

Healing Through Music

Friday, May 18, 2007

Healing Through Music

Every morning I wake up with a transient physical (and mental) ache or pain. Then I take my transcendence pill: I heal myself through music.

I don't have to perform music professionally, (although it doesn't hurt). But I have to play, make, and think music. Then it creates a (its) miracle and heals my day.

Bach E minor Fugue: Is there a way to look at the notes, chords, arpeggios, the musical structure itself, in another deepening or deeper way? Can I somehow reawaken my interest in and through depth? And if yes, how?

How about starting (over) at the beginning, a new beginning with the question: What is a note? Then, what is a Bach note?

What I am really asking: Is there a fresh, virgin, different approach, a dynamic new way I can look at music to refresh and regurgitate my mind?

What is the emotional meaning of a chord? Or a suspended fourth?

Music Pills

Once I was a musician, and even a folk dance teacher (which was really an extension of music, musical athleticism expressed through the body.) No more. I'm sad over this loss of love, dynamism, and drive, the loss of my old self.

What to do? Just drift along with this new tide and see where it leads me.

The more I think about this, the more my left knee kills me. Can't my music be reborn in a new way? I'd like that. I may even need that.

Perhaps, since music is my foundation, the first step is a an attitudinal and mental one: to see once again the flow of music in everything that I do. Music in language, ancient history (the musical beauty and flow of ancient names), music in

movement (running, folk dance, even yoga), other.

The playing of an instrument is only one form of this musicality, my music base.

The base of music is sound, the base of sound is vibration, Music is flowing sound, a flow of vibrations. Focus on these. In all I do and think, let them enter my mind, body, and spirit.

Monday, May 21, 2007

THE ART OF FUN

Who Can Admit It?

Maybe it is a good idea to list my physical complaints, even though they are repetitive, may become boring to other readers. In fact, writing them down, listing them, is not for other readers, but rather for myself alone. I need to verbalize them, list them, bring them out, become aware of them by externalizing them, laying them before me, opening their fetid remains to the fresh air, the oxygen-burning compounds around me. Naming and listing them helps free me of them.

These aches and pains (I am so sick of these two words, but what else can I use? Plus they have their own sort of meaning) visit me, in some form, every morning, and at times, during the day as well.

Be not ashamed; be not afraid to bore others. I certainly don't bore myself by focusing on them, talking about them, listing them.

Let's talk about them, them. (Later, in my editing, I might drop some of the "thems.")

1. Right thumb.
2. Left knee.
3. Right hammer toe (hurts when I bend it).

4. A sometimes lower right back (but I know that pain so well. It is the "original" TMS Sarno model. I handle it so "easily." Yet it appeared once again this morning as my anger and rage over my other pains persists.

Ha, note: Anger and rage. The Sarno ingredients. But am I angry and enraged at the existence of my pains? Or am I secretly angry and enraged at hidden mental states that are disguised and hidden by the masks of my physical aches and pains? According to Sarno, this would indeed be the case. And, according to me, I believe it, too.

Although, since it is my mind and body, it is every dan a new challenge to re-believe it.

What could I be mad at? What could threaten, enrage, and anger me?

I hate to admit I'm mad at my wife for "forcing" me to go to Italy. But I am. I hate to admit that the last thing I want to do is leave the house, leave my wonderful activities, leave everything I love, for the suffering and self-inflicted torture of riding overnight on a plane, landing in a foreign country where I have to find and negotiate everything, and giving up my wonderful daily home routines. No wonder I'm mad. But who can admit it? Better to create all these pains.

What about the Italian boot and the hammer toe of travel? What about the "traveling" left knees buckling under the rage of having to leave the house. Where does my right thumb fit it? Computer mouse resistance?

Yes, there's lost to be mad at. But who can admit it?

There is also the daily "lost feeling," the "Where am I going? What is my cosmic purpose and creative direction?" I face these questions every morning. These are deep philosophical and psychological questions that are always new and never fully answered. Yes, as the morning and day passes, and I get involved in things, I answer these questions temporarily. But next day, I have forgotten my answers, and have to start my search all over again.

Looking into, and cataloguing, my angers certainly helps. I feel slightly better. TMS philosophy is always so hard to believe. But whenever I get into it, and on to it, it works.

That my left knee is buckling under the weight of Italy feels so "right." I wonder

also about my hammer toe. True, it is swollen. Do swollen and TMS go together? Maybe.

An experiment: When it comes to left knee and hammer toe, think Italy. Should I also add right thumb? Why not?

No, my right thumb has to do with tour rage, all the fucking e-mails I now have to answer, and the computer.

What do I really want to do with my life? Truth is, I'd just as soon run around and play in the park, just the way I did when I was four years old. Play in the park, play the violin, throw in some running (my adult form of basketball), and I'd be happy. No responsibilities. True, I would not longer be my own hero, but basically, who cares?

Truth is, just following my miracle schedule is enough to make me happy. I could quite easily give up business and most of the outside world with all its stresses and responsibilities. A return to the life of an infant would certainly add flavor, love, and joy to my life.

Maybe, at this point, just knowing this is enough. Being aware of it is a good start.

So we have:

1. Hammer toe and left knee for Italy
2. Right thumb: Tours, business, and its responsibilities.
3. Miracle schedule: my salvation. It gives me purpose, directions, meaning, self, and cosmic goal(s), too.

Playing in the park with others may be acceptable, too. But I may I have to be the leader. Otherwise they won't do it my way.

But, of course, if I lead them, this introduces the concept of responsibility. Do I want the responsibility of leading them? Do I need it? Do I need, desire, and want

things to always be my way? Probably.

Can we play as equals? Would I want that? I doubt it. Would I be able to do it? I doubt it.

But that means I always have to lead. . . and be responsible.

Perhaps my only form of “relaxation” is to be alone and do my miracle schedule. Notice that all activities in my miracle schedule are performed alone. Miracle schedule feeds me, nourishes me, revives, fills, fulfills, and inspires me. Maybe doing it alone is my rejuvenation need.

Promotion for the Fun of It!

Could it be that I’m at a loss without something to promote? Having something to promote drives me on; it gives me a reason to appear in public. (It gives me a public purpose.) Thus it (helps to) imbue my life with a sense of direction, modes of attitude I always need.

Thus, it may not even matter what I promote, although its probably better to promote something I love and know. But within these love and knowledge areas, I’ll promote “merely” for the love of pro-motion, for the fun of it.

TMS and Alhambra

Symptom: left knee pain.

Diagnosis: Italian tour fear. . . . But am I right? Doubt.

Besides creating the pain, the mind (psyche) also creates doubt in order to keep the symptom going.

I wonder how this also relates to my playing of Alhambra. Note how the previous sentence starts with “I wonder” (doubt). This keeps the symptom (“I can’t play Alhambra”) going.

This means I have not a leap of faith, but a leap of understanding. I know I can

play the Alhambra.

But I wanted to keep the symptom (can't play it) going. As soon as I had this thought, my left knee hurt. The pain jumped from the painless but new thought "I can play Alhambra" into my left knee.

These workings of my psyche are so interesting, fascinating, and unbelievable. . . but true.

I am a psychic being sending (out) radiation rays of pain and hope into my body.

I wonder (doubt) if my sleepiness is also a form of TMS, a total denial and annihilation of feelings of confident, a way of maintaining, holding onto, keeping the symptoms (of helplessness and inability to play).

