

The Miracle Spot

Wednesday, December 1, 2004

What a way to go back to writing and start this New Leaf. Take a look at this letter from Jack Camhe.

Hi Jim:

Hope you had a festive Thanksgiving. All I have to do is show your book to a woman that I meet--they read a few random paragraphs--and poof!! I'm an enlightened, sensitive, man of the new millenium. Better than Love Potion Number 9. If you don't mind, I give them your e-mail address, so they can request their own copy and perhaps even pay for it. I am thoroughly enjoying Volume 2.

Jack

I wrote him back:

Dear Jack,

Wow, what a compliment! Thanks so much. Such feedback will inspire me to finish editing the next volume which stands right in front of me on my desk.

Hope all else is going well.

Best,

Jim

Thursday, December 2, 2004

The Miracle of Success!

Maybe my days of great revelations are over; I'll have to "settle" for fixing small daily problems.

Revelations were once found in my miracle schedule. Now I want to "relive

them.” How is that possible? They have already been found, revealed. Thus their revelations are “done.” Perhaps the next step is learning to live within the infinite boundaries of these revelations. The thrill and power of these revelations is gone. They’ve been “done” already. No matter how hard I search or try, I can’t find any new ones. There is always the feeling “Done that before. Been there, done that.”

“Been to that miracle; done that miracle.” Can miracles become such commonplace occurrences and daily events that they no longer feel like miracles?

Am I now in such a “dead” place?

And is it, after all, really so dead?

Perhaps there is more life in “such a place” than I thought. Am I missing something? I certainly hope so.

I am imprisoned in a “been there, done that” state. It seems like the result of success and confidence. Yet paradoxically, it feels dull, boring, “been there, done that,” and strange.

Is this a stage of life? Probably.

But I still want, need, hope to find the jump-start power of freshness, the pow of miraculous revelation.

Can writing can bring back that vision?

What about my computer frustrations? Well, even though they still frustrate, I’m handling them better. Instead of panicking, I’m trying to figure out why, how, and what to do. Computer problems are annoying. But small and large annoyances rule all my days.

Am I supposed to find my miracles within these annoyances?

I doubt it. But what else is there to do? Things and mental attitude are going so fucking well! I can’t stand all this so-called success! And yet I can’t get out of it either. I’m fucking stuck in a good place. So ironical. I’m used to being down; now I’m up. I miss the creative juices of downs, yet I can’t find or even turn them on.

I have to deal with this flattened state of success. It is, indeed, a mental state, an attitude since the outside world still brings me tsuras as it always did. Only now I see in every tsuras it brings, a “been there, done that.” Been to that tsuras, done that tsuras.” There are minor variations to each new tsuras, but nevertheless, the concept of tsuras, of daily minor and major annoyances, is so familiar to me that the “I’ve been there, done that” attitude predominates.

Not in a terrible state; but not a good one. I’m at a bland, middle of the road, quiet, calm state; it’s vaguely peaceful as the waves of annoyance roll over me.

My Nero, USB cable, Audio device, FTP3 web site connection problems are the annoyances of the day. A “been there, done that” annoyance rises out of me.

How to handle “been there, done that?”

Repression of Miracles

Return to the Old Neighborhood

Miracles are right there in front of my nose but, for some reason, I am repressing them.

Why? It has something to do with the trauma of success.

This trauma is part of the old neighborhood. Thus, non-recognition of miracles is a form of returning to the old neighborhood; it is a repression of the joy in success along with its excitement and growth.

In fact, there very idea that I am having success is a miracle in itself!

See it as such! Seeing success as a miracle! As miraculous.

Examples:

I can successfully solve a problem;

I can successfully deal with a problem (especially a computer problem!)

I can successfully run my business;

I can play guitar.

The miracle of a tour registration or someone showing up at a folk dance class.

Three-Month Stunned and Stunning

Maybe this handling of post-transitional self-confidence and success is a reaction, a reversal, a temporary revisit to past traumatic forms, and all part of a long range, three-month, stunned and stunning, post-transitional, post-success, return to the old neighborhood.

