

New Normal

Wednesday, October 2, 2019

Love

The "I love you" goodbye:

I feel like a fool saying it. It seems mushy, untrue. Miki criticized it. She hates it. It's not part of my upbringing.

David started saying it. A great contribution, but very hard for me to say.

Can I say "I love you" to myself? Probably not. But it starts there, deep in the self. What progress I would make, if I could!

Love is everywhere in my life. I just rarely acknowledge or express it. It's the beginning and end of everything.

By "loving out loud," will I increase my power? Or get shot down as a fool, criticized, and belittled?

I believe the former. But it is new. I'll need to try it, practice saying it.

But there is no choice. I've done everything else, tried everything else. There is no other place to go.

I am ready to embrace love.

Over the years, I have been more focused on fear and anger than love.

According to Elie Wiesel, the opposite of love is indifference (not hate). The opposite of art, faith, and life too, are not ugliness, disbelief, or death, but indifference.

Wednesday, October 9, 2019

Thumb and Power

Getting Used to Power, Competence, and Goodness

What is the thumb?

What does it mean? What does it symbolize?

As the strongest, most manipulable finger in the hand, it means power, and symbolizes competence and goodness.

Thus, by concentrating on thumb, I focus on my power. In doing so, I become competent and good.

Do I want to be powerful, competent, and good? Can I handle it?

In the new normal world I now live in, I not only want to. I have to!

Wednesday, October 9, 2019

Thumb and Power

Getting Used to Power, Competence, and Good

What is the thumb?

What does it actually mean? What does it symbolize?

As the strongest and most manipulable finger in the hand, it means power. It symbolizes competence and good.

Thus, by focusing on my thumb, I focus on my power. And, in doing so, I become competent and good.

(Hypothenar cramping is cramping my power.)

Do I want to be powerful, competent, and good? Can I handle it?

In the new normal world I now live in, I have to!

Friday, October 11, 2019

A Reason to Write Fiction

Writing fiction requires a powerful act of imagination. At the moment, thinking this way feels unnatural, untruthful, unreal.

Imagination creates reality.

I've always loved my imagination! It flourishes best in my fiction! Maybe I should write stories about my travel fears, using the wings of imagination for added elevation and to lift me out of self-inflicted miseries.

A good road to explore.

Reading Aloud

For Editing, Poetic, and Performing Purposes

I just read Carlos the Cloud and ended up editing quite a bit. Reading aloud changes everything. And improves it through sound.

Will I now have to read and reread all of Carlos aloud before I publish? Maybe.

This is a big jump, a new editing direction. It might even push me back into performing one day, but this time as a reader.

Monday, October 28, 2019

Combining Fiction and Tours

I love a total change of life, a fresh and new.

Thus this morning I'm thinking about really growing, pushing, changing, and committing myself to my folk tours.

How can I do this, promote and push this over writing?

Truth is, I'm not. I'm still writing and perfecting my writing, especially during this fine-tuning year. But somehow, writing and folk tours have mysteriously combined!

Wednesday, November 13, 2019

Yesterday I went over the New Normal cliff and fell into the abyss.

Yes, I'm finally coming down from my post-Romania tour high.

But this time (hopefully) it is a little more than that. Working with Henry has really upset my equilibrium. This started when his Klezmer email list of 3,700 turned out to be a nothing. Plus, he asked me to mail it out, not himself. And after that, did absolutely nothing to publicize our tour.

Once on tour, he was a social disappointment, staying off with his friends,

mixing with no one, helping no one, including me, and even was a bit of a hindrance complaining about the tour itself. (I forgot what his complaint was, but I do remember that he complained instead of helped. Amazing. I let it all go in my mind, since I had to concentrate on running the tour. But now that it's over, all these Henry behaviors are coming.

Then after the tour came his questioning emails about the financial details of the tour, how to run my tours, etc. All total downers. Very difficult. And all the while I'm trying to decide what direction this tour should go, whether I should work with Henry again, whether he wants to work with me. And up to now, I've been putting the final decision in his hands. I sent him a final email, giving my terms and needs, and asking if he wanted either to work with me or run his own tour. So far I haven't received an answer.

And this small space of waiting time has given me the opportunity to think on this a bit more.

And my decision now is: Instead of waiting for Henry's final answer, which may never come, I should make the final decision. And this morning my decision is: It is just too problematic working with Henry. So end it.

