

Ahura Mazda Revisited

Thursday, February 22, 2007

Ahura Mazda, Lord Wisdom, is the supreme God of the Zoroastrian religion. Zoroastrians believe there is a constant battle between the forces of good and evil, light and darkness.

I agree.

I divide the world into two great forces: Negative forces that want to clamp down my energies, and positive forces that want to cheer on and expand my energies.

The great goddess Kroll, first in the pantheon of Magno-World, represents the expansion of my energies, and greater freedom for the mad shoe, running wild on the lawn, abundant self.

The first step is making peace with wanting More; this may take many years. The second step is learning how to handle More when it comes; this may come much more quickly.

Running wild on the lawn, mad shoes: all symbols of exuberance! From Latin ex: out of, and uberare: to bear abundantly. Related to uber, utter. (And perhaps to super, and German uber.)

I feel, in the subtle twists and aching of my left lower back, the beginning of a subtle but total transformation of self coming on. It is beyond "success" (Thank God for that!). It is beyond the old success feeling that always brought with it a feeling of loss and abandonment, and made me sad. It is very full, broad, and new; it somewhat borders on calm, and a happy, soft, smile mixed with a few pops of elation. I don't quite understand it yet; but it is a new place, and it is coming.

Why the subtle ache? That's easy. I am developing a new mind to fit my new body, or rather, I am developing a new body to fit my new mind.

Friday, February 23, 2007

Birth of Abundant Self

If growth and expansion are the rule, and these two key words are connections and the connection to my real self, then I am on the path to a new self-definition. Perhaps that is why I keep waking up with a ("new") pain in my back, mostly on the lower right side. I doubt it's caused by the position I sleep in or the bed or mattress itself, since I've been sleeping in the same place, the same bed, on the same mattress, and in the same position and positions for years. So I doubt this "new" pain is caused by my physical surroundings.

No, as usual, it has to do, reflects, and is a reflection of, my mental condition.

And what is my mental condition? Where has my mind been lately? It has been running wild with registrations! Yes, I feel like I am living under an avalanche, deluged, closed in, buried under a mountain of registrations, money and potentially more money. Such a burial, although part of my ancient dream to be rich – rich means secure, secure means I can fulfill my life and real dreams of being and becoming an artist – is not necessarily the pleasant, wild, jumping-up-and-down, wahoo, or fun feeling I thought it might be. Rather, along with the jump-for-joy feeling is the one of pressure, deep pressure, living under the avalanche of responsibility that comes with such "sudden" success.

So I am not a happy person; but I am certainly not a sad one, either. Basically, I am divided, split, living in the Hegelian and Karl Marxian dialectical world of thesis versus antithesis. The peaceful and possible upcoming place of synthesis has not yet arrived.

I have both feet planted firmly in contradiction. Thus my lower back hurts; and yesterday, the rest of my body seemed to hurt with it. And this, even though I had a

glorious day. Really, what could be better than receiving checks in the mail along with phone calls and e-mails of inquiry and potential registrations.

Thus basically, it would seem my “disease,” my dis-ease is one of excitement. Yet I love excitement. But I suffer from over-excitement. Is there really such a thing? If joy is good, isn't more joy even better? Yes. But joy, like any good electric current, it needs strong, healthy, wide wires through which to flow. My body is my wire. So far it is having problems handling the new surge of current.

Thus should I not be focusing and working on my body, building it up to contain and deal with the new energies pouring into my new mind? Answer: Yes!

Next question: How to build up my body?

Well, since my body is a reflection of my mind, I'll start with my mind. First, change it; I'll change my mind.

Change my mind into what? Towards what?

I could say, I'll turn it towards my new self-definition, my new abundant self. Aha, that might be a good term for it. It would mean I can fit all the goodies that are coming my way into it; and this without a problem, since part two of this new mind, this new abundant self, is that there is plenty of room within it; no problem filling up its space since it has (and always has) plenty of space.

I am in the childbirth phase. That's why there is a pain in my lower back. Giving birth is never easy. But it has good long-term pay off.

What am I giving birth to? A new level. This abundant self is really not “new.” Rather, it is the realization of the next step, a climb up the next rung of Jacob's ladder; it is an expansion, and deeper acceptance, of my running-wild-on-the-lawn, jump for joy, dancing down the street, wahoo, mad shoe self.

My self has just added the new adjective abundant; an adjective colors the noun but does not effect its essence.

So if running wild on the lawn expresses my (joyous) essence, and if joy is related

to simcha, and is the best way to worship the Higher Hebrew Forces, then, in warning mode, watch out for, and be more aware of, thoughts and feelings that clamp down on my energy.

Clamp-downs of my energy can come from without and within. But since within picks up and reflects what is without, I shall focus only on what is within.

What thoughts and feelings clamp down my energy?

So-called "over-excitement" is one. As a concrete and heavy blanket, its contradictions can weigh upon me.

Over-excitement is contradiction in concrete form. I create it to clamp down my energies.

Well, I have been dealing with clamp-downs for years. At this point, I really know them thoroughly. Give them up. . . even their analysis, viewing, warnings, and awareness. I am thoroughly warned and aware. Time to move on.

Diving in and acceptance of the (new) adjective abundant reflects this change.

Saturday, February 24, 2007

Crossing the Bridge from Doubt to Belief

For years, since I got married, anyway, I have been focusing on my fear of not making money, not making enough money. Does focusing on this fear, create this fear? Yes. Does focusing on this fear create other fears, which, in turn, create the very situation where I do not make money? I think so. Yes.

I was in a criss-crossed vibrational state where the desire, to make money was cancelled out by my fear of not making money. Fear canceled out desire. Thus I was, basically, paralyzed. Result: I stood still. For years.

These days, "suddenly" I have been making money. And, to my beautiful and wonderful surprise, I am starting to think, to believe, that I will continue to make

money! I have crossed the bridge from doubt to belief.

I have done this through total focus on my tours. Creating, promoting, selling, and marketing them. Could the vibrations in these thoughts be subtly sending out messages to like-minded people throughout the country, and subtly causing them to register? Of course, there is the physical expression of my thoughts through advertising, phone calls, word of mouth, “agents” like Lee sent into the field, etc. But nevertheless, I have done this before. This is the first time it has “worked.” Well, actually, this started slowly two years ago with my successful Bulgaria 2005 tour. The next year came the successful Greece 2006 tour. But this year, I have two successful tours, Bulgaria and Greece 2007. Plus I have the added belief this will continue. . . as long as I think it.

Will Zany turn into some kind of combination of Sylvan Woods and Dr. Zoltan “Fok” Dansz? Should he now, soon, change his name to Dr. Dansz, Dr. Fok, Dr. Zoltan “Fok” Dansz? After all, he is now older and wiser. He could become a more mature, seasoned, and wiser incarnation of “Sylvan Woods;” and added to Sylvan would be the Dr. Fok zaniness and wildness.

Is this idea knocking at my door?

Isn't this a mere repeat of an old idea, old book, and old form? Or is it a development? After all, I am returning to the past in most (all) other things I am doing.

Indeed, this would give me a theme and a wild new direction. Also a field I know. Zany might combine his dancing in some way with etymology, the dance of words, mouth-dancing (or, in Hungarian, szaj-tanc).

He might also lead a tour to Hungary!

Zany leads a tour to Hungary! Why? To learn about this new form, this “dance” he now does. Of course, this would be based on my first tour, and sprinkled with rich paprikas Hungarian words!

Mental and Physical: Connecting the Two

As soon as you think a thought, you've "got it," at least, mentally. How to connect it to physical reality is the question.

If you think of ten thousand dollars, on the mental vibrational plane, you've "got it." Obviously, how to transcribe that image of ten G's into an actual, material ten thousand existing on the physical plane, is the big question.

T.S. Eliot said, "Between the idea and reality falls the shadow." I agree.

But the shadow can diminish and even disappear when given enough time and light.

It is important to at least start off with a good, clear idea of what I want.

The reappearance of the X couple last night brought back all the old memories of rage and betrayal. What do I (now) want from them? What do I want from myself? What idea do I want to turn into material reality?

I am not confused about my feelings of rage, anger, and betrayal. Quite clear are they. But now, what, if anything, to do, or even think about it, is the question. I have no clear idea of how to move on, move past the issue to a peaceful and higher plane.

Maybe the first thing to do is simply wait until the waves of my raging ocean of anger and betrayal subside. On calm seas, I might be able to think straight, or at least straighter.

I am also slightly angered by the seeming "lack of support" from B. and L. These two only seem to be able to find ways I can "improve" my tours, rather than stepping forward, siding and agreeing with me that some people are idiots, and the simple solution to my problem is to totally and forever expunge them from my tours. I would agree with this totally. I know it is the only real answer to my problem. However, they do not do this. I feel that, subtly and quietly, they mostly "blame" me.

Personally, I know exactly what to do and how to handle these situations. I don't really need any outside "support." My only question is, since I know, have already been through, and have answered all these questions: Why do I keep stirring

the pot and beating this dead horse?

The reappearance resurrected old feelings. It pushed me back into the land of Memory, gripped by old titillations. But now, those feelings, although temporarily resurrected, are dead and gone. Time to move back to my present Reality.

