



The parable of the Fireman

Two firemen go into a forest to fight a fire. When they emerge one has soot on his face and the other does not. Which one will wash his face?

The one without because he will look at the dirty one and assume he is dirty also. Likewise the dirty one will assume he is clean.

Author unknown

The closest I have gotten to white
lines

There are lost and
Lonely souls in every
Corner of the world
In every port and every
Harbour there are people
Looking starboard to the
Wind

Hokey Cokey

That meaning may
remain hidden nearly
all the time, but
we always know we
are close to our true
mission on earth when
what we are doing is
touched with the
energy of enthusiasm

Paulo Coelho

am I where I want to be? I think I am. There are many things I could
complain about. No house of my own. But if I was living on my own it
would be much harder not to get intoxicated and I think a rest from mind
altering substances is doing me some good.
I could complain that I have a lack of freedom. That I can't cook what I
like when like although this partly true. I am realising that I am me.
That it doesn't matter where I am or what situation I am in - as long as I
am trying to make the best of it in a manner which is true to myself that
is the most important thing. Trying to do good for others to show love in
the ancient terminology is also vital. Realising that kindness does not

In windswept baronness
Lies a beautiful openness.
The ebb and flow of
Timeless community.
In life and health a
Spirit sounds
Eternal witness to the tide



**A bow is the only point in a martial arts battle where
the combatants have multiple lines of symmetry.**

Progress perseverance playing the guitar. A reluctance to play with a pick as if by using a tool i am somehow making the process less pure. This goes against my normal beliefs and seems rather silly. I think it has something to do with the disconnection of the fingers from the strings. like masturbation in rubber gloves.

Someone with a a mountain climber narrative reality tunnel will meet other people with in this same tunnel when they are climbing mountains. They meet climbers and non climbers alike on the ground but whilst climbing they will only meet climbers. Likewise people who do not climb mountains will not meet people on mountains.

**Watching people on
tv grow old.**

Can a ninja walk up creaky
stairs without making a sound?

***Psychiatric medicine can be likened
to the practice of leaches in Victorian
times. When it works - the leaches have
done their job. When it doesn't some
other factor is blamed. In most cases
the patient may have recovered without
the leaches.***

Meeting my shrink in
The morning
Hope that she thinks I'm okay.
Try to pretend that I'm normal.
Hope they don't lock me away.

So I have my good days and bad days.
I over think quite a lot.
Have many unusual opinions.
When I am put on the spot.
Not sure how I should word this.
Unsure how much to reveal.
Tie my thoughts up with a ribbon.
Unjustified knotted appeal.
I want to give up their tablets.
I like to free my own mind.
Try to keep active and eat well.
Please don't think I'm being unkind.
I just don't don't like your system.
Want to explore my own head.
But if I did it your way.
I'd end up on leaches instead.

The scathing destabilising of ones personal myth is both eye opening and terrifying.

all one needs is the
“will to believe”
any religion that
worked for the believer
was not merely valid
but “true”

William James ***Pragmatism***

Perception of God.

God did this for me.

My prayers have

been answered.

Which God and why?

Economic Principles

*Unparralled quantitative easing until everyone is as rich as a Zimbanwain peasant.