Accepting the New Normal

Accepting that all the things I have accomplished are amazing, that I am amazing, and that the world I have created and has been created around me is amazing, and even that all is amazing, is no longer amazing.

It has become an accepted fact of my life.

Is this a sad thing? A loss of a beautiful way of viewing the world?

Or is viewing the world that way a subtle form of denying my own God-given powers?

I'm not sure.

But this is what is now happening. I have accepted wonder and amazement. Yes,

it diminishes the pop and glow, at least for now. Maybe I'll find a new pop and glow. But I'm still in the boring acceptance of the amazement phase.

Friday, November 15, 2019

Divine Selfishness Wins Every Time

The ultimate motivation question is: Why do it?

The ultimate motivation answer: Because it's good for me.

I don't have to do any of this.

There's no rush.

I can start fresh. From zero. And I can start today!

Back to divine selfishness.

Why?

I know it's good for me.

And thus it is good for everyone else.

Plus, I know divine selfishness works!

Saturday, November 23, 2019

Sing my songs.

Do I dare? Yes. But in the past, I couldn't even admit I wrote them. Can't take the credit. Too much ego.

Here's the new way: I don't have to admit I wrote any of them! No one is forcing me. In fact, I like hiding behind my created names like Dmitri Zlato, Arany Janos, etc. Just as I don't have to admit I choreographed all my dances, I don't have to admit I wrote my songs, or even my stories! I can bypass my ego with all its self-consciousness and fears. Just do them! Period. No explanation. If asked, I'll say they are mine. Or someone else, namely Dmitri Zlato, Jimenez del Oro, or another one of my characters. This is the new way. Jump past the ego self-block. Just sing them. Just dance them.

Just do it!

Yes, I can do that. Let me new “Jimmy Just-Do-It” character, or Robert the Rustic Robot, or other.

Yes. Just do it and shut up.

Sunday, November 24, 2019

I hate to admit it but Henry emits poisonous vibrations which are simply not good for me. Witness my almost constant nausea.

Nausea is indeed a mixture of anger, sadness, and disappointment.

I’m sad because Henry has talents as a speaker, writer, and organizer, plus he’s funny.

I’m angry because of the frustrations of working with him, his distrust, and basically doing nothing to promote our tour.

I’m disappointed because after all the time, effort, and work I put into the tour and teaching him about the tour business, it didn’t work out.

Result: Even if he agrees to lead a tour under my aegis, I must still say no. This to save myself from his poisons.

This poison has created a cloud of nausea which has been hanging over me ever since the tour ended. No, actually it has been hanging over me since the tout started. No, it has been hanging over me ever since I started working with Henry almost a year ago! In fact, I must admit that his arrogance, negativity, and poison has been sapping my energy, and giving me a stomach ache, ever since I began working with him in January when I realized he would do nothing to promote our tour.

Thus, I have ben “quietly” angry with him for almost a year! 10-11 months of quiet fury, of seething rage at Henry for doing nothing!

I’ve been furious at him for almost a year!

Well, I’m just waking up now.

Here's the letter I'm sending him:

Dear Henry,

We won't be working together on future tours.

I'm disappointed it didn't work out between us. I'm sure you are, too. But sometimes the mix just isn't right.

I wish you luck in your future endeavors.

Best.

Jim

Truth is, I feel so happy about this Henry decision I've finally made. The poison days are over. I'm finally free!

Monday, November 25, 2019

Aftermath, After Thoughts, After Effects, After All

The Henry incident, working "with" him, has sucked up all my inspiration. Today, one day after I decided to end the debacle, I feel totally drained of energy, inspiration. An empty and uninspired miracle schedule lies before me.

First I thought only after the tour, then I thought only during and after the tour, finally I realized it was eleven months! Eleven months of draining hell have come to a close.

As I look back, I ask myself: Could I have done it any differently? I don't see how. Thus, as long as I wanted to organize a Klezmer/Folk Dance Tour of Romania, there was no other way. No other Klezmer expert rose up or came to mind. When Zalman Mlotek couldn't do it, there was no one left but Henry. And I thought, since Henry had organized and run his KlezKamp for so many years, he would know business, know how to advertise and get his people to register. He even offered a 3700 person email list!

