

A balance of the fears

There were times to me when people looked like crawling ants, always busy, eagerly trying, but still unable to recognize the greater whole, the structures of life. They were interchangeable as human beings, whose worth was only defined by their achievements, but not by their personality. And how I scrutinized them repeatedly, unnoticed by them, tested them and let them react in order to explore their inner condition, their potential for aggression, their humanity, their faith, and my assessment was only guided by the cold, cruel logic of survival. I experienced guidance and mis-guidance, recognized guilt and shared responsibility, worked on the prerequisites, fought against immaturity, saw the danger of preconditioning, hated the prevention of independent thinking. Then maturing into the abstract world of the structures of knowledge and discernment, familiarization with the language of metaphysics, philosophical encounters, always pushed by the desire to know more, then the dangerous immersion into mystics and Gnostics, but never too close to magic because it affected me in an adverse fashion, then logic, language structures, first stages of quantum theory with the re-definition of natural occurrences, first understanding of the relativity of all things, questions regarding self-determination, predestination, heaven and hell, cause and effect, time and space, God and the world.