

Depression and Success

Wednesday, October 4, 2006

Success! What a Depressing Thought

Depression clouds my mind. . . again.

Why would I be depressed? Success is weighing down my brain.

It's an old story. Intellectually, I know it's true. Yet it is so hard to believe.

Failure creates an empty field up ahead; in this empty field I am free to dream my dreams.

Success creates a full field; in it I am consumed with to-do fulfillments and responsibilities. In this field, I no longer have space or time to dream.

Dreams elevate my mind. Without them, I get depressed.

If this is true, what, if anything, can I do about it?

Strangely, I have always dreamed of success. Paradoxically, now I have it, I no longer have time or space in which to appreciate paradox!

Paradox, indeed!

(Character development and sub plots: Could this become the problem of Lancelot? Is that why he died? Or St. James?)

Look at all the reason for the success-depression syndrome: Guitar is flying, bookings drift in, the tour business is filled with new ideas and potential; it is on an upper; even writing has new characters. In fact, all miracles schedule activities are growing, developing, flowering.

Success! What a depressing thought!

Guitar

I break down and cry in (Alhambra bass) freedom. What=s this all about?

With success comes a new freedom.

This new (inner) freedom was first expressed in and through the guitar, the Alhambra bass release. Then the Leyenda bass release, the Villa-Lobos Prelude No. 4 bass release, the flamencan tremolos and arpeggios bass release.

Now there is no turning back; impossible to return to the past and the old way of playing. Success with its new freedom is here to stay. Why? Rivers cannot flow backwards. The dam is broken. This cannot be changed.

Emotion?

Guitar: I have crossed the line.

Is the next stage, if there is a next stage? Well, there is always a next stage. Rolling Alhambra emotion?

Beyond technique: it means no thoughts of technique while playing. Next stage of emotion, feeling.

Is that what my headache is all about: Holding back the final dam, the torrential river's final flow of emotion, passion, feeling, and love. In folk dancing, touring, guitar, everywhere.

The step beyond bass.

It starts with Alhambra; but it doesn't end there.

Going beyond technique to emotion is the highest form I can get to. It is also an infinite and eternal form: the formless field of infinity, the timeless tunnel of eternity.

The timeless funnel of eternity.

Of course this is the place I want to be. Where else is there to go? Why would I want to be anywhere else? It is home in infinity, my true and forever resting place.

Performing, Ecstasy, and Business

Shouldn't I be out there having ecstatic experiences? Now that I've got my (Alhambra) ecstasy on the guitar, shouldn't I be out there performing?

Ecstasy is divine union with God. Ecstasy is the highest experience one can have.

The gone public transformation is complete, and being expressed through guitar.

Shouldn't I be out there trying to have it?

In art. . . and in tourism, one must move beyond technique in order to relax and, in the process, achieve ecstasy.

That's why Apractice makes perfect.@ Perfection is another word for ecstasy.

The Gift

That may be newest challenge, the one I have been running away from, or at least, unable to see in my post-transformational and post-Cape Cod return life. The seven-year old >naive= child saying, >I love you.=

Well, if I really love me, I could give myself a gift: the gift of two hours a day of writing; the gift of a free morning in which I can write, play guitar, sing, do yoga, and/or run.

That's the gift my money can buy.

I now have the cushion (money in the bank), freedom and direction (created by seeing tours and bookings as my business) to make money.

What will I do with the money I make? The best thing is to buy myself a gift of freedom, of a free morning, and in it, the gift of writing.

(On the Greek tour I could write by hand in my journal.)

A good morning idea: 12 hours of writing, 2 hour of book sales promotion. (This would make the writing >real.= Push it into the real world with a sales purpose.)

I feel so at peace after realizing the above. I have purpose, direction, guidance. And a courageous challenge in front of me. Dare I give myself the Gift?

But what other choice is there? At this point, doing the manly heroic thing means having the courage to take my mornings.

Tuesday, October 10, 2006

AFor Others@ and BusinessA Step up Jacob=s Ladder

What is this big Abusiness@ change I am beginning to feel: that my Ameaning,@ what gives meaning to my life, comes (only) when I connect myself to others. When I am doing something with Athem@ in mind; for others, with others, about others.

Doing Afor myself@ is losing its bite. Doing with others in mind, that what I do will eventually reach others and somehow be for them, help them, seems to be the only thing that now energizes me, and gives meaning to my life.