I've been stuck in this kind of Nowhere Mode for about a year. Kind of a cross between success mode, transitional mode, non-motivational mode, pro-motion-al mode, directionless mode, and many other non-mode modes. I'd call the whole year a "Nowhere Mode." I'd say I lived the whole year, most of the year, in a Nowhere State.

Perhaps with seventy, this period has ended. By mixing, nay blending, rage and responsibility into the Blended Fun State, I have arrived at a new place; I am exploring a new tour destination.

Friday, May 25, 2007

Next Stage: Learn a Computer Program "For the Fun of It."

After a two-and-a-half hour run yesterday, my left knee feels much better! This morning I woke up, hardly any pain. Actually, no pain! (I threw in the "hardly" because, once again, it is hard to believe.)

This leaves me my right hammer toe and right thumb. Actually, even my hammer toe is quite a bit better. (Perhaps it may soon even be best.)

But my thumb is almost the same. Perhaps it is because it has nothing (little?) to

do with our trips to Italy. But nevertheless, I believe it has something to do with TMS (tension myotosis syndrome). What? Extended computer mouse use? Hidden rage at computer use? Originally, it did start with computer use (“overuse” when I was learning all those computer programs.) Perhaps I am still mad at it. I need to find a way to learn to love the computer – the way I love running, yoga, violin and guitar playing, and more.

The music of computers! Should I learn and develop a new computer program just “for the fun of it?” Ha! There’s a thought, a good thought! It might be a solution.

Tuesday, June 19, 2007

Zany has ended. How sad. I’m in a mourning process.

What will take its place? Will I, shall I, write something new? Is it back to New Leaf for awhile?

I can’t be without writing. So it means I’ll have to write something else. Maybe it is back to New Leaf for awhile. Just tear loose and open up in New Leaf form.

I don’t know if I should include the inhibiting and restricting weight of people in my vision. It is too ethereal for that.

On the other hand, fighting against them, working with them, is a kind of (mental) weight training.

In fact, all group leading is a kind of mental weight training. It’s the group demands versus my demands; group needs versus my needs. How to impose my vision on the group, and how to one, fix, and mold my vision to fit the weight/reality of the group.

Leading a group, responsibility for its leadership, dealing with its weight, is a burden. But lifting burdens makes you strong.

Thursday, June 21, 2007

On Fun and Cosmic Purpose

Very tied to my monies.

Guitar. . .and violin. . . .Fun.

Although the word “fun” feels good and sounds right, fun alone will never do the job.

Evidently, I need something more than fun. Meaning and purpose better fill the bill. En route there, fun has its place. But fun cannot be my sole goal. Fun, like happiness, is a by-product. It often may happen on the route to meaning and cosmic purpose.

Then I must ask: What is my meaning, my cosmic purpose? How and through what actions, can I fulfill it?

Certainly doing things for others, with others in mind, focuses me. What does this have to do with meaning? Is there as strong to very strong connection between doing things for others (mitzvah work), focus, and meaning?

Is my business, and working with others, mitzvah work with pay? Probably.

Is then working, thinking of, and doing for others, a hidden yet prime motivating factor? Is it the power behind the eyes, the ultimate reason for all? By imbuing all with an ultimate purpose and meaning, is it the (mitzvah) answer? Maybe.

But what about, say, running. . . or calliyoga. . . or even violin? They have no ostensible service to others purpose. Or have it? Secretly in my mind, am I not aiming to get in better shape, play better, so that I can ultimately better function for and among others? Think about it.

Also there is the idea of becoming my own hero. But, of course, I want to be my own hero, so I can shine and be a hero in the eyes of others. Thus my own hero, and hero to others, blend, mix, and work together. Two sides of the same coin. Once again,

deep down, doing it with others in mind is the motivating power.

Saturday, June 23, 2007

Cosmic Depression Leads to New Ideas

Zanyland and Zanystan

Nothing to write about, no direction to go in, nothing inspiring, uplifting, or creative to do. Mentally, emotionally, and creatively standing around doing nothing.

I haven't felt this way for months. . . nay, years. All the piss, vigor, miracle, and blood miracle power of that schedule has been drained out of me.

How many times in the past I have used the "drained" word?

I like writing this journal. I like the bloody bottom, half-melancholy misery of this down-and-dirty cosmic depression. It puts me at the edge, on the verge, of feeling alive.

Should Attila become a tour leader and businessman? Or, should he do something completely different? Like going into politics? Should he run for high office, local representative, governor, senator, even president?

I am passionate about politics. Could I write about it in a funny, off-beat, off-the-wall way that would make it fun and meaningful to write?

As for the tour business, I'm doing it already. Thus, it's been "done." There's not much mystery, fantasy, idealism, or off-the-wall creativity left in it. Politics is totally different. Perhaps I could invent a country (Serbpia or Something), an strange, zany, mysterious, off-the-wall society. Attila would run for office, maybe become its president.

He could become president of Zanyland. Its Central Asian mirror and sister country would be Zanystan.

Invent some kind of George Orwell, Animal Farm-type, invented, imaginative, fantasy country.

Attila's presidential staff could be his father (director of Musical Notes) and all the other characters in the novel. Martha: Head of Blue House Cuisine (White House is now Blue House), St. James, Head of World Business, Genghis, Head of Stables, Horse Riding, and Travel, or International Relations (starting with Mongolia), etc. Invent a new color here.

I could be onto something here. Why not invent a whole new country, a new society? Develop and go with it!

(The "trouble" with my tour business is that it is real; it exists. Writing about so-called material reality is totally boring to me; it has been "done." A tool for fantasy, literature, ideas, and futures, I have no reason or motivation to write about it.)

Talk about how cosmic depression leads to new ideas: I am suddenly energized!

I wonder if the sudden appearance of the blip or blister in my eye signifies a break between the old life and the new life. A bubble of irritation. a visual annoyance, before the new vision emerges.

Sunday, June 24, 2007

Should I cut back? Do fewer things, but do them better, even well? Fewer languages, fewer instruments, fewer exercises, other?

After talking to Joe about the violin and more, I thought, Am I doing too many things mediocre, as opposed to a few things well? Or is that my nature? An old question.

But what can I give up? I can't think of a thing. I'm "stuck" with and in the Renaissance Man style.

Wednesday, June 27, 2007

Depends on my Mood

Slow, Luxurious, and Sensual

Alhambra, Leyenda, etc. Two versions: Slow and fast.

1. Slow.....relaxing

2. Fast...exciting

Which is better? Neither. They're both different.

Since my miracle schedule activities are now my "hobbies," what will the difference be?

It is: I can go slow, luxurious and sensual.

Not bad at all. The tour business, which is now my main business, has mentally released me from my other businesses, and from making a living from my arts. I am, as it were, now "financially free" to dare. Dare to play slow, luxurious, and sensual. Dare to use this approach in all my miracle schedule activities.

After whining and complaining for a year about my success, it's time to move on.

Old Zen saying

"After my house burned down, I saw the moon more clearly."

What's the difference between a groove and a rut?

A groove turns into a rut when there is no personal growth.

Friday, June 29, 2007

Competition, Fade Away

What's my attitude towards competition? I fade away.

It goes back to my sister, my childhood: My reaction to competition with her: I'd disappear into the background, become a cipher.

This attitude translated into modern life. With Karl Finger tours and numbers, I'd be (of course) very jealous, but rather than compete with him, be stimulated (and "inspired") by his better numbers, creating "something to aim at," I'd pass into my corner and fade away.

Same thing is happening with my children—first my son, then now it is my grandchildren. They are my "athletic" competition. Very good in martial arts and conditioning in general. My attitude towards them: I bow to their superiority, I disappear, vanish, give up on my own routines.