Gates

God is alive and well, and living within the miracles I have suppressed.
Resistance to His miracles now manifests itself in left shoulder pain.
Experience aches and pains as gates through which to see the Lord.

Friday, December 3, 2004

Miracle Spot

I wonder if there is such a place as a miracle spot.
I wonder, if in guitar playing, that spot is somewhere beneath my right shoulder.
It is the deepest of relaxation spots, a spot really "beyond relaxation."
It is a "flowing spot," a place in the body where, if and when you focus on it, the world opens up. Isn't it similar to the biblical "makom kadash," the "Moses spot?"
While playing guitar over the years, I have often touched on this spot. But I have never been able to stay there. Now I seem ready to not only see, feel, and admit its presence, but, more importantly, to stay there.

Practice guitar. . . and everything else, with the miracle spot in mind.

Moving to "Nowhere" on the Miracle Path

I am moving from the miracle schedule to a miracle spot; from organizing the framework of miracles, a schedule in which to experience them, to a place where they

are and can be experienced constantly.

An emptiness, a void, "makom kadesh," "nowhere" place: a miracle spot.

Moving from a structure to "being there;" moving from framework to essence.

What a qualitative leap this is!

Follow the miracle schedule (MS) and, eventually, you come to the miracle spot (MS). MS leads to MS.

Saturday, December 4, 2004

Slow, Careful, Focused Editing

Carole Bourbeau and Louise Carter both said they want to read my next New Leaf. So did Jack Camhe. They all said they are looking forward to reading New Leaf 3!

This, along with the timing of their encouraging remarks, inspires me to start. . .and finish editing New Leaf 3. The it will be published!

Slow, careful, focused editing. This may be my next "reading project."

(What does this have to do with the miracle spot? Could this be my writing (or editing) miracle spot?)

Clarity and Brevity

On editing. . . and over-editing.

I called Barry for his thoughts. He said: In the editing war between ego and insight, aim for clarity and brevity.

Sunday, December 5, 2004

Miracle Editing Spot: Editing has to be Fun!

I'm editing away on New Leaf 3.

What is my personal test on "good editing?" How can I tell if I'm doing it right?

What is my bottom-line emotional – and even intellectual – standard?

Editing has to be fun!

To my surprise, it is slowly becoming that way. I'm enjoying reading and believing what I've written.

I'm approaching the miracle editing spot.

The title of this New Leaf is Playpen.

The Playpen is the Miracle Spot.

What are change/transitions all about?

As water is heated, the quantity of temperature rises; soon the water starts to boil; then it begins to steam. Quantitative change eventually brings a qualitative change. Water turns to steam.

After a year of heated transition, I am moving from a quantitative, temperature-rising, miracle schedule direction onto a qualitative, steam-driven miracle spot.

Monday, December 6, 2004

Guitar: A shade bit more comfortable in the miracle spot.

Why Knock the Dead?

Phil Ochs. . .after the Vietnam War ended, fading into irrelevance. What a depressing blow to him. He ended up committing suicide.

I too could have become irrelevant.

Melancholy, sentimentality, maudlin remorse for the past, remembering what was, sadness over old losses, are all illusions.

By thinking about the past, rethinking it, by performing and singing "old" songs, by recreating old thoughts and memories, you are giving them new life. Reborn in your

hands. You turn past into present, dream into reality. (Although actually the dreams the reality since it lives in the present). Without your existence with its thoughts, this could not happen. Through your thoughts, present creations and re-creations, become real, alive, and “now.”

But why knock the dead? They have their own kind of reality. And who says they’re not singing anymore?

Tuesday, December 7, 2004

Dribbling Away

It is really strange how, during the past month (last few months) my miracle schedule has lost its miracle quality. Somehow, the miracles and the miraculous quality has dribbled away. And, with the disappearance of the miracles, the following of the schedule has also diminished. I’m following it more by rote now, and because I have nothing better to do.

Without the miracles, what good is the schedule?

