It's okay (I Guess)

2003 November 6, 12:08PM.

I have begun dressing the ash, but am quite disheartened today; I don't want to be doing it. I feel like my work is not 'good enough', too rough, or ugly... why this society, myself included, is so hung up on the smooth, square, fair, straight, even, and 'perfect' I do not know! I like things to be neat, orderly, clean, structured, yes — but why does that mean I should feel *this* incompetent when I struggle to make things so? Aagh.... As usual when I am in this state I have come to find solace in the internet (please note irony!), and at least the quiet of the library is nice.... I have been reading about the Inaccessibility of Visually-Oriented Anti-Robot Tests. Fascinating.

I love the physicality of woodworking, the way that it engages my whole body and soul — but not, alas, my mind. What I mean is that I don't turn to wood to be challenged in a cerebral way; rather, I find with wood a calming and a satisfaction that is on a wholly other level, more in my hands than my head. The problem solving inherent in woodworking *is* entertaining, but it's nowhere near the level I find in programming. Thus is the eternal division in my life... sigh...