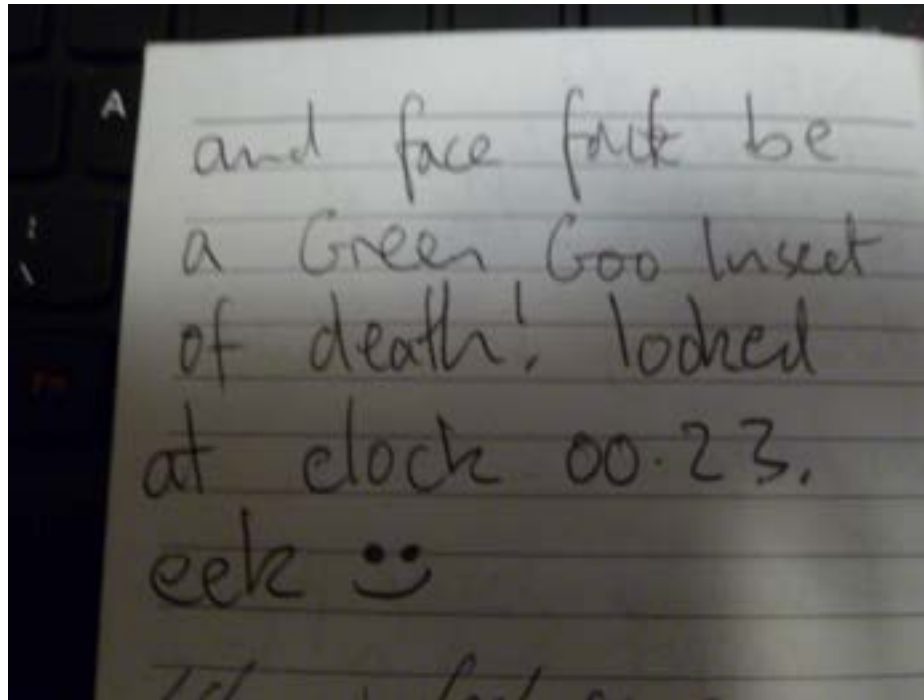
*Mach 3 razors for everyone (how many tons of oil saved on plastic?)

Avoid submarine cables with the dowsing stick of intuition.

-found a kids poncho wrapper and a load of dried nettles in my guitar!

reopened cosmic trigger. pondered whether i might have gone too far on facebook

and facebook be
a green goo insect
of death! looked
at clock 00:23
eek :)



Why i feel so queesy

about the post i made on fb about a salt shortage.

I appear to relish.

a) I feel that somehow what i write on fb will somehow come true.

b) The amount that have smoked and drunk compared to eating makes me feel queesy anyway.

c) I'm worried that it will somehow weaken the goody two shoes stance i took in my previous post

d) I'm worried that i may be misunderstood and heralded as a champion of all that's wrong in the world

e) I feel bad that i have such a lust for possible tragedy

f) I wanted to provoke reaction and debate cos im lonely

Dreaming of evolution of some type or other.

The fed house revolution?

Opened Cosmic Trigger

First there is a mountain

Then there is no mountain.

Then there is.

had been meditating on.

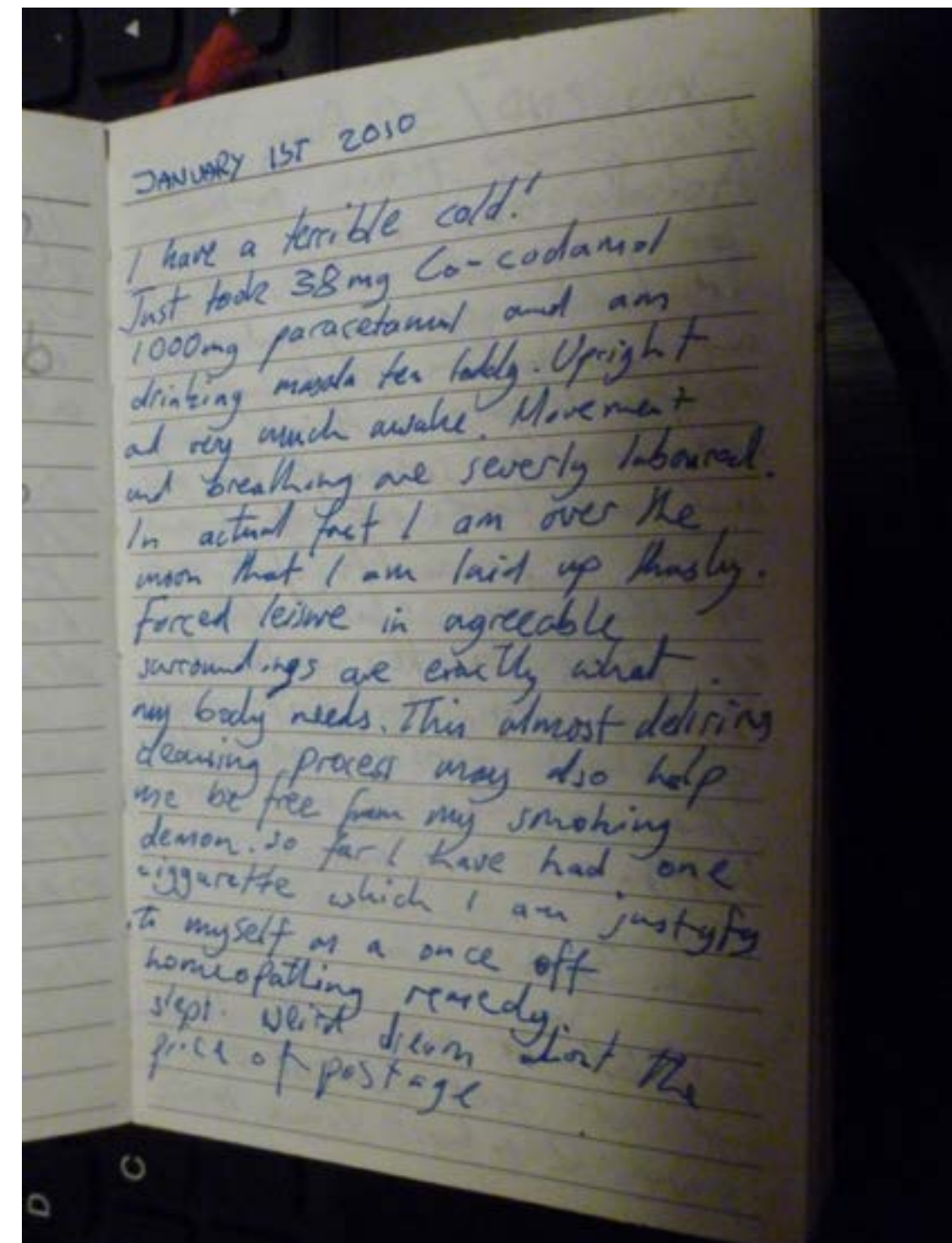
If you look into the eyes of the buddah be prepared to see everything and nothing at once.