For a few days I touched on something new, an advanced form or an advance of the miracle schedule: the miracle spot.

But this morning and over the past few days, that spot too has dribbled away.

Dribbling away seems to have won the day, the weeks, and even the months.

Dribbled away has taken place before.

I am now in a strange, nowhere land; a bleary period crossing the desert.

I don’t understand this level, flat, “success” place I am in. I even woke up this morning with an unusual pain on the inside of my left knee; I interpret it as a new form of “folk dance knee.”

Also my body and I feel totally stiff and rigid, unable, or at least resisting movement in a loose and fluid manner.

Indeed, I am at some kind of stationary, resting place. A resting-and-resisting

place. Good description. As I rest, I resist. What am I resisting? Is it the “joy of success” the feeling of growth, expansion, ecstasy, jubilation, appreciation for my accomplishments?

It well could be. I “don’t know what to do” with these feelings. They are similar to the intense feeling of peace and inner satisfaction I felt after my program/concert/appearance at the Hidden Children Hanukah Party. What a great success that was. The feeling after that was one of inner glow, satisfaction, and peace, a quiet ebullient happiness over a job well done.

What do I do with such a feeling? In the past, I would simply get a headache, and that would be that. By the time the headache ended, I had forgotten, or “got past” the feeling.

What do I do with such a feeling?

My wife’s answer is: “Feel it.”

(Then she said, “All feelings pass; so will this one.”)

I also feel in control of my destiny. Along with the confidence that comes with such control. I wonder if this is an after effect of giving up the stock market. (Putting my destiny in the hands of chance.)

This is definitely the new stage, the “new” feeling I have to deal with.

Wednesday, December 8, 2004

Bliss and Exuberance

I’ve sensed it all along. Now I know for sure. The “problem” I face is: I won’t allow myself to feel exuberance (it “leaks” out though in the form of aches and pains.)

Thus my big post-transformational question is: How to let, how to allow myself to feel, and release, exuberance. This is my year’s “problem” and challenge.

My pains are “created” to block this exuberance (and thus, in an old

neighborhood way, to “protect” me.)

Isn't this exuberance the “bliss” yogis talk about? Yes.

Add Editing to my Exuberance Arsenal

Barry said, “It is exciting to edit my work.”

Excitement while and about editing: This would be a good one to add to my exuberance arsenal.

Editing as exuberance in action.

Bliss is a quieter type of exuberance.

What concrete steps I can think about, “practice,” and take in order to further the acceptance and expression of exuberance?

1. Editing exuberance
2. Sales exuberance
3. Exuberance in guitar-playing finger tips. (Joy starts in the “finger tip feel.”

Feel it right down to the finger tips.)

Thursday, December 9, 2004

Miracle Schedule as Reading (Study) and Editing (Writing) my New Leaf

Where is, and what happened to, my miracle schedule?

I read my New Leaf; I edit my New Leaf. Maybe, for this year, my reading (study), and writing is my editing.

Cure “Anger Burps” by Stopping at the Right Moment?

I'm also learning how to stop at the right moment. How not to push myself beyond the exuberance point (and so, kill the exuberance by “stuffing” it down my throat.)

I wonder if such a skill would cure my “angry burping.” Anger burps.

I have somehow stopped running; I somehow feel this will last for three months (or more). I’ve “replaced it” with yoga, and the 50's. I feel this, too will last about three months, or at least through the winter. (We’ll see if I’m right about all this.)

Why this is happening, I do not know.

In any case, it somehow will enable me to focus more on the yoga and 50's (although again, why this is happening now, I do not know.)

My four main activities for the 2005 year (at least until June or August) are:

1. CD production

a. Produce Florida Folk Dance CD, World of Guitar CD, learn more about Nero and CD production, cover design, Home Studio recording.

2. Book production:

a. Read, and edit, my New Leaves. In the process, learn more about Quark etc.

3. Tour sales

a. Self Promotion through the web, internet, etc.

4. Yoga and the 50's

A startling new note direction: Bach Lute Suite intro:

Em, Am, B7. . . hmmm.

