

## Preface

There is a “mini me” inside me; He’s in my head. He’s thinking other thoughts when I’m listening to someone speak. He’s contemplating my next move when I’m playing a game. He’s the one always trying to change me. He’s who I’ll be when . . . He’s full of proposition, while I’m this somewhat stagnant being. He will become the person I hope to be: full, complete.

What He needs is the means to do all the things He wants. If He had this amount of money, He could do that. If He had that amount of money, He could do this. Then, of course, once He gets this or that, He—I—will change. We’ll be *perceived* differently. We’ll *be* different. We’ll be that person He always thought of, that person we ought to be, if only . . .

There are a lot of “if onlys” these days. There’s a New Economy, \$100 million lottery winners, an even a widely watched television show that asks, Who Wants to be a Millionaire? I think I do. I know He does. In fact, I wonder why I’m not like the thousands of millionaires branded last year. Or like the seven million millionaires out there in the world today. What do they have that I don’t (besides the money, that is)?

If we had that much money would it really change us? Would we really think differently, act differently, develop new friends and relationships? Would it make us happy—He and I—one, fulfilled?

Okay, so these aren't easy questions. We'll have to find people who might provide some insight on what it's like to have always had money, to just get money, to get money and lose it, or to never have money at all.

He is, of course, already imagining some of these people. From the Dalai Lama to dot.com billionaires, from the Rockefellers to indigents. He is at once envisioning incense and robes, beads and introspection, and at the same time picturing Ferraris and champagne, mansions and private jets. A back alley. People picking out of a garbage can.

The dichotomies He imagines are extreme. But that's what He is there for. I, on the other hand, have to live in the here and now. So, it sure would be nice if we could get together, He and I.

This inquisition is, perhaps, more about that than what money means. For money holds the freedom of the self; it allows us to act out our imaginations, be whom we've always dreamed of being. But what happens to the imagination then? Where does He go once His visions are realized? And what will happen to the self—me, that is? Would I just become what He has imagined? Would I live my life in snippets of the style displayed in magazine ads, films, television commercials? All these things that money could buy. A new life? A new lifestyle? Would those “if only” feelings of inferiority just pass? What new feelings would arise?

I'll turn to some people for insight. He'll envision what they mean. And maybe—just maybe—between us we'll create some understanding.

