

Cape Cod Happiness Program

Sunday, September 14, 2008

Returned from Cape Cod vacation yesterday. Mopping up at the desk. Ready to go. Ready to apply and practice.

Ready to fire up my Cape Cod Happiness Program.

Finger Tip Fun!

Guitar: Today's new concept in playing.

Move up the fingerboard playing a fast two-octave G scale in one position: Feel the pleasant sensation in the skin of the finger tips. Finger Tip Fun!

Can finger tip fun be extended to arpeggios? Yes!

Nevertheless, for all (guitar) playing, bass and/or melody line reign supreme. Arpeggios are the fun, tickling background.

Monday, September 15, 2008

Now What?

Yesterday, I finished all my come back work. This morning I am in a "Now what?" place. Ready to begin implementation of Cape Cod Happiness Program.

The "Now what?" state is a bit weak on purpose.

That is its nature.

Spirit of Business

It's a new year, a new season. I gave birth to a new business attitude in Cape Cod, a new attitude towards not only tours and leadership, but to business in general. A big breakthrough: The spirit of business, its miraculous quality, truly entered and

became part of my Miracle Schedule.

Now, completion of return-home desk work, and this morning's "Now what?" state, I am ready to enter my new world, the world of this new year, new season.

Strangely, I feel like throwing myself completely into business! Indeed, this feeling is totally new!

In the past, I've always done anything related to business with the brakes on. But, since the Cape Cod tour/leadership revelations, the Call, Vision, and Word, I don't feel that way anymore. The spirit of miracle and wonder have now entered business itself! This alone is a miracle!

That's the difference between this year, and all the past years. Wow, amen, and hallelujah!

I like unity. I like oneness.

Now I can put all my miracle schedule events under the new, gone-public, rubric of Business.

(How so running and calliyoga?)

Business has lost its former "it's all about money" quality. Now it is imbued with a spiritual foundation. The miraculous with its awe and wonder quality has become its essence. Money, although still important, is nevertheless, plays a minor role.

Why minor? Next to a miracle, everything is minor.

A major post Cape Cod vision shift.

Just as present day politics has been turned on its head by McCain's choice of Sarah Palin, so my attitude towards business and miracle schedule has been reversed.

Tying business to my miracle schedule, ties the spiritual to the practical; it brings the world of heaven down to earth, plants the Word in matter. It keeps me grounded while mind remembers the dream and remains in ever-pregnant clouds.

AngerRage Tide Rolling, Dribbling Back

Blinding flash of light, vision blurred, eyes, gone, anger rising. Word and Vision dribbling away. I'm turning too intellectual. Stop!

Anger creates the incipient anger headache. Blurred vision ("I'm so mad I can't see straight!") Angry eyes.

For months, anger was lodged in my left knee and right shoulder. Today they feel better. Instead, in my new place, anger just lodged and is now leaking out of my eyes.

Why rage now? I don't know. The business vision is such a happy one.

Overwhelmed. Ego loss. Falling into the pit. Feels right.

I think that's it.

Stop!

Amazing. I just worked myself out of it!

The flashing lights went away!

Push myself a little beyond each day.

That's the key to raising the spirit.

Cape Cod is over. So is vacation. Drop all.

Start totally fresh.

Tuesday, September 16, 2008

Promo Year!

It's the "Vacation's over; I'm back; there's nothing to do" depression. Yet, all is going well. Yes, I've got it all together.

Tough love is in order. Just do it!

Start promotions now!

Business is a blessing, part of miracle schedule. Israel, Poland, other tour promos: A fresh promo hour a day. Throw in bookings, plus new Book Web site business.

Into action I go. I immediately feel better!

It's a promo year! Promos make me feel good!

Friday, September 19, 2008

Return Energy Rising

Yesterday I not only played guitar, but I sang a bit, played gaida a bit, played violin a longer bit, did some folk dancing in the living room! Since my June sciatica and right shoulder pains, I have been trying to escape from folk dancing. Now, suddenly, I even have thoughts about, guess what. . . folk dancing! Seems I'm also getting ready for a vague writing return: I planned a visit to Barry W for next Tuesday; we're going to set up a new book sales web page.

On top of this, I feel a slight worry about money. Will this be a good financial year? How will I make money?

The result of all this is that this morning, although I am a bit nervous, I'm not down.

Summer and Cape Cod vacation mode are fleeing, drifting into oblivion. Nervous return energy is filling my bones.

All signs of return energy rising.

I may even be getting ready to return to some of the old ideas I invented last May and June. I thought they were dead; yet they stay dormant and hidden on my desk. One of these ideas was incorporating calliyoga exercises, and even running, into folk dance choreography!

After a long rest, necessary hiatus and sleep, now I'm going back, returning to folk dance choreography with a vengeance!?.

Pain Theory: Just as right shoulder problem is related to guitar and violin expression, so left knee problem is related to folk dance expression. (A new form of “folk dance ankle.”)

If I resolve these problems, the pains should go away.

Kabbalistic Shock: Importance of Choreography

Calliyoga and running were always “hanging out there in space.” They never had any artistic meaning; nor were they related to any of my other miracle schedule artistic activities, namely guitar (music), and writing.

Could they have always been related to dance? Will these three forms, namely calliyoga, yoga, and dance (folk dance), now merge in an aesthetic triumvirate, an artistic trinity?

Is choreography the creative, Calling nexus? Is creativity the unifying, God-connecting tie in my miracle schedule?

Is the shock of the importance of choreography, creativity, Creativity!, in my folk dance life, the reason I pulled back after my Raleigh booking, and, in my withdrawal, suffered, or rather “created,” sciatica and ever right shoulder problems? These strange new “diseases” all gave me an “excuse” to rest, escape, pull back, get some perspective.

Summary: Choreography as Creativity, th grand connector.

Why have I had so much trouble seeing this? Perhaps it is the public, the gone-public aspect, of folk dance teaching, the inhibitions and fears of being creative in public, of making the Creativity connection before the watching, judging eyes of others.

What’s different now? What has changed?

I have the choreographic confidence. The Raleigh workshop, 50 Folk Dances, the three CDs, are expressions of that confidence.

Last year’s physical pains (notice I say “last year’s”), these “new self-inflicted diseases,” may have been caused by kabbalistic shock. I opened myself up to powerful heavenly forces. The knock-out power of self-recognition. The mental blow-out of

realizing another cosmic aspect of self.

Medical and Christian Science Thought

By creating higher thoughts, Creativity (God Connection) “distracts” the mind. Thus Creativity cures pain.

Saturday, September 20, 2008

Lessons

Live beyond knee and shoulder: The quest, desire, and search for wisdom and its application never ends. Apply this to my dancing body: “When you dwell on what you don’t have, you have more of what you don’t have.”

Also, trying to have fun, isn’t much fun. But doing what you love, with focus and passion, is fun!

I could benefit from the above lessons.

New Wind

Returning to fall, September, and Teaneck, from summer, August, and Cape Cod, returning to the old life with its old ways, thoughts, and habits, has certainly thrown me for a loop.

