

Am feeling too lazy to sanitize this very much -- pretty much what I wrote when I wrote it:

1. Oh gosh, it's pretty late to be starting this (5pm on Sat), but I did want to do it today...

Very generally, my life seems OK, but not quite right. I enjoy the moments, but have a general sense that the bigger shape is askew. My work life pays the bills and I am around people I admire and respect, but my work doesn't feel very satisfying to me personally, I don't feel challenged enough or engaged enough, I don't feel that the work is in line with an exercising of my full nature, capacities and inclinations. It's an old saw, but I often compare it to working at the teahouse -- how each day felt like a little piece of performance art, each interaction with a teahouse guest, each interaction with tea leaves or hot water kettle, an example of a way to live. Working as a web developer, I feel sidelined and have been sidelining myself -- I've learned a lot from learning to code, to be more observant (bugs), more precise and excruciatingly specific, but I find myself stepping aside so that others can do more interesting work partly because I can see that they really are more interested!

2. OK, I'm not sure this should count -- started to drift into something clear and open, but was interrupted by a knock on the door to discuss the laundry room, then again for another errand. Started to worry about how much time to spend since Mits wants people for his art event downstairs...

Basically, I'm not sure I'm in love with the way we interact with each other on a day to day basis. I guess I like people, but for the most part, I don't like what happens when people are interacting with each other. Breathing by myself is fine, great, even. There's a sense of openness, the inchoate. But talking is too often about explaining yourself (why the laundry room is messy, why I'm still socializing with your ex, etc). I guess talking can be good sometimes too -- the feeling of support, a new point of view, an energetic exchange. But I understand why curmudgeon-hood is such an attractive option to some.

3. (Having fun) Mits' event on Dec 2: <http://www.syntheticzero.com/events/index.php> : This was fantastic. This is how we could be interacting with each other and the world -- being here in order to be here.

3b. Dream: Was there wandering around a house at the beginning? Seems like there always is. This one had tall windows a few stories, I think. A cluster of us, standing in a bright airy cafe, Max's friends, talking about where to shop. On the ocean, casting down a net and bringing up dream images. It really felt like each image was its own self contained dream, and I thought I would remember them when I woke up. (NOTE: Telling this dream later to Glen, I remembered being concerned about fish in the water -- decided that the holes in the net were big enough for small fish to get through, but wanted to be careful about dolphins. So the dreams were dreams, but the net was real :)

3c. Sitting quite difficult -- thinking about interactions with people again. Very much feeling the embodied fact of all the little slights, defenses, embarrassments, etc. Only way through was to dive in deeper, to desire hell instead of heaven.