This may be why I'm so tired before their coming.

Well, now I know and see the reason. What can and will I do about it? Shall I stay in my old rut or move on?

I quietly competed with my sister on the violin. . .and won! She gave up and went into other things, mainly art.

So maybe I do compete. . . and even win! What are my fuels? Jealousy and rage. After many years of competing with Karl, this year, I'm winning!

But win or lose, competing is, or can be, really good for motivation. If I can change my attitude towards it. If, instead of bring up my inadequacies, it brings up my fighting power, my force, my raging energies, my powerful jealousies.

Here jealousies are good-in-themselves, and good for me. Why? They tell me what I really want! I want to have, own, grow, be part of and jump into the what-I-am-jealous of process. In the case, I want to ride on, jump into, and own Zack and Zane's fighting and exercise processes and abilities.

Of course, I'll never be as good as they are. (Is this true? Yes. It is also besides the point.) I cannot become them. But I can dive into, and own, the current and flow of their processes.

Thus the existence and doing of their thing, namely their love and passion for martial arts and exercises, can be mentally transferred to me through the power of inspiration. The Yes! Attitude towards the building and personal physical growth.

Although I can live with the words martial arts – especially because they have the word “arts” in them – I always hate the word “exercise.”

Well, let take another look at this. Maybe I can even live with and like the word “martial.” Am I martial? Am I warlike? Do I like a good fight? Well, by training and growing up I have “learned” that fighting is bad, and that somehow, I have become, or should be, afraid to fight. But this is ridiculous. Truth is, I love to fight! It turns me on, inspires and energizes me. How did I ever get the idea that fighting is bad and I don’t like it? True, part of me like peace, but another part of me likes, nay loves, to fight. Only like jealousy, I am afraid to admit it. Also, there is the fear that in actual physical fighting, I could get hurt.

Fear of getting hurt versus rage, mad energizing, and love of fighting. Which shall I “choose?” Both, no doubt.

Many great issues here.

How can these realizations help me?

First, come down strong on the side of fighting. Recognize deeply my fear. . . but also, on the other side of every fear is excitement. In fact, as I well know, fear and excitement are twins. You can’t have one without the other.

I, too, am a twin. I have thus incorporated the “twin philosophy.” The twins, fear and excitement, live within me ever working together, and, as opposites, ever fighting each other. These qualities are presently and ever projected into my relationships with my children, grandchildren, and others. But they are really out reflections of the inner me. Jealousy, rage, conflict, fear of fighting, love of fighting, hesitation to jump in, excitement of war, mad shoe ravings, violent and passionate ragings, all are parts of and reside in the inner me.

(Witness how I love, and can’t resist reading about the Iraq war, conflicts between Israelis and Palestinians, even, as a child, competitions between baseball teams. Conflicts, wars, competition, are all and have always been part of my deepest inner make up.) Yes, I compete with, fight, and am jealous of my children and their

accomplishments. Sadly, part of me wishes to destroy them and their accomplishments so that I can remain sole and only king of my realm. I would love others, all others, to only bow down before me, worship me, tell me how, only I, am so great. Here I am eating my own children, like Cronus devouring his; time devours its young. How true are the Greek myths. I am living one. Or at least, I recognize it in my imagination. But why complain? Although hard to admit, it and I are part of the human condition.

So this is why I have been so tired over the past two days, why I have unable to run, do yoga, or “exercise.” Old fade away was working its habitual magic. Hopefully, by peering so deeply into this maw of self-destruction and hold-back, I will crack its face.

Competition, fight, and glory are alive and well; they live deeply embedded in the bowels of my soul.

This may be why, when reading positive thoughts, or any other thought for that matter, I most often do the opposite: Rather than agree with, give in, and be defeated by my opposition, I struggle against it. I fight my twin.

But starting today, as a new, post-seventy person, can I now moved on? Why continue fighting my twin when I am my twin? Instead of fighting each other, can we work together?

How would this be done? Through the dive-right-in approach.

No question, one part of me wants to kill the opposition. But, since I realize I need to and like to fight, another (the smart) part of me knows, if I kill my opposition, who will I have left to fight? If I kill it, I'll have to find a new opposition. Why waste this valuable time? Why not keep struggling with the ever-changing face of the “same” opposition?

Face it: I love a good fight.

Although its nice to win, losing isn't that bad either. In truth, winning or is secondary, and almost "besides the point". The main thing is to stay in the ring.

A large part of getting into the ring is the ability to accept embarrassment and humiliation. Learn to live with these twins-of-discomfort. They are just part of the show. (It's your show. They come along with it, as do excitement, fear, and exhilaration.

Could the above belong to Zany? Why not? Give it an editing and edited try.

Positive Aspects of Fear:

Fear brings a rush of energy followed by either a shut-down of this energy. Shutting down the energy creates boredom and ultimate death; diving into the flow of energy, leads ultimately to excitement and exhilaration.

Falling into the Abyss: The Discover of New Limits

The fear of the extra push, going the extra mile, is that you will drift into the limitlessness. No boundaries. The fear of growth, infinity growth. On can go on and improve "forever." Forever is a scary place. It's the abyss, beyond, death of the ego, body, even the known soul.

Where is the protection (of limits) in such a place?

But, of course, the discovery when you fall into the abyss of the limitless, is the discovery of new limits. These are the ones you try to exceed and break every day. The path and progression is infinite. As is the discovery of ever-new limits.

What is the positive factor that drives you on: The excitement of reaching new levels!

Wednesday, July 4, 2007

On Pre-Performance Anxiety

Is there a steady rain of negative thoughts falling upon me all day long? Am I ever using my energies to fight against them?

Is a physical pain, a mental worry or concern, a negative thought?

In one form or another, such “physical events” and “mental occurrences” take place all day long.

No question dealing with them, uses, even saps, my energy. Does it drain my creativity and delete my power? Or does confronting and fighting against these negative forces (if they are negative forces), heavy blocks on my energy flow and process, strengthen me?

For example, I have two upcoming bookings: Children’s Dance teaching at Elmwood Camp tomorrow where I’ll be teaching five-year-olds along, with their counselors, how to dance, and the Stephan Anniversary Party on Friday, where I’ll be playing guitar and gaida, singing, and teaching folk dancing.

I have, as usual, pre-performance anxiety. Some, but not less, than usual. Somehow I see less pre-performance anxiety as a good. But maybe it isn’t.

Maybe the best approach is: If I’m not nervous before a workout, it’s not hard enough. If I’m not nervous before a performance, it’s not hard enough. Well, I’m always nervous before a performance. Does that mean it’s hard enough? Probably.

Perhaps I should use that nervousness to put in my best effort. Well, I always put in my best effort. Perhaps that’s why I’m always nervous before a performance. Well, that’s good.

This means that, just as it’s good to be nervous before a workout because it’s going to be really hard) then it’s good to be nervous before a performance because it’s going to be really hard. Why will it be hard? Because I’ll make it (create it) so.

Thus I answered my question. Mental worry and concern, pre-performance anxiety is a good. It means you’ve set the bar high.

What about physical pain (aches and pains)?

Perhaps they are reflections of mental states, physical manifestations of mental worries and concerns, of pre-performance anxiety.

One wakes up with aches and pains. Well, one does have to face the morning, deal with the pre-performance anxiety of a new day.

Upbringing

Why do I avoid pre-performance anxiety? Why do I think it is “bad” and unhealthy? Why do I think I’d be brave, a hero, if I never had it?