I “know” what to do; I “know” my interests, desires, direction, and purpose. Yet all inspiration and desire have dribbled away. I even “know” this state.

What can I do? Wait for the new wind.

A YEAR OF SLOW: A SLOW YEAR

Guitar: Slow. A year of slow. Slow arp.

1. I’ve never done “slow” before. Or if I did, it was always with the idea that it would help me improve, and thus, eventually lead me to the best and correct place, which is fast! But this “slow” feels different. I’ve done the fast world. “Been there,

done that." This is more a YER OF SLOW as a year of exploration, a year in a new tone and mode.

Slow also belongs to and brings focus, passion, and depth. But basically, it "feels" different. And I need something different, something new as I enter the new year.

Could SLOW be what this new year is all about? Its new "direction," attitude, tone, and mood?

SLOW tone: In guitar, writing, editing, running, yoga, calliyoga, folk dancing, teaching, touring, thinking, other. . .

Sunday, September 21, 2008

Remembering my TMS Past

Knee, shoulder: Try a vociferous discussion with my brain!

I have a strange pride in forgetting my past! I pride myself on starting fresh every day.

Most of the time, forgetting it is useful.

But sometimes it is not.

The wise say, "one can learn from the past." They also say, "If you do not remember the past, you are doomed to repeat it."

This is true, especially in the light of my TMS.

Remembering my TMS(tension myotis syndrome) past is indeed be a good and helpful thing.

This (former) strange pride in forgetting is reflected in my resistance to editing my writing! Note parenthetical "former."

Summer Travels of TMS

It started with sciatica on June 11th. A few days later, I taught folk dancing on Tuesday night with excruciating sciatic pain. Next day, a “new” pain began in my right shoulder pain. Finally, in July, as sciatica slowly abated, another pain developed in my left knee.

Three traveling pains: Call this my Summer of TMS.

By end of August, early September, sciatica went away. Now, presently, only right shoulder and left knee remain.

Indeed, a vociferous discussion with my brain is needed.

Strange, strange are the summer travels of TMS.

Mixed terrors of returning to work. Check it out in my vociferous discussion with my brain!

How about taking pride in dealing with and curing my TMS!

If it is TMS, exercise and physical therapy, although pleasant and even fun, are besides the point!

If it was a Summer of TMS, and I believe it was, why did it happen? What was its cause?

Could it have been the “usual:” Old resistance to running wild on the lawn joy, the old repression of crazy wild, excitement, mother’s wet blanket on exhilaration, put down and push down of success?

After all, the entire Raleigh preparation, 50 Folk Dances and 3 CDs, and teaching experience itself, was a tremendous accomplishment and success!

Hard to believe: The entire TMS Summer has been “more of the same,” the old psychological patterns in new, “modern,” up-to-date form, a “brief” summer return to the old neighborhood.

Lee and My Sister

Lee represents my sister, Miki; folk dancing represents the violin; my audience of folk dancers represent my mother's love.

As a child, I competed for mother's love. By playing the violin, I beat out Miki. After six months of lessons, she quit, and I won! I ended up happily playing violin "in the closet," happily retreating into my room, happily playing alone, and knowing in my heart, that by playing, I've had something good. But I would never take the chance of telling Ma, my family, relatives, outsiders, or friends about it. Keep the goodness to myself. I "knew" if I dared tell others, they'll simply ruin it by putting it down. So why go public? Keep the secret of this Magnificence to myself.

But now, as a adult, I am going public! The struggles of this transition have created Summer Mountains of TMS.

Folk Dance and Concert Success!

Reflected in Success Knee and Success Shoulder!

Left knee TMS grew out of right shoulder TMS; right shoulder TMS grew out of sciatica TMS; sciatica TMS grew out of Raleigh folk dance success! Also the Raleigh concert success, and Tenafly concert success!

Sciatica is gone.

The sparkling "pains" in my knee and shoulder represent success. They reflect Folk dance success, concert Success!

Success Knee and Success Shoulder.

Start seeing, looking at, and feeling them that way.

The Success Feeling

That sick, slightly nauseating, run-away feeling I often have is the avoidance of the success feeling.

I don't want to be a coward; I don't want to run away from my success feeling anymore.

My hero faces success; he even embraces his success feeling!

I want to be a hero.

Time to face, deal with, and embrace this Big One!

This little feeling, that I am competent, good, that I can excel, be successful: dealing with success has always been difficult and painful for me.

Thus, it is "logical" that the success feeling is expressed through painful feelings (in my body), namely, TMS pains.

This was true until this morning. Now I'm planning a change.

The 2008-09 Season

Maybe that's what this year, this season, will be about: Facing, dealing with, and embracing, my success feeling. Goodbye former aches and pains. Wouldn't that be wonderful.

Seeing last year's pains as success feelings, as transitional, disguised success feelings.

Monday, September 22, 2008

What is this new year all about? Why will it be different? I want to focus on:

1. The Success feeling

2. Remembering

How to do and practice this: Begin today:

1. Think: Success knee, success shoulder.

2. Remember yesterday's feelings.

a. Practice by editing past writing.

Indeed, this would make the year totally different!

Until today, my idea was to forget the past, live in the present, seize the moment, start a new leaf every day.

Now my idea is to remember the past, and incorporate it into the present!

This teaches me to live with, even dive into the success feeling. It will build personal confidence, strength, and power.

Happiness

What makes me happy?

Striving towards a goal.

But not necessarily reaching the goal – although that, in itself, is nice. However, once reaching the temporary wahoo of goal completion, I slowly sink into a sad and empty state, a meaningless vacuum, purposeless sinkhole, directionless depression. This does not end until I formulate my next goal and begin striving towards it.

Fatal Flaw

What is my most fatal flaw?

Strangely, I came up with this answer: Lack of confidence.

Why is this so? I have a strange fascination with failure. I court it, dance at its edge, daring it to touch me. Dancing in this manner seems to energize me, and give me a strange kind of alertness and strength.

It seems to be a mental game I play with myself. It is uncomfortable, even maddening. But up to now, it has “worked.”

No matter how many times I succeed in the past, I face the same future event with the same trepidation. In other words, for me, past experience means practically or absolutely nothing. I approach each new event fresh, open, naive, afraid, and strangely energized through my fears.

But is this approach still necessary? Do I still need to play such a game? Can I

remember, use, and accept past experiences, which, I must admit, are filled with successes!

Remembering my Successes!

It would mean starting off my practice by remembering my successes!

Yes, it is a mental game I play with myself: To prepare, and even train, for the challenge up ahead, I dance at the edge of failure in order to energize myself.

Can I train and prepare for future challenges by remembering past successes?
Will it work? Will it help?

Indeed, it would turn my mind on its head.

What successes are these? Start with most recent:

1. Raleigh concert and folk dance teaching success
2. 50 Folk Dances and 3 CD success
3. Tenafly concert success
4. Bulgarian tour success.
5. Year's financial success
6. Golden's Bridge folk dance teaching success

Less recent successes:

1. Monday night folk dance teaching success
2. Wednesday morning teaching success

Elation Leg!