Wondering about the significance of the pencil in the hand Wilson in drawing of him blinking.

Safety first

January 1st 2010

i have a terrible cold!
just took 38mg Co-codamol
1000mg paracetamol and am
drinking masala tea today. Upright
and very much awake. Movement
and breathing are severely laboured.
in actual fact I am over the
moon that i am laid up thusly.
forced leisure is agreeable
surroundings are exactly what
my body needs. This almost delirious
cleansing process may also help
me be free from my smoking
demon. so far i have had
cigarette which i am justifying
to myself as a once off
homeopathy remedy.
slept. weird dream about the
price of postage



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Jan 2nd / 30 Aug

Actually it's the 3rd, but
for pettyness sake i thought
id add yesterday and try
and rememeber what happened.
mostly sleeping i thnk. mum
wa ther for some of the day
and we have got all of our
what to do in life chart out
of the way. Wanted lots
of time on the internet
but won my first couple
of chess games agains
the computer so was reasonably
happy

Jan 3rd

Wasted of lots today time.
up at five. wanted
give them time to
mingle as unsure vibe
up wii playing fitness
trials. bonding reflections
coupleness. Straingng
asie tension. laughter
more searching. for my soul
behind a screen. I know the
answer to to come from
within but maybe a test
of mirror chimes is needed
to find the right solution.
serously considering moving
somewhere else. communities their
nice city vegetables and
goodness. will see how is pass
out. Still no keep fit this
year but also doing well

Jan 4

Dream. flying to russia
with. Too scared
to hang on to the outside
after the transfer in spain.
Stayed at home and regretted
it.

By what degree has my
spirit soared today (it
like a curse defines flight
and rotting) I have left
the house for the first
time this year. Discovered
that the police can be
very friendly when your not
breaking the law. My cough
is a ferocious as ever so
is easy to discard hopes of
steady breath meditation.

lost at scrabble. Thought Que
clinched it but he hit
back and A and left me
for dust. My hugs howl at the
moon. Tear diligently constructed
doubts hand in hand with a
hip generation and backwash
A restless feeling of divine peace-
fulness. My fate in my
own fay mechanism. Its only an
excuse for the things i cant
bring myself to do. Or simply
a way to steady myself until
directions are clear. A freezy
completed a yentard droop
descends on my neck as my
mind is stop.