The first (and perhaps final) hint came when he said not he but I should be the

one who sends out the emails from his list. As I remember, his explanation, or rationalization, was that it was my tour and it would be better coming from me. This certainly didn't sound right to me, but, I didn't want to insist that he do it. Plus he said he didn't know how to send it, that his assistant did all the emails. So I contacted his assistant, worked with him, got the email list, and learned how to use MailChimp to email out all 3700 names. I ended up email them about 5 times. Result: Three or four responses saying how nice such a tour would be. But not one registration! Then I found out that most of Henry's KlezKamp email list was old, email addresses missing and useless. Thus who knows how many people it really reached.

That was my down period. I realized I was all alone in this venture, that it would be up to , and Lee F to get people, and that, if they came, they would all be from my own email list. Ther was no way I was going to expand my market, and I had originally hoped.

That was the point I could have quit. But of course I didn't since I had already committed myself to the tour. So I continued to promote it while quietly seething at Henry for doing nothing (and making a good profit by getting paid pretty well in the process. A free trip plus \$100 per person!).

Well, the result was: we ended up with 30 people (28 paying), so that even after all expenses, I still ended up with a good profit.)

So, where am I this morning?

A beautiful miracle schedule sits before me. Present business is good, miracle schedule events are good, I have "free" time for a couple of months. All good stuff.

But nevertheless, I am still totally drained, and free of any inspiration. Now that my seething hell of anger and rage is over, do I simply need a period of rest, recuperation, and mental reassembly?

I feel like I've just been hit and run over by a tank. Okay, but it is done. I know it's time to move on. But how does one recover their inspiration?

Waiting?

Dive right in regardless?

The latter sounds like the best and healthiest approach.

Just do it. Dive right into the miracle schedule.

Turn off your mind, shut up, and do it.

And start now.

Okay, I will.

“Just do it” is working.

New Enthusiasms and Inspirations

in my Upcoming New Normal World

1. Promoting, advertising, and selling my upcoming “Treasury of International Folk Dances choreographed by Jim Gold”

This sales approach, actually trying to sell my own book, unabashed, unashamed, unselfconscious, and in happy exuberant mode, is totally new!

It is part of my upcoming New Normal world.

Wow!

To promote, advertise, and sell my “Treasury of International Folk Dances: A step-by-Step Guide Choreographed by Jim Gold” with enthusiasm, inspiration, exuberance, and happiness is a major mental and psychological accomplishment. It is something I have never done, or been able to do before!

Imagine, to have love and enthusiasm for my own work. (Well, I’ve always had it, but only in secret.) And being able to admit and express this happy exuberance in public!

To go public with exuberance for my creations! Wow!

Tuesday, November 26, 2019

Deep sadness this morning as I am not fulfilling the promises I made to myself.

As I say, the inspirations and directions I had before my Romanian tour have all but disappeared. Feels like I've somewhat lost my way, and can't get back on track. I had it all together before the tour, Now, I'm drained and lost.

Is this really true? Or is it a mere "feeling?" No doubt, the latter. But still, I must deal with it.

Why do I feel this way? Partly, it was dealing with Henry. But partly, and probably more correct and important, it is, was dealing with success. Yes, Henry is over, but success is not.

Why do I feel successful?

Money is good, tour was good, article in Jewish Standard was good, finishing and upcoming publishing of my choreo book is good. My life is mostly, even all in order, that's good. Lot of goods here.

But lots of goods mean lots of endings. I'm finished with my choreo book, finished with my Romania tour, finished with Henry, even with money, although I'm not "finished," I'm not necessarily inspired to make more, at least now. And the stock market speculation in small and penny stocks seems to have also come to a close. Seems I even succeeded there, that is, since I've lost so much money in the penny stock process, I've succeeded in giving up my hopes for their quick and instant rises. So that hope and pleasure is also gone.

Plus, I've given up my pleasure in exercise. That is a big deal. How did this happen? Again, no particular reason I can think of. It has somehow and simply drained out of me.

So that's where I stand this morning. Kind of nowhere.

Maybe I have to clean out my stable before I can move on. Maybe this down and empty feeling is part of the cleansing process. We'll see.

In any case, for today, just because I feel miserable is no reason to stop doing all the "good" things I do for myself. I'll just have to put my brain aside, shut off my mind,

and dive in.

Do all my miracle schedule events, my business, all without inspiration or enthusiasm. Just do them. And shut up.