Guitar: Left leg sudden stiffness and pain:

Cause: Repression of elation. I am moving so well! "I am moving so well" is based on the success of yesterday's practice and speedy, lively playing of the Bach Gavotte en Rondeau, Fugue, Bourree, and Gigue.)

How to handle it? Stop! Look at and straight into the elation: Feel it, love it, go

for it, dive into it, recognize it, accept it, and whatever else comes along!

Left leg as the elation leg!

The Right Bach Attitude!

Bach Fugue: Bypass and forget about mistakes. Burn and bullet past them. Like mice scrambling through a field of wheat, missed notes, mistakes, blips and blops, are irrelevant. Drive past them on to victory!

Fugue the mistakes! Full speed ahead!

In fact, this is the right attitude for all guitar playing!

Tuesday, September 23, 2008

Working for Others Pushes me to be My Best.

When I'm at my Best, I'm Happiest!

Last night, Monday night, I began the new folk dance teaching/leading season. My thoughts: Folk dance teaching, running tours, giving concerts: creation of these gone-public events push me to be my best. When I'm at my best, I'm happiest.

I must remember that others are ever-present in my mind. Working for them, creating with others in mind, serving others, pushes me to be my best!

Markets are in turmoil. It may be a slow tour year. I feel vaguely relieved. I need time to get my values straight.

What will push me to be my best?

Notice the word "push." It's as if I need an outside force to get me started, to motivate me. And maybe I do.

Fear used to be a grand motivation. Maybe it still should be. Fear of being overcome by the powers of lethargy and inertia.

But lethargy and inertia are not necessarily bad things. After all, you do need a

rest now and then.

Opposite powers reside in my psyche. The age old conflict between lethargy and motivation, inertia and movement.

Wednesday, September 24, 2008

Anything new?

Art might be new. Also reading inspirational.

Thursday, September 25, 2008

Mop Ups Plus Additions

Mop ups could also be considered "new."

Writing mop ups: New Leaf and Zany.

Add athletics and photography.

What a switch! Indeed, fresh, new, and totally different!

Approach music and instrument practice, and dance, as an athlete. ("Athlete of the small muscles.")

Athletes do sports.

Sport is play.

Folk Dance Lecture/Talk:

A Step into History (and Geography, Linguistics, Art, and more)

Friday, September 26, 2008

Internal Consolidation Year.

Revisiting Cape Cod Miracle Schedule New Mode Ideas

1. Physical world: Exercise physiology, dance, physical therapy year.
2. Guitar world: Arpeggios. Add concerts? Practicing all day. Aim for

excellence! Resurrect guitar dream.

3. Tours/leadership world: Miracle of beautiful Calling.
4. Language world: Pre-tour language study.
5. Writing mop ups: New Leaf and Zany.

Aim Towards Beauty and Excellence!

A year of study and practice. Aim for excellence!

Just as guitar aims towards beauty and excellence, make Zany editing the same. Athletics, too. Guitar, Zany, athletics: Aim towards beauty and excellence.

Make the year about excellence!

Invest \$10,000 (maybe even \$20,000) to “take the year off.”

The goal, purpose, and drive of this sabbatical year: Aim towards beauty and excellence.

Belief, hope, and faith – in my arpeggio – is the foundation of my new sabbatical world, and the beginning of my sabbatical life.

Saturday, September 27, 2008

Ultimate Joy!

“... blasted through previous limitations to cross the finish line.”

Then “She began sobbing with joy and a mixture of other emotions too complicated to name but known to everyone who has pushed his or her body beyond know limits to achieve a goal.

From 50/50 by Dean Karnazes: Sarah Sherman’s marathon. P. 60

Physical Year

It’s a physical year. Do this with/through physical things.

Push Beyond Known Limits!

Push myself beyond known limits!

The most wonderful of goals!

Do it in all my endeavors. Start with guitar.

Sunday, September 28, 2008

My Dream: Great Shape Musically and Athletically

Shape Up! That is my direction, goal, and purpose.

Get in, and be in great shape both musically and athletically! This has always been a dream of mine.

This year I'm fulfilling that dream.

I've always wanted to have the "leisure" and "retirement time" to do this.

Now, for some reason, I am mentally free enough to take it. Of course, financial freedom helps. Having made some money in tourism over the past few years definitely helps. But it's also more than that. Somehow, I'm mentally ready to give myself this wonderful gift!

On a daily basis, it is fulfillment of the Cape Cod Happiness Program. It is a re-enactment of teenage Saturday's when I would play the violin all morning and early afternoon, then go to St. Gabriel's school yard to play basketball.

How can I be so nice to myself? I don't know. But I'm happy I am, happy I finally can be.

Music and athletics: Two great loves!

What about writing and study? When did they come in? Later, in college. I discovered these loves at the University of Rochester.

The complete life has a combination of all four.

The trick is all these great goals have to be "worked" on and followed directly.

Amazing that I am daring to take a chance on taking these two most wonderful musical and athletic adventures. Somehow I am moving beyond or past my former life financial of tightness, restriction, and constant worry.

Finance and business are taking second place. Thank God!

I am still amazed I dare to give myself such a gift!

Monday, September 29, 2008

Taking a Business Break

Monday morning. I feel like taking a break.

How?

Here's a radically different attitude, an attitude reversal, really: By going back to business!

Now, this year, presently, rather than a necessary pain in the neck, I see business as a refreshing diversion! I'm taking a break from my getting-into-great-shape, music-athletic, Cape Cod Happiness training program.

Cross-Training

I like Karnazes's idea of cross-training.

Consider activities such as bike riding, gardening, house work, walking, other, as cross training. Thus, these activities are no longer mere random events. Rather, indirectly, as "relatives," they join the family. By becoming members of a greater whole, a larger picture, they become part of the Cape Cod Happiness program.

Folk Dancing

Folk dance belongs to the above.

Could I make folk dancing, a "former" business, part of the Cape Cod Happiness program?

It would mean choreographing, and teaching others, squats, jumps, yogas, back-bends, tsamikos turns, etc., more, to both myself and others.

This certainly is a brand new look, a brand new approach and attitude towards folk dancing.

Tuesday, September 30, 2008

Dream dissipation in this morning's collapse.

Stock Market: Risk and Gambling Is Fun

I Need a New Risk, A New Gamble

The stock market is way down, totally destroyed. People have lost hope, sold, and fled.

Thus, should I get back into it? Buy three or four big, good companies? Exxon, Microsoft, GE, other?

Should I waste my mind's effort and time by getting back in at all? True, it feeds my contrarian personality. . . .

If I got back in, it would not be to make money (although obviously that would be nice) but rather to have fun! To have fun with my money.

Would such gambling be fun? Worth the effort and mental time? Good question.

A. See it as total gambling. Risk and gambling

B. Is risk and gambling fun?

Maybe for me some (a little) risk and gambling is fun.

What's the difference between risk and gambling? Probably none. Only the social definition of the words. Risk implies intelligence and is somewhat socially acceptable. Gambling implies recklessness, and is more socially unacceptable. But that's it.

So basically, aside from the social implications of the language, there is little to

no difference between risk and gambling. A gamble is a risk, a risk is a gamble. Period.
End of question.

