must be. [xxx] something know no confusion no sorrow only joy. Sorrow and confusion were taught be by older people. As a child I knew nothing of values, all things were equal and good. As I began to learn values, and tried to make comparisons, I became unhappy and indignant.

Such a feeling was brought home to me after I had so suddenly made a flip flop from obscurity to fame one night. Someone wrote in 1915 that CC was known to more people throughout the world than any other man living—that such a thing could happen to a young man of 26 [xxx] a year made no sense to me, [xxx] no reality. That eventual journey from [xxx] to my [xxx] was an indication in my [xxx], an awakening. That made a profound impression on my character.

It all seems like a dream.

Every episode in my life has been like a dream.

The growing consciousness of children is a perplexing and unhappy experience. I can remember my first awakening to a world of trouble and confusion at the age of three. I was playing on the floor arguably unconscious of the animated conversation around me. Then I became aware that my mother was weeping and talking plaintively to her father. "Armstrong was a ruthless pig and a liar," my mother said. Armstrong was a lawyer. A few years later I learnt the significance of that afternoon of tears. My mother had just returned from court where she had been seeking legal separation and maintenance for the two children. I believe the court decided in my father's favor and she received a small pittance weekly which was only sporadically paid until it became negligible and my mother suddenly losing her voice and family became destitute and eventually

For a while she struggled along doing various jobs. She became a nurse for an American family until they returned to the States. Eventually she was driven to doing needle work, [xxx] shirt waists at 1/6 a dozen.

In order to thrive at this occupation one had to become tireless and expert but [xxx] success in [xxx]. 3 ½ dozen.

shirt waists in a week which usually necessitated working through the small hours of the night. Possibly if she hadn't had two children to look after, she might have doubled her output. I remember that in our one room in which we lived, the sound of that sewing machine would lull me to sleep. Often I awoke at midnight or in the early morning, to see her still bent over her sewing machine, her face highlighted and her back in shadow, working by oil lamp. I would lay awake quietly watching her until she noticed me.

her back in soft shadow, her face beautiful and intensely highlighted by the oil lamp close by.

Her face beautiful, intense and worried as she examined the stitching. Sometimes she would make mistakes and would have to pick out the threads and sow the seams again. The factory had made complaints about her work. I would lay awake watching her until she noticed me, then the intense worried look would disappear into a smile and a gentle rebuke.

that I must go to sleep. Sometimes I was given a sip of hot weak tea or a little milk (if there was any)

Sunday mornings I was given breakfast in bed.

In looking back over the years a shocking [xxx] occurs to me that most of my life has been enveloped in a mist of half-consciousness—a dream state in which I foundered without orientation.

Every experience I've ever had has been a disclosure, a signpost pointing the way to self-revelation and to that final goal which seems to me the elemental purpose for coasting in this three-dimensional vortex. Each disclosure, each revelation leaves me with achievement and doubt. For I feel that each day proves my ignorance of yesterday and I say this without false modesty.

~~If I can achieve this, I shall feel that my life has been a fulfillment and I say this without false modesty for I have little appetite for power or fame. For I can sincerely say that nothing is of more value to me than the full knowledge of myself. In that knowledge I can know also.~~

Thus it is my reason for digressing in order to follow these signposts that led an obscure youth with scant education and less social background to become one of the best known figures in the world and one of the most controversial.



[Cause and Effect]

I have often thought how much of mnemement has to do with the molding of personality. One must take for granted that a child is the sum total of its antecedents. Possibly many traits of its antecedents have been weaker through periods of mnemement. Then suddenly an offspring will through chance or good luck, flower to the [xxx] all the traits of its ancestors.

Observations

Men, whose minds are interested in pursuing the course of eternal truth have very little to say on any subject.

The man who deals in truth has little conversation in superficial talk.

[Notes on FDR third term]

Deep down we all have a sense of our own inadequacy about coping with life. It is something that all of us hide from the world yet it feeds the soul and endows our personality with charm.

It is this inadequacy I saw in my mother that, no doubt, left its mark on me, yet I have not a fear in this world, nor a complex that I would rid myself of. For my fears are also my defenses. And my complexes endow my character and personality with interest.

It is not an unpleasant feeling this hurt that moves through one's life.

[on the reverse, another page of dialogue between K and J]

OK

In evaluating one's intellect, as is characteristic of many middle aged men, one is horried at the recentness of one's ignorance of many things. It is like putting one's writing aside for a week, then re-reading it to find how appallingly it lacks coherence. It seems that immediate objective can only be seen clearly in the perspective of time. I often wonder how I ever got along in life. Having as a child no education to speak of and sporadic schooling, snatch here and there for a week while touring with a troop of dancers.

Thus in moods of introspection I have looked down the passage of time, to try and find those doors which open upon new awakenings and intellectual growth. So many of them were opened accidentally often were left ajar and others I naturally turned the handle myself. With all this in mind I have wondered whether life is pre-ordained or an accident—or whether accident is the working of destiny. I am convinced, however, that heredity in man plays an important point.

Up to the age of five I lived in a half dream world where all fantasy was credible and logic played no part and revelation had no backwash of reason. Conscious moments came like a streak of lightning. There it was! A cheery little toy, a music box. Somehow I was the recipient. My mother was present in the room. I took for granted she was my contentment—to which I would run from pain, a scratch from a button and a pinch from the lid of a box and [xxx] hugging and kissing.

I make no pretence of originality or of avoiding the commonplace. In the annals of literature I find little else but mundane [xxx] of the commonplace, scattered here and there, a memorable phrase. Such words or dictionary [xxx] seem to me superficial and in avoiding what they connote in one's writing seems to me a striving to be original, more than the fear of becoming dull. For aren't we all commonplace? Are not the elements of thought confined to multitudinous [xxx]? [end of page]