First thing I'm doing, after a bit of a.m. Hebrew and journal writing, is business, namely, opening my email. No enthusiasm, hope, or inspiration, but I'm doing it anyway.

Friday, November 29, 2019

Remembering Balance

Is my miracle schedule more important than my business?

No. But my miracle schedule is the foundation of my business. And just like a house cannot stand without a foundation, a foundation is useless without a house.

I must do both.

But I must start with my foundation.

Thus I must start my day with my miracle schedule. That must be build first before I can move on to my business, or build my house.

During my "Romanian period" the balance was disturbed: Too much business. Too much focus on tours, Romania, and Henry.

Now is the time to right the balance, lean a bit the other way, and during this quiet period dive into my miracle schedule full swing. I'll do that.

But if I can remember the idea of balance, that eventually I will swing back to my business, that would be good.

Sunday, December 1, 2019

Life has pain, and sometimes life is pain.

But sometimes the pain turns into pleasure and this can happen by diving straight into it. As I did on my long run!

Hebrew: No more underlines. Try to remember the words instead.

Why sadness? Why depression?

Breaking up of my commitments. Loss and lack of focus. I'm not working hard enough, fighting to be better and be my best, I'm dribbling away from the daily challenge, energy down, sliding, and lost. Thus sadness and depression.

How to fight sadness? How to repel depression?

What is the road back: Dive in. Fight the downstream currents. Grab the challenge. Jump into the fire up. Light up again!

Make it harder. Fight the pain. Divert, change, transform, metamorphosize the focus into a higher goal.

Turn discomfort into glory, pain into heroism.

Monday, December 2, 2019

Easy New Land

I like it. Writing, first thing in the morning, in my journal, a my spiritual practice.

Miracle schedule event as my spiritual practice.

"Milk my muscles" to death. . .and rebirth.

Faster, faster, more, more. See what happens.

I did it in gym, now in guitar.

It's frightening how it works! How it propels me "easily" to the next level.

(Can I) use my fear to jump.

Scary, but it's also so easy to dump the barriers. What's the problem? It's just a new world full of light and air. A grain beyond New Normal. It needs another name.

That takes care of the guitar. If the guitar is taken care of, what's left? Nothing. I'm free. I have arrived at the happy place.

I've passed breakthrough lane. Entered Easy New Land.

Tuesday, December 3, 2019

I'm missing my sales connection and energy charge. Hmm.

Directing Energy

It seems that the "natural" tendency of energy is downward. Gravity pulls it toward the earth. This certainly seems true of mental energy.

If not given something higher to aim for, the mind slants earthward, downward. That's why the best attitude and approach is to each day aim to do better than the day before.

This philosophy directs the energy upward, away from depression and toward joy.

What did I do yesterday to make my day better than the day before? I added squats and guitar playing.

Two Great Questions

1. Am I on the (creative) path to something absolutely marvelous or to something absolutely mediocre?

Artists create.

I am an artist.

Artists are on the creative path and the creative path can only lead to something absolutely marvelous. (Otherwise it is not the creative path.)

2. What "impossible" thing am I believing or planning for? A beautiful Alhambra and excellent knees.

I'm on the path.

I could live in the land of the Marvelous Alhambra.

Knees, too. I could live in the land of excellent knees. I just added squats.

This could be the New Normal.

Change “could be” to “would be” the New Normal, to “can be” the New Normal, to “will be” the New Normal, to is the New Normal.

On the creative path.

Alhambra and excellent knees are the New Normal.

Does saying so make it so?

Maybe.

Let Curiosity Win

I have to let myself into this new land. I have to allow myself in. I need permission. My own permission.

I need permission for myself.

I have the key.

Why do I need permission? I don't know.

Maybe I'm afraid to enter. Fear. it. It's strange, unknown, I'm not used to it. All possible, and probably true.

But so what? I'm there now.

Just turn the key and go in.

See what happens.

Let curiosity win.

A land of optimism and joy. Does such a land really exist?

Doubts are coming back. I'm slipping. . .back into “reality,” or at least the old familiar reality.

But this is a a new land, a new normal. It's a place I'm familiar with because I've visited temporality. But only visited for short periods of time. Never for long periods. And I've never stayed there permanently, never lived there a long time or made it my

long term “permanent” resident. (As we have done so in Teaneck.)

