Sixty Years of Journal-Keeping

Donald Richie

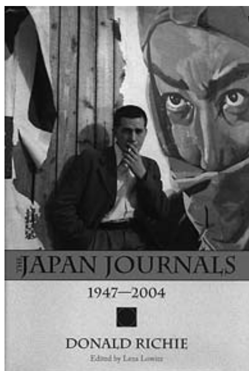
On October 14, 2007, writer, reviewer, specialist on film, and self-professed flaneur over half a century Donald Richie spoke to a sizeable crowd near Sannomiya Station in Kobe, focusing his remarks on the art of journal-keeping. Illustrated with quotes from his own journal entries extending over several decades, this article is an edited version of the October 14 talk. Special thanks to Cecelia Barker for her transcription of the recording.

A JOURNAL IS a personal record of occurrences, experiences, and reflections that is kept on a regular basis. "A regular basis" is the operative part of that definition. It's a diary. And people have kept them over the centuries, for all sorts of reasons: as an aide-memoire, as a kind of a daybook, or as a companion. No matter how you use it, though, basic to the journal is the fact that time passes.

The passage of time is a matter we commonly regret, and something we're always talking about. One of the ways of holding on to passing time is to transcribe it, and this we tend to do when we have the leisure or the motivation for doing so. I think for that reason the most common kind of journal is the travel journal—the travel diary, because we are observing new things that inspire us to write. We also have the time to write. We have a strong sense of transience, and stopping time in its tracks being one of the things we want to do, we have the motivation to preserve the moment and at the same time to somehow or other maintain "us," the observers—we know we are there. If we don't keep a journal, or something like it, very often we are not exactly certain if we were there or not.

A journal also helps to create a self on the page; the fact that it is written down validates the self. So diaries in this sense are special pleadings—of innocence, usually. They present a self, and then they try to defend it. Most diaries would fit

© 2007 Donald Richie



into either or both of these categories. If you are interested in what is happening outside of you, rather than inside of you, then you would follow the journals of Darwin, for example, or the journals of Churchill, the journals of James Boswell. They preserve this outside view of things in all of their vanished variety. However, if you are going to view the inside, then you would read diaries like those of Byron, those of Katherine Mansfield, or those of André Gide, that support the inner view in all of its fascinating complications. Other journals mix inside and outside.

That last is my method, to the extent that I have any method. I have gotten so used to describing my times in various ways that it wasn't until fairly recently that I realized that I was also at the same time describing myself—not so much as I happened to be, but myself as a kind of observer. That is one of the things about being an expatriate: you are not only invited to, but you are forced to discover yourself, or to invent yourself as an observer, and one of the ways is through the journal. Here's an early example—from January 1947. I'm talking about the Ginza. I'm talking about 60 years ago when the city had been completely destroyed. And I looked around me and I wrote:

> At the crossing there are only two large buildings standing, the Ginza branch of the Mitsukoshi Department Store, gutted, hit by a firebomb and even the window frames twisted by the heat. Across the street is the other, the white stone Hattori Building with its clock tower, its cornices, and pediments. It's baked the color of bisque. Otherwise block after block of rubble, stretching to the horizon . . . And the people . . .

> How quiet this crowd is. The only sounds are the scufflings of boots, shoes, wooden sandals. These, and the noise of the merchandise being picked over, picked up, put down. And the faces. Over a year has passed since the unthinkable occurred, and the unendurable is still being endured. I'm regarding a populace yet in shock. There's an uncomprehending look in the eyes: it is the look one sometimes sees in the eyes of children; or the very ill; and in the eyes of convalescents as well.
>
> (Extract—1947: Fuji from Ginza. *The Donald Richie Reader*, p. 25)