Virtual Guitar Playing

(Waking the Dead)

Guitar: A new warm-up and practice method. Virtual guitar playing, virtual warm-up and practice. Start (almost) immediately with "Alhambra," Bach "Prelude in D minor," "Alard," or "Leyenda" (or others); play them in tempo but with left hand fingers pressing very lightly. No finger muscles strain during this warm-up period.

See if this new virtual approach keeps me awake.

Opportunity

Suppose the guitar playing problem has, all along, been relaxation of the left hand? Paying little- to-no attention to this has translated into right hand tension.

Is this recognition an ascending, against the flow, problem-challenge-opportunity? Or a descending, with the flow, opportunity-challenge-problem?

I lean towards, and will try, the latter: The opportunity to play with more ease, flow, and beauty.

I've been running tours long enough; I have lots of experience. Truth is, no one knows better than I how to run (my own) a good tour. Note how, in Athens, I upgrades hotels immediately after I saw the registration and luggage carting problems.

Thus, why would I even bother asking others how to "improve" my tours? I also know that from among my clients, tour "improvement" comments, and complaints will dribble in unsolicited "by themselves."

Ultimately, however, I will know what is best, and what should be done. If I don't know, I will find out.

Counting and Enlightenment

Numbers are Good

In my physical and mental exercises, I want to make my peace with numbers. How do I really feel about counting? How do I feel about enumerating each push-up, squat, sit-up, and leg extensions? Such counting is either good or bad. Caught between them and undecided which way it better, one thought cancels out the other. I end up vaguely paralyzed and stuck. Is counting good or bad? Choose one or the other.

1. Counting and numbers are guides on the path of exercise enlightenment. Three push-ups are good, four are better, five are even better. The counting ladder is a symbol of Jacob's ladder; as you move up, you move closer to heaven and enlightenment.

2. Why pick an arbitrary number to reach? Ten, twenty, or fifty (50's) or more or less? One needs boundaries; diving into infinity without brakes, limits, and borders creates death for the limited human body. Infinity is only for God. All spiritual disciplines are created within limits. "Boundless within boundaries. The root of discipline and art."

Result: I need numbers. Follow them. Numbers are good.

Saturday, March 3, 2007

Selling Tours (Fighting Back) with a Vengeance!

Since Lee left I have moved into a slow, sensual, juicy, delicious down. Partly is has to do with two-day e-mail collapse; but it probably has more to do with my tours, the revival and revisiting of the X mode, that other remark, the sudden stop of tour registration; all this rolls into a subtle but strangely strong blow to my tour and self confidence.

Somehow, in my mind, because of this body blow to my ego and tour self-confidence, I've "given up" tours. It has drained my enthusiasm energy; it makes me feel down and wet. Giving up is always depressing.

Yes, in my mind, I've given up pushing, running, and even this beautiful entrepreneurship, the whole idea of tours. Just as their criticism of my tour-running skills is totally disgusting, even more disgusting is giving up. I don't do well giving up. Deep down, I am not a giving-up person. If I want something, my basic feeling is I'd rather die than relinquish. I "don't mind" being defeated; I "don't mind" losing. But giving up something I love drives me down into a deep and total quagmire funk. It cannot be tolerated; I cannot tolerate it.

Nor should I. Giving up is a personal decision, a mental quality. Basically, it is very bad for me.

How do deal with it?

First, recognize that it exists. That's the huge and most important first step.

Then recognize the rage and anger against those critical and miserable against-me souls who discourage and bad-mouth me. Basically, I absolutely hate them! They belong to the negative, destructive, devil-worshipping hordes who suck enthusiasm and joy out of this world. Use my anger and rage in my mind to mentally and spiritually utterly destroy them.

How to do this? By increasing my focus with a vengeance! Use this riled-up rage to push and promote my tours even more! To help energize myself in the fight, visualize the bastards who are trying to destroy me. Every time I sell, think of it as giving them a good kick in the pants!

Now I know why I was so tired over the last two days, why my knees hurt (they almost never do), and why I felt so stiff all over. Tight, retrained, on defense, no looseness at all. I was in protective mode, guarding the inner treasure of my imagination against ruffians from without, those killers who would destroy my soul.

Protection is fine. . . up to a point. But after that point, fighting back is better. It's healthier and energizes the soul in a most marvelous and uplifting way. Even better than fighting back is fighting back with a vengeance!

What is my goal? Fight the bastards. Beat and defeat them. Kick, pulverize, and destroy their claim that I advertise falsely, that I'm sly, manipulative businessman who is cheating them and all the others who follow and/or agree with these, my enemies. And I never thought I had enemies. Ha!

How shall I kick them? My method: Pound them with tour sales; drive their miserable carcasses and narrow, polluted minds into the dust.

Give Free Reign to my Imagination

What do I want? What is my deepest desire? To give free rein to my imagination.

Criticism by others is really besides-the-point. Sometimes it helps; usually it doesn't. My basic question is always: Will such an attitude, event, or criticism help free my imagination?

Encouragement helps. Criticism hinders.

Encouragement, by accentuating the positive, heals and helps free the soul.

Criticism, by accentuating the negative, caused the soul to tighten, withdraw, and protect itself. It hinders development. Criticism is often a subtle, destructive, and largely unconscious way for others to express anger towards you and/or something you have done.

Thus, although one must realize that criticism is a weapon, and learn to defend against it, criticism in a "helping" mode is basically useless.

What is the best way to handle useless things? Ignore them.

Give them no energy or focus. Without these vital juices of recognition

(emanating from you), they will pass out and die of their own accord.

A Bulgarian Word

What do I love most about foreign languages, and languages, in general? Words! I love words. I love their sound, feel, mood, root, and meaning. Learning a new word wakes me up! The crash and bang of its new sound falling on my brain rouses my mind and makes all of life worthwhile again.

In the beginning was the Word. Why not begin every day with one. These days its Bulgarian. Why not begin each day with the new, sensual, sensational sound of a fresh, dynamic, vibrant Bulgarian word.

Monday, March 5, 2007

Joy and Jubilation!

In their book, The Amazing Power of Deliberate Intent, authors Esther and Jerry Hicks say, "Whenever you deliberately look at the positive aspects of something, you are deliberately activating beneficial vibrations. This automatically points you in the right direction."

I agree. Somehow I have forgotten all this. Over the past few months this beautiful approach with its wonderful thoughts has dribbled away.

This morning my revisit begins.

Tuesday, March 6, 2007

Being overwhelmed is a side effect of gluttony; gluttony is based on fear – that if you don't grab it all now, it will disappear forever. Thus, over-grab, over-reach, overwhelmed.

Part of me, a good part of me, cannot believe that other people do not know what I know, or see things the way I see them. Intellectually, I know they don't, but

emotionally I still simply cannot believe it. And I am always amazed when I find out, once again, that it is true.

How much is this related to egotism, blindness, artistic imagination, self-centeredness, other? Is it a fault or a strength? Probably a bit of both.

Wednesday, March 7, 2007

Remembering my Values:

True Purpose and Money

Weird, indeed. With potential money coming in from tours, and this new potential good deal on group fares for my Bulgarian tour in the switch from Czech Air to Air France, I am, nevertheless, still not "happy."

Why is this? What is the meaning of this "happiness" that I seem to lack, despite business doing so well?

When business goes well and I make money, or when business goes poorly and I am not making money, the focus on money itself nevertheless remains a distraction.

Distraction from what? From artistic creation, of course. Writing, music. Even study, and other. The dictum that money provides me with security to more freely write, play music, and create still holds true. It's an old truism: Money is a means to an end, never an end in itself. By focusing so totally on daily business of making money, I often forget this truism, and with it, my true nature. Luckily, when this happens, I am visited by vague depression and creeping "unhappiness;" it serves to remind me who I am, and what my true purpose is on earth.

Yes, the focus on, and earning of money, although obviously important, is still, basically, a distraction from my true purpose: Leading the creative and artistic life.

Friday, March 9, 2007

Post Mop-Up: New Adventures and Creativity

Evidently, I must always be forward looking or I will get depressed and stuck.

Or is the order stuck and depressed? Which comes first? Does being stuck cause depression, or does depression create being stuck? Well, whatever. . .

I can see that once mop-up mode hit my tours business, tour entrepreneurship, my mind began to sink in the usual post-success, perfective, and finishing depression. Evidently, I don't much like life in the perfect tense.

So, what is the answer to this state? Easy. Move on. On to the future, on to next year, and other tours. Start checking out other counties. Move on out of the present into the future.

Although joy exists in the present, adventure exists in the future. Well, actually, since the future exists as a thought in the present, and, in this manner future and present are tied together, bound as one, both joy and adventure exist in the present. These are interesting philosophic and even metaphysical ramblings. But bottom line is, I have to enrich, uplift, and vivify my present condition but reach towards my future.

So, summarizing all, where am I?