Next question: Do I like risk and gambling? Is it fun?

More important question: Do I need risk and gambling to supply needed spice to my life, to wake up and energize my existence?

I think the answer may be yes!

Right now, in my present life, I see no risks I am taking, Not a gamble in sight. All is in order and somewhat under control. Sure, as usual, I don't know how tour or other sales will go, but that is a risk/gamble I am so used to, I hardly even see it as a risk/gamble anymore. It does little to nothing to ore for my stomach. There is no wake up, no energizing shock of risk/gamble Wow! to my system.

Indeed, I may need risk; I may need to gamble. I may even need to be a "bad boy" and call it gambling!

It is time (may be time) to find a new risk, to delve and dive into a new gamble in order to wake myself up!

At the moment, I have none.

During the past few years, I've had the challenge of building up my tour business.

Is "challenge" the same as risk and gamble? Yes. . .but not quite. It feels like there is a difference. What is it?

In fact, now, for energy and health itself, I need to take a chance again. I need a new risk, a new gamble. What will it be?

Perhaps the linguistic difference between challenge, risk, and gamble is one of nuanced control. One has most control of "challenge," some control over "risk," and least control over "gamble."

Yet the above is all about linguistic playing. Truth is, for me there is no difference between challenge, risk, and gamble!

The sick, empty feeling I wake up with in the morning is the sick, empty feeling

of no challenge ahead! No risk and gamble. Thus, whatever the linguistic difference, there is no question that presently, I need to find a new challenge, risk, and gamble!

How, in what, to challenge myself?

How, in what, to risk and gamble (all)?

Stocks

Mutual Funds are faceless. Plus someone else is managing them.

I prefer individual stocks. They're more personal. Plus I am managing them.

Am I drifting back into the stock market? The next challenge/risk/gamble?

Why return? Well, it's not a return. It's a new entry.

Why do it? For the risk and challenge.

Risk and Challenge in Guitar: Guitar Gambling

Risk and challenge in the question. I must find it!

How can I find risk, gamble, and challenge in guitar? In this morning's practice?

Guitar gambling.

Is risk that important in motivation? Maybe.

Wednesday, October 1, 2008

I had an incredible run last Saturday. Fast, furious, really the fastest ever, or at least the fastest in months, even years. What a day!

Sunday I didn't do a thing. Monday I did business all day. I tried running, but lasted only a miserable and slow fifteen minutes. Tuesday nothing, too, excepting a some tiny basketball with Danny. Not a stitch of calliyoga on any of these three days.

Noticeably and strangely, during these "three days off" my shoulder and knee

started acting up again. They were improving before this; I was handling them.

I check back on last Friday-Sunday New Leaf writings. Very upbeat. Perhaps I was not at a beginning, but at an ending, a summary. In any case, today is Wednesday. I had a great schedule before, a great routine during and post Cape Cod. Then, for the past three days, it all fell apart. Everything, namely knee, shoulder, even back, hurts again, I'm mad as hell (at myself), and ready to return! Get back to the post-Cape Cod routine, exercise, and program.

I know the routine. I know what's good for me. What and where did I do "wrong?"

Here's where: At the point of exhaustion, rather than saying, I'll do it anyway, I gave in and did nothing. That's what depressed me, made me miserable, pissed off, totally disgusted, and mad at myself, and created (recreated, really) the old time knee and shoulder pains.

Guitar: Twenty-five minutes of playing. But good and focused. (Could this minimum of playing ever be enough?)

Thursday, October 2, 2008

Body in Rebellion: Rethink All

Had an excellent session with Lyn Marotta yesterday. She calls her skilled, scientific and intuitive healing method "orthobionics." After touching, feeling, sensing, analyzing, and intuiting the muscles, tendons, sinews, and more of my right shoulder, left knee (and hammer toe, the reason I went), she finally concluded that, in general, my body was tired of the old ways it has been doing everything. That's why my body is in rebellion. I agree.

Tired, tired. It's been really going on for months. The pains are being created in order to force me to stop, rest, think, and rethink everything I do. Even walking itself.

Lyn said my left knee cap, the patella, should be mostly “floating;” instead it was almost frozen and immovable. The flexibility it needed was being taken up by adjacent muscles. That’s why they hurt.

That evening I went for a walk. I practiced rethinking my muscles, focusing on relaxing my patella (and with it the rest of my knee) as I walked. To my surprise, it got easier and better. A relaxed walking stride. Something I haven’t done or even thought about for months! I certainly could apply this slow, relaxed focus on other parts of my body. I could, should, and will also return to yoga. My old, slow, focused form of it.

Indeed, I need to do something “different” in order to reawaken my tired body.

Friday, October 3, 2008

My Fatal Flaw: Lack of Self-Confidence

Self-disgust: Beginning of a new energy cycle.

Am I simply tired of last year’s fears? Have they run their course? Am I simply tired of my experiment with doing less? Have these approaches run their course, finally run out of gas?

Is that the meaning of today’s fulcrum of self-disgust?

No question I am totally disgusted with my left knee and right shoulder pains (and their harbinger, the sciatica which has now disappeared.)

In total, this makes three pains I have been playing with for months: 1. Left knee, 2. Right shoulder, 3. Sciatica.

Note the words “playing with.” They have been, strangely, part of a long-range, many month do-less experiment. It’s as if I want to see how little I can run, how few exercises I can do, how little I can dance, and still stay in shape! I’m testing myself, how long my body, and even my mind (I’ve cut back on studies, too) can survive “by itself,” whatever that means.

It’s a strange experiment, and I don’t even know why I started it or even wanted it. But it was part of a subtle, subconscious “plan” to prove myself.

And maybe secretly, to give myself more confidence. I was asking, “Do I really have to work so hard in order to be good? Do I really have to push so hard in order to improve, get better, and, ultimately, to be loved?”

Won’t Ma and all other mother substitutes ever love me simply for being me, for existing, and just being myself?

Answer: Maybe yes, maybe no.

But, in the process of performing this long range experiment, I have given up – or at least compromised – the fun of trying; I’ve partially, maybe mostly, deflected the exhilarating high of pushing and giving it my all; I’ve deprived myself of the elation that comes by making the grand effort, and working hard as I can.

Did I really do all this, go through all this, in the secret search for recognition and love from my audience of others? Did really, so flagrantly, trade the beauties and confidence of inward bound life for recognition-by-others, outward bound trifles?

Maybe.

After all, the main motivation for 50 Folk Dances was recognition from others, recognition from my folk dance community. And although I love the dancing, and am glad I did all that work, still the “fatal flaw” in the entire operation was this ego driven desire for recognition. Why would I want or even need such recognition? The only answer I can think of is: my ego lack of self-confidence.

Lack of self-confidence somehow created my sciatica, and later, my right shoulder and left knee problems. In true Sarnoian fashion, I created sciatica pains, then right shoulder and left knee pains, in order to avoid facing a much worse hurt, to distract myself from this awful weakness, emptiness, and hole in my personality, this painful lack of self-confidence.