Courage to Play Bach!

Imagine having the courage to play Bach! That would mean Alhambra, Leyenda, etc. would fall to second place.

With Others

As I drove up to Woodstock to meet Tony and set up our November, 2005 Woodstock Artist and Folk Dance Weekend, I thought: Somehow my new place, new direction, has to connect itself to people, to others, to the fun and fulfillment of working/playing with others.

In my extreme, life time struggle to gain skills and confidence, I have overlooked this fundamental “with others” truth. Now, however, I am ready to see, deal, and dive into it.

Saturday, December 11, 2004

Last night as I sat in Church of the Highlands before my folk dance class, I thought then wrote: “Maybe some of my stomach problems (due to a certain disgust), and even my disparate aches are due to the strange fact that I miss my depressions! I miss my miseries, and perhaps even my pains.

Manic depression the sign (put in negative psychological terms) of the artist.”

In the light of the above writing, are this morning’s new pains (in my left shoulder and even my knee) even worth paying attention to?

What else am I seeing? The potential (or is it a hope?) that editing can have adventure in it, that it can somehow replace the fresh thrill of the spontaneous, free writing of and in my journal.

Is this a hope or rationalization? Or am I at the border of some “new” truth? I believe it is the latter though in usual pre-adventure form, I’m hesitant, nay afraid, to admit it. I’ve got to live with this “new” idea awhile, see if it lasts. Then I’ll admit it into my pantheon of good directions.

Editing is really going over old grounds with a fresh, new eye. Isn’t that what I am doing now with the rest of my life? Haven’t I reached that stage? What is resurrection and rebirth but a revisit to the “same” in order to have it reborn under a new light.

Before Tony Krauss came to the house:

A totally new way of looking at musical reality. Leyenda, bar. Use abstract art. .
.and surrealism, as a base.

Monday, December 13, 2004

Creating an Organization:

Creating an organization: Now there's a new creative effort!

Joanna Strauss: in charge of the "social work" area, advertising for folk dancing
and tours. Even Woodstock Weekends.

Who are the best people to call: Make them the sparks in my sales wheel?

Tony Sales: Anthony Krauss Sculptures:

Tony as one of the stars: Selling his sculpture/art can open up an entire new (art
lover's) tour and weekend market. A new direction in and through the art world.

Tuesday, December 14, 2004

"Pastel of People" Vision

Last night, before folk dance class, I sat thinking: Is this a vision: A pastel of
people. The art of the grand circle. It is qualitatively different.

Hard to describe. The picture is still forming: A web of tourist people, a canvas
of sparks, a web built out of people.

Guitar: Bach, the rest (other pieces), a short life, and eternity: If I don't play them
now, I'll never play them.

Let it out now.

(Where is this vision coming from? End of the year, end of the season, a holiday
party, a feeling of transience, indeed.)

It's now or never. Bach and Alhambra. They merge into one.

It's now or never.

I am definitely hesitant or afraid to recognize how much last night's folk dance party moved me. That I am even able to think about recognizing it has something to do with last night's "pastel of people" vision.

What relationship (if any) does my left shoulder pain have to do with the birth of this vision?

Wednesday, December 15, 2004

Wrestling with the Sales Monster

Last night as I sat at my sales tables in the half-darkened gym of the JCC pondering my folk dance destiny, I wrote the following lines: "I'm sick and ache due to over-excitement: Birth of "each person a spark," and "pastel of people" state.

This morning, I awoke a 4:30 a.m. I continue these reflections:

I am sick of feeling lost, unenthusiastic, having my energies sucked up and haunted by the "I've done it all before" feeling. I wish it would pass and I could move on. But so far, I remain stuck in a passionless, no-man's-land. The old no longer works, and there is, as yet, no new in sight.

Well, the only hint of a new was yesterday's "pastel of people vision." Indeed, it felt real, a sudden whiff of fresh air. That's a start.

From that fresh start I'll somehow have to reinbue all my activities. How (and if) that will be done, I do not know. So, I'll keep rambling on, until I find out.