So now I must give up my doubts and move in. Give it a try. See what happens.
Let curiosity win.

That’s what this break between tours is for, this “vacation” period. To find a new experimental place to live, and give it a try.

Moving is possible.

But changing residents is more difficult than I thought.

There is so much furniture to either bring or replace.

It will take time, and getting used to the new neighborhood.

At this rate, it may even end up being fun playing classical guitar!

What a beyond victory that would be.

Beyond Wahoo itself.

A simple acceptance of the New Land.

Fun. Imagine that!

The ultimate victory is found in fun.

Well, in classical guitar playing at least. But perhaps in other things as well.

Note: It is called “play” or “playing.”

Classical guitar playing.

I rarely get sick.

But maybe this transformation is totally exhausting, and that’s why I’m so tired, sniffing, sneezing, getting chills, and on the verge of getting sick.

Function and Purpose of Trading Penny Stocks

Maybe penny stocks are my form of play. Maybe I need to trade them as my form of play. And since I need to play that way, I can at least try to keep my losses low.

Maybe trading penny stocks is one of my “hobbies,” my needs, and thus one of my expenses.

And since I will mostly be losing money, try keeping my “expenses” low.

Wednesday, December 4, 2019

Art and Commerce

Sales pushed me out of myself and forces me to relate to people. Art is a higher calling, but without sales, I might end up alone, high upstairs, in the closet, lost and isolated in my artistic garret writing the great American novel.

The happy result of sales is money.

And money both protects and excites me. Money buys safety. But it also brings power and excitement.

Thus sadly, it seems, sales and money push me to connect to people.

Thus sales connects me to the outside world.

Sales, along with the money it dumps into my coffers, brings me safety, power, connection, and excitement.

Yet, I always feel at is a higher calling, and this een thought creating it isolates me.

Ideally, I would create art in order to bring it to people, to “sell” it to them.

And in truth, this is what I do.

However, I always (used to) feel a grand separation between art and business, between artistic creation, the highest form that can be, and sales with the money it brings in.

Yes, I can explain this separation and the disdain I feel for sales and money, as caused by my upbringing. These indeed seemed to be my parents values. “Seemed” I say, because maybe deep down, they weren’t. After all, my parents ere both public

school teacher and principals and thus had a steady secure job.

A steady secure job is something I have never had. Yes, I always wanted and needed security, but I'd never wanted to attain it through a steady job. The artistic life was the one for me, and this was all the heroism of its insecurity.

And that's the life I chose.

Luckily, I also had to make money, and this forced me out of my artistic cocoon to meet and deal with the public.

So I am definitely a split personality, divided between art and commerce, ever worshiping art while disdaining sales and money. The only "improvement" I can see in my attitude is that I disdain sales and money less than I used to.

Wouldn't it be nice if I could love and worship sales (and money) along with art, unite art and sales into one grand world ball? Wouldn't it be nice if I could turn schizophrenia into unophrenia or monophrenia?

But although I have made "progress" on this attitude and issue, I am still not there yet.

My New Normal Land is still in conflict.

I know intellectually that Art and commerce go together, that on a higher, the highest of levels, they are one. But intellect and emotions have yet to fuse in the grand One.

Well, once in a while it happens, but it is rare.

Thursday, December 5, 2019

Happiness, Bliss, Wisdom

Remembering and Maintaining the Yogic Trance State

I'm not there yet.

A burst, a sudden chill of happiness burst through my veins.

How do I arrive at, maintain, and remember such a high state of vision?

It is a godly yogic trance state.

Evidently, I don't have the expertise yet to maintain or remember it. I'm not there yet.

I can know, and even maintain it for a few seconds, maybe, if I'm lucky, even a minute. But how to build it up, maintain and remember it over long periods, that is the question. And no doubt, biggest life challenge.

To attain and maintain this attitude is my *matara*, my goal.

The Attitude

The Attitude is the substratum, the base, the bottom; it is also the top, the pinnacle, the ultimate height and connection.

Thw Yogic trance state.

It's not about money, leading tours, former folk dance weekends, dance classes, security, stocks, or day trading, It's not even about worldly fears and short-term accomplishments or temporary goals.

It's only about remembering and maintaining the Attitude. The high trance state of what yogi's call Bliss. Others call it God, Reality, Nirvana, whatever want to call it.

I'll call it The Attitude.