What noises do the others
hear but only when

Jan 5

Woke up after more crazy dreams.
a big ship. Strange bedroom.
movement. Canal boat ride.
hairpin rollercoaster turns.

left the house tidy at last
chest much better and really
good to be out in the air.
the dogs are still lovely - they
are always so happy to see you.
mind wandering and reflect
to remember them. though id lost
sky for a few moments!
fell out with over a scrabble
game. went to check a whimsy
online a then tried to play
word with the same letter - he
threw the letters across
the room!

spent most of the evening
online again trying to find a place
to my soul to be at home.
In myself i know, with my deeds
sure. But we all need somewhere
temporalirllly and even famous
buddists agree that a place to be
ones self and a leisurly and active
steward of body and surroundings
are necessary

Jan 6

Today I slept. I slept like a
sleepy thing in a sleepy place.
The bed was so comfy the
couch so alluring. Didn't
really do any practice of anything
but my breathing continues
to improve. Just yawned - move
sleep then hopefully up early!

Slept too long too late again
the neon bliss of semi conscious
meandering is always too tempting
even when your thoughts are directed.
maybe especially so, towards stuff
you'd rather not think about.
glorious day. Started to walk the
dogs. Dad phoned, was stuck had
to abandon walk early and now
will likely never see the estate
in the snow. In the cover
snow, ice, dark and debate.
trying to listen and persuade is
difficult but challenging people
seems to be a reasonably good
way to seek explanation as
long as you are humorous
and not critical. Dad always
make me take a hard look
at some of my deeper set
principles. I find it hard to
revise them because they are me
set in stone. Is this looseness of
thought a cheap defense mechanism
? the inevitable now comes
before bed time. Why do you
have a lazy eye and no job?
i don't know how potish people
find jobs i say. Use your
half educated head says my dad.
"there's two worlds - the world
that everyone works in and the
world that everyone goes to
when they die. You want to

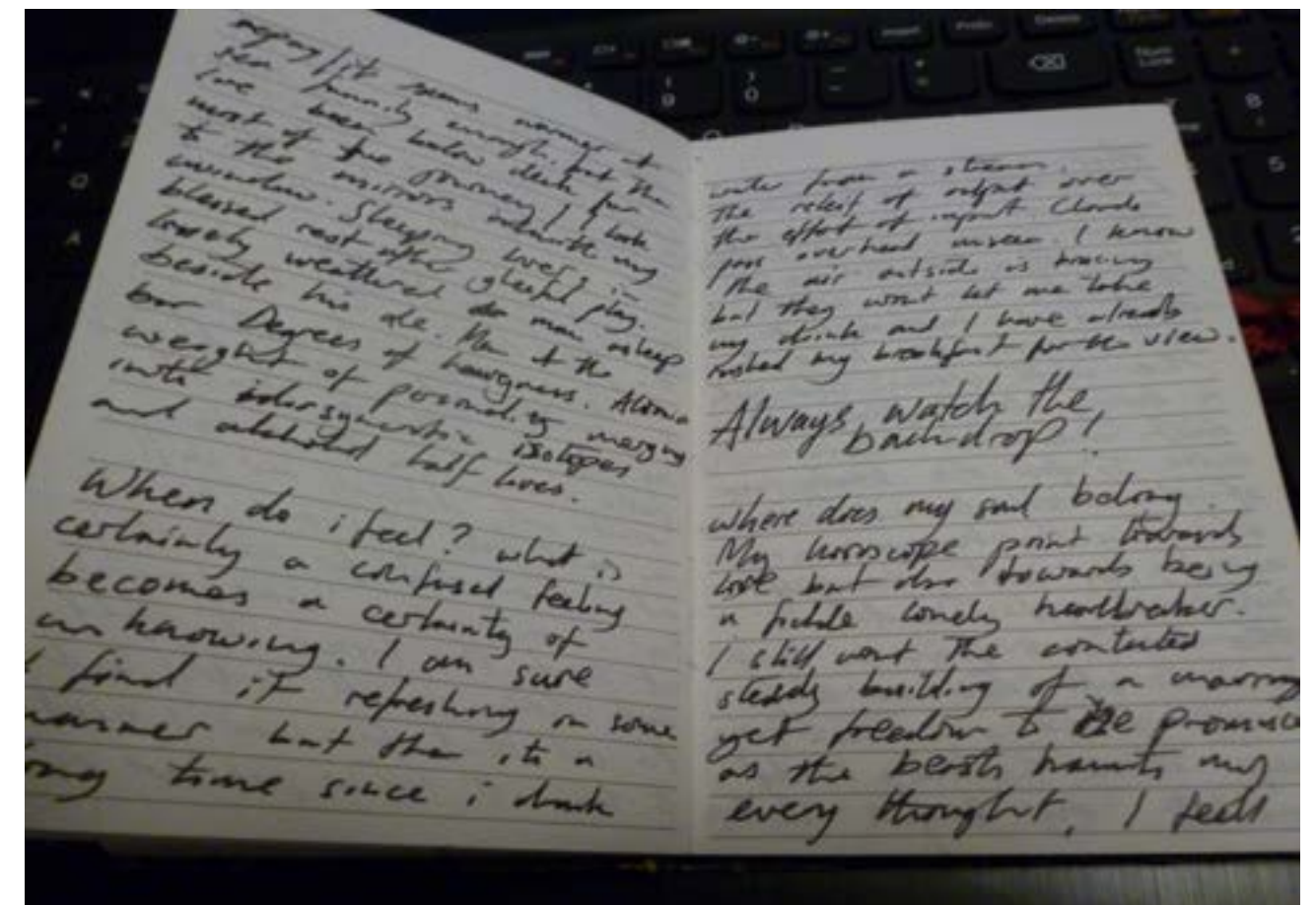
**go to a world in
between them
but you have
to go through
the working
world first!"
i can't disagree**