One thing about the "pastel of people vision" is that I would be building contacts and customers, a tour business, not just for this year's tour, but for future tours as well. Thus if I consider tours to Romania, and Serbia, even Austria and Slovenia (and Northern Italy) for 2006 (and perhaps Adam's Pepper Festival Hungary tour), I'd be

finding customers for them.

Plus I'd be expanding, reaching out, experimenting and searching out new sales techniques.

But my whole world here, my whole "new" world, is now centered on (the formerly hated) sales. Reaching out for new customers and business, building an organization based on a pastel of people. No matter how I phrase it, even using the artistic "pastel of people vision," it all boils down again to sales.

Old questions return: could (should, would) sales ever excite me? Or rather, would my former communist self with my communist mother leaning over me, ever allow myself to become excited about sales?

Perhaps wrestling with this question is what is killing my enthusiasm. After all, how could this former communist admit that sales, a check in the mail, a registration, could inspire and excite me. And this, even though there is no question that it does.

Is my down, the last three-month killing of my enthusiasm due, once again, to the return of this life time question? Is it really so "simple?" Is it really "merely" that?

Truly there is really nothing left for me to do but sell. I've done everything else. Been everywhere, done that. Succeeded in everything. . .but sales.

And this even though I am good at it; I'm a "natural" salesman.

Again I ask: Is it time to face this "fact?" Is the denial of this monster what is killing my enthusiasm?

Is the only study left to me, the study of sales, of sales technique and sales technique improvement?

I like improvement; I like to grow. I need to as well.

But in the (ugh) sales direction?

Notice the "ugh" is still there. I have yet to change, to transform this vital substratum of my personality. Will I ever? Do I even have a choice? If I don't transform myself, I will be doomed to an passionless, unenthusiastic existence.

It is time to wrestle with the sales monster.

(Sales is the hated. . . Well, hopefully, formerly hated. I can hope on, but it is now still only a hope.)

I am at the point where sales is the only thing I can do, the only thing I am “interested” in doing. Indeed, I am wrestling with the big one.

As for study, for inspiration, direction, re-education, and enthusiasm, I might look into the lives of the great entrepreneurs, salesmen, and capitalists.

I might also say that this sales monster has always been the big block in my life; my oppositional and anti-sales attitude has always been my prime obstacle to making money and business growth.

Perhaps I am now ready to face and deal with this biggest, this greatest of challenges. I hope so. I know there is nothing else left for me to do. For me it is now the marketing, sales, and business growth direction. . . or die.

How to do this? How to start?

A first step might be to transform my entire miracle schedule into a “sales schedule.” Funnel the “miracle activities” into an outward, public, gone-public, pastel of people, organizational, marketing, and sales direction.

How to do this?

How to turn yoga into sales? What’s a sales push-up? Etc.

My attitude has to change, be redirected, and reorganized.

Aches and pains, in order to have meaning, now have to become sales aches and pains.

Linguistic study has to be refocused: the “selling of foreign words” which can be experienced “only” by going on tour.

Is my left shoulder pain created by my resistance to sales excitement?

I don’t know. But why not think of it that way! Since I will never truly know

what causes these pains, I might as well “make up a good reason.” Resistance to sales excitement is a good reason. (Besides, it may be right. As I say, nobody really knows what is “right.” Thus, in this case, if I believe it’s right, it is right!)

Could this be the cause, psychological reason, for the creation of many, most, all of my other physical aches and pains? Why not? Believe it! This would be, will be, is, a very useful belief!

Dealing with the sales excitement and its damper monster!

Are sales in my left shoulder? (Why not?) Sure!

Thursday, December 16, 2004

Total Sales Involvement Express “Pastel of People”

Sick with a bad cold. Slept nine hours.

Let’s face it: There is nothing I want to do or focus on now except call, make sales call, organize my pastel of people. Nothing in or of my miracle schedule works anymore. I’m at a mind of end of it; perhaps it is, in some form, the end of it. No question, if it is to survive, it will need a new form. (What that form is or will be, ir even, if it will be, I do not know.)