Presently, I've "finished" most of my 2007 tour sales. True, I've got about six more good weeks to promote my remaining ten or so spaces on the Bulgarian tour, and three to four months to promote the remaining ten or so places on the October Greek tour. But nevertheless, I am "happy" and "satisfied" with the numbers I've got. Also, I've contacted just about everyone I can think of. Aha, or have I? Where can I beat the bushes for more? Where can I find new clients? Truly, this search should not, and actually does not ever end.

Balancing the Forces

But what will give intellectual juice to these tours?

The study of language.

Anything else? Will I get any pleasure, growth, and satisfaction with "building a company?" I am, after all, part businessman/entrepreneur. Will I be mostly annoyed by the details of leading, organizing, and running a company? Will it detract from

artistic endeavors like writing, guitar, (violin), and more, and from the fulfillment of grander miracles schedule activities?

On the other hand, I do need both. I have been doing both for years. Probably, for me, the balance of both is the best life style. Not whether I should do them or not, but rather, how to balance the forces of creation may be, as always and usual, the big question.

Running/Yoga Program

Why not consider putting more of my “new time” into my miracle schedule activities, doing them more in depth and with more quality. I once thought about this. And makes me feel so good!

More time, effort, focus, concentration, in-depth for yoga and running, and even for study, music, and more. After all, what does my money “free” me to do?

Immediately, I think about returning to the yoga/running a la Cape Cod program. Following it, doing it, made me feel so good! My body, along with my mind, was constantly singing!

I could “use my new money’s” to free my new mind in order to return to that wonderful miracle schedule yoga/running program. Two to three hours a day is what I gave it in Cape Cod. Ah, how my body sang! Of course, I was on vacation. But, nevertheless, do I not want a “vacation” life?

Saturday, March 10, 2007

The Billionaire Personality

Is that my new “goal”: to be the billionaire behind the scenes? (Millionaires aren’t the really rich ones anymore.) The word “billionaire” is embedded in both my question and vision.

Is this a vision? Or an illusion in a vision? What does it mean? What does it say about my personal development, where I am as a human being, businessman,

entrepreneur, and artist?

Is Bill Gates my new model? Or is it that secretive, billionaire German/Brazilian businessman whose name I forget?

Now it's true, I've "done everything else." Billionaire is definitely a road I have never traveled. And of course, I don't need that much money. I've lived on financial fears and at the edge of poverty and financial ruin for so long, I'm totally "used to it." I know I can survive. Nevertheless, for the last few months I have moved well beyond my transition period. I am ready for a new self-definition.

Working "behind the scenes" with and through others, putting folk dance teacher and concert giving personality second, letting other folks, like Lee, shine in the folk dance teacher lime light while I, "behind the scenes" create the tour, and take care of all administrative and organizational details, My people skills and working with others are coming to the fore. My private, in-room chamber of imagination, my teenage, violin playing, reclusive, artistic self drifting into the background, my gone public personality taking stage front.

Is this what is happening to my body and mind? Is this the direction of its growth, development, and expansion? Have I effected the universe in some strange and unknown way? Am I sending out different vibrations? Is this the invisible cosmic reason why tour registrations are "suddenly" rolling in?

The word billionaire is a symbol; it points to some kind of inner change, new vision, development, growth, and expansion.

Is there such a thing as billionaire guitar playing?

How does a billionaire play guitar? Does he even play one? Or would he be a violinist? What kind of musical harmony do billionaires make?

Am I mentally adjusting to abundance? Do I want to adjust? Is it wise to accept? Or will it make me slack, sick, and throw me off guard? Should I be grateful? Is

abundance a gift? Or will it kill my drive and desire to create new forms?

On Diving In

If you fear the responsibilities, and hold back, you'll get depressed; and, as long as you hold back, you'll stay depressed. But, if through your act of courage (strength of courage, act of daring) you jump in, dive in, then you have the chance of feeling great.

And, here's the kicker: In order to feel great, you'd don't even have to succeed; you only have to dive in!

Sunday, March 11, 2007

The Long Table

It's not even creepy. And is so definite. It is soothing to know that the other world exists. And I will meet Bernice there. All my friends, too. And Ma and Pa. And my family.

We are all together in eternity.

It is so sad when the body, its possessions, your possession, and the material world simply vanish.

Marvin Mausner died.

I cry because I am of this world. And I suddenly am made aware, and picture my lovely long term partner, my beautiful wife, disappearing from my arms, her body crunched, crushed, and churned in the jaws of death, digested and vanishing from this world. And I will be all alone in my house with only walls to reflect my soul and blank ceiling looking down at me.

What other answer is there to death? What else can sooth and relax the frightened, unanchored, wandering, lonely, vacant, blown about, lost, and searching soul?

I feel so close to the other world.

It is coming. It is here. It is here-and-now always. The future and past exist in

the present. And the present exists down here, and in the other world. Twisting and traveling through many worlds, it reaches its final world of eternity.

And everyone sits together at a long table.

Aloneness is a painful, deep illusion of this, the material world of tearful possession.

Does not this give a long-range perspective to the short life we live down here? Is not this the long range and truth-filled view? Impregnated and blossoming in Truth at the long table of Eternity. And everyone is having lunch.

Play and Suffering

Is playing with the pain of others a legitimate source of pleasure? A source of fascination and curiosity, yes. But play? Is “play” the right word? Am I really playing? Can compassion be called a type of play?

And yet, I do “enjoy” diving into the minds of others, seeing deep and straight into their souls, feeling compassion for their suffering. Compassion is an experience of understanding and high illumination.

Is play an understanding and illumination? Can it be “enjoyed” on this level? Good questions.

Playing Roles on the World Stage

I’m giving myself permission to enjoy and see fun in becoming (taking my role as) a wise man and guru. Why am I bothering to do this? I know parts of me enjoy it. Otherwise, why?

I know I serve a need. I know I am helping others in the process. So what’s the problem? Perhaps it’s a temporary return to the old neighborhood question, am I worthy of this wise man and guru name? Am I worthy of this honor? Am I worthy of playing this role?

Ah, playing this role. There’s the answer. There’s the play in the creation.

Tuesday, March 13, 2007

Growth Patterns

Yesterday, two more Greek tour registrations came in. In the afternoon, we visited Laura Mausner who was sitting shiva for Marvin. When I came home I wrote: "I need a good stiff dose of depression to get me off my ass and start moving again. Here I see depression as a stimulant!"

During the past few days, my body has been aching mucho, and in strange "new" places. My quads and knee areas feel exhausted, weak, on the verge of trembling; I worry I cannot stand, that I will collapse. Added to this are pains in my lower back of the "I can hardly walk" category.

I sense these "new" aches are growing pains signaling a period of change and development. Again I am growing a new body to fit my changing attitude, my new mind set.

What is that new mind? What does it contain? What is the meaning of these pains? Why are they coming now?

On one level, they are related to the shock of Marvin's sudden death. It reminds me how vulnerable and transient I am; it vitiates and destroys the illusions of importance I give so many of the views I have and things I do.

On another level, the second level (perhaps even thought worldly, this one is really primary level), these aches may relate to my flood of tour registrations. Although obviously, I am happy when I receive tour confirming deposits, nevertheless, with each deposit comes more responsibility. The more registrants, the more responsibility; the more responsibility, the more weight on my shoulders. Success is the double-edged sword. On the one hand, the money it brings, gives me financial freedom, freedom (or at least a respite) from my usual fears of financial melt-down and total poverty. But with this new freedom comes the heavy weight of service pushing responsibility.

Freedom and responsibility, or rather, freedom through responsibility. These responsibilities make it more difficult to run wild on the lawn. Thus the paradox: My

new financial freedom restricts me even as it creates new freedoms.

This paradox creates new challenges, problems, and opportunities. These changes are felt and expressed through the “new” pains in my body. On balance, they increase my happiness. But nevertheless, a small sadness due to slow loss of the old self, lurks in the corner.

Where does this leave and lead me?

I see it this way: For the first time in my life, I have a business. I have a real job. It is organizing and running tours. I am an entrepreneur in the tour business – the folk tour business. My “hobbies” (how I hate that word) now exist “on the side” residing in all my miracle schedule activities. There is no longer any need or desire to promote these activities as money makers. It’s not worth the effort. No matter how much I would promote and sell, I cannot earn as much teaching folk dancing, giving concerts, or booking folk dance teaching club dates. Yes, potentially, I could make mucho money if my books and/or my CD’s and song sold nation and world wide. But for some reason, I don’t have the energy, need, or desire to promote these. Why? I’m not quite sure. Perhaps, in the future, I may decide to promote them again. But for now, running tours is the best business. These tours are now targeting a specific market, the folk dance market. In this small, specialized niche, I am practically the only one running such tours. As Lee said, I am the man. Why not go with this lordly status? And, as seen by the present registration, it can bring in mucho money.

Yet I feel sad “giving up my career” as a folk dance teacher, concert artist, and even writer. Of course, I am not giving them up in the traditional sense; I shall continue practicing and playing as usual. But presently, these lovely pursuits will be “only for me.” I’ll relax, ponder, and grow them in my personal backyard garden. They will no longer be for public consumption. . .at least for now.

This could be the message, knowledge, and even wisdom my physical aches and pains are teaching.