Well, first of all, it is unpleasant. It feels bad. Nervousness makes me feel bad.

But why? Could it be my upbringing? Ma always said you should take it easy, be happy, feel good. Unpleasant things should be avoided.

But suppose I had a different upbringing. Suppose, as a child, my mother told me, nay, inculcated into my brain, that pre-performance anxiety, so-called nervousness, was good. That it would bring out the best in me, that she would love, admire, and respect me if I followed its path. I’d be not only my own hero, but my mother’s as well.

This is a totally different upbringing. A different attitude. A conquering, heroic Yes! Attitude towards nervousness.

If this were case, I might now seek out and search for challenges that would bring about this pre-performance anxiety, that would create this energizing, creative, positive nervous state.

Physical pains create mental worries and concerns, the “What is wrong with me?” state.

The question is, which comes first? Physical pain or mental worry? Does the worry-and-concern thought (the fear) create physical pain as its reflection, or vice versa?

Of course, mind and body, spirit and matter, are all connected.

But since I believe in mind over body, spirit over matter, I see physical pain is a reflection of a mental state.

Sleepiness and shut down precede exhilaration. . . if you can wake up in time.

Wealth and tremolo go together. Fixing on the richness and success of the finger-slapping, tremolo formula whose trembles turn out the endorphins in abundance.

All done. Accomplished, finished, onwards.

Historic and Exercise Inspiration for my Return

Imagine, it comes from my grandkids! Once again, all cliches are true. My grandkids are lighting the flame for my return, helping to redesign my path of post-transitional reentry, sprinkling it with a good dose of historic and exercise inspiration.

Following this path: It could be what next year is about.

Why would I go back to reading history? It could only be with a new and bold freshness. A post-transitional vision imposed upon old, dried up, dusty books and forms.

The "Purpose" of Children and Grand Children

As I read Greek history, its old names, old countries, old cities, and concepts are so rusty in my mind. Once I knew and was revitalized, fascinated, and inspired by them. An entire travel business was built upon them. But they slowly faded away into the business dust.

Time for revitalization. Time for a Renaissance.

And imagine, the kids even visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art on their own. They focused on the ancient Greek and Roman section.

When was the last time I went to the Met? Or to any museum (excepting, of

course, the “forced” visits on my tour.) I am truly seeing, or re-seeing, museums, studies, exercises, and probably more, through the eyes of my kids. They are returning my original vision to me. And with added freshness and new insights.

Isn't this as it should be? Isn't this the ultimate “purpose” of children and grandchildren: To return, revitalize, inspire, and even “improve” the original vision of their fore bearers.

On Holding a Grudge

Obviously, it's fun to hold a grudge. I enjoy its energizing and stimulating anger.

But the big question is: Does holding a grudge (against them or anyone) block my creative thought?

Sunday, July 8, 2007

My brain feels like total mush this morning. Do I always forget about everything I read and write about the previous day? Or does it, on one level or another, in some strange, mysterious way, sink in?

In any case, this morning (all mornings?) I am starting off with a totally blank slate.

Larger Tours are Simply More Fun!

Zack asked: “What's it like bringing forty-two people to Bulgaria?” Or anywhere else for that matter?

A good question. What is it like?

What's the difference, in feeling and technique, between bringing a small number, say five, ten, fifteen, and bringing thirty, forty, forty-two, or even more?

Running a tour is like running a party, a traveling party. What makes a party fun? The bottom line is having positive, enthusiastic people who love and yearn for

new experiences.

Technically, a larger travel group simply means dealing with more details, more names, room assignments, bus count boardings, more people to keep track of. Larger numbers means a difference in quantity. But not in quality.

Some things may move a bit more slowly on large tours. These include boarding the bus, seating and eating in restaurants, bathroom visits, etc. However, even these nuances can occur on any tour. Mostly, it is late-comers and lost, wandering travelers that slow things down the most. And these can be on any tour, small or large.

So, except for counting (and accounting) changes, there is little difference between small and large groups. The primary tour components, enthusiasm and adventure, are independent of numbers.

So what's the difference between running a small or large tour?

Leading a larger tour is simple more fun! Period.

Yes, a large tour is simply more awesome, more wow!, more fun. The existence of such a giant entity is a marvel of awe and wonder. Like the difference between an elephant and a mouse. Of course, you can have an awesome mouse. Only they are more rare.

Unloading and Freedom

Writing it all down unloads the burdened mind; it creates mental freedom.

Finding my Fun Root

I have a full Bulgarian tour and an almost full Greek tour. An amazing and happy achievement. I now mostly have "mop-up" work left.

Now, in spite of all my responsibility organizing, running, and leading this tour, I come to my next great question and goal: How can I now have fun on my tours?

I'll start with Bulgaria, then move on to Greece.

Once I had the goal of reading the old testament in Hebrew and the new testament in Greek.

What positive thing can I do for myself on tour? Would reading it in Bulgarian do it for Bulgaria? How about taking more gaida lessons? Other?

My mental direction for tours is so outward; mostly it's based on concern for others. Personal fun starts within. In order to find, or rediscover my fun root, I'd better get back to within.

Or will the personal satisfaction of seeing and realizing that my travelers are having a good and fulfilling time be enough fun? Can watching the tour come to fruition on a daily basis be my form of traveling fun?

Somehow I feel I should have "something more," to relax with and distract me from the constant tour work. Yes, I need something personal interest and activity to help me break away from constant tour thoughts and give me perspective.

Is this guitar crises time? I need something new to do.

Is jazz the only new way to go?

Up to now, I haven't liked jazz. Am I approaching the choice of jazz or nothing? What do classical guitarists in my place and position do to challenge themselves?

Where do violin, composition, and gaida fit in, if at all?

Confirmation

Positive Yes! Attitude books are now about confirming what I already do, confirming what I already think.

In the past, I approached them differently; I wanted to learn these principles, as if my mind started off as a blank slate, and these positive ideas and attitudes would be poured in. They would be given to me; then I would then believe them. This, rather than the true way. The true way is: I already had, and have always had a positive attitude. But it often lay hidden, secret, and lacking confidence deep within my being.

But these secret flowers needed confirmation feeding in order to go public, and to grown.

That's why old way of reading positive books never worked.

I am not a blank slate. I am a confirmation slate.

I needed more confidence in my real inner beliefs; I needed my positive attitudes confirmed.

But now I stand ready for confirmation.

Benefits of Positive Anticipation

Positive anticipation: A new Gitomer advance. I like it. Practice and use it for my upcoming tour of Bulgaria.

Positive anticipations assumes I will make the sale. Even better than that, it assumes I will have a totally great and successful tour of Bulgaria! With such positive anticipation, my fears, worries, and concerns about the tour are over! Sure I'll keep working on all its details, focus on putting it all together and getting everything right. I always do that. But, in the past, even though I did it, I still worried up to, during, and through the tour. I was never fulfilled, finished, relaxed, and peaceful. The sword of Damocles hung over me ready to fall and strike at any moment. Stray negative comments, strays mishaps or unexpected events, anything could happen, and my worst fears and worried would be confirmed. I was never free.

But a positive anticipation could set me free!

I'll start my practice today. Tour of Bulgaria: I'll assume it will be a great tour, a total victory, a grand success!

The Paradox of Fulfillment

In the past, I used my fears, worries, and concerts to whip myself into action. It was the sado-masochistic approach to motivation.