This is the Abusiness@ sense, the Aothers@ and Afor others@ concept. The ultimate sales mode.

Making money and moving beyond myself is a by product of this kind of Afor others,@ Abusiness@ thinking.

If I picture others as directly connected (my tours) or indirectly connected (my guitar practicing, or even writing), it seems to inspire me, promote and push me, and somewhat lift me out of my depression of meaninglessness (cosmic depression).

What is happening here? Is it a new vision? An advance and qualitative change of an old one?

Suppose I consider it true. How would such a change in vision effect and affect how I think and what I do?

This is a total sales or/and Afor others@ vision. Although it is a sales vision, paradoxically, it does not even have to have money attached to it. Although maybe it does, in the sense that money means true physical and material attachment to others. It makes the involvement and attachment to others more visceral and more real.

Thus money as a symbol is very important. Symbolically, it is not everything, but, in its Afor others@ form, it is most things. Afor others@ is the foundation; money is the symbol.

How does such a vision connect to God and the Higher Forces? Well, since all is one, connecting to others is a higher form of connecting to my self, and my Self. I have

widened my horizons, broadened my self concept. It is an expanded vision of the real me, the Real Me.

It is not so much helping others (although that happens); it is rather being part of others. The notion that AI am them@, and AThey are me.@

A step up Jacob=s ladder. Think about it.

Money

Money connects you to the real, visceral needs of people: If they are willing to pay for it, they really and viscerally want it.

Otherwise, it=s just a whimsy, a passing thought, an empty shadow making a vacant and transitory appearance, like a cloud, overhead.

Scary Challenges

Evidently, I have to scare myself; otherwise, I will become totally bored and cosmically depressed. Too bad. Either way is unpleasant. But what can I do? That is my nature. And I do have pleasant interludes of rest between these scary challenges.

Thrilling Energy Rush of Higher Focus

Maybe I'm not really scared. Maybe I'm making myself scared, throwing myself back into the old neighborhood, is a mental trick I use to energize myself.

In truth, I'm really not scared. I have confidence. And even if I mess up, what can others do except criticize me? At worst, they' reject me, never see or do business with me again. Although I don't like this, I can accept it. I'll even say I'm proud of myself for making the (failed) attempt.

So, although I am annoyed by the pressures imposed from without, basically, I am not scared. I just like the energizing factor " being scared" gives me. Terrorizing myself is my own mental invention.

Can I replace being scared with focus on the task at hand? Should I? Would focus alone be able to energize me in the same manner?

What a shame to realize I am not scared. Annoyed, concerned, thoughtful. . . but not scared.

In fact, I'm not even annoyed. I have chosen the activity I do, chosen to run a tour, give a concert, run an event. Thus the details I must fulfill, are not even annoyances. I call them that in order to energize myself.

Thus the central task is to energize and motivate myself. Fear, anger, and annoyances are self-created, self-inflicted tools I use to wake myself up, and drive myself forward to the thrilling energy rush of higher focus.

This is found in my expression: "Running a tour is its own high."

Study and Stuck

Why do I wake up feeling vaguely depressed and stuck? I haven't felt this way for a long time. Miracle schedule is not holding me anymore. That is partly, mostly, only because the study aspect is not being fulfilled. It is boredom?

Guitar is moving, running and yoga are in place and slightly moving, writing is moving in Zany fashion. Only study is stuck and lifeless.

It's kind of sad but freeing to realize that improving on guitar is only between me and God. The public won't care one way or the other. Sad. . . but freeing.

Why sad? My public is no longer around to appreciate me. However, I do have my God. We have each other. I play for Him, and he claps occasionally.

Why freeing? I am no longer subject to the judgement of my public.

Friday, October 13, 2006

Elder Statesman:

Calmer, Self-Confident, More Perspective

I wonder if this sadness is due to loss of an old self, the passing away of my former life and attitude. I am now, usually the oldest one in my group, the oldest one in the folk dance class, the oldest one in the tour group, the oldest leader, the oldest one. I am becoming an elder statesman.

What does an elder statesman do? How does he think? I don't know. . . yet.

On the positive side, it makes me calmer; I have more distance and perspective.

On the negative, I feel the loss of my old definition, that my old form is slowly passing into the night, and that I will be eventually ignored and dismissed as an Auld codger.@

Thus the old bugaboos of rejection and abandonment return in new, updated form.

So really, nothing is new. Only the old forms have changed shape.

Loss, death, fear, abandonment, new beginnings, rebirth, resurrection: all are still in place.