tonight i found a poem
in snow
hidden under the glittering
shell.
beneath the clothing that
makes bows drop.
astride the powder that
blows in fog
above the ground where
the slush meets the ice
nature is

Why does it feel
like my lesson in
life is that sometimes
you have to leave behind
things that you love. Jan 7

The Sea rage relentless on
all sides / But still in the
distance land be be seen /
the pacified violence of the
mountain shapes / it leads the
eye in the direction of myth / in
stories of old a mountain was
climbed / a forest discovered in losing
the path / the rivers and valleys
now frozen with ice / a waterfall
wax work makes mockery of line /
my books are scuffed my stomach
feels uneasy from the early
assault with alchohol but still
my mind feels clear and light
and I know that for now at
least i am heading home / maybe
not towards the house i would
have chosen in all worlds / but
the one that for now i need
to tame to realise, ubislier and
repay / it seems warmer at
sea funnily enough, but then
i've been below deck for
most of the journey / i look
to the mirrors outside my
window. Sleeping lovers in
blessed rest after gleeful play.
lonely weathered man asleep
beisde his ale. Man at the
bar Degrees of howgress. Atomic
weight of personality merging
into idiosyncratic isotopes
and alchoholic half lives.

Jan 8



When do i feel? what is
certainly a confused feeling
becomes a certainty of
unknowing. I am sure
i find it refreshing in some
manner but that then its a
long time since i drank
water from a stream.
The relief of output over
the effort of input. Clouds
pass overhead unseen. I know
that air outside is bracing
but they wont let me take
my drink and i have already
rushed my breakfast for the view.

where does my soul belong.
My horoscope point towards
love but also towards being
a fickle lonely heartbreaker
i still want the contented
steady building of a marriage
yet freedom to be promiscuous
as the beast haunts my
every thought, i feel
that i am betraying
people that are not even
aware of my feelings for
them. Every way lies madness
for within the maze lies
the only sanity. What
that is i am unsure
and keeping one hand on
the way seems like such
a boring way to play.
I must understand music
more. to feel the heady mix
of the intellect and intuition
blend in the harmonies of
mood.