This approach is fading. In fact, with the advent of positive attitude and especially positive anticipation, it may have finally fallen into disuse. In other words, it is gone!

Now what?

Bach Chaconne. A new piece! Zambra very slow. Both in D tuning. New? What's going on here?

Burning Desire and Definiteness of Purpose

What do I want?

Do I have the passion to want what I want?

I probably have the second. In fact, I know I do. The first question is the problem.

You need definiteness of purpose and a burning (obsessive) desire to possess it. Possess what? Get what? What do I want? That is the first and fundamental question.

Can one have a burning, all-consuming, obsessive desire to possess several things? Or is obsession, burning desire, and passion limited? In other words, if I go this route, is there only enough passion in me to focus on possessing only one?

Look at the great artists, athletes, etc. They are, or seem to be, mono-possessed. How about the great industrialists and entrepreneurs? Are any of them multi-faceted, and passionate, focused, and obsessed about several things? Can this be done? Can one have a definiteness of purpose about several things?

I have to answer: Why not? Look at my miracle schedule. Several things. Done at different times. To make myself complete I need to fulfill several aspects of myself. Are the burning desires filled with definiteness of purpose? Well, why not? Why can't they be?

Well, maybe they can be. In fact, there would be my definiteness of purpose.

And, focused on these few facilities, would be imbued with a burning desire.

In other words, I have several desires. I'm a multi-man.

Now moving on: How burning can these desires be and become? My desires are found in business and my miracle schedule. Let's now look at them under this new light.

Could the growth and development of Jim Gold International be called my definiteness of purpose and burning desire? Or is it too general, too vague?

Of course, it with all its aspects embedded in both the miracle schedule and business contains exactly and all I want to do with my life. Therefore, somewhere contained within it is a desire, even a burning desire! All within its borders are micro-definitenesses of small purposes. Thus each activity contains within it a definiteness of purpose.

Did Carnegie and Edison do many things? Do Gates and Buffet? Did Heifitz, Casals, even Beethoven, and Mendelssohn? Do my heroes of accomplishment put their burning desires and definiteness of purpose into many things? How about Renaissance men like Da Vinci?

Of course, Da Vinci didn't make a lot of money. Neither did the inventor of the Hebrew language, Eliezer ben Yehuda.

I however, want to be a Renaissance man, develop and grow Jim Gold International, and make a lot of money! These are my unique desires, my passions, my standing in the world. What to do with them? How to fulfill them? These are my questions.

Would slowly, patiently, and one at a time be a good answer? (Perhaps it is my only answer since I am stuck with my multi-interest, renaissance personality.)

Monday, July 23, 2007

Positive Use of Imagination

Creating a Positive Deception

Thought, when suffused with emotion (of faith), sends its vibrations directly into the subconscious mind.

The subconscious mind is the direct link to the Supreme Intelligence.

“Deceive” it by believing I will play the Alhambra.

Let my deception begins today!

I may not have to practice the Alhambra six times a day for three months as I previously planned. However, I definitely have to practice thinking, believing, and achieving differently when I play it.

In fact, my practice is: thinking, believing, and achieving differently.

Based on faith and belief, I played it beautifully. . . once. Now for more “think, believe, and achieve” practice.

Instead of needing three months of six times a day practice, I may have solved the Alhambra problem in two days!

Tuesday, July 24, 2007

Thinking, Believing, and Achieving Differently Practice

Yesterday I ran a hard, fast hour through the driving rain. I ended up totally soaked.

During and after running, I thought I heard the voice of my mother (and a few others) saying I might catch cold from being so drenched.

Indeed, this thought partially haunted my run and after run. I partly believed this thought. Then, based on the idea that “What the mind of man can conceive and belief, it can achieve,” sure enough, by late evening the thought had sprouted wings, I sneezed, and had a slight cold. I woke up this morning, too with a sneeze and slight cold.

If my thought and belief (faith) could achieve a slight cold, perhaps different

thoughts and beliefs, ones of total health, can dispel it. The “perhaps” word here represents the voice of doubt; doubt represents the voice of fear, fear that I might be wrong. Well, am I wrong or am I right? Is the idea that whatever the mind of man can conceive and believe, it can achieve, right or wrong?

I believe it is right! Therefore, I shall start thinking total health thoughts, and believing I will achieve them in the physical reality of my body.

Question Mark on Affirmations

I believe in auto-suggestion, but affirmations have a shaky, new age, ethereal, bland, wishy-washy meaning to me. Perhaps they are too tainted by new age thinking, which I never trust. Too vague and undisciplined.

Ha, that’s the word: Discipline. I believe in discipline. Following its orders, dictated by my higher mind, actually works! I’ve seen it in violin practice, guitar practice, writing, the building of JGI business, and all other practices.

Yes, I believe in discipline.

Yet take away my new age coloring, and auto-suggestion and affirmations are actually the same thing. If I add my own strong sense of discipline, of daily practice, affirmations (auto-suggestions), like violin discipline, could, should, and will work.

I could start practicing them on the “Alhambra” and the upcoming Bulgarian tour.

What holds the Bulgarian tour together? What holds all other tours, folk dance classes, bookings, and concerts together? It is the thoughts of my mind. It is my powerful thinking of one thought: Oneness. Group unity. My constant thought of unifying the group, succeeds in unifying the group, and thus creating a successful event, be it tour, concert, folk dance class, or whatever. My mind thinks it, believes it, and achieves it. It happens every time. The few times when I take my mind off the ball, things slowly dribble away and even fall apart. What brings me back to the focused

unity feeling/thought idea, is total self-disgust with myself for losing my focus and dropping the ball. It is no fun at all when I am not focused. The more focused I am, the more fun it is.

The Bulgarian tour springs from my thought. I hold it together, and recreate it daily, with the thoughts of unity generated by my mind.

I think it, I believe it, I achieve it. And it always works.

Of course, there are hundreds of details to take care of along the way. Nevertheless, behind these details lies my constant thought of unity. "If you can't do great things, do small things in a great way." I do both. Fulfilling the details are my small things; the great thing is my constant thought of unity"

Scary and powerful: Do my thoughts create magnetism? Do they attract things? Does my thought of unity attract the unity feeling, the oneness idea in others? Is this what holds the group together?

Is there really a law of attraction? Can and do my thoughts attract? They no doubt do. But I'm afraid to believe it. Scary and powerful.

I've been afraid to believe this all my life. Isn't it now time to move on out, to give up this fear? Yes!

How? By accepting my power derived from the power of my thoughts. But why be egotistically afraid? "Derived" is the key word here. My power derives from my thoughts. But my thoughts derive from the Higher Intelligence. By thinking them, I become a conduit to a Higher Power. It is the Higher Power, working through the focus of my thoughts of oneness (unity), that unifies all.

In the Bulgarian tour, the Higher Intelligence, channeled through my thoughts, is ever at work.

Thus, my personal self, the Jim Gold persona, the small Jim Gold ego, is not what is uniting the tour. Rather it is my egoless connection to the Higher Power.

From Yoga to Callisthenics

From Transformation to Transfiguration

Just as, thanks to Zane, I finally solved the number and counting problem (in favor of number and counting), now I have resolved the struggle between yoga and callisthenics. For years they were in conflict, as reflected by the temporary, but false fusion word I invented, calliyoga.

But now, I am leaning strongly (convinced, really) towards callisthenics. My now so-called and former yoga exercises and portions of my routine now belong to callisthenics.

Yoga reflects and represents, not only India and inner metaphysical self-reflection, but also the withdrawn, inner chamber, retreat from the world to the chamber of my imagination; in other words, my artistic side.