Remember when Danny asked the question for his sixth grade interview: “What is your, what do you consider to be your most fatal flaw?”

I, almost immediately, and to my surprise, came up with the answer “lack of self-confidence.” Indeed, lack of confidence is my fatal flaw. Witness the pains I invent to

distract myself from it; witness sciatica, right shoulder, and left knee problems I have created in order to avoid facing it.

On Addictions

Giving up the Need for Artistic Recognition

Is the need for artistic recognition an addiction?

It is amazing that with all I've accomplished in my life, the fatal flaw, lack of self-confidence, has not gone away.

Will it ever? Will it be with me for life? Maybe that is why it is called a fatal flaw. Is it part of my fate?

Is there such a thing a fate? Is life determined? Pre-determined? Or can things be changed?

Can I ever get enough self-confidence? Or will I wrestle with the problem all my life?

Another great question is: Do I really need artistic recognition? Do I really need recognition as a writer, choreographer, composer, and more? Is it really so important? Sure, it's nice. But is it so necessary to feed and sustain me? Do I need it in order to thrive?

No question, I need some business recognition to make a living. But do I need artistic recognition? Can I live without it? After all, business recognition leads to money and financial survival, whereas artistic recognition makes little to no money, and is thus not that necessary for my survival.

Is the self-satisfaction I get from artistic creation, artistic endeavors and activities enough to sustain me? They are, after all, goods-in-themselves.

It's also a pain in the ass trying to get artistic recognition.

Is the need for artistic recognition an addiction?

Suppose I gave up this need, this addiction. I'd have more freedom. I'd even be

happier.

I have no need to be recognized as a runner, yoga, or calliyoga person.

I have no need to be recognized as a student, or a smart or wise person.

I've lost much, most of, (all?) my desire to be recognized as a musician. I can almost say I have no need to be recognized as a musician. Been there, done that.

Recognition for all of the above is pleasant and nice. But it is not a need.

Dropping Artistic Recognition

What is then left in my artistic recognition, miracle schedule-type, constellation of needs? Only writing and folk dance—folk dance choreography. I guess writing and folk dance choreography, as creative ventures, go together. Thus they fall under the rubric of artistic recognition.

I've spent 2007-2008 working on folk dance choreography recognition. Can I now put this need out to pasture by saying it is a "Been there, done that" deal?

How about writing? I've written "enough" books to satisfy my life's need. Can I now say writing, and the publishing of my books, is a "Been there, done that" deal?

This would mean all these miracle schedule areas are now free to be done merely for the satisfaction I get from doing them. No longer would outside recognition, artistic recognition, be necessary.

This would be a wonderful, freeing moment.

As a "Been there, done that" graduate, I can now drop and say goodbye to Sciatica, and its children, Left Knee and Right Shoulder.

Artistic recognition as a "Been there, done that."

Artistic Recognition, Paganism, and the Ten Commandments

Is the addiction to artistic recognition a type of paganism?

Am I breaking God's monotheistic commandment by worshiping at this artistic recognition alter?

Is that the cause of my pains?

Doing art is my form of prayer and worship. It gives me a direct connection to God. By diluting it, lowering its purpose to worship by and from others, namely recognition by others, artistic recognition, I am diverting and polluting its divine purpose. And, of course, this misdirection, creates and causes pain.

Dropping Artistic Recognition

Dropping, losing, giving up my need for (artistic) recognition would bring a great sense of relief and (inner) freedom.

Can I "work on" it? Can I do it?

Start thinking about it now. It's a wonderful direction and goal for this and all seasons.

Saturday, October 4, 2008

Ego recognition is puny compared to the cosmic union during meltdown Magnificence.

Dare to feel the beauty of its overwhelming power, the Beauty of its God-connection. The meltdown itself will dissolve the need for audience and any other recognition.

Sunday, October 5, 2008

New approach: Aim for and be satisfied with short jabs of focus. Practice short, focused jabs of concentration.

A New Approach to Instrument Practice

The short focused jabs of concentration approach

Guitar, violin, gaida, voice, body: If all these instruments are vaguely equal, it doesn't matter what order or direction I play them in, or how much time I spend on each one. Thus follow mind and heart. Go where they go. Let them guide the way.

Body, too. After all, it is my ultimate instrument. Thus its exercises: yogalizing, runningizing, callisthenicizing, folkdancizing, or whatever, are part of instrument practice.

Monday, October 6, 2008

Folk Dance Mind

We classify disease as error.

"Folk Dance Mind cures all." A good T-shirt slogan.

Year of the Dive-In

Last year was a transitional one filled with hesitancy and holding-back pains. These pains were harbingers of artistic, business, leadership, and personal growth.

Dive-in growth.

My goal this year: Give up hesitancy and holding-back. Make it the Year of the Dive-In.

Tuesday, October 7, 2008

Focus and Exercise Must Go Together

Did 150 focused push-ups and 6's in weights last night after folk dancing. My right shoulder got better! It felt better both during and afterwards. And continued better the next morning.

Focus and exercise must go together! A key truth.

Will it work for my left knee, too?

Am I onto something here?

Total focus and total dive-in go together.

Going Private

There are advantages to going public.

There are also advantages to going private.

For example, going private with the guitar. If no one is ever going to hear me play guitar again, then I am totally free to play whatever way I want!

No public performances, free of public performances.

Entry into Total Focus and Dive-In Land.

Wednesday, October 8, 2008

A Writing Year!

A writing year: Back to one hour a day of writing. . . and four pages a day!

(Where have I been all these months?)

1. Prepare New Leaf, Zany, and other.
2. Push books/prepare website.

Thursday, October 9, 2008

2008-2009 Goals

The purpose and meaning of this year is coming into focus. It is partially based on a slow tour year, slow booking year, and of course, slow folk dance year. In the process, my focus is shifting into and onto becoming, even being, a writer!

1. Write: Four pages a day. . . . of Zany 2. Difference between New Leaf type writing is: four pages a day of fiction!

2. Editing: Edit Zany and next New Leaf: A New Leaf 6.

3. The Writing Business, Book sales.

Could I devote an hour (even half hour) a day to editing and the business of

writing. Somehow editing and the writing business go together. By editing, I am thinking about my audience, preparing for them, "writing for them." I am thinking about how I will eventually and even now, promote and sell my books.

4. Running: (25 minutes a day for one year.)

A. Cure my left knee and right shoulder.

Friday, October 10, 2008

Three Writing Work Areas:

for the Professional Writer. . .as Entrepreneur

1. New Writing: Zany II (Zany Travel)
2. Editing: (2 New Books: Zany Meets the Word, New Leaf 6-8)
3. Book Sales (Book of Book Sales)

Saturday, October 11, 2008

Leadership

I'm getting ready to lead my tour to Greece. I'm reading a book on the life of Josef Stalin to learn how to become a better leader.

What is leadership? A big question for my Greek tour, and the year.

Sunday, October 12, 2008

Embracing the Big Three

I had so much fun and the Music and Art mini-reunion at the Kary's last night. Making music and good friends.