***I must
look within when i
get there
to find what i need
to look
for.***

I'm mostly tree pulp
now and yet i don't care.
the trees are fine as long
as we all die so why
worry if we use them
to keep alive? Whisky swirled
among my tongue what
manner of bad grammar
is abound. The glide of ever
slippery ink in time
trip myself to think.
tick tocks the clock of mind
internal. hooray for hell if
that means lust. eternal passion
and crazy carpets. Now my
mind flits to a part in
k. i must find some
jesus butler before this free
association kills me.
unfettered - unsure exactly
the meaning of the this word but
it seems to relate to flags
in the wind somehow and
if i write it down
it leaves a space where
real estate is premium.
i have scribbled on the words
of the pastors of the
sheep. resolved to be unbidden
proper school for you demons
i exercise with drink.
a poppy shot to ease
the pain of wisdom down
the sick.

So what am i **learning about**

myself on this journey. that
i am a compulsive spender
with a love for fine whisky
but that's nothing new. Is that
by knowing i automatically
know others more purely
if i really listen to what they
say for it will have a
holding resonance within me.
is that what the crystals
teach us. That there are
infinite ways to build beauty
but that not all shapes
are necessarily available
in all colors.

Have written so much today
already. In bed now. Just spent
the last few hours on a
quest to finish a bottle of
brandy and to make a
geodome. It worked - lots

of undefined. Very **rewarding sense of**

achieved. Feel like I could
build anything. Bed.



Jan 9th

I'm covered in paperclips
slept till lunch but managed
to get up and on before time
over. A day of doting from task
to task. Feeling much more like
a designer these days. Ideas
seem to flow easily but it's quite hard
having no one to bounce them off
made a smoothie too. Seems to get on
better with. Has my soul grown?
don't know. Certainly haven't done any
real 'spiritual' type work. Design
though - that is a passion



Jan 10th Sunday

Slept so long. Woke at some
point with a dream that seemed
relevant but can remember very
little. Ireland being close by ferry
seemed to feature. Then slept

till about 5pm. **Ouch!**
Woke to usual dinner time drama.
Watched the darts final. Pretty
captivating stuff. Psycho intense
under light mind strain.
lots of fine stuffing. decided i like
savoury food better then noticed that
my handwriting is very similar to how

Jan 11th Monday

Dream about parkour on an
island at street level.
vaguely competative discussion
of "bind pass" moves with
another practicioner in semi
awake state. Already steet
course set up on leafy

boulevard with **beach like**

structures of **different**
heights and orientations.
no idea how i got there.

Did men used
to do the knitting?

*mental note. Dream records need
neater hand writing. Up early the
and quite pleased with myself to
be sliding around the ice covered
streets looking for work at
nine in the morning.*

some knockbacks. better humor
confidence and body language as the
day progressed. One nibble at a
a lobster pot manufacturer. Don't
think i converted it as best i
could but interested as to what
made the boss reconsider after
an initial straight knockback
Sat by a log fire of a hotel

filling in an app form being **too**
honest about my mental health.
i really wonder how small this
island is? Catch 23 and some
banter over soup making as
to the trials and tribulations
of nil sunday on the
island

sometimes when I draw
i scribble. ***Within the
scribbles is a picture
i want.*** I just don't
know how to remove
it.

did a meditation exercise
with a golden cord. Felt
very relaxed. felt a kinda rush
or falling of chas'r sleepyness.
not sure - crashed out
immediately.

Jan 12th Tuesday

the day. Slept late - surprised
more unremembered dreams.
clear your watch!
town first day @ chocolate
factory. really nice
very funny. born
to wear a tie"
supposed to do marketing
will give it my best
shot. should be fun will
need focus. Already some
ideas. Wasted a lot of
time with TV although
snooker feels acceptable.
sacred cord worked
problems with ear ringing

alot of **rumination**
about
how it must feel to be
healthy if anyone actually
is. Still not sleepy.
the **angels are**
so much friendlier
than jesus. Well easier
to approach anyway