Yes, I repeat: focus or doing is now totally on making sales call, and deeply organizing my pastel of people.

Well, this alone could be considered a kind of “strange victory.” I’ve never, deeply in my soul, “wanted” to promote, sell, and organize. It is, or at least feels like, a “new kind of wanting” (whatever that means.)

Well, in order to move on, let’s face it: for whatever reason it is occurring, this total wanting to make sales calls and organize my pastel of peoples, this “new wanting” is where I am. Let’s accept it, and deal with it.

First, comes the “dropping” of all former miracle schedule deeds and

approaches. This will make room for the new, the “fresh, young wanting,” by creating a vacuum into which it can flow.

Second, the using of the new wanting to energize myself, and, in the process, cure my present cold and left shoulder pain.

Somehow (now I am improvising) the energy and freshness from the new wanting will have to flow into and revitalize my miracle schedule, not vice versa. Public will now be revitalizing private, rather than the other way around. In other words, my whole psyche has been reversed and now stood on its head.

Well, this is certainly a turning around, a “revolution.”

Maybe the amount of energy involved to turn myself around like this, is what is causing my cold and shoulder aches. Also I have been living in this no man’s land of no desire and little energy for at least three month process, maybe longer. First came last year’s transitional year; that ended in Hungary this August. Then in September began the no-where land of the post-transitional period. I am still in it.

The first sign of new life came Monday night when I saw the pastel of people vision. Then I got sick. What do you think of that?

So I am somehow at the beginning of something new, perhaps even at the beginning of a new energy cycle. But I am too sick to see it. Plus it is still too early to believe it.

Yet I think I am onto something. The infant is beginning to crawl.

Total sales involvement expresses “pastel of people” vision.

Miracle schedule vanishes behind the total sales and pastel of people cloud.

Is this cloud full of dark energizing rain? Will it not fecundate my new garden? Perhaps once it starts to pour, little miracle schedules will run behind it and get born in corners of the new and fertile humus.

Extremist that I am, I am going into a totally gone-public mode.

The old miracle schedule support systems have become scare crows. They lack

their old vibrancy, immediacy, vitality, and energy; the miracle of their aspect has faded. No wonder I can't (can hardly) do them anymore.

Power will (may) come from total sales and pastel of people. That's where (I seem to be) I am.

the coalescing of this vision may take several days or several weeks. I may have to stay in bed a few more days.

I can start today by giving up everything.

Give in to every malady. Follow it (them) to its (their) end.

Even if I only do an hour of calls a day, that is nevertheless, my core, my center. Like an upcoming concert, the day is built around that hour.

My Sales Staff

How to develop a sales staff? Who? Using my (human) resources to the fullest. Fulfilling (their) human potential.

Tour Sales Staff

1. Annette Kirk
2. Martin Misakian
3. Terry Abrahams ?
4. Bob Null

Helene Cincebeaux, Carole Bourbeau, Annette Brand, Eugene and Nina Katz???

Arlene Pearlman, Ginny, M. Levine ????

Tony Krauss

Weekend Sales Staff

Carl Weininger. Tony Krauss

Folk Dance Sales Staff

Janet Glass

My Sales Staff: This is a new and dynamic idea!

What are some pluses of developing a sales staff?

1. It's lots of fun working with others.

2. Touring as Entertainment. My tours can become Traveling Parties! The Great Traveling Party Ever!

New Leaf as (becomes a) Tour/Sales/Travel Manual

Journal of Touring Entertainment

The Greatest Traveling Party Ever! There's a good title for a novel!

I want to create: The Greatest Traveling Party Ever!

Indeed, a creative (artistic) effort!

Friday, December 17, 2004

A Different Vision

Eventually, quantity changes into quality.

If I limit my participants on the Bulgarian tour to forty, if I limit the participants on the Woodstock Weekend to forty, that quantity sets the quality of the event.