Perhaps I am suffering from mourning knees. Mourning Marvin and mourning my loss of the old “artistic pushing” self.

New Body, New Mind, New “Wahoo!”

Maybe I’m onto something “new:” Working with others is just plain fun!

Today I can hardly walk. My old body is inflamed and dying.

Maybe these aches are growing pains from the shock and acceptance of this, my new direction. It is “totally opposite and different from” the in-room, solitary chamber of imagination, violin practicing place of my teenage-born, former artistic and creative self.

Such a change of direction and attitude is a total shock to my system. Body and mind are slowly learning to understand, accept, and adjust to this new emerging form of self. The ancient, desiccated, decayed body/mind of the past must first be bulldozed, crushed, tossed aside. It is a slow, painful process. When finally dead, and the carcass cremated or buried, then there is a place for the new mind and body to appear. Giving birth hurts. Thus my aching legs and wiped out fatigue. But when total adjustment and acceptance of this baby, this new born me, comes, I’ll run down the street shouting “Wahoo!”

It is the difference between playing alone or playing with others, creating alone or creating with others.

I realize that playing alone is actually preparation for playing with others; creating alone is preparation for creating with others. What, after all, is a concert but creating with others. The performing violinist creates music on stage, the audience re-creates the music in their minds. One cannot exist without the other. They feed on each other. Audience and artist are a “performing” team.

Quantitatively or energy-wise, which one is more fun?

I am asking a value question: Which one is better?

Is there a “better?”

Weight Training

Creating Responsibility Muscles

How about using the weight of my new responsibilities in a new form of weight training?

Think and imagine driving each responsibility into my muscles. Increase my mental and physical strength by using them as imaginative weights. (Instead of denying and running away from them.)

This is an absolutely brilliant way to deal with the weight of responsibility!

Instead of fighting my responsibilities, I am incorporating them into my life, straight through my mind and into my physical body. Note also the word “incorporate,” related to corpus, “the body.”

Saturday, March 17, 2007

What Have I Wrought?

Or Looking for my Next Bottom

I shoveled snow, feeling very weak. Then I realized my feeling of weakness came from terror. First, I was terrified I’d have a heart attack shoveling the heavy snow; then I was afraid I was generally losing my vim and vigor, my old-age time had finally come; I was bordering on the edge of through and finished.

I realized if I got sick, had a heart attack, even became an invalid, or died, none of my tours would come off. All that money I “made” would go out the window, and not even matter if it stayed.

I did a little more shoveling, stopped, went in the house, ate breakfast, and, still feeling tired, worried, exhausted, and heart-attack old, suddenly thought: Oh, my God, what have I done? What have I wrought with all this success? I’m losing all my

freedoms. I'm being wedged into a business box with an entrepreneur-only lid stuffed on top of it. I'm stuck and partially suffocating in this success mode. I'm losing not only my manhood, but my teen age years, and childhood as well. I'm becoming a hardened, stiff, whimpy, energyless, responsible adult. No more running wild on the lawn for me, no more wild, fun, and crazy ideas. I am becoming a staid, respected, responsible, successful member of the community. No rebellion or new ideas left. I'm moving slowly into the bank vault graveyard. And with each successful ringing of the tour registration cash register, I'm taking another step closer.

Indeed, what have I wrought? My desire for success, and my present tour success, is not freeing me at all, but rather pushing me further in the prison of more responsibility. More and more weights are pushing down on my head. I'm breathless and energyless in a slow-building, subtle form of panic.

Can freedom and responsibility ever meet? Can they ever work with running wild on the lawn? What happened to my wonderful, wild, crazy, fantastic, and creative values?

I'm out of control. I can't stop. Push, push, push, more tours, more people, more customers and this even though I'm way beyond anything I could have dreamed of.

How can I break free of the mental morass and mess I have wrought? Is there a better, another way of looking at this? Must I always fail in order to succeed? Must I always hit bottom before I can feel free?

Maybe.

Well then, where can I find my next bottom?

Nothing has changed. I still want money for the same reasons: To buy my freedom. Freedom to do what? Why, run wild on the lawn, of course. And how do I do that? Through writing, music, and actual running, along with the yogas and callisthenics. (Even dancing, sometimes, but only when I forget that it's my job.)

So now that I'm facing the possibility of making enough money to buy my freedom for a year or two, I've forgotten where to find my freedom and how to practice

it.

Well, even shoveling snow can be a joyful wild run on the lawn. And, in the past, it usually has been. I love the physical exhilaration of shoveling snow as hard as I can! It's a thrill. But now I'm afraid that if I shovel "too hard" I'll hurt myself; and, of course, if I hurt myself I won't be able to fulfill my responsibilities, run my tours, and make money.

And what is one reason why I would want to make money? So I can shovel snow in the full, glorious, wild, mad mental and physical exhilaration of freedom.

Well, with the right attitude, I could do that right now! But before I start, I'll have to remember my values.

What are my values? Responsibilities are worthless without exhilaration; money is worthless without freedom.

Sunday, March 18, 2007

Thus Will Your Love Fall Upon Them

I don't believe in "sharing." I don't believe in the social "little love" it is supposed to engender. It is absolutely not worth the time or energy to focus on these peripheral, energy-sapping, shallow states of mind.

Love and sharing are footnotes, sparks of afterthought thrown off from the explosive discovery of the true self. They are a given. They result naturally, easily, effortlessly, from the explosion that follows release of self.

This release occurs when you follow and are faithful to your true self and its true path. All the rest is poppycock, a misuse and misdirection of energy. Focus on yourself with its calling. When you do, the fire, incandescence, and atomic powered energy from your inner sun explodes naturally from your being, Its light will then fall without effort upon all those around you. Thus will they "share" in the fruits of your radiance and labor. Thus will your love fall upon them.

I also have a new strange pain in my hernia space. What is that all about? I sense it has something to do with folk dancing. . . and the so-called “end of my career as a folk dancer, folk dance teacher. The pain started “in earnest” after I met Aron Szekely backstage after the European Folk Festival performance. This Hungarian folk dance teacher told me he had had a hernia before bad weather cancelled his flight to the Florida Folk Dance Camp. I had just seen his phenomenal Hungarian dance performance. Had this guy danced that way with a partial hernia? I didn’t know. But since last night I have “worried” that I might have a hernia. Could this be true? Or is this a new “folk dance,” pre-transformation placement of “Sarno” pain?

Tuesday, March 20, 2007

Working in the Real World

Working in the real world is a total pain in the ass to me. Yet I am being irrevocably sucked into it.

What about my beautiful fantasy life? What about floating on the fire of my imagination? What about my artist’s life, yearning, leanings, and the source of my in-room, teenage, violin, chamber-of-imagination life?

I don’t know. I’m being sucked, pulled, drawn into a new place. No doubt part of my mind wants this. But the other part is, like a donkey with its heels firmly planted (ass, indeed), nay holding onto, the ground, is clinging to its old form. No wonder this real world is such a pain in the ass.

Is it important to learn to handle the media? Is it even worth learning about? Of course, I have no media to handle or worry about. Nevertheless, for some reason, I think it is a good question to ask.

Is something about to happen way ahead and into the future that I don’t know about yet? Where am I going with this?

Friday, March 23, 2007

New Challenges: Full Tours, Big Tours

I am resisting revisiting old tour places like the Ukraine; I am even resisting visiting new destinations like Portugal and Serbia.

Why is this?

What do I want?

Well, I want full tours, big tours. Evidently, I've traveled all I need to, covered the ground, set the space. It's time to reap the harvest. Otherwise, why bother?

Is that my new goal? Could be. Maybe it's even something beyond that: A way of working with and through others, expanding JGI, involving others in the things I am doing. This idea seems more true than "merely" expanding my tours.

Inner Travel Comes Before Outer Travel

Actually, I am looking for a new destination, a new place to travel. But this destination is not without, not outside, not a new country. Rather it the new destination is within. I am searching for a new place in my mind to visit. That is where new, exciting, and daring will be found. take place.

Inner travel comes before outer travel. Interior destinations are the first places to visit; after that, exterior places will follow.

So, at least I know my direction. To find myself, my new self, I must travel within. Back, back, back, into the mysterious darkness, the black and unknown, molten and freezing, frightening and jubilant, fires and revelations, dusk and dusty, distant and undiscovered reaches of my mind.

First I have to travel to this inner region by myself. Later I can bring a group.

Money and Motivation: A Beautiful Team

In the past I have been partly sad when I made money because I thought it

would take away my motivation. But if my desire now is to make more money (more is endless, more goes on to infinity), then my motivation can never be taken away!

Thus my goal would be to make money, then more money, and finally even more money. Making money becomes my motivation, my motivation is to make money. Money and motivation are now intertwined and, in a metaphysical sense, become the same thing!

Fun!

Bridge Between Money Making and Miracle Schedule

Money making and the miracle schedule are united through the fun of making money. The amount of money you make doesn't matter. (Well, it matters, but not that much.) But the concept of making money does. Therefore, even though I make small amounts in club date bookings, and an even smaller amounts for concerts, folk dance classes, book sales, and "other," nevertheless, it is still fun to make money! The hope and desire for such fun will motivate, push me to pursue more bookings, concerts, book sales, and maybe even to increase the size of my folk dance classes!