Everything else is below The Attitude. Thus, in a sense, it is besides the point. "Beside it," next to the Point, on the side of it, secondary, vaguely seen, pleasantly envisioned. but not bottom-line.

Friday, December 6, 2019

A Visit with Divine Madness

Benefits of Falling Off the Cliff

I went deep into myself, so deep that I fell off a cliff, and, in the process, lost the world.

Now I'm back. What happened? Why? And does it even matter why?

First, what did I gain? What benefits accrued to me? If any. Well, on guitar I

gained big time and mucho.

Is or was it temporarily? I hope not. We'll see.

How did I reach that point?

I'm not sure. But part of it was the "I don't give a damn feeling," I'm playing as fast as I can and fuck the world; all my internal and external critics can go to hell. Yes, I guess I was mad, angry, maybe furious. A divine madness descended upon me, and, in that mad process, I succeeded. At least temporarily. I said "Fuck 'em all" and (as a result?) my guitar playing just flew! It was totally great. I had days of amazement and awe. Truly, I was in another world, a world of shining excellent, power, and glory.

But to get there, I had to temporarily left this world. My wings were made of divine madness.

Now, after a session with Rick, I'm back.

The (temporary) guitar benefits were and are obvious. Perhaps I needed that break, that vacation from the world, that brief time to fly in the air and fall off the cliff in order to reach, to touch, however briefly, that high place of excellence and power. I needed to step back in order to step forward.

Well, its over now. I'm back. We'll see what happens.

Will it last? We'll see.

My Thanksgiving Gift: Divine Madness

This brief Visit was a result of the vacation I needed and promised to take after my Romania tour ended. I knew I had a spot of down time from mid-November to January with no tour or sales pressure.

It took two-three weeks to recover from Romania. This put me almost exactly into Thanksgiving "vacation" time. And that's when I gave myself the vacation from everyone and everything. And this opening gave me the internal freedom to receive the gift of divine madness that descended into my fingers and spread immediately to my guitar playing.

It felt vaguely like rage, but a bit beyond that, too.

I was mad, afflicted by divine madness.

Now I'll simply try to be thankful and appreciate my gift. After all, it was Thanksgiving.

Return

I return to earth.

And with my return come earthly self-doubts:

Is the biblical creation story true? Or merely a myth?

Did divine madness really descend upon me?

Am I worthy of such visit? Did it really happen? Is man really a semi-divine creature? Am I?

What is Divine Madness?

(The Privilege of Divine Madness)

What is Divine Madness?

It feels like anger, a quiet fury building.

But it is more than that.

Slowly the mind seems to shrink under a (thunder) storm of blinding rage.

Maybe rage is needed to energize the soul, toughen it, push it beyond daily fragility, and give it the power to break earthly bonds, and thus open itself to Higher powers.

Isn't that what just happened to me?

If yes, I am so privileged.

Benefits of Divine Madness

Divine madness gives me confidence in my powers.

Without it, I am a mere shell, lost in my ego of self-doubts.

Divine madness tells me my writing is great, worthy, important, and should be published and disseminated throughout the world.

Divine madness is what I need before each folk dance I teach. It gives me (brings me) the power of improvisation and the energy of on-the-spot creativity.

Inspiration from Divine Madness is what I pray for when I prepare and especially when I am leading a tour.

Sometimes you need anger to break the chains, free the mind, and open the gates of love and creation.

So don't feel bad or guilty about anger. It's part of the game.

Saturday, December 7, 2019

Somehow as I was driving home from my Darien folk dance class, I was in some kind of panic. I didn't quite understand why. I sensed it had something to do with divine madness, and the combination of fright and glory that divine madness brings.

The fright, really a terror and panic, comes from the lose of control that takes place when you jump off the cliff and fall, float, or fly over the chasm, the abyss of divine madness. The glory and wonder come when you "finish your event," in other words, fly successfully over it and feel the joy of accomplishment, the glory and wonder.

That's what I felt after the folk dance class. Despite, my fear, aches and pains, worries about making it through another night, I again managed to run a great dance class, a party really. Everyone had a great time, including me! And although after the class I could hardly walk and was ready to hobble to my car and hobble home, I nevertheless ended up stretching for a half hour after the class. The stretching brought wonders to my body: slowly all the muscles loosened, the aches and pains dribbled

away, I ended up looser and then even happily and easily drove home! Really another victory over my body. But I diluted my victory lap with a fear of old age, body disintegration, how will I make it through the next days, weeks, and years, and the usual assortments of negatives to dispel my good mood.