But what is new is that I'll be running this upcoming tour to Greece as an elder statesman (of the tour world). What will this mean? What kind of new attitude will I have?

I've been through it all before; only the forms, tourists, destinations, and dates have changed. The emotional process is still the same.

Calmer, more perspective, I can handle it: these are some words and phrases that come to mind.

It's the death of the frazzled, bumped-around, pushed-around-by-emotions-and-emotional-events, tour problems, and more Jim Gold. The birth of a calmer, more confident self with more perspective. Not a bad thing for an elder statesman. Not a bad new thing to think about on this upcoming tour of Greece.

Truth is, I'm at the height of my tour powers. Does that mean they go downhill from here on out? Or can they go even higher? Or is this calm, confident, perspective

state one in which I want to remain, neither aiming higher nor expecting a downhill slide?

Probably the bottom-line sadness, and strange, new un-understandable depression, I have been feeling, is caused by (the usual) feeling of loss through death of the old self. I've experienced this many times before. And, because of past experiences, I know that, like a phoenix, a new self will rise from the ashes of the old self. The birth of elder statesman self.

Knowing and Remembering

Part of being an elder statesman is knowing and remembering I am not doing this tour alone. I work with Higher Forces. God has plans for me. Although we work together, He runs the show. Events unfold in their own time.

Although through ego and effort, mind and spirit, I work, to make decisions and figure out where I am going, I am ultimately, always and ever, in God=s hands. So is this tour of Greece.

Naflion, Greece: The hardly traveler tilts in all directions.

“When your time has come be sure not to be there. Addendum: AThere are some boats worth missing.@

Nina Katz

I met an Israeli group in Delphi. I stood near them for comfort. The Hebrew and their Jewish soothed me. I broke down crying.

Focus on one language: Hebrew. Get it good. For its own sake. Because I=m Jewish, it is closest to my heart.

Resurrect the old ideas, the old dreams. Back to the Bible. Hebrew. . . and Greek.

On Remembering (Memorizing) Words

A new way to remember and memorize foreign (Greek, Hebrew, Bulgarian, etc.) words: Focus on their sound and beauty. Forget about trying to memorize them. Take off the pressure of the weaker faculty of intellect. Let love of sound and language slowly drive these words deep into your unconscious. Think of them as a warm bath of linguistic sounds warming, comforting, and soothing your body.

Thus Greek vrachi: rain. Bulgarian dudz. Or Hebrew geshem.

Language and guitar: Back to beauty. That=s a start.

Developing, Growing A Company: The Next Step

Web development, photo sharing, and more.

Maybe that is my big challenge this year: Organizing all these talented people into a company. Somehow involving them, making them a part of JGI.

I have so many things to do. I can=t do them alone. I need the help of others to fulfill my vision.

I don=t want to do this. I want to stay an artist. But it feels like I am being forced into it by forces greater than myself. What force could be greater than me? The force of vision. It seems to come from outside, yet I know it must come from within. Besides, within and without, outside and inside, are really one. All is one. Separations are an illusion.

So saying, the growing of my Jim gold International company must come from me.

Besides, what else is there to do? I=ve already taken the artist=s route. And, in fact, this may be an expansion, the next step, of the artist=s route!

Is this possible? A stunning surprise, if it is.

Total Excellence as my Goal!

Deep Relaxation Point and Total Excellence

“Recuerdos de Seville” . . . and even “Alhambra”: That deep relaxation point in my right shoulder and upper (right) arm is such a subtle but vital distinction between fair-to-good playing and total excellence!

It is almost the difference between imperfection and perfection.

Is that my present, post-Greek tour, guitar-playing quest: to play in total excellence? Yes!

To accomplish it requires total focus on the relaxation point somewhere within my right shoulder and upper (right) arm.

Friday, November 10, 2006

Refreshment

Refreshment and new vision by looking in the same direction, the old and former one—rebirth through the resurrection of familiar but true forms: That’s where I am, reinvigoration, re-energizing of the miracle schedule and all its attributes.

This means, for me, there is nothing new under the sun. Yet within this unchanging framework, every day is a new day. Thus Renaissance is my path—the rebirth of classic learning within my older but wiser brain and body.

So now that my tour work has “finished” and I am ready to move ahead, move on, and my new goal and direction is one of deepening, what has deepened? Has it actually started? If yes, what have I deepened? And how have I deepened it?