Beauty Base

Truth is, I love these non-less paying fields and can't survive without them. They are my beauty base.

I realized it before teaching folk dancing last night. I started playing the music, then went over my Yom, Yom Ne Prishyal Russian dance. My choreography. So beautiful. As my body was draining in pain from too much running, as my mind was jumping with strange happiness at my upcoming two weeks off, two weeks of folk dance "vacation," I suddenly started to cry. The music and movements to this dance were so beautiful! How could I think of giving up folk dance teaching merely because it makes so little money? Truly, folk dance teaching, and its "derivatives," concerts, writing, and even yoga, running, and study are so beautiful. Truly, music and dance

are my beauty base. They connect me to the Ultimate.

They are the positive answer to the "Why bother?" question.

Here is a perfect verbalization of my above question.

"The search for God and the final revelation are the only meaning in life for men. Without this search and revelation man lives only as an animal, without comfort and wisdom, and his life is futile, no matter what station or power or birth."

From the introduction to Dear and Glorious Physician by Taylor Caldwell

Wednesday, March 28, 2007

Dealing with Joy

Panic "success" attacks. Feeling physically weak and fragile. Are panic and fragility related?

Running wild has drained out of me.

What holds me down and back? Suppressed joy? Probably. But how to handle it? I don't know what to think, feel, or do.

Is it time to visit therapist Dave for a check-up and life review? What do I imagine he will say that I don't know already? Haven't I graduated from the program? Do I really need to return?

If it is suppressed joy, return of an old problem I've dealt with countless times before, then why do I need to see Dave again? Perhaps talking to him in my imagination will do the job.

Why am I suppressing my joy? I know why. It's nothing new. I'm revisiting my four-year-old self at the farm. Ma is telling me to stop running wild on the lawn. Now it's happening again. I am so joyful, so ecstatic about my large tour registration! I can hardly stand it. "Ma, Ma," I shout, "Please suppress me. Push me down. Help me contain my joy."

How does my mind push me down? How does it bring me back to the loving, protective, push-and-clamp, down-home lid of Ma?

It creates “attitudes.” Panic, fear, physical weakness—I won’t be able to handle it (and this, even though I’ve been handling it for over thirty years!) are some of these attitudes. It’s a spring of 2007 return to the old neighborhood. It’s my form of taking a break from the ecstasy and joy, the wow created by high numbers of February tour registrations. This old neighborhood return to Ma’s arms, to the streets of old push-down ways, is part of my joy recovery program.

I couldn’t handle it. That’s what all this fragility is about.

Is it now also about courage? Do I dare accept such joy? Instead of cowering in the old neighborhood corner, dare I be brave, face the ocean and dive straight into it?

What else is there to do?

I stand at my next stage of emotional, mental, and spiritual expansion. Worship God b’simcha. Step up to the wild ride with its drastic ascent up Jacob’s ladder. Descent into the maelstrom—or is it ascent? Dive into the wild swirl, whirlpool of joy.

Dealing with joy is my next developmental challenge.

What to do about it:

Start by interpreting every ache, pain, panic, worry, fatigue, suffocation feeling, shortness of breath (hidden panic) as my mind’s attempt to suppress joy.

True or not, the above is a wonderful way to look at pain and problems. Besides, it may be true after all!

How weird is the mind, especially the one created by myself and my mother. How it protects itself from God. How it protects itself from the joys of His realm.

Mine is not a financial problem. Perhaps it never was. Mine is a joy problem (a joy challenge and opportunity.)

In the past, mismanagement, poor management, and no management of my finances and financial resources was used, subtly and “unconsciously,” as a tool to

suppress joy.

With improved finances, I am passing out of that phase. I see it now with “suppression-of-joy” perspective and understanding.

Distance and separation from God is the main problem.

Since joy is the primary God connection, is suppression-of-joy an fits-all-sizes explanation of the problems of others, in general, and mine in particular? Probably.

Since joy is an orgasm, the question is: How to sustain it? Not for a mere ten minutes or an hour, but for a day, week, month, year, a lifetime!

What is it. . . “simply” a flow of natural energy?

Joy is what I need, what I’m after. Know its source, importance, and how to pursue, find, and enter it daily.

Learning to Live in the Radiance

No question I have a fear that success will somehow constrict my freedom. Is this true? Will it restrict me?

On the other hand, I want it so much.

Well, I know the answer to this question: It involves learning how to live with expansion. I means learning to live in the radiance of success.

The key word here is radiance!

Well, I like radiance. So I accept. No sooner understood than done.

Imagine that: Success has a special radiance.

In the past, I have shied away from the kabbalistic sparks of its mysterious light, avoided the radiance. Those days are over. And it only took forty years. Just like Moses and the Children of Israel. Forty years of wandering through the desert. Searching for radiance.

I stand in sunlight, the land of radiance, promised land of success. What I shall

do here next?

There is an awful lot of intense heat under this light. Perhaps that's why I avoided it up to now. It's not easy to live with these high temperatures. You've got to have tough skin to take it, be strong enough to stand it.

But now I am.

Deserving

I am mad at my Hays House rejection because they have taken away my well-deserved reward. I deserve to be published; I deserve to be read; I deserve the warm glow of such success. Amazing that I feel so deserving. . . but I do.

By continuing to look for other publishers, and literary agents as well, I put myself on the path of glowing.

Goals

My ancient goals have been asleep so long I hate to even think about them. Yet they are there, subtle, hidden, and working in my unconscious.

Now that I have dealt with – and enjoy success – am I free and ready to return, to embrace them on a new and different level?

What long-forgotten goals am I talking about?

One was the beautiful Cape Cod running and exercise syndrome. I'll call it the Cape Cod Beauty Mode. For one glorious week I woke, and after writing, and playing some guitar, I was free to devote myself to a beautiful exercise program: yoga (along with calliyoga and 50's), followed by running, then a short swim. Ah, it was glorious. My body sang! I always remember the glorious feelings from that week. It was the "perfect formula" for physical, and perhaps mental and spiritual, happiness. And I always wanted to return to it, to make it part of my daily life. But how could I? Once I returned to work, the responsibilities of making a living fell, once again, heavily upon

my shoulders. I slowly gave up this beautiful routine, or at least, tapered it to “fit” into work-a-day schedule.

What to do with Success? How to Use It? How to Follow it?

But now I have dealt with and learned to enjoy success. Thus I have dealt and solved this psychological problem. Plus (for the next few months at least) I have a potential financial base. I am truly in a different place. I am ready to explore, discover, and return to my Roots of Beauty. What are they, and where are they found?

On one level, this concerns a return to the miracle schedule. It’s not exactly a return; rather, it’s a resurgence ahead. Resurrection of its goals. A modern renaissance.

1. Cape Cod running and exercise Beauty Mode. (Of course, it started with a morning prelude of study, writing, and guitar playing. A “complete” miracle schedule morning wrapped in one.)

How do I start? Or restart?

Maybe train for a marathon.

Dare I give myself this freedom while I am working? The next two weeks (since I’m “off”) are a good time to experiment.

I can still “work” in afternoons, and even evenings. I just need the courage to give myself the freedom of mornings free.

What can I do with my success? How can I use it? How will it change my life? If it doesn’t change my life, and give me freedom, I cannot really call it a success.

An experiment with success as its base.

Miracle schedule morning freedom.

Birth of Cape Cod Beauty Mode.

Saturday, March 31, 2007

Reading the newspaper and thinking about politics usually frustrates and angers me. Make sure this mostly useless anger and frustration does not divert me from my truth purpose.

Thus, through the concept of Work with a capital W, everything I do is related to everything else. Every little leg stretch or leg lift has significance. Remembering this, and sewing it all together, is my true purpose.

It is a higher purpose, a unifying vision, religious and metaphysical in its appeal.

Where do politics fit in? Perhaps in the rage involved in a lower animal needs, the need for power and control, the rage resulting from lack of power, and more.

No question my rage over politics is due to the fact I cannot get others to think the way I do.

In my view of politics, rage, and (lack of) control go together. Where do they fit into the universal vision? The way I see it, at my present level, they don't.

Will I ever, maybe some day, I can get beyond this?

Sunday, April 1, 2007

Back Ache and Money

Back ache after yesterday's wedding job in Stockton, New Jersey. It continued this morning. Why? Am I angry? Partially, possibly, probably. What's it about? Direction. What is my direction? Accumulation. Accumulation of what? Money. How much money? More money.

Money is the symbol of more.

More money is my next adventure, direction, and goal. I'm tired of my old ways. I've fulfilled and "done" them. I've lost interest; my old paths are exhausted. What will perk me up again? Money. More money. I've done and accomplished many things in life. But making money, making lots of money, making an incredible amount of money, is not one of them. I've been in financial conflict for many years. But that conflict is over. Onwards and upwards! Travel on the road to money.

How to do this?

I tried the stock market for years. It didn't work. That direction is cancelled.

What else? Using my own skills. In the past, when I have, I made money.

Witness my concerts when I first got married.