I left feeling nostalgic and peaceful. This morning I feel somewhat sad, and strangely empty. Perhaps it was Marvin Ochs beautiful piano playing of Mendelssohn's Song Without Words that contributed to this feeling. While he was playing, I experienced the usual musical Magnificence meltdown. Afterwards, I thanked him publically and said this reminded me that the intense love of music, the

core of my life, was discovered and fostered at Music and Art. How thankful am I.

I also feel a desire to return to a passionate challenge, to jump back into some kind of worthwhile fight, a self-elevating challenge that constantly reminds, make me remember, and creates the Magnificent meltdown feeling, which gives total richness, magnificent fullness, and solid, fundamental meaning to my life.

It's in the music.

So what kind of new passion challenge can I create and face? Strangely and sadly, stocks and even making lots of money as a mad passion may have run its course. I'm sorry to lose this wild interest, but it seems to have reached its own up-down, gambling, ever-obsessive, mind-controlling, self-destructive dead end.

It seems in finance I'll have to settle for stability. Dull but necessary. (How to achieve and follow through on stability? Invest only in CD's and interest bearing accounts. Search only for higher yields. That's it.)

After my post-marriage, forty-year search for money, what can now ignite my passion? What will there be?

Well, I'm starting to make some inroads of my exercise program. The last few days I'm doing well, sticking to the do-it-every-day-for-a-year commitment. Since I dislike the word "exercise," I'll call it, exorcize, at least until I can find better term. I exorcize my demons, and, in the process, release my musical endorphins.

1. Exorcize and musical endorphin release program.

2. I've somehow added writing.

3. Now I think I need some kind of music commitment, some instrument practice and self-improvement program. Why would I do this? Certainly, not with future performance in mind. Mentally, I have given up the idea of performance. I need this, at least for now. Thus, it is good, at least temporarily. Perhaps I need to reconnect to my love and the healing effects of music on my being. What violin once did for me.

Perhaps go back to violin!?! For a year. It goes with the running/exorcize program. Nothing public about that.

What about writing? Well, along with the actual daily efforts of writing Zany II, (the none-public part. This may relate to violin and exorcize program) I've also thrown in a vaguely impractical, slightly sideward business aspect. A vague part of me wants to see if I can somehow promote and sell my books! And thus become a professional writer. Namely, one that sells.

So, to summarize, I have three new areas for this year:

1. Exorcize program
2. Writing program
 - a. Zany II: new.
 - b. Zany I and New Leaf 6: editing
 - c. Book sales
3. Musical (instrument) program.

What about study? It may be drifting from languages to exorcize, music, and even leadership. We see.

Monday, October 13, 2008

Tuesday, October 14, 2008

Courage, Passion, and Inner Performance

I don't have, at the moment, a career that terrifies and scares me. Perhaps I feel I've had a career that has terrified and scared enough during my life. On the other hand, without facing the terror, where's the courage and passion? Nowhere.

I miss my courage and passion.

Don't I need to do something that scares the shit out of me to find, and courageously fulfill, the dictates of my passion?

Performance in general, classical guitar performance in particular, are the only things that come to mind. But somehow I'm at a new stage, and much, most (all?), of the desire to do them has drained out of me.

Performance as I see it (saw it) is an outward event. Can I find a new kind of

courage and passion by going inward? Challenging myself to improve, grow, and change in an inward way? Is there such a thing as inner performance? (Like going a bit faster.) If not, why not invent it?

I'm tired of the "false" pressures of outward performance. I no longer care much about what others think. I'm firm and confident in my own beliefs and way of doing things. Yet I still want and need the fear, terror, courage, and passion.

Going inward, inner performance, could indeed be my next, direction. Based on all the experience I have had as a post-seventy person, this new inner performance direction and approach seems proper and right.

I'm onto something.

I've not so much lost interest in pleasing my audiences, but rather have become bored with thinking about how to do it, and trying to. It's a "been there, done that" thing.

Inner performance means giving a new kind of concert. An inner concert. It also means leading (performing) a new kind of tour. An inner tour.

No question my inner tour and concert will shine by themselves. Thus they will automatically shed light on others. Whether my audience of others see the light or not is beyond my control.

Fumes of Fun!

My right shoulder is improving. I wonder why.

My right shoulder improves as my left knee gets worse.

I wonder if the inhibition in my left knee has something to do with the freedom and free spirit skipping of the above fun-tour vision.

Note words: "freedom," "inhibition." Also leg and dance word: "skipping."

I can't believe I'm actually reading my own books for guidance. I'm looking at Knees, Knorbert and the Kneecaps, in Crusader Tours.

Wednesday, October 15, 2008

Anger at Success

Robbed of Motivation and Dreams!

I think I may still be suffering from the aftermath of the success storm. Or perhaps I am still in it. Whatever, the manifestations of this suffering, anger at success, are found in my consistent knee pain and shoulder pain.

Now it is my left knee. But remember, from June 11th onward, it was sciatica in my right leg. Thus it "jumped," transferred, from one leg to another! Total TMS.

My right shoulder I'll leave for another time. But, even though I can't quite figure either my leg or shoulder out, somehow, deep in my heart and brain, I "know" they are related to TMS, and thus belong to the same syndrome.

I'm somehow still in the success syndrome, still standing in the storm, still suffering from anger at success. It still hasn't "gone away." I have still not made peace with it. My pains have taken many forms over the past year, some new ones, a return of some old ones. But, I believe, all are related to anger at success! The idea that: Success has robbed me of both my motivation and my dreams!

This is a very big deal. No wonder I'm mad at it. Actually, I'm beyond mad. I'm gut-bottomed furious! No wonder I'm suffering in so many strange, perverted, physical, and psycho-physical forms.

How confusing and depressing this is!

Is there any way I find new motivation and create new dreams? Is there any way to reignite the positive parts, the idealism, dreams, and goals of my old self?

Life is bland, dull, and boring without dreams and motivations. In fact, it's hardly worth living. Therefore, as a life saving device, I'd better find new dreams and motivations, or else!

Flexible Hammer Toe Joint

Very drained and down after my session with Lyn. In the drainage, my sense of direction and purpose dribbled away. Without direction and purpose, I feel down.

But the session itself was fascinating. Is it possible to re-educate the body through what she calls the body-mind?

She massaged and pressed my hammer toe, and, in the process, “woke it up.” I became mentally “aware” of it. I could see and feel the frozen joint. I could see and feel it flexing, bending, even pushing out and straightening. . . slightly. I went from no hope to toe hope.

Rather than desiring a straight hammer toe, I’ll now see and want a flexible joint.

Friday, October 17, 2008

The Lack-of-Confidence Game

My body is leading my mind. I am shifting out of something, and moving on to something else. But I don’t know what it is. In a sense then, I have been in a strange transitional phase. It started, this January with the Raleigh booking and the organization and writing of 50 Folk Dances. That’s when new pains began in my legs. Could I call them “lack of confidence,” “can I make it?” pains.

Of course, I know I can make it, both as a folk dance teacher and tour leader. Yet I keep playing this game with myself. For example, the Greek tour is coming up on Sunday. Pains in my knees abide. Knees symbolize stability. My instability, knee pain, comes from this game. (Right shoulder, too. Right equals power: yad hazak. Lack of confidence in my power.)