Saturday, November 11, 2006

Creative Annoyances

This is the first morning that fear of old age has hit me. No doubt it began because I am at an ending. After my two bookings today, I believe the old life, old forms, old alls are officially over.

I am at an ending; I am ending: both go together. A vague depression covers my head. (Thank God! I am back! Depression always marks the beginning of a new

What will this new creative cycle be? Well, first of all, I know that I want to and will choose overwhelmed over depression. Of course, this is a mental, intellectual choice. I know it is good for me. However, working it deep into my gut is another matter. Nevertheless, it is a good and fruitful path.

So my next question is: How and with what shall I overwhelm myself? What hard and deliciously difficult tasks will I embrace?

Notice also I have the first-ever vague ache in my whole left hand! Notice also that my guitar playing is flying. No more right hand problems! Where have my fears (if any) gone? Why perhaps into my left hand, of course. New indeed. This was never a problem in the past. I hardly ever gave a thought to my left hand. Now that freedom of the right has risen, the left slides in to bother me in a different way. Interesting, indeed. How strange the mind is, especially mine.

Will I, do I, have any new guitar goals and directions as I enter this next phase? None appear at the moment. Could this emptiness be a partial left-hand barrier?

Notice also that, during the past few months, I have hardly talked about or mentioned the annoyance of physical aches and pains. Now I am beginning to think of them again, viewing them as partial impediments to my growth and progress.

Sure they were there during the past few months' terribly busy period. But I was too busy to pay that much attention to them. This was true especially when I led my Greek tour. But now that I have more "free time," I can consider my pains again.

Fascinating, indeed.

Partially, this points out the role of pain as a creativity motivator.

Does pain also block creativity? I doubt it.

Perhaps I should call it a "creative annoyance."

Well, the creative muse is annoying. And this is true when it comes in both its pleasure and pain form.

Do the Warm-Ups and Shut Up!

My left hand hurts because I didn't warm up properly. I thought I could skip most of the warm-ups because of my advanced mental state. This hubris could have caused my left hand pain.

Back to basics. I need warm-ups. Whether for guitar, yoga, running, folk dancing, or whatever, they are one of those basic rules of life. Just do them and shut up!

The Little Lost Guitarist

Perhaps my left hand index bar finger hurts (for the first time) as a Sarnoian resistance to the vacuum I am facing in my guitar future. If I can now play all my bugoboo pieces ("Alhambra" etc.), then what and why shall I practice? I have succeeded in accomplishing my long-range, long-time goal.

Do I now need a guitaristic "transition" phase, similar to the post-twenty-year, tour-accomplishment phase I just went through?

Do I, don't I, need to find and establish new guitarist goals and directions? And until I do, will my left index bar finger continue to hurt?

Is the bar finger "barring" my descent into the vacuum? And is that why it hurts in "replacement fear" mode. My mind creates the pain to distract me from a worse fear: namely the loneliness, and cosmic emptiness of falling into the vacuum.

No question I need a new guitar goal, a new guitar reason. But what?

Perhaps giving future concerts is not enough. After all, such performing is an "outward, gone public" thing. It's good, but may not be the deep, gut-churning direction I am looking for.

Yes, let's begin by facing it: As a guitarist, I feel lost.

How about playing for God? God and Audience, Audience and God as One.

Certainly, this is a different thought. Is it a different approach?

I deepened tours by returning to the same places but seeing them differently, in depth.

Can I deepen guitar playing by returning to the same (Alhambra, etc.) places but seeing them differently? Return to the idea of guitar practice and my personal and private form of prayer. (Sure, the public can “look in;” but their participation is secondary and thus, “besides the point.”)

Could guitar playing become my new, personal and private, but also public, form of worship? My personal and private, but also public, form of prayer?

Why not? And what else could it be? This would be a post-transitional place. The same, only totally different. Renaissance and rebirth of the ancient form, the antique and dried-up mode.

Choosing a Life Style

Last Saturday we did two bar mitzahs. To me, in one grand work-finale, it represented¹ the culmination of two months, nay, actually a year of post-transformational work. An ending!

Sunday morning I ran a slow one-hour and fifteen minutes to “celebrate.”

Monday afternoon I suddenly got a cold, chills, sniffles, and sore throat. I actually got sick!

I haven’t been sick for over a year. Why now?

I sense it has to do with a deep inner conflict and ultimately, a life style choice.