This comes from a very early entry, and you can see what I am attempting to do here. I am trying to describe an extraordinary sight, a collision of civilizations the like of which nobody had ever seen before. I am trying to draw views from this. But also, when I read it now, I can catch myself doing more than that. I am trying to create the kind of person who looks at these things, the sort of person who would think this important enough to be put down before it disappears forever. So these lines not only carry what I would see, but they also begin to intimate the person who's seeing it. By the following spring, we are still in 1947, and that developing persona (I guess that's the word for it) had evolved to the extent that this entry was possible:

> Back then there were signs all over the place, in capital letters, in English, put up by the occupation authority, which said NO FRATERNIZATION WITH THE INDIGENOUS PERSONNEL. You were not supposed to talk to the Japanese. You were not allowed to learn Japanese. We were to be a separate civilization within the Japanese civilization that had lost the war. But . . . Despite the MPs, there is an amount of fraternization, even an amount of unofficial fellow feeling. . . .
>
> (*Donald Richie Reader*, pp. 29ff)

Here I am working at *Pacific Stars and Stripes*. When I originally came here, I was working as a typist, because one of my accomplishments was that I was a typing champion in Ohio. This is not an accomplishment of which I am very fond, and I've always tried to evade all of its implications. But it got me a job—I came to Japan as a clerk typist. But then I started to want out of it, and one of the ways I got out of it was by working at *Pacific Stars and Stripes*. And there I had a lot of access to information that I hadn't had before about things that had happened, things I could project onto my own picture. For example, there's the photos I saw at *Stars and Stripes*, taken around Ueno Station a year and a half before:

There, sitting or lying down, are some thousands of the hungry homeless: men, women, a few children, on straw mats or on the bare concrete. They're being inspected by two bespectacled policemen wearing mouth masks. Many of the people are dirty, and all wear remnants of what they had once owned during the war. Cracked shoes; torn blouses; battered hats; buttonless shirts. But no one looked sad. . . .

[*The Japan Journals*, pp. 9ff]

What I was trying to do was to capture the very feeling of a time that was going so fast that every day was different from the day before. Catching the evanescent is a great Japanese pastime, and I didn't know how Japanese I was when I was doing this, but it seemed to me important that what was passing be captured. I have always been interested in cameras, and I have always liked movies, so maybe this came as a natural thing—to try to stop time before it went away.

In any event, I'm going to skip a decade here, and now it's 1958 or 1960, in my neighborhood—I lived in Roppongi back then. The scene has changed, but also, less noticeably, so has the viewer. If you noticed the tone, which is frankly elegiac, in those earlier passages—well, a year later the tone has changed.

I am taking a bath. [This scene is in my neighborhood bath in Roppongi in 1960.] They're all more or less alike, these baths, one to every neighborhood. There must be thousands in Tokyo. Large barnlike building, tall chimney attached, which begins smoking about two in the afternoon and continues to midnight . . . But it's nice in the bath, and this is quite enough. You sit back and scald. It's relaxing. Perhaps that's why in the bath and turning lobster red, the Japanese will say things they would otherwise not. Perhaps this is why one can always hear gossip, neighborhood gossip, in the bath. . . . my grocer turned to a neighbor and said, "And that foreigner, the one with all the hair you know, he never pulls down his blinds. Well, the other night . . ." And just then he saw me bending forward with interest. I wanted to find out what had happened just the other night, but he sank deeper into the hot water until just his eyes showed. . . .

(TJJ, 10 March, 1960, p. 129)

You can see what is occurring here is that the persona is growing; the person who wrote the first entries is a bit different from the person who wrote these. What is interesting about him is that he was able to put together the two ways of regarding outside self and inside self and to get some kind of social insight into this. I don't think he intended to do that; he was just lucky enough to achieve it. Here for example, another decade has gone by and we're looking at it from a different angle, a much more acute angle than we had before. Here's Sunday in May, in 1978, at a flea market:

> There spread on the plaza is all that's left of old Japan, battered remnants from the Tokugawa, from Meiji, from Taisho, from early Showa, war medals from the long-dead, an old doll, face cracked, bad prints, lots of late blue and white, some rare Mickey Mouse shards. It's as though there's been a pre-war explosion and this is the debris. Like that, except for the prices! Tens of thousands of yen now for old sword guards. Ten years ago the price would have been mere hundreds. The inflation of scarcity and the boom on history. Lots of customers, mainly young Japanese, picking through the ruins of their traditional culture. And not even recognizing it. It's like a sale of foreign objects. . . .
>
> (TJJ, 28 May 1978, p. 168)

Let's jump ahead. We're now ruminating on the first of October, 1988. Again, I would invite you to observe not only the changes in the view that these journals provide, but also the changes you will infer in the writer himself:

> I know Japan has changed. What I thought never would. One of the reasons for spending my old age here is gone, never to return. That's the possibility of meeting a stranger and making a friend. Right there, right then. Forever. Oh, meeting strangers is possible enough, indeed all friends are initially strangers. But it is no longer possible to enter that sudden intimacy, which was once so much a part of the charm. The reason is that the attitude toward me, or toward any foreigner, has changed. It's because we're not needed any more. No one has any use for us. They do not see trips abroad in our eyes. These trips are something that they can themselves afford nowadays. And there are so many of us. We have become so common. . . .
>
> (TJJ, 1 October 1988, p. 211)

This is one of the early indications that the past can't continue, that it does change, that there is nothing you can do to stop it. All you can do is accommodate it with your attitude toward it. Two days later, there's another apocalyptic vision:

> A good long time now, he lies in the center of the city, dying. Very old, very strong. Whoever would have thought that that skinny old man was such a laster? And last he does—day after day—his doctors pumping blood into him as fast as it leaks out.
>
> Hirohito has not a secret left. We not only know now about the rectal discharges, we now know their temperatures. An avid audience, about a hundred million people, take in the enormous amount of information the media churns out. Important TV broadcasts are interrupted to give us this latest non-news. All for this frail, limited, stubborn, little man. On the other hand, I too can get a cheap thrill out of it: the longest reign in recorded history is about to end. . . .
>
> (TJJ, pp. 212–13)

However, despite this, the world did not end, as you know, and life went on. And the next thing that happened is that affluence struck. I doubt any of you

were here during the beginning of what is now dignified as the Bubble Years, when all of a sudden Japan's influence, as well as its bank account, grew astronomically. Here's a scene from it.

> Go get a haircut. My barber shop, the Ogawa in Shinjuku's "My City," is expensive enough that it's grand. Boys in attendance to bring things and take them away at a gesture from the head barber. Barbers calling each other *sensei*, flourishing with hot towels, or in convergence over a difficult head of hair.
>
> While my *sensei* snipped and combed and I faced the large mirror and watched the goings-on behind me, I was reminded of the Utamaro, an even more expensive bath cum brothel in Kawasaki in the old days. One was met there and bowed at and the girls were forever having conferences, and probably calling each other *sensei*.
>
> It was most striking, this similarity, [particularly] when a new customer was brought in. Here at the Ogawa there was the same subservient leading gesture, the same fuss getting the patron seated, the same airs and graces with towels and scents. The girls [of course] had no choice over whom they got, and so one saw a wry smile or an almost invisible shrug. Looking in the mirror, too, I now saw the same thing. A barber [that I see in the mirror behind me] made a small moué while escorting in a thug with an unkempt *punchi parma*, that permanent wave so notoriously difficult and time-consuming to be set. . ..
>
> (TJJ, 14 May 1989, p. 217)

While this is going on I am also evolving the persona, which if you read the published journals you can practically see evolving on the page. A year or two later, look at the difference in the tone:

> In the train, I look at my fellow passengers. The public Japanese now has an indrawn look. Like an indrawn breath, it means caution, reserve, care, and fear. To be sure, anybody staring about at the rate that I do would everywhere encounter this kind of retreat. Still, some people (young, usually) behave that way with each other. Eyes do not meet, they slide away, glances rolling over and out.
>
> It didn't used to be that way. People were openly curious, frankly stared, and if you smiled, they did, too. Not now. You smile, and they turn away, fearful that this is the prelude to some unwanted intimacy. I can hear their mothers indoctrinating them over and over again. "Abunai," comes the maternal tone. What a loss. Is it always lost in rich, First World countries like the USA? Is it only to be found in the third, like friendly Thailand? Is prosperity really a plague? Is Rousseau right?
>
> [TJJ, 15 May 1992, p. 281]

You will notice that the writer is permitting himself more and more speculation. That is, not only is he connecting—trying to give you the past as it was—he is also looking at things in the future. At the same time, he is also in a position

to give you the benefit of the fact that he's been here quite a long time now, and can start putting things together. Here's an example:

> I notice in the subway an advertisement for yet another revival of *A Chorus Line*. Why is this musical so popular here? It's revived more than any other. And then I realize of course that it's about a group. It's just like *The 47 Ronin*. It is a collective story. And that is the enormous appeal of it here. But only if it is done reverently, as indeed *A Chorus Line* is always done here, quite reverently. It has to be reverent. I remember the frowns I met with when I suggested some years ago to a local dramatic group that I write a play to be called *The 48th Ronin*. About the one who arrived late—overslept, alarm didn't go off, hangover or something… Complete disapproval.…
>
> [TJJ, 12 November 1992, p. 291]

And then of course, as you know, the Bubble burst, and prosperity was for a time shredded. Here are some scenes from this catastrophe:

> I went back through noisome Roppongi. Not much to do; no money. The employees in the various discos, clubs, bars, now on the street, handing out advertisements, soliciting. Many are foreign, cheap labor. Big, jovial blacks from Senegal, Jamaica, Alabama. Pale, supercilious blond models from Sweden and Minnesota. Middle Eastern men in turbans, Mexicans in sombreros, all handing out flyers to the passing crowds. A pretty white girl with big eyes and a ponytail offers me one of which is printed, "Club Pretty Girl. 1 hour. Only 10,000 yen. Including first drink." "You people must be hurting bad," I say. "They've put you out on the street." Then she smiles, and says, "That's right, but you know what? I'd rather be out here catching cold on the street than in there getting felt up. And the pay's the same. . . ."
>
> [TJJ, 18 December 1995, p. 356]

> I come back late . . . The back streets of Ueno are awash with beautiful young women, all in epaulettes, monograms, brocades, miniskirts, that signify the *mizushobai* service industry of the downtown. Usually the sight is hidden away in bars and clubs named You, and Etoile, and Hope, and costs an amount of money. Money is now not to be had, however, and so they have come outside, like exotic insects from under their rock, and—much ill at ease in their indoor finery—stand in the open night air, hand out leaflets, and cajole.
>
> They are joined by the homeless who are bedding down for the night, on cardboard in front of banks, or curled up in the little niche by the porno. A piquant combination: long tanned legs next to dirty shoes and sockless feet; much-brushed hair, stained fashionable mahogany or deep maple, side by side with dirty, lank, infested strands; the smell of Chanel mingling with that of the rotgut that the homeless take to put themselves to sleep. . . .
>
> [TJJ, 10 September 1996, p. 384-5]

The effects of the coming prosperity—of simple technological change, which indeed created much with it—have begun to take their toll. I look around Ueno and I say:

> I . . . listen to people talking on their cellular phones . . . These focus all attention in the ears rather than, as is customary on the street, in the eyes. The users do not realize that they are spilling their lives into the ears of the passers-by, and if they did, they would not care. I loiter near to hear what they are saying. They pay no attention. Besides, if they do notice they merely see a foreigner and foreigners are famous for not knowing the language. So I feel a little like Siegfried in the forest—understanding the language of the birds. . . .
>
> [TJJ, 15 December 1996, p. 390]