Am I my worst enemy as well as my best friend? Maybe.

Such is the schizoid artistic life built on the earthquake tremor, the awe and wonder of divine madness.

Evidently, if I want to take the chance of jumping into the abyss for even those few terrifying, sun-struck, wondrous moments, the opposites of panic and glory will be my payoff.

This is just the way it works.

Suffering and glory rule the universe.

The Blessings of Anonymity

There's also the strange expectation that publishing my book or books will somehow dramatically change my life. Truth is, publishing my book was hardly noticeable and basically changed just about nothing. Same thing with the great Jewish Standard article on my Romania tour. Except for a momentary blip of wild interest, nothing much has changed or moved. A large momentary blip.

This is both surprising, disturbing, relieving, and calming, and, in a sense, maintaining my anonymity is freeing, helpful, and calming. When I am not noticed, the pressure is off. Thus anonymity, lack of fame, being unnoticed and unknown, are a backdoor blessing and a cheap way to purchase freedom.

Sunday, December 8, 2019

One Doorway at a Time

Thumb, Confidence, and Power

I am hoping my path of self-denial is coming to an end, that my thumb can

overcome and open the door to laughing sunshine, glorious, high-minded amazement, happiness, even worship. Yes, a bit of self-worship or worship by others wouldn't hurt. . .but again I must ask, if it came now, could I take it? Or would I push it away, deny it, and move back into my protective violin chamber, the shielded cave that protects me from the sunshine of glory?

Note the blinding headache that just hit me.

Tired of Hiding

I'm tired of hiding.

Maybe that's been the cause of my grand fatigue.

After so many years of struggle, my walls have finally collapsed. Nothing left to do but shine in my creations.

My creations as good for others, helping others, healing others.

The strange thing is that, deep in my heart I do believe this is true.

My choreographies heal others, bring them joy, fun, beauty, and happiness.

True also for my writing, my books, my songs, classical guitar playing, my tours, weekends, and guitar lessons.

In fact, almost everything I do brings good things to others. I know that.

Now I just have to practice training my mind to remember it, focus on getting out of my ego, out of the lifetime and up-from-childhood habit of putting myself down.

On Selling My Books, Choreo and Others

I won't make much money from my book sales, whether it be my choreo book or other books.

Then why sales? If there is no or little money in it, why try? (I can make more money, do much better selling tours.)

Because if I don't, I'll get nauseous and a headache. In other words, I'll get sick. Mentally and physically.

Monday, December 9, 2019

Te beginning is, I have to like it. And I know if I do, some others will, too. But making the jump to the concrete thought that others will like it, no matter what, or rather, that even though they may not like it, it will help them, is nevertheless good for them, is a giant leap for me. Isn't it very arrogant and smacking of hubris? How dare I claim that, though they hate it or are indifferent, it is helping them?

The truth is I'll never know if it is helping them, good for them, or not. I can only imagine that it is or isn't.

But it is good for me to imagine that what I do is good for them, helps them.

So it once more comes back to me, to the way I think, the way I imagine things.

What's different? I'm no longer thinking, will they like what I do? but rather what I do, whether they like it or not or are indifferent, I still imagine that it is good for them, will help them.

Am I putting myself down by saying can I fool myself this way? Yes.

So maybe I should drop the word "fool" and simply say this is good for me. Certainly, if it is good for me, it is not fool-ish.

I thereby introduce a new practice.

But perhaps my arrogance is simply a form of self-protection against. . . what? My goodness, my expansion beyond myself, my recognition of God-given talents and skills.

Is it a protection against my better-self?

Are my put downs, my seeing myself as arrogant by claiming that my creations can help and cure others really a form of self-protection?

From what? A slip over the cliff into hubris. Maybe I'm right to protect myself by putting myself down, to limit the scope of possible expansive insanity. This is also a danger.

Yet, to a certain degree, what I create is good for others, and does help cure them.

So maybe it's a question of judgement and degree.

My Books

Like my children: They are born. They go out into the world on their own, make their own way. They are not my books anymore, as they forge their own identity.

I can only display them, be proud of them, whatever. But they must speak for themselves.

So ends another New Leaf.