I am totally engaged, totally excited, by the River of Success and Energy I am riding on. Work is coming in; I am in the fight for more work; I’m advertising, promoting, expanding, pushing my web site, rolling forward on all cylinders. It is exciting, dynamic, a total and constant “Wow!” state.

Suddenly, after Saturday night, I saw it all as “over.” Now I could take a long wanted and long needed “vacation.”

And instead, I got sick.

Now come the big life-style questions: As my nose drips its snot onto my pants, I ask: Do I want this constant excited state?

Did I get sick because I am resisting the flow or that Success and Excitement

River?

What will Ma say?

I am at a crossroads: I can choose the ever-swirling, Success and Excitement River state; or I can choose Ma's paradise of endless relaxation, or to live in the "rewards" of so-called success, or, as I might call it, the post-retirement death syndrome.

Should I choose life with its constant self-choice of whirling excitement, or death with its endless choice of relaxation?

Sure life and death, swirling excitement and relaxation are present in every cycle. We know that. And I must accept the states as I go along. Nevertheless, the question emerges: Why did I get sick?

I believe it is (partly) because I am resisting the River of Excitement. Why do I resist? I have conflict between the energy of the river, and Ma's inner call to "Relax, don't strain yourself, don't get sick. Too much work will make you sick. Better to take it easy, not give it you all. Relax. That will make me happy."

These are words from the old neighborhood that I still hear and carry within me. Yet I also carry the language of the Excitement River. Which one will I choose?

Actually, it's easy: The Excitement River. But in the past, such decisions were always accompanied by self-doubt and inner conflict. Now, in my new, post-transitional state, although I am ready to make a more definite and non-conflicting choice, I am, nevertheless, not used to it. Making such a blatant choice, choosing to live in and flow with the Excitement River, will be and is definitely my present choice: It is my new life style.

Wednesday, November 15, 2006

Joy, Excitement, and Survival

A kabbalistic problem: Much of my future may be based on the question: Can I

stand the excitement? In fact, the big question of my new life may be: How much excitement can I stand?

Is joy the same as excitement?

If not, how does joy relate to excitement?

I'm dealing with wild horses here. Can I control them?

Thursday, November 16, 2006

On Standing Up for Yourself

The down side of standing up for yourself is: Standing up for yourself is trouble, difficult, threatening, and dangerous; it can create alienation and abandonment by others, criticism from others, etc.

The up side is total pride! It feel great! You walk down the street with head held high. No one can touch you. You stand in the light of God's glory.

Here's a discourse: Feelings of frustration and rage are part of a tour, both for me and my customers.

Expect them; get used to them; deal with them.

In fact, they could become part of our advertising: "Frustration and rage are part of what we at JGI offer!"

A good question is: How do I find pleasure in rage and frustration?

Opposites Attract

Business, and its "opposite," found in writing and other miracle schedule activities are both extremely intense involvements. I cannot do them too long.

I need something to distance myself from each, to free me, give me perspective, relax, and refresh me.

Well, business can relax, free, and refresh me from miracle schedule activities,

For example, writing frees me from, and refreshes me for, my business; business frees me from, and refreshes me for, my writing.

Monday, November 20, 2006

Isn't it strange that my guitar index finger problem, which for years has been in my right hand – the “cause” of my tremolo and arpeggio problem – has now switched to my left-hand index finger.

Now it effects my bar, and left index in general.

This problem could be temporary. . . or (I hope not but am afraid it might be) permanent.

Why suddenly, when I have finally “solved” my right hand index problem, has it moved to the left?

This had never happened before. Of course, I had never solved my right-hand index finger problem before.

Is this a Sarnoian transfer? Will it continue until I find a new direction, reason, purpose, and way of playing the guitar, one to compliment and fulfill my new stage of development?

Will and Desire: Quantity Leads to Quality:

Stumbling onto the Right Path

Will is all. Add to that desire.

Will and desire are all.

They are the keys to motivation.

I have (I hope, temporarily) lost both. Is it because I have been sick? Or at the end of a long string of work? Does fatigue plus sickness equal loss of will and desire?

Is there a fundamental change taking place deep within my being that I am not yet aware of? Is it a case of birthing a new self-definition? Is a volcanic psychological

change, a thunderous philosophical metamorphosis, taking place? Or am I just sick. . . and tired. . . and will it all pass?

Stay tuned to find out.

Shall I replace quality with quantity, and by doing so hope that quantity will eventually metamorphose into a new quality, that by piling on the quantitative changes a qualitative change will eventually take place? Boil water long enough and it will turn into steam?