> On the way home, I bought a Big Mac Juicy Double Burger. And I sat in the park to consume it. And as I did so, I was aware I was being looked at. Glancing around, I could see no one, but then I noticed near me an inhabited cardboard box. In it was a man regarding me. He did nothing but look. He did not lick his lips, or hold out his hand. (The homeless here never beg, they simply sit, and slowly die.) So I handed him my Big Mac Juicy Double Burger, one bite taken out of it, and he took it and retired into his box. And I suddenly remembered fifty years before, in front of the Ginza Hattori building, now Wako, then the PX, making an identical gesture with a bitten hot dog. I was then twenty-something, and he was about five. Now, I'm seventy-something and he's in his fifties. Nothing has changed except everything."
>
> [TJJ, 31 May 1997]

Writing journals not only gives you what you see when you look at things, but also the changes that it creates in yourself. You stop time and have a sort of collection of your past with you. People who see the amount of stuff that I have written sometimes wonder, first, why I've done it, and second, how I've done it. The first question is a difficult one, and I would leave it till last. I think I would like to talk about the second—about how it is done. How do you manage to write a lot, when many of us have had the experience—myself included—of knowing how difficult it is to write at all.

Somebody once said to Hemingway, "How do you write?" And he was not being facetious when he said, "Well, you pick up the pencil. That's the hardest part." And so it is. The hardest part is to put the piece of paper in the typewriter. The hardest part is to turn on the computer. Once you've done these things, once you've committed yourself to this path, every step becomes easier.

A lot of people say, "I'm not inspired; I would never have the inspiration." Well let me tell you, there is no such thing. If you wait for inspiration, you'll never be inspired and you'll never write. Inspiration is earned, when you create it yourself, by picking up the pencil, and by turning on the machine. Once you've committed yourself to this, then something will follow. Try to imagine a big ball

of yarn, and you want to know what to do with it. Simply pull a loose end and you will see what happens. Another metaphor often used when you write, is that you put a bucket down a well. And you then wind the bucket back up again and then you see what it has brought up from the depths of the well. It's usually slimy and unsightly, but nonetheless, you are supposed to go through this and make your choice of what you've found, make some way to make a pattern out of this. As I say, once you have made a beginning, then you can do it.

And in the meantime, your path is strewn with things that will keep you from it. Virginia Woolf used to say that the thing that really got in her way was the temptation to dally. She would write a paragraph in *Mrs. Dalloway* or *To The Lighthouse*, and then she'd suddenly remember that the cat hadn't been put out, or the dog hadn't been fed, or that a plant needed to be pruned. And she would give in to this temptation to leave her work, and of course once you've left your work then it's just as hard to get back into it again.

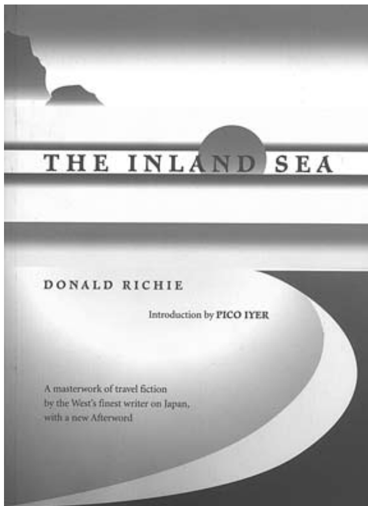
Proust, who certainly knows about all this, said that the thing that really bothered him was the temptation of boredom. You're writing along, then you read what you've written, and you think, "Who would want to read this?" But that, says Proust, is not the way to do it. You should never make judgments about your own work. It's like a mother looking at her baby: if she looked objectively at that squealing little bundle of meat, she would want to put it back in again! Divest yourself of emotionality toward your creation, says Proust. You should save these feelings for the time when you are editing the thing.