I believe, believed, that making lots of money is a not a noble calling. Being and becoming an artist is. Well, I've "done" it, gone that path. It was a noble calling. Exhausted, over, finished. Of course, I'll continue artistic ways. It's my nature. But now in order to inspire me onwards, I need a new goal: The shining green of money is that goal.

I've joined the Green Party.

On the other hand, maybe making money, more money, accumulating lots of money, is a noble path. After all, money is symbol of more. Money inspires me to promote my talents and push the fruits of my talents, namely, guitar playing, writings, folk dance teaching, organizing and leading tours. When others experience folk dancing, listen to guitar, read my books, or go on my tours, they are enhanced, improved, enlightened, changed, feel joy, growth, and accomplishment, and are effected and affected by them. It's good for them. So, if making more money inspires me towards promoting their greater attendance and participation, making more money is a good-in-itself. This may be a rationalization, but, if it is, it's a good one. Besides, rationalizations, especially this one, may be goods-in-themselves, too. And, if it's not, well, fuck it. I like it. That's enough for me.

I'm going to state it as a fact: Making money is a noble goal. If making money is a noble goal, then making more is an even nobler goal. And, making an incredible amount of it is the noblest goal of all.

I Need Them Both

I am constantly feeling that something is (now) missing from my life. Perhaps the fantasy adventure. The one I find (found) in writing. The Zanys, babble writing, and more. Somehow the spark of a new direction keeps dribbling away.

Is it because I have given up (temporarily, I hope) my daily fiction writing. And

my dream of being a writer. The dreamed-of, three-to-four hour morning bouts of writing.

With money making, and the holy trinity, have those dreams dribbled away, fallen by the wayside? Can this new, holy trinity realism be somehow applied to writing? Do I still want to become a writer? Has my dream died? Is that the reason for this haunting, constantly revisiting, and total emptiness?

Do I have to be in touch with my wild, imaginary, fictive self, and this through writing? Without it, will the rest of me just dribble away into nothingness?

Success mode, all is work, and making money: these three are my holy trinity. The Holy Trinity is a very practical thing. It deals with the real, here-and-now material world. Sure I need that. I even like it. . . or at least parts of it.

But how important is this "reality" when the waters of my imagination no longer feed my inner core? How important is the world of "reality" when my inner core is sick and sad? How long will my material world last if my inner core is dying?

Without the soaring poetry of my in-room imagination, why should I even bother?

Does all this mean a return to fiction with a vengeance? Probably.

I may be able to make lots of money in the outside, material world, and making the money, along with the pluses of the holy trinity life may make me feel good, even very good, but without the nourishment of my in-room imagination, the fuel from the creative artistic chamber of my mind, the walls of so-called outside reality will collapse, and my whole external existence will fall apart.

The misuse, un-use, non-use, no use of my in-room imagination is just too sad to bear. Its death simply cannot be tolerated. All my old truths remain the same. Money is still a means to an end, a protection whose existence buys me time to feed and flourish my artistic imagination; it buys me time to write.

Nothing has changed. I'm back to square one. . . but with an improved bank

account.

Can I sell my books? Can I ever make money from them? Wouldn't that be a powerful next question, a new road in the outer world of reality to deal with. It would rationalize the importance of three-four hours a day of writing.

No question I believe in writing. My tours can drop by the wayside as far as I'm concerned. Sure I need them to make money, but that's is the only reason to run them. It's a good reason, but it's the only reason. My heart, soul, and self are in my writing. It has always been that way. Nothing has changed.

The Holy Trinity is still nice. . . and necessary. But without the base of in-room, artistic chamber of the mind imagination turning out its daily tales of fantasy, wildness, and wilderness exploration, everything I do will vanish into a pit of blackness.

My priorities are: imagination first, reality second. But of course, I need them both.

I cannot change my nature. But I do have to remember what it is.

On "Feeling Sorry for Others"

I do not believe in feeling sorry for others.

I believe in sadness and depression.

Both fuel creativity.

Feeling sorry for others discounts their life's adventure and experience. Arrogant, condescending, and dishonest, it enables you to feel superior, look down on, or deign to "help" them. Thus you elevate your feelings of power and feel better about yourself.

Feeling sorry for others has nothing to do with them and everything to do with you.

What is the relationship between the thrill of writing, and the "I was put on the

earth to make music" feeling?

Was I put on the earth to play music?

I don't think so. I never had that feeling while playing other people's music. Sure I was transported to incredible beautiful transcendent metaphysical realms. I knew Beauty and bone-chilling, life-transforming melt-downs into Magnificence. But I never had the "I was put on the earth to do this" feeling.

The writing feeling is somewhat different. It relates to a more total kind of freedom, a metaphysical and transcendent freedom; it is somehow beyond running wild on the lawn (after all, I was only four then); also, there is, in this vision, no lawn to run on! It is totally in the ether, in the air, a total free fall and free flight freedom.

I'll call it a mature form of metaphysical freedom. Writing is an adult version of four-year old me running wild on the lawn.

Linguistic soaring is music and its freedom best.

Tuesday, April 3, 2007

Possible New Direction at Last!

Is this the beginning of post-seventy renaissance boom, an entry into Southeast Asia (this include China and Japan), and even Latin America.

I tremble at the thought of it.

What about classical music, the violin, and China? Is this also part of a new direction?

Wouldn't all this be a long-term wow!

I would keep doing Europe, especially Bulgaria, Greece (and Hungary) for finance. And Asia, Southeast Asia, and even Latin America for study, expansion, growth, and learning. And make some money, too.

Composing

Compose for guitar. Me? It's all that's left. I've done everything else. Similar to

tours, and folk dancing.

Folk dance choreography. Me? It's all that's left. I've done everything else. Choreography keeps me awake and thus enables me to keep teaching folk dancing "endlessly." Infinite choreographies and endless (eternal) choreographing keep me endlessly awakened, and thus endlessly teaching.

What is the purpose of all this? To keep me awake. Too much repetition and rote playing, traveling, dancing, etc. puts me to sleep. What is the Buddha but the "Awakened One." I must wake myself up. Then once woken, I must stay awake. How to do that? Endlessly create. Choreography, composing (of musical compositions), improvising, jazz and jazzy forms, Zany choreography through violin and Zany violin compositions: all these and more may be the way, the next way to go. Attributes and contributions to the wild fire of plotless life, the hot and daring directionless existence.

Friday, April 6, 2007

Going Home Again

Maybe I'm sad because I've lost or given up my old self-definition: that of artist. Rather, I turned to entrepreneur with artist "on the side." That's because I can make money as an entrepreneur (and more to mucho money in the tour entrepreneur business).

But what about my soul? What about the fact that I resist getting up early in the morning because I don't want to face the emptiness of the day? The a.m. fire when I surged to be a writer has disappeared.

Perhaps (once again) my desire for money has distracted me, and pushed me off my true path.

Is it time to return to my artistic roots and dreams? Is it time to go home again?

And suddenly, with those lines, the headache spot of blinding rage hit. I can hardly see.

What about my original purpose for money: to buy me the freedom to be and

become an artist? Perhaps that vision will never go away; perhaps that vision is me.

Tourism is my business; but the fruits of the miracle schedule are my legacy.

If I am in return and renaissance mode, perhaps it is time to return to being an artist. Of course, continue all my business and entrepreneurial ventures. But this is a question of vision, attitude, and priorities. In the upside down world, the inverted triangle of business, entrepreneurship, and artist life, being an artist is at the base; business and entrepreneurship are on the ascending upper part.

Without my foundation, I collapse. Simple as that. The ever-existent, never-ending dream of being and becoming an artist is my foundation. In the pyramid of my life, business and entrepreneurship are its inverted supports.

(My headache spot of blinding rage is fading; in fact, it is almost gone. No question I am on the right track here.)

Another good question is: How can I (and should I) get entrepreneurship into my book sales? Potentially, can I make money selling my books? On a national, even international, level. Through national, and even international sales, can I, potentially, make even more money than with tours? Is this a worthy and realistic post-seventy quest? Indeed, it is a new one. And with some base money in the bank, should I pursue it? It is certainly a path I have never traveled, a tour I have never taken, a country I have never visited.

Perhaps my next tour should be to the Land of Book Sales. There's an adventure yet to be had.

Now that I am an artist I have to get back to becoming one.

How can I start all over as an artist? Where should I start? What artistic areas would/should I develop and sell?

I have three art forms, three choices:

1. Writing: Book sales, readings.
2. Guitar (and songs): Performances, concerts
3. Folk dancing: Folk dance camps, (clubs dates?), other.

(Note: In the above, not one mention of tours.)

I feel escape from these hot questions boiling deep in my loins. But my headache and blinding rage are totally gone! These are the right questions. I am definitely on the right path.

Folk dancing will continue. I'm in the field.

Guitar and concert: Perhaps aim for one or two a year. Keep my finger in the field.

That leaves writing – books sales – as my only “unexplored,” entrepreneurial/business area.

How to sell books: The post-seventy book sales life.

But I have to do them all with a tilting towards book sales. Book sales would be my addition, my new challenge, my new play thing.