Boil guitar playing long enough, and it will turn into a new musical steam?

Same with running, yoga, and all other aspects of M.S.

Is this the quantitative “direction” I am heading in? I can, for the moment, think of no other.

I went to the library last night, took out some books on the bible, ancient history, and St. Paul. Yet I can’t get up the interest or desire to read them. Part of me is consumed by “been there, done that.”

I am standing in cement; I feel “stuck” in miracle schedule mode. Not a bad place to be stuck; nevertheless, the word “stuck” does not feel creative, functional, and dynamic – rather, it feels immobile, lifeless, dead. Yet I can’t think of anything else to do. Nothing else interests me.

Perhaps that is why quantitative is the only way, the only direction I can think of.

It is true that quantity eventually creates quality. That’s a positive thought.

Perhaps I have accidentally stumbled onto the right path.

Guitar Practice as my Practice Model

What does quantity mean guitar-wise? Do I have the energy, will, desire, and time to follow the quantitative road?

It means: One hour of guitar-exercise practice. That includes scales and arpeggio warm-ups (about fifteen minutes), followed by the tremolo and arpeggio pieces, played

over and over again as “exercises.” See where this leads.

Then, after that hour, would come the second round. Pieces.

This makes two hours of practice. A day? Every other day? Is it possible?

Guitar is the practice model for everything else I do.

Will I do it?

Much as I love to, and must, write, music is still my life model with classical guitar as its foundation.

In fact, music is the spiritual foundation for everything I do. Classical guitar is the deepest practice of its expression. But there is also folk singing, folk dancing, writing (I write the words as I hear them; I am writing a symphony but using words as my notes).

Are business, tours, organizing events also part of music?

Abandonment Revisited

Even though I reject and abandon them, I see and act on the need to dump them, get rid of them, and thus protect myself, I also see that they, by being so crazy, negative, and destructive to my reputation, are also abandoning me.

I abandon them; they abandon me. Thus I am abandoned.

The fear of abandonment goes back to an early childhood fear, one I discovered started somewhere when I was two or three years old (maybe earlier). It is a visceral terror and puts me close to death. If mother abandons me at age two or three, who and how will I protect myself? How will I survive? I could easily die.

And this fear is mirrored in present realization of negatives in others, and my self-protection through rejection of these destructive qualities. “Dump them, get rid of them!” These are necessary actions, steps to survival I must sometimes take. But it cuts into my all-is-one world view, or rather my hope for all-is-one, my desire to create unity and that together feeling. This necessary rejection of others, in the cause of

business and personal survival, causes me great psychological pain.

Remembering the Pristine:

The Mental Monastery Within

Given the fact that the said debacles will never go away, how can I find inner peace in this world? How can I get back to the pristine, violin-playing, dwelling-in-the-chamber-of-my- imagination state in which I once dwelled?

Should I mentally give up the world? Should I move back into my inner mental monastery? Perhaps. Remembering the pristine: Not a bad place to be.

Dwelling with a difference: Certainly, I am not leaving the world. But I can walk in it differently.

Perhaps it is a question of priorities. The monastery within comes first; dwelling and functioning in the outside world comes second. No question we always need one and two. But remember that one comes before two. You must pass one before you reach two. Thus, in the pyramid, two is built on one.

One is the monastery within.

Anyone can abandon me at any moment through a mere whim. Since that is true, who then is left to sustain me?

Who will be with me when I am all and totally alone? Only God.

Well, who is God?

My answer can be found in the word "only." Only has "one" in it. God is One. There is my answer. When one is One, one is one with the world, and one is no longer alone.

Friday, November 24, 2006

A Perfect Day!

Thanksgiving day I took off. We had absolutely no plans.

I had the first good day in weeks, nay months.

What did I do?

Nothing.

Well, not exactly nothing.

I started my morning by writing; I followed it with a complete, focused hour of yoga. After some breakfast and a rest, in mid-afternoon I played guitar over an hour, took a break by reading (studying) Rabbi Paul, a book about St. Paul. Then around 5:30 p.m., I sang for an hour. Sprinkled throughout my afternoon and evening breaks, I read bits of Rabbi Paul.

By the end of the day, I felt fulfilled and satisfied; I had finally put myself back on the right track.

