

I sit here at my desk writing again, the pencil and paper so familiar, but always the right words so distant. I feel that to write is to walk on the sky — an impossible feat at best but a purpose hard to abandon. Now I write words meaningless, but continue in the delusion that they might not be so, or at least one day won't be. If nothing else such quill driving may prove to be entertainment in times to come, when, in more reflective moods, I could drag out these old parchments of my adolescence and enjoy the very ramblings that unfolded from my pencil right now. Perhaps this writing may even become a learning tool that in my more mature years I might use to discover my earlier self, and construct memories and reminiscences from my writings.

Of course, if anyone else might find value in them, I'd not know what to do — besides resort to fainting. I keep telling myself it will happen, it'll happen, you'll do it right; but I also find myself constantly discouraging my encouragement with curses like it won't happen, it won't happen. In between these perpetual occurrences I convince my self it might happen, might happen; but besides brief victories, it hasn't.

My main enemy is fear. I fear the prospect of letting even my closest acquaintances dare try to read my assorted writing. I fear — also — their reactions, and my reactions to these reactions. I fear that I might let too much of myself leak out to be absorbed by the paper of my notebooks and consequently the eyes of any readers. I should, really, console myself by repeating Teddy Roosevelt's maxim: Fear not but fear itself. (Or something like that.)

In any case, I find myself involuntarily attempting to write whatever I may, and since I enjoy it and am wont to think while pencil is in hand, and since it is a fairly harmless (though possibly deceptive) practice, I believe I'll continue to do so. It might even work.

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