All means: continue tour sales, folk dance, bookings, guitar, all as usual. . . but add a new premier emphasis on book sales, how and where to sell my books.

Why is my headache returning? Somehow I have slipped off the track again.

Maybe I am veering off the plotless life. Yes, I should add book sales but not as a unique and only focus: Rather add it slowly, uneventfully, in a new-push way, a new approach, as part of the plotless life.

Book sales as my first sales adventure in the plotless life. Aha, better. I like it. Headache fading. I'm slipping back on track. What track is that? A trackless one. The trackless track of the plotless life.

Can I develop a plotless sales technique, a directionless book sales approach? If I do not, a headache will consume me. Plotless and open is my next life. Zany know. There is no other choice.

Deep, Visceral, Sales Need

Jewish Heritage and Daily Sales Campaign

I need to have a steady and daily sales campaign; I need to make it part of my life. It has nothing to do with whether I sell or not. Evidently, for some reason, I personally need such a daily campaign; I need to make it part of my life. Why, I am not sure. Perhaps it keeps me grounded, perhaps it is, as Tony said, because I'm Jewish, and am constantly, subtly, and subconsciously, always pursued by a sense of psychological and financial insecurity. Perhaps there are other reasons I do not know. But I do know I have a need to constantly stay on my toes, constantly stay aware of my insecure state, and thus, be on the constant cutting edge of daily sales.

I never thought of sales as a deep visceral need. I always thought of it as a deep visceral annoyance.

Today I see it as a deep psychic gash, which will remain forever scarring my psyche. Thus my never-ending need for a daily sales campaign.

This goes along with my psychic daily need to grow, learn, and expand. Is this also part of my Jewish heritage?

There is, as well, the daily resurrection of the body with its morning wake up movements, calling from the ancient, aged, cranking, creaking, death defying, aches and pains of sleep.

Age seventy is scaring me. My overuse aches are scaring me. They are creating thoughts of aging, and end of life; worse, they're causing me to question and even create thoughts of giving up my dreams!" Watch out! This is very dangerous!"

Just because everything aches from over-running, I've catastrophized overuse pains, embellished and enlarged these total body aches into a downhill depression scenario complete with apocalyptic scenes of decay, enfeeblement, ultimate helplessness, and slow death.

All these things may happen. On the other hand, they may not. The future is

however, not for me to decide. My only job is to survive until lunch.

Satisfaction Through Discipline

My mind is moving inward. Part of me, a good part of me, wants to, and even has, freed myself from the desire for public acclaim. Of course, I still want and need it. . . only less. Yet for my survival, for the life of my soul, I always and desperately need to create, and this through writing and music (guitar, etc.) I am diving further and further within. . . and this is good.

Perhaps I can satisfy myself with time goals: Two hours a day of writing. Maybe add to this one hour a day of music practice, one hour of running/yoga, and one hour of study. In other words, satisfy myself with mere discipline.

This adds up to about five hours a day of miracle schedule work. Morning prayers, mornings devoted to my disciplines. Devotion to discipline. Follow these paths and everything else will fall into place.

Maybe doing so on a daily basis should be my goal. Nothing more. Doing it thoroughly and well for deep satisfaction. I would be in the process of becoming the best I can be.

Would this also make God happy? Perhaps.

I deeply know my good forms; I deeply know my miracle schedule; I deeply know what's good for me. Don't get involved in trying to figure out my down cycles. There is no long term answer to these cosmic problems.

Take one step at a time. Follow the clock, shut up, and do it.

Path to Serenity, Peace, Fire, and Fulfillment

I have, through some miracle, discovered a life style that works. I hate to admit, am afraid to admit that I have found a Path to happiness, serenity, peace, fire, and fulfillment.

Why am afraid to admit it? Perhaps because, if I do, I somehow believe it will be taken away, removed from my grasp.

But how can this Path be taken away? If I decide to keep it, it cannot be taken away. It is totally my decision. Period.

This is a complete philosophy.

I have found, discovered, and live in a complete philosophy.

Is "found" different from "discovered?" Yes, in nuance. Then I looked up the origins of the words. Here they are:

Find: O.E. findan "come upon, alight on" (class III strong verb; past tense fand, pp. funden), from P.Gmc. *finthanan (cf. O.S. findan, O.N. finna, M.Du. vinden, Ger. finden, Goth. finþan), originally "to come upon," perhaps from PIE *pent- "to go, pass, path, bridge" (cf. O.H.G. fendeo "pedestrian," Skt. panthah "path, way," Avestan panta "way," Gk. pontos "open sea," L. pons (gen. pontis) "bridge," O.C.S. poti "path," peta "heel"). The noun meaning "person or thing discovered" is from 1890.

Discover: c.1300, from O.Fr. découvrir, from L.L. discooperire, from L. dis- "opposite of" + cooperire "to cover up." Originally with a sense of betrayal or malicious exposure (discoverer originally meant "informant"), the modern meaning "to obtain knowledge or sight of what was not known" is from 1555.

Scariest

Although performing is a type of sale, and sales are a type of performance, performing in public is definitely scarier than sales. In fact, it may be the scariest thing I do, the scariest thing I can think of.

If I can, I try to avoid it. But, if avoid it too much, I get sick: Sick with boredom, sick with cowardice, sick of myself.

I reach a certain psychological tipping point, where I must either face and conquer my fears, or get sick and slowly die.

Performing is a matter of life and death. Life if I do it, death if I don't.

I was born with an easy, pleasant public personality. When performing, do I sometimes protect my soul by hiding behind it?

If I do, it is now time in my life to end this cowardly act.

Perhaps my financial fears masked a deeper fear: a fear of performance, a fear of total public soul exposure, the terror of total destruction before and by an audience.

Is this true? Could be. What a revelation!

This would mean that by bringing my books and performing soul to the public, I am facing my biggest fear, dealing with my biggest challenge, and, in the process, every day, have the hope and possibility of conquering (personal) self-terrorism.

Adding Love of Money to my Miracle Schedule

I want to relate business, namely sales, selling, and salesmanship to anger, rage, aggression, and the animalistic, instinctual, primal hunt for food. In doing this I hearken back to my primitive ancestors, and my cave man roots.

Christianity, communism, and puritanism, and perhaps the remnants of Judaic puritan ethics, have lidded some of these basic and raw animal instincts. But they are there, nevertheless.

Should I not now begin to pay attention to them? Yes!

Thus would love of money join (join in membership and thus become part of) my miracle schedule!

If I want to move love of business, entrepreneurship, marketing, sales, and selling into my miracle schedule, I will have to find love for my anger, rage, and aggression.

Do I love these aspects of myself? Or must I, as in the past, ever deny, run away, or soften aspects of their existence? Well, at present, I no longer do that. But I cannot say I accept them. Beyond that, I cannot say I love them. How can you love anger, rage, and aggression?

Well, I could rename anger and rage as indignant rage. Then I could recast aggression as energy release, and see it as belonging to anger and rage.

Does the orgasmic expression of anger and rage belong to the orgiastic madness of the running wild on the lawn?

If yes, can I, as I love this running wild, learn to love my anger and rage? Can I make them part of the miracle schedule?

Can anger and rage create miracles? Can they connect me to the higher forces and God Himself? Can they align themselves to the magnificence of a Beethoven symphony and its All-is-One cosmic meltdown experience?

If I can figure all this out, business (with its sidekicks of entrepreneurship, sales, and selling) and money will slide into the miracle schedule.

Rage and Love are Related: They are Distant Relatives

In a pyramid of emotion, greed, rage, desire, and love of money merge. All are related. They cling together in a sick, wonderful, gutsy, nauseous, twisting, raging marvel. (See how poetry and linguistics point to the emotions working deep at the base of the subterranean mind.)

In this emotional-instinctual pyramid, rage is at the foundation. Then, in ascending order, come greed, desire, and finally, love of money.

Thus rage and love are related. They are distant relatives.

This means I can love my rage, make it part of my miracle schedule, and use it in a productive manner.

(Business, sales, selling, and onwards.)

Don't bother with anger. Turn directly to rage! Start using it right away.

Focus on the flowing river of running rage, the raging river. Use it as a mental image in my exercises.

By working in the manner you can reach deep down into your unconscious and draw energy, power, and light from a fiery ball of raging energy.

(Rage: from Latin rabere: madness, rage, fury)

Anger is related to constriction, narrow, squeezed.

Madness and rage are wider, more open, free, and flowing. Not anger shoe, but Mad Shoe, not anger running on the lawn, but raging wild running on the lawn.

Thus in descending order we have anger, madness, and rage.

Anger for psychologists and social workers.

Madness for the artistic: the creative, next level equivalent.

Rage as all-encompassing, emotional, instinctual foundation.

Tuesday, April 17, 2007

The fact that I have finally decided to give up my dying Tuesday night folk dance class is a significant development. I'm "giving it up" at least until this summer. Since it's air-conditioned, we'll restart end of June. And maybe change the night to Monday night. We'll see where this leads.

But, in any case, this dropping has created mucho new space in my mind.