Even my business and future web design and lessons, my idea of a year devoted to improving my website, changed. I realized that, although improving my web site was good, it was not the essential ingredient needed to grow my tour business. The essential ingredient is me and my full and focused desire to go after more customers business through calls, working with other leaders, promoting (mostly over the internet), and advertising. Part of this growth plan is an improved website. . . but only part of it.

Getting back to why I felt good: I spent an entire day following and fulfilling dictates or my miracle schedule. Writing, yoga, guitar, singing, study, a sprinkling of bouzouki practice, a tinkling run, all mingled with and separated by philosophic rest periods: A perfect day!

Free Will Strikes

I cannot affect some people's will to be fools. The choice of dumbness, stupidity, near-sightedness, and more, is their right, their choice.

I can only explain myself, and give my reasons for doing what I do. They have the free choice to refuse or accept my explanation.

The best thing I can do now is write, Write, write until my steam runs totally dry.

Yes. Pour, pour, pour! The pouring method will cure me.

The Spark in the Spirit of Meaning

Why do I fear death? Why do I now, “suddenly,” see myself as old, feeble, and slowly dribbling on the road out?

Until this year I thought of myself as young. Death and old age were far away – and even “for others.” Suddenly, death is coming up as a realistic and depressing wall standing right in front of me; it is inhibiting me, and making the things I do appear transitory and meaningless.

What has changed? Why now?

Once again, I believe I am facing the meaning question. The idea of death makes things meaningless. Yet I am alive. Why then even bother thinking about death?

Perhaps the “realistic” thought of death is really a cover, a subtle form of personal put-down, of retreat. Yes, that feels right!

In the last year, my confidence has gone way up.

What, then, can “realistically” bring me down?

My newest and latest method is the thought of death.

Death is my latest clamp on meaning. The thought of it turns meaningful, beautiful activities into meaningless, transitory events.

Why do I do this to myself?

I don't have to. I could choose to think about life eternal. Obviously my body will die. But why should I die with it? Why give in or even bother spending any time thinking about such a depressing and illusory philosophy?

The spark in the spirit of meaning lives forever. Go for it!

Cosmic Nausea

I wonder if this nausea I am experiencing (and have been experiencing, on and

off, for the past year or so) is not a cosmic nausea caused by self-disgust over my direction? Does it have to do with so much effort spent in the “secondary” business distraction of tours?

Are tours and business secondary? Yes.

Then what is primary? If I follow the primary, the fundamental importance in my being, will my cosmic nausea go away?

Tours and business, although important for survival and some worldly learning, is secondary. My primary direction and purpose is still and remains those activities found in my miracle schedule. Music and its derivatives found in writing, guitar playing, singing, sports, running, yoga, dancing, and study.

I am cosmically nauseous because, deep down, I know I am wasting my time and avoiding the deepest of commitment to my true direction, the fulfilment of my purpose.

How can I change this? What should I do?

First comes realization, then focus.

Dive into: Guitar Practice, Writing, and the derivatives. Deep, deep, and focus.

Dare I do it. How?

The trauma of marriage and earning a living has partly traumatized me, partly thwarted and diverted me from my true path and calling. Get back to dreaming. Look at my teenage and college years. Check out former dreams. Writing as an expression of music.

Once I knew my life’s purpose. I knew it through my dreams.

But I forgot it.

Time to remember, recognize, and return!

That will take care of cosmic nausea, and, in the process, conquer fatigue as well.

Back to the madman path, the mad shoe road. It’s the only cure!

Cosmic Nausea Depth Charge

While playing “Villa-Lobos Prelude No. 4,” I hit a cosmic nausea depth charge. I

stopped playing. I got up, went to my computer, sat down, and wrote this piece.

I wonder what “cosmic nausea depth charge” means?

Am I onto something by following the dictates, the path “laid out” by this nausea? Does this cosmic nausea with its so-called “depth charge” have something to do with probing the depths, going deeper, exploring the depths of my art, my skills, deepening my innate, God-given talents? Does it have something to do with following (and avoiding) my true path?

The microscopic progress movements of process of downwards discovery; into deeper and deepening depths of daily “Leyenda” left index and more miracle schedule activities.

Tuesday, November 28, 2006

God Bless my Misery

I’m feeling a slight misery this morning. It’s compounded by aches in my neck, mostly left shoulder, morning lower back, along with feelings of success, finishing, “nothing to do,” and vacation.

Well, God bless my misery. At least it gets me off my ass to do something.