But if I open up the whole thing, put registration in the hands of God (even while I work at it as hard as I can), and, if as a result, I get, say, eighty people, that quantity will not only change the quality of the event, but the larger number itself, change the quality of my "pastel of people" vision.

It becomes a qualitatively different vision.

With Relish!

Is it a realistic crashing down, or realistic crashing up?

I woke up this morning feeling slightly down. Why? Elan Helguero's call.

Real people are entering my New Leaf: Real people with real names are peopling the "pastel of people" in my journal.

The first real name is Helene Cincebeaux. She is the Slovakia tour woman from Rochester, New York who said, "Jim, rather than limit your tour to thirty, thirty-five, forty, or whatever, let it expand to whatever God wants. Let god decide on the numbers. You just fill the orders and do your work." Thus did she "introduced" me to the idea of accepting and taking anyone and everyone who registers for my Bulgarian tour.

Carol Lewis is the second real name. She is a folk dance friend I originally met at the Riverdale Y and also in Golden's Bridge. After I told her about the Cincebeaux idea and our November, 2005 Woodstock Artist and Folk Dance, and that I was limiting it to forty people, she asked: "Why? Why not open it up anyone and everyone like the Bulgarian? As for the Artist Studio visits, you can do them in shifts. Supper in the restaurants too."

I said, "Wow! Why not? What a concept. My challenge then would become, not can I handle the flow, but can I handle the flood? This, of course, if we do have such a large, nay massive registration. But, of course, whether we do or don't is up to God. I at least can mentally prepare for the possibility of such numbers. In fact, by mentally imaging them, thinking about them, picturing them in my mind, I may even create the mental (and spiritual) energy for them to happen. After all, God and I work together. If I do my job, He'll do His. My only control is over my effort; results are up to Him.

Third person is Elana Helguero. She is a former Israeli dancer who married a Mexican (thus her last name), and now lives in California. I have never met her. She was the first one to register for next year's Bulgarian tour. Elana sounds Israeli-sabra tough, pushy, and interesting. She called last night and woke me from a deep, cold-recovering sleep. "Did you get my E-mail?" she asked. I answered, "No" in my sleepy,

throaty, cold-filled, snot-congested voice. "I need to know some things," she continued. "What are the exact Bulgarian tour dates, what flight and flight number are you taking, what is its times of arrival in Sofia, what is the exact address of the Radisson Hotel. I am doing "Land Only" and am making my own flight arrangements from California."

Sleepily, I went to my den, booted up my computer, opened my Bulgarian folder to find I had no written flight information or confirmation from Paul Laifer. I'll have to call him today to find out.

I told Elana I would mail and E-mail all the information to her. But Elana's call reminded me of all the details, possible slip-ups, and moment-to-moment decisions and problems I always face when running a tour. Her call "brought me down to reality." That's why it made me a little low.

But, of course, this morning's question is: "Is it a realistic crashing down to reality, or a realistic crashing up to reality?"

I choose the positive; I chose up.

I need a new challenge. The "having done it all" life of the past few months is quite boring, even bordering on depressing. And this, even though things are going quite well.

I need a new challenge. My attitude towards the problems Elana threw at me is: I am facing them with relish!

Yes, I have "nothing else to do," no other miracle schedules challenges to face. Thus perhaps facing and organizing reality is my next one.

After God created the world, He organized it.

But here's a question: Do creating and organizing go together? Are they part of the same thing? Can one create, and, at the same time not organize? Can one organize, and, at the same time, not be creating something? The answer is an obvious no. Therefore, like Siamese twins, creating and organizing go together. As soon as one creates, the creation falls into some kind of place, some kind of order. Creating is an organizing principle, just as organizing is a creative principle.

Creating and organizing my “outer” world of reality, my pastel of people,” is my next challenge.

Creativity used to go with art.

Organizing used to go with business.

Communism hated business; capitalism loved it.

Entrepreneurs are the artists of business.

As an artist/entrepreneur I have combined both artist and business, creation and organization.

By facing, entering, and accepting my “pastel of people” vision, I am also fusing creation and organization, art and business.

And I am making peace with this life time conflict.