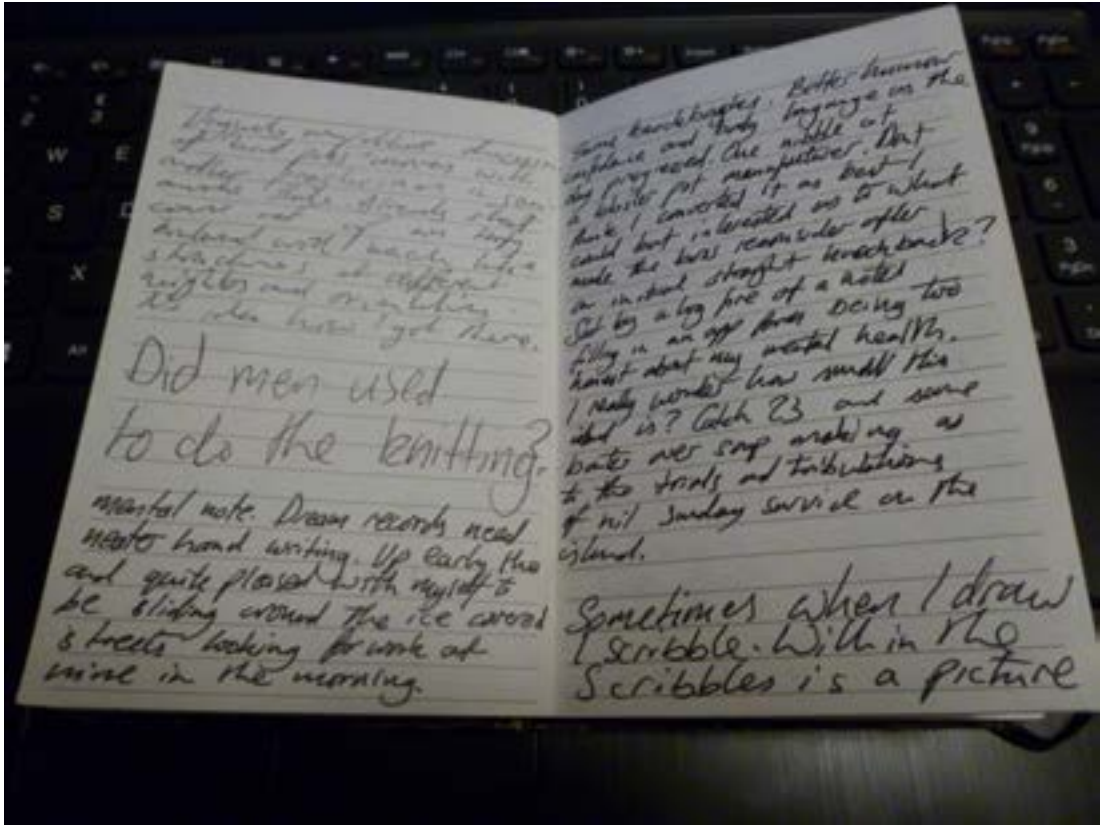
Jan 13th Wednesday

discussion about girl
did i say she was cute?
5 questions. She liked dogs

porta loo boss son free
over zealos cutting.
early off ants spore the
day

ski jumping

day. Work. Early tired
coffee. Watched joinery. looked
easy didn't think i could
handle dust everyday. love
the smell of freshly cut wood.
still like washing windows
even tho i often wonder and
wish i was doing something
else.



Jan 14th Thurs

very short day. Worked.
chat with always
quite mirror like but
still enjoyable. Picked up
by. Lift home.
so tired fell asleep before
i could do anything.
kept waking up with bad
chest.

this is late entry **designed
to restore momentum**

Jan 15th Friday

2nd day in a row that
ive had to write my
diary in the morning.
it shows how quickly
habits can be lost or won.
was more fairly uneventful
day really. chores and doctors
and home. helped with the ironing
in the evening and then to take
some mince out of the freezer was
ridiculous. Took about an hour cos it was
all frozen together. Sometimes wonder

Jan 16th Saturday

So hard to pull my face
out of the pillow. Just
completed a drawing exercise
design to get your perception
working and boost confidence
it seemed to do the trick.
gosh. I have a lot of daily
exercises to fit in. I really
need to learn to sleep less.
today notable for little really
apart from me undefined factory
to start exercising on the
lame excuse of some
superb snooker on the tv.
williams vs o’sullivan. I really
like ronnie “willing the balls