Callisthenics reflects and represents Greece, ancient Greece, and my Western heritage; it is dynamic, bold, forceful, aggressive, business and entrepreneurial oriented, gone public; in other words, my out-there self.

This is obviously, the post-seventy transformation, which will soon lead to the post-seventy, next stage transfiguration.

Wednesday, July 25, 2007

Dealing with Annoyances

Lots of annoyances this morning: left foot pin prick, may need a new car, need new machine heads on my LoPrinzi guitar, and, of course, must buy a big travel bag at Ikea.

How to deal with small annoyances.

Annoyances are really dealing with the details of life. Once the concept and general idea of the tour is fixed and done in my mind, creating and running it is mostly about details. Dealing with them, dealing with these small annoyances. Best approach is found in the Napoleon's Hill's quote: "If you can't do great things, do small things in

a great way.”

How to handle my foot pin prick, check out an Ikea shopping bag, a new car, fix my guitar machine heads, handle the details of my Bulgarian tour, all in a great way?

What is a great way? First of all, it's a great attitude. What's a great attitude? One filled with enthusiasm.

Turning Miracle Schedule Ventures into Cash

I wonder: While I play my instruments, study my language, write, or even do my exercises, should I think how can I turn these miracle schedule ventures into cash? This would stimulate and inspire these activities, fill them with concrete purpose and extra meaning, give them an immediate material reality.

Putting these ventures into an all-is-one framework would unite and rationalize them. (Instead of seeing them as “side activities” hanging out in left field.)

An expansion and unification of the Think and Grow Rich idea. (I felt a sudden flutter of nervousness in my stomach. It means I'm onto a right idea.)

Monday, July 30, 2007

JGI Tour Growth: Creation of a Staff (Master Mind)

One of my JGI weaknesses is that I have not gathered, put together, and focused on a “staff,” or Master Mind, as Napoleon Hill call is. (I like that term.) Creating one, meeting and working with them on a (twice or) once a week basis.

I would do it mainly for the JGI tour business.

Who would this staff be?

A good, annual, next step in JGI tour growth.

Staff: Who? Levels and Lines:

1. Weekly meeting level: Carol, Barry, Ginny(?), Michele (?)
2. Agent expertise level: Cally, Paul(?), Zoran (?)
3. Folk Dance leader expertise level: Lee, Richard, Adam

4. Folk dance “entrepreneur” level: Sanna, Terry, Barbara Shine, Mady, Pat, etc.
other folk dance teachers in general,

My offer (“payment”) to all “staff” is a free tour.

Guitar-Playing Growth and Challenges for the New Me

Maybe I have never recognized or dealt with the deep level of tension I have when I play the guitar. In scales, arpeggios, probably all. This tension is felt (mostly) in my right wrist; but is no doubt spread through, across, and within my body as well.

Recognizing and dealing with it, is my heroic, next guitar step. On the surface, it seems I’m playing the “same” scales and arpeggios over and over again. . . and this for forty years. But now, looking at them in a new and heroic way, they become totally different scales and arpeggios, total new guitar-playing challenges of guitar-playing growth for the new me.

The End of Nervousness!

By using the words “nervous,” and “nervousness,” I am still dealing with the devil. I may be heroic in fighting him, and winning, but nevertheless, but using these words, he is still a force in the room. But by using the words “energize,” and “energizing,” I by-pass him completely. He is no longer in the room. He is “besides the point.”

By verbalizing “nervous and nervousness,” I create it.

By verbalizing “energy and energizing” I create it.

Energize

Starting today, I am dropping the words “nervous” and “nervousness” from my repertoire.

Starting today, I will substitute and only use the words energize and energizing.

BULGARIA 2007

Saturday, August 4, 2007

Ventsi and Iglia here. Great. Such growth. Stefan, too.

Is it me? They? Both? Why?

Later on, I know it is me. It is my new mental state totally influenced and imbibing positive readings. So far, every morning on tour I read a few paragraphs of Think and Grow Rich and the Yes! Attitude.

I spoke to Stefan about this. He said, "It's you."

I said. "Thanks for the compliment."

He replied, "It's not a compliment. It's the truth."

Sunday, August 5, 2007

The Miracle and Mystery of Tourism

In Bansko, we rode up the mountain for our picnic. Local musicians were waiting for us. They greeted us with music, singing, bread, and salt.

Kelly came over to hug me. So did Carol, Marilee, Jules, and a few others. Their eyes were filled with transcendent tears, crying for beauty of this event.

It gave me a slight headache and backache.

How can I stand such incredible success? How can I take having such an incredible effect on the hearts, minds, and souls of others?

This is success beyond my wildest dreams.

It has often happened in the past. But I deny and run away from it. Too powerful.

But I can deny and run away no longer. Time to face my powers, and My Power connection.

Such a thought makes me tremble. With awe and wonder I stand before the God within. My position as leader of this tour has made me His perfect instrument. For a

few transcendent moments I have been totally and celestially used. Indeed, on this Bulgaria tour, I am receiving a total blessing as I see my people, my travelers, self-transform before my eyes.

Through my intense work and tour focus, a sudden spiritual leap occurs. Others are transformed; I am transformed. In the process, I help create a miracle. Self-transformation: That is the mystery of tourism – and my tours.

Success and Victory

When stiff and uncomfortable Slava breaks out into a wild dance, when Ruth changes her grimace into a radiant smile, when Kelly cries for the beauty of Bansko mountain picnic and folk dance event, when quiet Ed keeps trying to learn how to dance, when people come to the bus on time, I stand up to Gloria counting cries, give a hearty “Thank you,” to critical Bruce, and even Barbara, when my organizational and leadership clicks into place, even the possible “underpaying: of Kremena (since the dollar has sunk so much) and realizing that I’ll organize the payment scale more precisely next time.

Indeed, my morning back and head hurt because of success. It’s the old neighborhood peeking in to say “Hello.”

Well, I’m saying hello. . . and following it with a firm goodbye. Old neighborhood, I’m out of here. I’m moving to the new self in my new neighborhood.

Deflecting the Light

The Radiance is often so powerful that, in order to stand it, I have to deflect some of Its light.

The process of deflection is best done by focusing on how to improve my services.

But, in doing so, remember that it is a deflection. The Reality, the Ultimate Reality, is the Radiance of the Light, the shining, Eternal Self towards which we all

gravitate.

Such deflection is the cause of my head and back ache. Perhaps it is a necessary defense system; I need it to stay alive, to defend my body and material existence from the Ultimate Swoon.

Thursday, August 9, 2007

Sudden sadness hit last night. The tour is winding down, coming to an end.

I don't do well with endings. Mourning, crying. What to do with this unpleasant, but familiar feeling?

First, feel it. Down, down, down into the knitty gritty dumps. Go with the flow.

This sadness may well be a disguised feeling of love. Yes, it is the usual, overwhelming, melt-down feeling of love. Now that the tour is almost over, I am free to feel it.

First came love for Ventsi and missing him after he left; then came love of my travelers, tourists, and love for myself and the grand effort I put into this tour. I gave it my all.

Love of tourists, love of self. Well, in a few days, my travelers will disappear. But I won't. Thus, this love feeling must be, first and foremost, a love of self and my grand effort.

What about the missing feeling, missing Ventsi, Stefan, Pero, my tourists?

What does "missing" have to do with love?