A lot of writers divide the writing process into two extremely practical steps. This is what I do, too. One is the more or less unconscious step, putting down the bucket or whatever, and finding out what's going to come up, what you're going to write about. Doing the writing is often like going to the toilet or throwing up, or something like that. Once that is finished, then you—what I do—is put it away. I put it in a drawer for a night, and if I think about it during the night, then I think that the first thing I'll do is throw that in the wastebasket. But as a matter of fact, I'm a different person in the morning. And then I look at it, and I think, "This is not bad. . . why did I think it was?—No, if I change this. . . !"—and I get interested in the editing of it. So you have two processes: one is the discov-

ery, and the other is the editing. I fall in love with the editing process; that's the most fun. The most painful is getting it out. So you work over that, and then finally you make something that you can approve of, the day after tomorrow, or the year after tomorrow. Or forever.

It's a difficult thing, writing. Some authors have used talismans, magic. Auden, for example, liked to have apples rotting in his desk drawer. There's no telling why. But why's not the interesting thing. The interesting thing is that they do it at all. Whatever it was, whatever that rank aroma was, accounts for some of the excellence of Auden's poetry. Somebody once told me—I don't know if it's true or not—that D. H. Lawrence wrote with his flies open. Given the results, that's possible, I suppose. It's clearly magical.

Another way you can help yourself is by deciding who you are. I don't mean this in any psychological or metaphysical fashion; I mean: are you a lark or an owl? I was born a lark, and I am going to die a lark. I wake up in the morning and I'm ready to go. I was married for five years, and I married an owl. And so I'd be up, but there she was, still in her bedroom slippers. And then in the evening, when I wanted to listen to music, or just read something, or just go to sleep myself, then the owl would be ready to go to her own work. We almost never saw each other. During the daytime, she wasn't there; and during the night, I wasn't there.



So you have to decide what kind of a creature you are, and then take advantage of who this is, and you turn it into a habit—writing. In the case of writing, I say that you should treat it as a natural function. Your daily elimination, for example—that's a habit. You're not really in charge of your bowels. But nonetheless you have arranged with your body a truce, so that you are given an indication that this indeed is the time, and usually if you're a healthy person it's always the same time. And this is true

of work as well. If you can condition yourself to the extent that after the newspaper, after the shower, after the first cup of coffee, if you're feeling incomplete, then it's only because you know you should be working.

It is very easy to get into writing when you are doing journals. All you have to account for is the day before. Some people do so religiously, no matter what, as soon as they get up. My friend the late great Edward Seidensticker was always rigid about this. No matter how late he'd stayed up, how much *shōchū* he'd had, nonetheless, upon awakening, he would write in his journal. He had a wall of journals that extended from here to here, and he'd been doing it ever since—as a child practically. And he'd get there with his pencil stub, and he would write the day before. This kind of discipline has its own rewards. You have some picture of the past, and at the same time, it gets you in the mood, and moods are important. For writing, that is. Yet, if you pay attention to your mood, it's not important. Proust used to say that it was ironic that probably some of the most sublime passages in literature had been written with the author yawning with his other hand and dawdling with his pencil, bored to death with what he was doing. And I think that is true, which is one of the reasons of course that you don't put a value on what you are doing while you are doing it. You should sort of get it out, and this is one of the things that will happen when you do your journals early in the morning. My wife kept a journal too, and she kept hers late at night; that was the last thing she did. She was a very good writer—which is one of the reasons we parted—and I imagine she took advantage of the impetus of writing in the evenings, to skate over the ice when it came to writing about this single day.