Stupid

The word stupid is etymologically related to stupor, which originally meant miracle, wonder, an amazing thing. Such as Stupor Mundi, the name given to Frederick II, the thirteenth century Norman-descended King of Sicily, the Wonder of the World.

“Even within his own lifetime Frederick II was widely regarded as one of the most brilliant rulers in the history of European monarchy, combining in a unique mixture the cultural heritage of his German father and Sicilian mother. He was strongly influenced by Islamic, Hebrew and Christian scholars, all of whom he cultivated at his court in Sicily. Frederick II himself was fluent in six languages and a student of

mathematics, philosophy, natural history, medicine and architecture. He was a poet as well, and one of his principal courtiers composed the first Italian sonnet. All these interests led to his being apotheosized as *Stupor Mundi*--the "wonder of the world."

Wikipedia

Thus my amazement at stupid people. I stand in awe and wonder of them. My own stupor (amazement and wonder) covers their stupidity.

Indeed, their stupidity is a wonder. Perhaps in its amazement it is "wonder-ful," and belongs to the Wonders of the World.

Etymology of stupid: 1541, "mentally slow," from M. Fr. stupide, from L. stupidus "amazed, confounded," lit. "struck senseless," from stupere "be stunned, amazed, confounded. Stupid retained its association with stupor and its overtones of "stunned by surprise, grief," into mid-18c.

Guitar: Moving On

Falling asleep while practicing guitar (especially while working on arpeggios) is a signal: It means I'm standing at the edge of a cliff. I'm about to fall into the abyss where death of creativity, end of energy, dying dreams of discovery, and loss of self dwell.

But I'm tired of sleeping. I'm at the end of that kind of guitar practice. I've learned and absorbed its lessons. Time to move on.

I've been sick. I've had a long rest. I'm slightly better. Is it time to move on in other areas, too?

During the last three weeks I've been incredibly fatigued. It feels like death coming on. I can hardly move my legs, arms; all I want to do is sleep or rest; non-movement is my natural mode.

What is this fatigue? Prelude to death, indeed. Perhaps it is a harbinger of the death of old attitudes, an end to my old way of life, my old guitar playing. . . and more.

I may never play guitar in the same old way again. Well, that's fine with me.

It means I no longer have to "practice." Sure, I have to warm up a bit, but once I do, I can immediately go into slow and expressive playing. What else can I do? What else is there to do? I've already gone through death.

Stupidity as a Miracle

I'm beginning to see stupidity in its etymological form—a wonder, an awe (as in awe-filled, or awful), a miracle in its incredible dullness and lack of vision, an acme of negativity.

How could such a thing happen? How can people be so thick, dull, and stupid? Words and theories cannot explain it. The whole phenomenon of stupidity is beyond reason, imagination, or explanation. It is totally unexplainable.

Thus, it is a wonder.

Feeding

Unlike tours—and bookings which I do not push either—that pay real and good money, spending time promoting and selling my books hardly pays at all. . . .But it could.

Like my tours, my books could be sold and promoted all over the world. They could have an international audience and following. If this happened, of course I would make money. Then it would be "worth it." But, of course, that is putting the chicken before the horse, or is it the horse before the cart?

How and where is it best to spend my tour (and book?) sales time? Calling, advertising, web design? All of the above?

Or is it best to devote my true time to improving and increasing my art? That means writing. . . and playing guitar?

Or must I somehow and in some form do all of the above? Lots of questions and

unknown energy directions here. I don't know quite what to do. No wonder I am "even."

There's no either/or. There's both. No doubt I must I do all of the above. Let not impatience rule my day.

Each doing has its own time cycle. One activity feeds another. It is a question of priorities and organizing my time.

New Age: Revisiting and Returning

Through the reading of Ask and It Is Given (The Teachings of Abraham) by Esther and Jerry Hicks, I am subtly, partially, and slowly re-entering the New Age world.

People and thoughts in this world are crazy. Yet, though they are so often off the wall, I love them. Perhaps it is because they are off the wall that I love them.

In any case, I seem to be returning to them, but on a new level of acceptance. I'm not so negative and distrustful of the New Age people and their ideas. Why this is, I do not know. Perhaps it has something to do with self-confidence. Or boredom. Or both.

I'm looking for something new. Since I've been everywhere, and have been going through the "been there, done that" mode for almost a year, and I know the only way I can go is deeper, exploring the depths, perhaps I am ready to go deeper into the New Age. We'll see. In the meantime, this sounds right.

This may call for a New Leaf (in my New Tree).