Perhaps by "missing," I mean losing part of my self. I gave so much effort, so much of my self. I merged with the group. When they leave, part of my "self" is going with them. Thus the missing. But, in reality, they remain (as a memory) in my mind. Thus, I never lose them! Although they physically walk away and disappear, as long as I think about them, mentally and spiritually, they remain with me.

Imagination will sail me through the sadness saga. Think and Grow Imagination

will be my new book.

Yes, feel the feelings. Overwhelming Wonder and Love break down the barriers. Then, through the power of Imagination, let more Love, Power, Magnificence, and Glory fill my soul.

Plus, it's not over yet! I still have plenty of work to do. Thank God! And when this tour is over, I will still have plenty of work to do. In fact, I will always have plenty of work to do. Thank God!

Saturday, August 11, 2007

Good as it is, I can't wait for this tour to end! I can't wait to be home and free! Yes, it's been a great success. Yet I can't wait to high tail it out of here.

This incredible morning fatigue may well be due to a headache of my body. I've been living in a tour straight jacket for two weeks. I've given up all exercises, running, and any claims to body health. I have never gone this long without exercising. A first. I substituted it with incredible tour focus.

Today is the usual day of tour headache. It's a tradition. One headache per tour. But I don't have a headache. Instead, I have a body ache. The headache has spread throughout my body. It manifests itself in an incredible fatigue.

How to handle it? Dive straight in. Open the doors. Let the cataclysms roll. Hills of thunder, white boulders of lightening, crashing forest trees, broken Pamporovo pines shattering at my feet.

The world is white with blood and fire. Let my poetic soul rise! And this with a hearty, healthy, burst-release cry of "Fuck you!" to Barbara. Pour my anger into her fat face. How dare she question my authority and judgement! She shakes her finger and head at me, saying, "This is not good. This is not right. Poorly done. We're paying all this money, and this is what we get? No toilets in Gela. Slow and poor room organization in Koprivshitsa. Not good. Not right."

She is Mrs. Not Good. Truly, what the fuck is the matter with her? She just

doesn't "get it." Nevertheless, I'll ask her how she liked the tour. It's professional. Also, I'm interested in her reaction. Would she ever want to come on another tour? I doubt it. Would I want her to? I don't know. In any case, she is a wonderful morning anger outlet.

I also wonder if she isn't at the root of my anger, camouflaged by morning fatigue and body aches.

I'm doing such a great job and she doesn't appreciate it. Why should I be so cool when I just can't stand her, and what she says? Well, I won't be. . . and least on paper.

Energized, Powerful, and Peaceful

Money is the symbolic, physical, and necessary expression of the energy, action, motivation, and drive sales creates.

Although I love the money, sales brings me more than that.

A giant leap, Zany crystallization of the mad shoe salesman.

Following my miracle schedule lifted my depression and energized me.

Now I've added a new path; it is the culmination of gone-public me. Following the mad shoe salesman route lifts depression and energizes me.

Miracle Schedule and Mad Shoe Salesman, inner and outer, artistic and businessman, mix and blend. Through this focus, I create an energized, powerful, and peaceful me.

Sex

Napoleon Hill says the most powerful human emotion is sex. He calls it "the greatest of all mind stimulants."

Can I transmute sex into creativity? In other words, can I think sexual thoughts, and use that energy, transform it, into creativity? Can I use it, in this thought-energy cyclic manner, in miracle schedule and business activities? Should I even bother thinking about such thoughts?

The key word here is transmute. It is not about having sex in the old fashion, but transmuting it, using it in a new way. Am I capable, even interested in such a thing?

These kinds of thoughts are certainly daring and different. I think of Rama's comments at the Grow Weekend, yoga, and yogis.

Maybe it's a question of doing both. I don't want to give up my old ways. But I want to try using sex energy in the new way, too.

Could I transmute sexual energy, use it for artistic and business creativity?

How do I do this? Think of sex while playing guitar? Try it.

Saturday, August 18, 2007

Mother is a woman. Imagine that!

The desire to please women, the woman or women of your choice. But this woman (these women) could be your "wife, sweetheart, sister, or mother." (Hill)

Mother!

Well, no question, for me, before my wife, came my desire (I hate to admit it) to please my mother! Following my teenage years, came my life (my lifetime) of rebellion against recognizing this desire.

Certainly, when I think of my upbringing and values, her influence is primary. And so was my desire to please her, even as I rebelled against her commanding and domineering ways.

Is rebellion a form of love? Probably.

Internally churning, very upsetting to think and realize the truth of these mother-love thoughts. But they are true, nevertheless.

Sunday, August 19, 2007

E-Mail Malfunction Problem: "Thank you. I Appreciate it."

For the first time in weeks, nay months, I woke up discouraged, down, and mad! Why? It's partly obvious. My e-mail problems have burst, not only my Bulgarian tour bubble, but the enthusiasm for growth of my JGI tour company in general.

It gas killed my hopes, faith, and even ability to deal with my clients. If I send e-mails, I have no faith or even belief that they will arrive. How can I function, if my e-mail doesn't function?

This is not a cosmic depression but a classic depression. It is based solely on anger and repression of rage. I am furious at my mal-functioning e-mail.

I don't know what to do about it? Can anything at all be done? There must be some solution. But I don't know what it is. Yet.

Well, at least I know why I woke up depressed. Drop my depression! It is both useless and false. The reality is: I am enraged! I am enraged at my malfunctioning e-mail! (I can throw in some of my web site photo sharing malfunctions, too.)

Well, instead of being enraged, kicking the walls, screaming, cursing, running around like an out of control madman, and generally jumping back and forth between anger and depression, why not following the Bulgarian Tour/Gitomer model: Say to my malfunctioning e-mail "Thank you. I appreciate it." Then, after some thought, say, "Now I'll find out how to fix it: I'll set it straight, handle the problem."

That is the positive and Yes! Attitude approach.

I was momentarily thrown by the problem. Why? Because it is not a people problem but a technical one. Well, actually, of course, in the long and even short run, it is a people problem, too. Maybe, for humans, everything ultimately boils down to a people problem, or rather, question: How to better and improve my service to others.

Zany Boddisattva

What about my life as an artist? Is that completely gone? Changed? What new purpose, if any, does it now serve?

Sure I'm still playing (practicing) guitar, gaida, violin, and writing, but why? To what purpose? Pleasing the women?

Even folk dancing, creativity, and art in general. Now that tourism, and running tours, are my main business, what purpose do all the other arts and activities serve?

Even running and yoga. Although they keep my body in shape, that, in itself, has never provided enough of an inspiration to keep doing it.

No, I need a better reason to perform them, a higher goal. Evidently, business and pleasing others is no longer their goal. Then why bother? Good question.

Pretty empty, indeed.

Could pleasing to God ever become enough of a reason? No, I doubt it. Unless it helps others, too.

Wow, what did I just say? Is helping others now becoming my prime motivation?

Have I reached the mountain top point where helping, teaching, and doing things only for myself have been totally satisfied? Am I satiated with self and self-improvement? Do I have enough kudos, artistic and otherwise, to last me the rest of my life? Have those desires been totally fulfilled? Am I ready to move on, on to the Zany boddisattva world of helping others? Seems I am. There is, basically, nothing else left for me to do.

Telepathy

Leaders communicate in many ways. Perhaps the most basic and important way is through telepathy.

All leadership involves telepathy. Through unconscious (mental) connections, the audience of followers know what the leader is thinking; they sense it, intuit it, feel it. This whether he leads a tour, folk dance classes, gives a concert, or whatever.