Why do I keep playing this game with myself?

Part of my mind says, “I can’t make it.” The other part says, “I can.” These opposites fight, argue, struggle on the battlefield in my brain. By taking up so much space there, they keep me continually busy. I’m occupied with their trivia.

My mind needs to be occupied. If not, it will eat me up. If I give it up my (ancient) lack-of-confidence game, what will occupy it?

I don't know. But I am ready to find out. First step is recognizing that this confidence battle is simply a game. I play it with myself. In the past, perhaps out of an ancient habit or for some other reason, I needed it. Presently, I no longer do. The need has run its course. Time for something else to occupy my mind.

With this upcoming, new mental occupation, the pains in my knees and shoulders will pass, fade away, disappear.

My brain needs a new game.

What it will be, I do not yet know.

Sunday, October 19, 2008

Free from the Demands of my Artistic Self

Leaving for Greece today.

Last night a thought, perhaps a realization:

My life as a guitarist (classical, singer, performer), folk dance teacher, and writer is over as I once it."

Perhaps this helps explain the strange semi-transitional year of aches and pains. These symbolized the dead of the old body housing the old views of my "former" ever-trying-to-go- public, artistic self.

Why these three lives have died, I am not sure. Maybe they have simply run their course. After many years, I've done and finished what I needed to do. A "been there, done that" thing.

Whatever it is, it is. I don't really care much about the reasons. But I do care about where I am presently. And it definitely feels like I have moved past these former lives.

I step into a new post-seventy existence. Moving past my former lives gives me a strange sense of freedom and relief.

How so? Well, the pressure to make a living through dance is off. This takes the pressure off my legs. I don't need them to dance anymore. Same with my hands for

guitar. Of course, that form of earning a living through guitar performance died off years ago. And as for writing, it never made money but was always a form of hope for future recognition and immortality. But even my desire for recognition (and thus immortality) has largely abated.

Sure, it would be nice to be recognized, nice to make a little dough from guitar playing, folk dance teaching, and writing. It would be “nice.” But no longer is it vital. That’s the difference. That’s the new place I am in. The old artistic and recognition pressures are off. In their place comes a sense of relief. I stand at the edge of a wild and wonderful freedom!

Free from the demands of my artistic self.

What will life be like? A new adventure begins.

GREEK TOUR 2009: JOURNAL

Tuesday, October 21, 2008

Athens

Judy didn’t realize it, but her comment about possibly giving a journal writing workshop on this tour was such a compliment to me. It means my writing is effective. It helps others. Recognition at its highest!

By the way, Dick’s mention of Maica, without his realizing I choreographed it, meant nothing to me. That is very good. Last year’s tour, such “slights” upset me so much I ended up spending six months writing 50 Folk Dances. Somehow, during that terrible period as I wrestled with my psychological and egoism demons, I worked through my eat-me-up monsters. Now I am calm, relaxed, and different. Thus that ego phase has faded into the past. Good, good! My folk dance self has been subsumed under the larger role and function of leadership.

I feel a sudden blinding headache coming on. Like Moses, I resist the calling.

But resistance in futile. God calls.

I break down crying.

Wednesday, October 22, 2008

The Singing Body Program

I wish for a great body. I want the great feeling, the physical exhilaration that comes with feeling physically great! I want a singing body! No question, a singing mind and spirit will follow.

How to achieve a singing body? How to reach this psycho-physical state of Magnificence? What kind of time and effort must I put in? How much discipline do I need?

Squat practice at Mycenae seemed to cure my knee. Squat warm-ups at Epidaurus also pushed a squatting Karagouna step to the forefront when the English young descendants joined in.

Pointing again to psychological origins of knee pains.

Friday, October 24, 2008

Olympia

Beautiful Tour Feeling

A little angry this morning. That's good. It means I slept last night, and have some energy, and enough of it to be mad at myself for not doing my push-ups and more.

It also means my tour is unified, together, at stage one.

As for its glowing, I remain amazed and happy. The L factor has totally disappeared and been replaced by love of L! Absolutely amazing. I am so happy about this!

By writing 50 Folk Dances, doing the Raleigh folk dance weekend job – which I

took and did thanks to L—I have somehow worked through something important within myself. Possibly it is my relationship to folk dancing, its meaning to me, and a new vision of my leadership strengths, skills, and talents. I have also come to peace with and accepted my role as leader, and all the subsumptions of it.

Whatever it is that happened and has been worked out over the past year has ended up as a beautiful thing. A new beautiful tour feeling has been born and created from it.

And this in spite of my physical frailties. Or could it be because of them?

“In spite of” or “because of?” That is the question. Am I overcoming frailties or creating them?

Do I create on frailties in order to distract myself from my higher calling? Do I focus on them to avoid embracing my power as a leader, creator, mentor, and my position (as leader) for doing good?

Will I ever find it the answer? Does it even matter?

Creation keeps moving on. Keep my eye on the creation ball. That’s the important thing. Everything else is besides the point.

Roosevelt Led from a Wheelchair

Can I admit my frailties in public? Can I even show them? Can I move beyond their humiliation? (What kind of leader am I if I have so many frailties?)

Maybe others will see my frailties and accept me anyway. Maybe frailties have nothing to do with leadership. After all, Roosevelt led from a wheelchair.

Kick a Flower!

My anger is back! Thank God! How wonderful and fantastic. I have finally been reunited with this most important part of myself! I’ve cut through the Gordian success knot. I’m back to normal, or abnormal, whatever the case may be.

Success will no longer depress me. Now I know I can retain my anger and its mad shoe motivation even among the reeds, weeds, and flowers of success. Thus, success or failure, I can remain happy. I can always kick a flower.

Miscellaneous Thoughts

Nuanced, incremental shifts create small miracles of change every day.
New Leaf Live in action.

Truth is, I feel so effective and good when I encourage others. Perhaps that is my true calling. Encouraging others to open up, relax, express themselves, and become their best.

From Language to History

Shifting from language to history. Maybe after many years of language study, my studies are shifting to history. After all, in one sense, linguistically, I've gone as far as I need to go." I know the basic get-along words in many languages. I don't want to put in the time and effort to become an expert in any one of them. I'm a generalist with a smattering of linguistic knowledge. I'm okay with that.

Now I sense a shift taking place: from language to history. I know the countries I'm traveling to. I'm ready to see them anew. The reading and study of history may now help. I've already piled up the history books on the dining room table. We'll see where this leads.

Deepening Relaxation

Inner and outer pressure is totally off.

I wonder if the fact I no longer see myself as a public and professional guitarist will usher in a new era of guitar-playing, deepening relaxation.

I have always sensed that right shoulder has something to do with music,

namely, my guitar and violin playing.

Psychologically, do the six months of right shoulder have something to do with dropping my old self-image as public and professional guitarist, and the new freedom of self-expression it will bring me?

I'm sure I'm right: It just feels so right. This new freedom will follow its own development.