How do I feel about the dropping? Basically, free. It's been coming a long time. Finally, the dangling shoe dropped. I've been going through the dying process with its mourning and anger for almost two years. I knew it had no future since I never planned to advertise or build it up. I always steered new dancers to Monday night, and without new blood, a group is on the slow path to extinction. And as the Tuesday dancers slowly died out, gave up, or disappeared, I saw the group slowly diminish. I basically figured I'd follow the diminishment to the end. And I did. For the last few weeks we hardly made the rent. Then we didn't. Finally, after the two week Passover break, when Ginny said she couldn't come, and Joe said he was going to Holland for two weeks, and I realized Joyce would soon be moving permanently to California, that Karen hardly ever showed up, and Maxine was away for a week, this left me with about three dancers I could "count" on, namely, Janet, Kiyoko, and who? I couldn't even find who. This was really the end, the final straw. I looked at the list of people to notify, it stood at about three.

When Bernice said stopping Tuesday night doesn't mean you can't restart it, why

not stop for now and restart at the end of June, I thought this was a brilliant idea. I had thought that if I stopped, I would lose the dance room, and that would be the end. But who would take the room? (And if someone does, so what?) Stopping temporarily, with the idea of restarting end of June, gave me the mental freedom to drop it for now. Which I will do. Whether I drop it forever, we'll see. But at least until June, I now have almost two months to think about it. This, plus the dropping of the April LOV Weekend, give me lots of mental (and physical) free time. Free space in my mind: Time to think, time to re-evaluate.

What shall I do with this newly created (and basically wonderful) free space in my mind?

Lots of good literary agent searching "homework." First inkling of what to do with the new space in my mind.

Thursday, April 19, 2007

From Miracle Schedule to Marketing Schedule

I have somehow stepped off the path. In so doing, I have lost my way. All former directions have dribbled off. I stand in a no man's land of static and nothingness.

Uniting factors have vanished. So have dynamic motivators and pushings. Even the importance of miracle schedule has dribbled away.

How can I get it back? Is back the way to go? Or must I go forward? Is forward back, and is back forward?

The growth and development of JGI was once a centering and motivating goal. This company, strangely and somehow, included, not only miracle schedule events, but outside pushing of business needs and entrepreneurial interests as well. One activity or event tied together with another. Thus did I see folk dance classes as subtle promotions for tours; weekends, too were partial tour promotions. Once I even considered concerts, and yes, readings, as subtle and partial tour promotions. Rarely, if ever, did I see tour

promotions as subtle or partial promotions for book sales, concert sales, or even weekend or folk dance class sales. No, tours were national and international in sales scope. It was a business with great financial and even adventure potential.

Perhaps it still is. Hopefully.

Problem is, or rather started, when I finished my great tour plan. I traveled to all my countries. I completed the grand design.

Yes, I finished and completed the grand design. But did I perfect it? Could the perfect tense be applied, the final and finishing of the event?

Should I move back to where I was? But one can never go backwards. Thus the question: Should I move forward to where I once was? Is there some new way I can merge and fuse all these old roads and directions?

Things cannot remain the same. I cannot stay on level ground for long. I can either go uphill or downhill. For the last week or so, I have been going downhill. I suppose eventually I will hit bottom, and turn around. Perhaps I am almost there already.

Perhaps I need the rationalization that the long-range business and entrepreneurial purpose of my concerts, readings, and even folk dance classes is to market my tours. This rationalization will at least motivate me to do them, to promote and market them. (Notice how the word "market" is creeping into my vocabulary. The "s" word is fading fast.

Am I now about to graduate (from "s"ing) to marketing? Marketing, mainly my tours, but through my other skills, talents and public performance events? And indeed, writings in the form of readings, concerts, and folk dance classes are my public events. The purpose of these low-paying events is to find new customers, and, in the process, promote and market my tours. In fact, I might look upon them as my "free publicity" forms; nay, better, as my paid publicity forms. Instead of paying for advertising, and getting the word out, I have skills and talents that enable me to be paid to get the word out. I am being paid to publicize, promote, and advertise. This is good.

In fact, I might look at all events and activities in my miracle schedule as subtle but strong marketing forms. Instead of miracle schedule I might now begin to call it marketing schedule!

My Knees Buckle

My knees buckle from the weight of responsibility. Like Atlas, my shoulders (and neck) hurt from it, too.

I'm talking burdens here. Handling and dealing with them makes me a hero. A nice feeling. I like hero worship, especially when that hero is me. Pounding my chest with pride increases circulation and feels really good. Is it enough to compensate for the weights on my mind? Maybe.

Running wild on the lawn expresses total freedom. But it is not heroic. Heroism has to do with pride of accomplishment. Dealing with the aches and pains of responsibility is heroic. Freedom deals with artistic creativity. It takes courage to be free. But it also takes courage to be a hero.

Perhaps it takes most courage to be a free hero. Is it possible to be one?

I want freedom. But I also want to be my own hero.

Can freedom and heroism go together? Both take vitality, courage, and independence of thought.

Their nature is turbulent and conflicting. Creation, discovering new paths, destruction of old, tired forms, is ever their realm. Perhaps resting comfortable in their dynamism was always an illusion, never an option.

Death and Meaninglessness

Hiding Behind Anxiety and Depression

Is the vague anxiety and thin cloud of gray depression I have been feeling this past year, my success and responsibility year, a form of TMS (tension myositis syndrome)? My brain creates pains in order to protect me from greater fears, namely

death and meaninglessness, that the realization of my mortality brings.

Before that, I had financial worries to keep me occupied. They distracted me from these greater fears. Now that (through success and responsibility) my financial worries have somewhat lifted, I am “free” to feel vague anxiety and depression; it “protects” me from my biggest of fears: mortality, death, and the meaninglessness and concomitant purposelessness of life.

I will soon be seventy. How old, dead, and deadly it feels. Will I become useless, decrepit, and disappear? Will I be neglected, unnoticed, bypassed, and forgotten? As death moves up a notch, will life become meaningless?

Should I face these big fears?

Death certainly highlights the “Why bother?” question.

Monday, April 30, 2007

Pains

Although the new pain in my lower left abdominal muscle is annoying, it is more the meaning of the pain that is scaring the shit out of me. What are these fears?

1. I must inhibit my movements even to the point where I won't be able to move. Thus it will cripple me.

2. Every time I feel the pain, I am making the injury worse. Therefore, I must work not to feel the pain, that is, do not move, remain motionless.

3. In so doing, I will be giving up so many activities I love, namely, running and yoga; it may even effect my dancing. (Although strangely, that is not a main fear. The former are.)

4. If I go to the doctor, their diagnosis may confirm the “fact” that I have to immobilize myself, be careful, rest, take it easy. In other words, they may confirm my worst fears.

And in the back of my mind I hear my mother's voice: “You should not, may not, will not. over-exert (or even exert). If you do, you hurt yourself. If you hurt yourself,

you should not, can not, may not strain or push yourself any longer. You must stop, take it easy, rest. You must cease all the activities you love. You must remain paralyzed and helpless. This until you are “better.”

Thus, to me, injury equals paralysis. No wonder the slightest injure worries me, and a potential larger and threatening one scares the shit out of me.

Now I am older, wiser, have more self-knowledge, and am more “realistic.” What does that now mean in terms of what to do? How can I now approach this lower left abdominal muscle injury?

1. If I visit a doctor, I will not blindly do whatever they say, but rather, it should be in the spirit of wanting to learn something about myself. I will listen to their counsel, see whether it makes sense, then make up my own mind as to whether I pay attention to it, follow it, or whatever. Doctors with their own type of information and knowledge could be my teachers and counselors. Certainly they are not my mother.

2. Meanwhile I can “play” with this injury. Try to move a bit, see how far I can go. Like many pre-folk dance injuries or pains, can I “work it out, or work around it? Can I, by “working it out,” by playing in, on, around, and through it, learn something new about myself?

This, rather than give in to the childhood terror that “mother knows best.” Mother’s so-called knowledge and approach helped scare the shit out of me. Do I now want to continue thinking this way as an adult? Do I have the strength, wisdom, and self-knowledge, gained through mucho psychotherapy and self-reflection, to get past it? Do I have the confidence to believe that I am an experiment of one, and only I can know myself best?

Injuries are tests. Can I pass? Will I pass this one?

Robbing Myself

I just love to dive into my work. I hate to admit I take such pleasure, glory, and

wild ecstasy in it. I love to glory in the use and experience of my own imagination. Even “doing nothing,” wondering, meditating upon it, is enough. Activities such as watching movies and TV (and even some socializing) takes me away from these wonderfully pleasant and fulfilling activities. These activities rob me of both my imagination and my dive-in love of work. Why should I willingly rob myself of these pleasures of study, meditation, and wonder?

I involve myself in such wonderful activities! Why “divert myself,” “take time off,” “take a vacation?”

I am my own diversion. I am my own time off. I am my own vacation. Leaving these areas, filled with fantasy, imagination, wonders, miracles, and adventure, is at best boring and at worse, a downer.

Truth is, my imagination is the most fun place of all. Why should I ever leave it?

My body is an extension of my imagination.

Eternity and immortality lie in my imagination.

Thus ends this New Leaf.