If you do this, it becomes less and less difficult to get into it, because it has become a habit. There are various ways you can control time and the past and yourself, your persona, and the habit, and this is called routine. And this is how you do it. Take James Boswell, for example: great friend to Dr. Johnson, in eighteenth-century England. He was an extremely active man, a great snob, and he was screwing all the girls, and making up to all the bigwigs of his time, and he didn't really have time to keep the diary for which he is so famous now. So what he would do was keep a sort of a notebook of what happened, a timetable. And then when he did have time, or when he'd compel himself to take time, then he

would sit down and recollect in tranquility what it was that he had done. It might be a week later; it could be a week and a half later. He could because of this technique we have for not only handling time, but handling ourselves as well. So the best way to do it is to start it, to become interested in it, to watch it grow.

One other thing that I think a lot of writers do is read other people's journals. When I am really sick of myself, I turn to Kafka's diaries, to Boswell's journals, or the Goncourt brothers, or John Cheever. John Cheever is very stern, makes you sit straight in your chair. Reading other people's journals will help: one of the things that I thought about when I decided to publish my journals was that maybe I could, if I were lucky, be some kind of inspiration to somebody else who wanted to do the same thing. That's good.

One of the things that it does for you, keeping a journal, is that it distances you from yourself. You can finally see yourself. When you're looking in the mirror, you don't see yourself; you see a reverse image of yourself that isn't anything like you. That's why we're always surprised when we see photographs of ourselves. Is that me? Do I look like that? Yes, you do, but you can't see it usually. One of the things that the journals can give you is a full, unobstructed view of an endistanced you.

And you can use your journals then to cobble together, cannibalize, create other works out of them. For example, *The Inland Sea*, my favorite of my own books, and the one book I'll save when the house is on fire—is written entirely from journals. What happened was that I made two or three journeys down the Inland Sea, and little by little became impressed by the—what?—the *architecture* of what I was doing. Here's a thing that was completely enclosed: it has its own character, even has its own name. And here I am, making these trips, and one of the reasons that we have the book at all is that I kept a record of things that happened, then I put them all in a line, beads on a string, and looked at what I had. I didn't have enough so I quite brazenly took anecdotes from other travels that I'd had, and inserted them in, so that eventually I had to call the thing a novel, instead of diary entries. But its reality lends to the believability of—not the fictitious things, but things which are out of order, but which were put in because the narrative itself demanded them.

It's sort of like the difference between sketching and making an oil painting. When you're making a sketch, you sketch in the essentials; you do the skeleton, that's about all. Then you take it home, like Monet or Sisley, or any of the Impressionists. And when you look at this, then you "make the painting," as it were. You add the highlights. You create it, but you create it from the skeleton that you've made. This is one of the reasons why journals are so important.

Lots of novels are either based on actual journals or are given the form of a journal. *Dracula*, by Bram Stoker, is a Victorian melodrama—but still so extraordinarily powerful, and it can make you afraid to look out of the window at night. And one of the reasons is that he simulated the idea of journal entries. It's both in the form of letters and in the form of journals, and this gives it a kind of immediacy, which returns to a completely made-up thing about this guy with sharp teeth a tremendous amount of believability. You can use journals in ways that you can't use anything else. So we have this paradox: You are writing to express yourself, and at the same time in the journal you are writing to sort of get rid of yourself, because you are creating a new kind of persona. Maybe these are really only two faces of the same coin.

However, the bad news is that you will never make any money doing this. Journals don't sell. My journals were published as a fluke—if they hadn't been of their nature, they probably wouldn't have gotten published at all. So it's like any creative writing: you don't do it to make money. I've done forty books. If I had to live on the proceeds from these, I'd starve. So I make my money else-wise, by doing a lot of additional work—and I get paid much, much more for doing such imbecile work than I do for doing any worthwhile work. But that's the way of the world, I guess.

So you write them in order to describe, and to define, also you write to find out what you think, and therefore who you are. We are all then in the position of E. M. Forster's famous little old lady, who, upon being asked what she thought, said, "How on earth do I know what I think till I see what I say?"

Now there's no answer to that question, but what we've been talking about is this quest that helps you along the journey in journal keeping. I hope you've all been sufficiently inspired to go out and start one yourself tomorrow morning.