New Folk Dance Self-Image

Am I heading for a new self-definition as a folk dancer? Do I need to drop my self-image as a public and professional one, and teacher, a la guitar? Is that where I'm heading? Do I want and need the new freedom of self-expression that dropping image will bring me?

Does it mean giving up classes and teaching a while, a year, forever? Perhaps it is more of an image thing. Truth is, if someone called me to give a concert, I would give it. ("Luckily," no one has called.)

Maybe I can simply cut back for awhile, until I resolve and make peace with this new situation.

Well, I just resolved it. Why give up my money-making folk dance class business? I'll just have to deal with, and develop, this new folk dance self-image "in place."

Wednesday, November 5, 2008

What to do?

Suppose I don't do the DVD and video. Can I live with such a half-done folk dance project?

Why did I do the 50 Folk Dances? For myself and for others. Certainly, I don't need a DVD for myself. But will I ever promote and sell it among others? I don't know. On one level, it would certainly be a relief to give up the video and DVD project. On

the other hand, I feel incomplete. Like writing a book but not publishing it.

Anger and Energy Spike!

I almost never feel stiffness in my lower back anymore. But this morning my lower back (knee and shoulder probably as well) is telling me I am very angry at something.

What? The elections? Tour return? Other?

Does it even matter? I'm always angry at something! And this is good! Kick a flower! But mad recognition is necessary.

Note spike in energy the moment I acknowledged my anger! Also, when I focused on the anger rather than my body parts, I did a faster and better salute to the sun!

Hornets' nests in my body. Hard to say whether pain makes me angry, or the anger creates pain. I'm thinking anger comes first, that emotions precede and are "expressed" through body pain.

But chicken or egg, whatever comes first, acknowledgment of the emotion is key. Embrace the mad, then dive straight into the hornets' nest!

And remember, the divine madness of "anger" is a good. It is not something that needs a psychological cure. The herculean rage of divine madness is my energy source. Diving into this hornet's nest of divine madness will immediately cure my knee, shoulder, and everything else!

Perhaps (the power of) this mad divine energy has been knocking at my door during the past six months, blocked by sciatica, knee, shoulder, and other sundry distractions.

Curative State of Ecstasy

In the state of ecstasy you are inured to pain. Does this state of divine madness affect your cells in some new, strange way, perhaps through release of endorphins or

other? Is no cellular damage done? If so (strangely, I believe it is), it is another reason to momentarily give up the transient world and go there.

Back to Interest

Later: Maybe the market is not a good idea for me. It is sinking, I'm losing money, and, worst of all, I'm spending valuable mental time thinking – actually, worrying – about it. This is exactly why I gave up the market in the first place.

Why did I get back in? Ostensibly, for the sport of it. But the sport is only fun when I win. Losing occupies my mind, and is no fun.

Do I need the money I'm playing with? No. Well, not exactly. But, even though it's a small amount, I hate losing it, nevertheless.

Maybe I made a mistake. Maybe I shouldn't be in the market. Think about it. . .

This is the second time around. Two down. Three strikes and I'm out. Or maybe I'll decide to get out after two strikes. If I'm out this time, will I be out "forever?" Maybe.

Friday, November 7, 2008

Sad but Free!

Yesterday I hit the height of intellectual sophistication and rooted dynamism. The floodgates of divine madness opened temporarily, and I peered into heaven.

How to hold such a vision on earth then becomes the question. Nevertheless, bearing this vision in mind, I did run an hour and ten minutes. During that period I watched my mind carry me from left leg pain to divine, writhing madness pleasure.

But other things happened, too.

First, I ended up selling all my stocks! Out of the market! I felt sad but free. Although disappointment temporarily filled my being, I have to admit I have made some progress. My first stock market period lasted twenty years and I lost well over 50

Gs. This time my stock market period lasted about a month and I only lost 1 G. So, I have to congratulate myself on the progress of my self-knowledge. Two times down. Three strikes and you're out. Hopefully, I am now wise enough and won't need a third strike.

Owning stocks is simply not good for me or my mind. While I held them, a thin veil covered my brain. A back corner of my cerebral hemispheres was always devoted to this helpless gambling instinct. This part of me could never rest, sleep, or divorce itself from the tumble, jangle, and restlessness of the stock market gambling fever, whether the market went up or down, whether I made or lost money. Consequently, focus on other creative ventures diminished, and sometimes even disappeared.

So now it is over. I am sad but free. And I know that once the sadness has passed (it just about has), I will secretly then publically jump for joy! Yes, I've got my mind back. My brain is in order again. Thank you stock market losses for breaking my chains, freeing me from mental slavery, releasing me into the atmosphere, and preparing me for my next adventure.

What will that adventure be? How can I challenge depression and rise above sadness? Yesterday's writings on divine madness offer the answer. No, it is not as mild as "offer." Rather the utter joy and wildness of jumping, scintillating mad shoe vision smashes me in the face with its dynamic truth!

Sunday, November 9, 2008

First Great Day in Months

Yesterday, I had my best day in since January; or certainly since June 11th. It was my first great day in months!

Following a great night of great dancing in Darien, at nine in the morning I started out for an hour run. It was good. I applied the "new" principles of minimal-to-no-warm beforehand. But of course, I began the run very slowly. Warming up while running; doing it in the activity itself.

At five thirty in the evening I played violin for an hour. This based on a new commitment to Danny and myself, to practice/play an hour a day until Danny's birthday party on December 7th when we will try playing the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto together.

I followed my violin practice with an hour or real yoga. That means scorpion, head stand, shoulder stand, lotus posture, etc. Due to sciatica, then right shoulder pain, I had not done these postures since June 11th! A long, horrible, painful, perhaps necessary break. But it all ended yesterday. I even followed yoga practice with a short study of Greek!

Love it!

Folk Dance

What does this kind of personal, only-for-me guitar path have to do with the back of my left knee?

Could it be I'm looking for a similar path, a similar vision of inner freedom in folk dancing? Will the back-of-my-left-knee stiffness continue until I find it?

Although I love folk dancing, and teaching my classes, I nevertheless, still have to do it. I am "forced and compelled." Internally, I rebel against it; I resist such a state.

I'm sure my knee is an expression of this resistance. However, how to get rid of it is a whole other question and problem. Perhaps it will simply take mucho time. It took almost a year to work out Lee jealousy. I did it mostly by writing 50 Folk Dances.

I may even have to write another book! The title might be Saga of Left Knee's March to (Inner) Freedom!

(Would this be the Zany sequel?)

I may know and understand the problem in a few minutes. But working it out may take months, even years.

I have definitely nailed the problem. How do I get back to loving what I am doing? (Notice the wording: "Get back" and back of my knee.) Truth is, I do love it.

But the “have to” is killing me, stabbing me in the back. (But my back won’t take it. It has become too smart to believe in these pains. But mind still wants and “needs” them. So it has transferred the swarming wasps to left knee.)

If I can get rid of my inner audience in guitar, maybe I can, in the same process, get rid of my inner folk dance audience. (I never thought I had one, but evidently, I do.) Maybe once I find guitar freedom, it will spread to everything else.

So ends a New Leaf