

I saw the extreme value of free will, and how in love we grant freedom. I also saw how with this freedom we could blow up the world. It seemed extremely important to vote for love, yet I could not see any of the mechanisms by which we do this or the results. Though puzzling, it was not terribly frustrating not to resolve this issue, as I felt something important had been accomplished simply by airing it. Perhaps more will occur to me later.

3. I dealt an awfully lot with pain, again without feeling any major resolution. The major thing seemed to be to simply accept it and ride it through. Coming out the other end was always euphoric, and when one was completely through it was ecstatic and worth any price. I thought a lot about Evelyn Underhill's chapter on The Dark Night of the Soul which I am currently reading, and seem to be influenced by in a negative way. It seems at times the great mystics created pain to prove their worth and obtain the prized goal, yet this certainly seems to me to be unnecessary. There is plenty of pain without creating any. Yet I did not get much insight into how I create my own pain. Simply accepting it and willing to be at home with it seemed the best. In this manner, I reached that wonderful place described by Gibran seeing that joy and pain are parts of the same life process, and when united with the whole all is joyful. when Peggy lay down beside my, I was filled with heavy, oppressive feelings. I turned and took her in my arms, and she felt clear and euphoric. The oppressive feelings returned, and as before, I rode them through. It was much more difficult this time and took much longer, but I finally broke through to the indescribable ecstasy of experiencing her Essence of Femininity. It was then marvelous to lie close together, and the music was breathtaking. (First Iren playing DeBussey, Music for Zen Meditation, Gurdjieff. The latter, soundtrack from the movie Meetings with Remarkable Men, was outstanding, and brought all kinds of deep realizations -- man's hunger for God, prayers are answered, etc.)

2 p.m. We are both feeling great, and sit on the couch together and continue to listen to music. Just before this, lying together on the floor, as I more and more appreciate the euphoria of Peggy's presence, I encounter a very deep fear. Again, I cannot identify it, but as I face it it dissipates and Peggy feels closer than ever. I then experience a very ecstatic pain, feeling the joy of being close to Peggy, yet saying over and over again inside, "Why does it have to hurt so? No answer. It seems to be just the way things are, and the joy is worth it. Food for further thought. Now, sitting on the sofa, I become aware of a very intense, deep anger. I am aware of my extreme competitiveness with men. Thinking about Gurdjieff started this. I realize I am extremely competitive, very much want to win, yet am afraid to express this openly and sneak around pretending to be nice. This is a source of a lot of my pain. I run through a fantasy of a duel over a fair lady, finally give up because I feel too old and tired to carry on, a great insult to the lady. I share this with Peggy. At this moment, She is feeling powerfully that she is God, and is totally filled with love and peace. It is here, like Tinker Bell; just snap your fingers and it is here.

3 p.m. starting to come down, but feel very much alive, a very strong, from the material. We walk outside, have a snack which tastes wonderful, and then enter a delightful conversation. We describe our universes. In Peggy's God is totally loving and accepting and forgiving, I ask if there is any pain or wrongdoing. For the first time we have a long, protracted conversation with out mind's really working, and it is delightful. It is the best communication we have ever had.