Jan 17th Sunday

Slept late. Went for run
after warm ups. It was
raining but i got further
than before and chest was
very and surprisly okay.
watched snooker final -
went to visit
stayed longer than usual -
watched antiques roadshow and
snooker. Old people are the same.
still bicker like young couples
slightly short with each
other but humorful.
wrote letter in french. was
tres diffcilt mais tres
enjoyable. Had to confront
feelings for a certain friends
lady. Still no idea - i think

Jan 18th Monday

just completed what
should now become my
daily excercise. today
i managed basic stretching
20 press ups, running 3
circuits with weights.
and a poorly performed untense
and some zazen. Managed
to move quite smoothly
from circular to triangular
visual with most clear triangle
to date. Dubious square. Feel mildly

nauseaus. **Today fairly
uneventful.** Shat myself.
cleaned up. Made green tea.
found five pence on stairs.

Jan 20th Wednesda

when will i learn that
masturbation always
makes you feel empty
it doesn't matter how
elaborate or kinky you
are or how great
the porn is. If your on
your own it doesn't
feel right.

didn't rain but had
been washing windows.
stretching easier buy
lackluster.

still not smoking
and saving meditation
til later. I stink of
shit and medicine!

washed windows no
complaints today. Had under
judged i think. hes
a fairly simple soul but
sympathetic to world and
hes been further afield that
my lowly self.

Jan 21st Thursday

choc factory during day. Don't
be fooled this entry is fraud.
in the evening i had a bath
and while i considered not doing
exercise reminded
me it was good so did it on
getting out the bath. Or was
that the day before. Who knows

Friday 22nd Jan.

**it's just not worth
writing anything.
Mostly
nothing happened
im sure**

01 February

Gosh how time doth fly
when you are having fun.
or just wasting time.
need to write this as expulsion
i was ill. Totally laid up
with a chest infection.
went for a rather long cycle
and discovered an old house
that was abandoned.
looked through it.
got back after
cycle and cold plus
over exertion means i didnt stop
coughing for days.

handwriting
has suffered gonna try that
double ff thing one more time
try put some ye olde style
thats it.



fell out with again this
evening. Still uncertain whether
i did anything wrong as such
this whole situation is beginning
to get to much though!
i cant work out if i need
to somehow rise above it
and stick it out here until
am prepared to leave with
everything neatly in tow.
or else should i just
take opportunity to run
while i can and sort things
out in england? learned
something about my temper
today. im quick to
snap when i feel injusttice. what
can i possibly give in th city ?
ut seenms tat most
my wants could found here
and id probably have a council
house by now if i wasnt so
bloody disorganised

if i learned write again formally
would my handwriting undefined improve
and would it lead to more consideration
being put into how i write. how much
does style have to do with recognition
of what has been written ?
everything of course

sometimes you got stuck
by your body. it will not
let you move - through
a chest infection say -
and this will often be because
you are exactly where you
need to be. sometimes you read
something or see something
and decide you like it's
style so try to copy it
imitation is flattery without
vanity

i so wanted to get away
to go east. to get laid
what i really need to to get up
of doors everyday and take a
run. i need to leave this
place soon and leave for
a long time. w go and
come back wil only
hamper me it that good

working with lobster posts
has given me hope. and fresh
insight. a chance to bond i never
would have otherwise

i had a spike
waved at me in a vaguely
threatening manner as the
man holding it preached to me
about respecting the rules of
law of the house and his castle.

**I never quite
realised the effect
my resolution to
never have to look for
a pen would have on
my life.**

*Should the use
of cannabis
be taught as part
of religious education
classes?*

As long as you still
feel welcome to overstay
your welcome then things
are still okay.

Instead of
begrudging the
humble miners
and dreamers
who's decision to
devote themselves to
a life of
the affluent
of society should
direct themselves
away from the
bloated and inefficient
practice of serious
large corporate style
charities with the
majority of
their donations
and instead focus

In a just and
tolerent world
people would see
the benifit of
talented an highly
qualified people
pursueing
their own interests
rather than wasting
everybodies time
fufilling virtually
meaningless roles

***@the acid casualty with
the digital radio dial
who found himself in
certain stations after
taking the bed of the
b-boy who would chant
123 Combine Harvester
in his sleep.***

This books for you.