Paradise

Do I want to live in a paradise with coral reefs, scuba diving, swimming calm waters, daily bathed by sun, stars, and moon, ever peaceful, always beautiful?

Or would I (eventually) get bored? Good question.

I'm definitely afraid of entering such a "paradise." I'm afraid I'll lose, give up, my goals, dreams, motivation, and direction. I get totally lost, lost in paradise, drifting and directionless in a (so-called) blissful, energyless state.

Would I be happy in such "contentment?" Maybe for a few seconds, moments, minutes, hours, or even days. But not much longer. I think the ever-present questions of Why? And Cosmic Purpose would soon return to plague, haunt, stimulate, and motivate me to Tikkun Olam, and curing the world – starting, of course, with my own world.

Wednesday, August 22, 2007

You can't expect to learn everything in one life.

Curing my Cold

I went to bed last night with a sneeze. I woke up this morning with a slight cold and chills. I am on the border of getting sick.

How strange that this should take place just at the point where I have mentally come down from my tour. Monday evening my tour was "finished." Monday night and most of Tuesday, I was vaguely mad, annoyed, bothered. Tuesday night Bernice pointed this out. I realized I was now finished and totally down from my tour. Emptiness, meaninglessness, purposelessness filled my being. Without a future direction and purpose, I feel totally lost, and cosmically depressed. Realizing I was now at that point helped me deal with it.

An hour later I went to bed sneezing; this morning I have a vague cold and stand at the edge of sickness.

Could the correlation between meaninglessness and health not be more obvious! Some vague new purposes filled my being when I woke up this morning (studying Bulgarian, guitar, yoga and running, other), but they are still vague and not yet totally in place. I'm sure that when they are, I'll stop sneezing, and the chills will vanish.

Can I hurry, rush this process? In other words, through mental energies and focused direction, can I cure myself?

Why not? Start focusing right away. Let the burning heat of new direction stifle my sneezes, calm my chills, and burn away my cold!

Thank You. I Appreciate It

Basically, the "Thank You. I appreciate it" attitude and method frees me to talk. I gives me a way to open political discussions with so-called liberals, or anyone else, for that matter. It drops my walls, and makes me less angry.

Indeed, it is a good thing.

I can now have political discussions. . . boring as they may be.

How anticlimactic this feels. Maybe its anticlimactic because, like a balloon losing all its gas, by using the political "Thank You" method, I'm giving up, losing, a great source of pleasurable rage.

Organization, Beauty, and Bach Ache

I know why my back suddenly hurts this morning, why I woke up with a backache this morning. It has to do with Barry, and the destruction of my entire Eudora e-mail, and even Address Organizer snail mail system, and it's eventual upgrading and replacement with a new system which includes Outlook, web site email/mail all-inclusive list.

A total reorganization.

Part of me, the old part, the old neighborhood part, feels that I can't move ahead,

go on, be an artist, until I complete my reorganization. Part of this is the thought that only art is beautiful and whole, while organization and reorganization is merely a necessary prelude to art and the art experience. One must be organized first, it is the foundation; upon this foundation, the world of art is built.

One cannot have the art experience without the organizational foundation. Yet the end, beauty, is found only in art. Organization itself is a mere means to an end; it has no inherent beauty in itself. The categorical imperative strikes again: Good-in-itself, end-in-itself versus means to an end.

Thus a new question: Can organization, the act of organizing, be a good-in-itself? In other words, can it be beautiful? Can it compete with, nay, be part of the ultimate art experience? Can it belong to, be part of, a Beethoven symphony?

It's true that when God created the world, the first thing He did was create order out of chaos by organizing it.

Can Organization be beautiful? That is my question. Evidently, until I can answer it satisfactorily, I will have a back ache.

What then is the answer? Of course, deep in my heart and being I know that organization can be and is beautiful. But so far, my inner mother has not agreed.

Perhaps now she is ready to open up, listen, and accept a new way of thinking: Namely, that Organization is Beautiful.

Well, look at the tour I organized. Is it not beautiful? A beauty created out of people, program, and events in the material world.

Imagination is my favorite place.

The idea of organization begins in the Imagination. Therefore, it also belongs in my favorite place. The act and process of organizing starts in my Imagination. The creation of an organization is the fruit of my Imagination.

Everything starts in the Imagination.

Just as mind and spirit create, then feed the material world, so imagination feeds organization.

Since my Organization originates and exists in my Beethoven mind, then I shall love its Beauty, and the beauty of its future.

Yes, there is something quite traumatic about this Organization as Beauty thought, but I don't know what it is.

Maybe part of it is the chaos in which I presently stand.

Ah, yes, indeed. That's it!

I hate chaos. I love organization and discipline. But I am now at the edge of a chaotic state. All my data is in vague chaos. I will not be able to rest or have any inner peace until it is thoroughly organized.

Presently, everything feels upside down, topsy turvy, disorganized, chaotic, undisciplined, lose, almost over and falling into the abyss. I hate this state! No wonder my back hurts!

Friday, August 24, 2007

Art Always Wins

My Muse Overpowers Me

A strange kind of post-tour, pre-dramatic, non-essential, where-it-my-artist, unknown and mysterious depression has settled over me this morning.

Is it based on being lost and aimless? Is it cosmic in nature? Does it have to do with losing, or forgetting about, my artistic soul? Is it a reminder that I have an artistic soul and that, no matter how much success I have in the tourist field, I must nevertheless and always satisfy it. If not, I will die. Or the road will collapse and I will be buried alive in my old Plymouth car, as in my dream.

Is this really such a powerful call from my artistic roots? Is the expression of my artistic soul, the fulfillment of my artistic tendencies, really that important to me? What of money making and building my business? Must I always and ever have both?

No doubt my artistic soul along with its Zany aspects has been (totally) neglected in the past few weeks. Since Bulgaria it has stayed far in the background, truly

distanced and forgotten. (And part of me even said, Thank God.)

But now it is suddenly returning with a vengeance. It will brook no opposition. Wild, dynamic, and uncontrollable, my Muse is banging down my organizational and business door. It is saying, "I must be heard. And I will be heard. If not, I will suffocate, bury, destroy, and kill you!" I am too important and all important. I am the only importance. All other aspects of your existence, be they money, organizational, entrepreneurial, business and sales oriented, are mere footnotes, bystanders in the eternal artistic struggle to be heard! Listen to me. . . or else! The consequences of not listening, of trying to push me into the corner, are suffocating and dire. You car, along with your soul, will remain forever underground."

Maybe I have been temporarily fooled by my money making ventures. They are, and always have been, stop gaps, necessary pauses on the road to artistic adventure and fulfillment.

Art, and becoming an artist, has always been my primary vision. Money, organization, business, entrepreneurship have been necessary bricks to build my house. But once the house is constructed and safe to live in, I must remember and return to its original purpose. And that is to house my artistic soul, and, in the fluid safety of its confines, express it.

The tour come down exposes the importance, power, and relevance of my artistic soul. Money, business, sales, even millionaireship are pleasant, but they can never replace it.

It's the old struggle between art and money. I'd love to love money. . . and I do, but ultimately, art always wins.

Now that it seems I have enough money to survive, what shall I do with it? Now that I can finally support myself with little (or even no) worry, what is the ultimate and real purpose of my life?

Isn't it to stay on the artistic path, to find, pursue, and fulfill my artistic vision? My Muse overpowers me. Strangely and sadly, I am servant and slave to her whims. It

seems I have no choice but to follow her.

Are these the words of Zany? Could be.

So ends as New Leaf.