How?

By organizing and doing the details with relish!

(This may be the next step on the b’simcha trail I started this August in Slovenia, Croatia, and Hungary.)

Details: Doing the details, organizing details with relish! What a concept!

The word “organize” is derived from the Latin “organ,” an instrument. By extension, a musical instrument. Thus, by organ-izing, I am creating divine music.

Sunday, December 19, 2004

Playpen Miracle

I read a great line in Anais Nin. On the question, what is reality, Marguerite says: “Man’s dreams. Without them he is lost.”

Love it!

If I look at what my malaise has been during the past few months, it is due to precisely that: I have lost, given up, or have no dreams.

For some transitional reason, I have lost or given up my miracle schedule. I am

not running, and hardly writing. Now, rather the writing out of a deep commitment, I write "out of habit." Why running has stopped, I don't quite know.

Also the world of study is at a standstill, my yoga is done at a minimum, and my guitar is almost the same.

In other words, all miracle schedule activities are either given up, at a standstill, or in abeyance.

Sales and business are my primary involvement. . . and, although I try hard to include them, "realistically," they have never been part of my miracle schedule.

Notice the word "realistically." According to Marguerite's definition of reality, it should include man's dreams. Thus I must ask, since I have just about (hopefully temporarily) given up my miracle schedule, what are my dreams? Is there any dream I'm trying to fulfill by throwing myself so totally into sales and business?

Reality as man's dream: dreams and business, dreams and sales.

One dream I have is making money. Well, that's okay. But money lives in the world of the practical, necessity, and safety; it has never had the profundity of a dream.

Yet I recognize I need money, and, like food, this need must be satisfied before I can "move on."

But can I find a "deeper dream" behind my need and desire for money? Can I find a deeper vision behind business and sales? Can I become an artist using physical reality as my brush? Does the "pastel of people" really do it for me? Can it "replace," temporarily or permanently, the tenets of the miracle schedule? Can I find any miracles in it?

Since an artist's reality is his dream, an artist must find miracles. This in order to make his daily reality "worth it," to give him the motivation to survive, continue, grow, expand, and thrive.

Does the "pastel of people" discovery unveil a hitherto unrevealed miraculous center deep within business and sales? Is this the "playpen miracle," one including the outside world within a new and expanded version of my miracle schedule?

I hope so.

Is this a question of daring? Daring to believe is such a miracle, such a miraculous vision? Is it a question of daring to believe in myself, in the creation of my own mind, my own “pastel of people” vision? After all, I am the one who saw it; I am the one who invented it; I am the artist who created it.

Since I am the artist who created the vision, and since art is miracle in action, then wouldn't it be, seem, “reasonable” to believe that “pastel of people” does indeed belong to the miraculous. And that the only thing holding me back from seeing it is my own “old neighborhood” hesitation to believe in myself.

Everything here points to a new level of vision. Even a new level of miracle schedule. Not an addition to my miracle schedule but rather a revelation. Why a discovery or revelation rather than creation or invention? Because this “pastel of people” has always existed. Even right in front of and under my nose. Only I, because of old neighborhood blocks and resistance, couldn't see it.

Thus “pastel of people” would indeed be a worthy “business and sales” addition to my miracle schedule.

Some Important Questions:

1. Is “pastel of people” vision a miracle?
2. If yes, does it belong in the miracle schedule?
3. If yes, how to incorporate running, yoga, and even study back into my new, “pastel of people” added, miracle schedule.

If all of the above is true, it represents a tremendous post-transitional discovery and breakthrough.

The months of malaise based on “been there, done that,” would be over.

The life time question of how to fit sales and business into my life (as an artist)

would be answered and over.

“Pastel of People” is a museum canvas, the framed historical, miraculous version of an Artist-Entrepreneur. It is a painting, in mystical, invisible, ever-changing colors, of the Mind and Soul of the Artist-Entrepreneur.

It unites public and private in the Universal Miracle of One.

“Pastel of People” is a business version of the business vision par excellence. It is worth every shoulder pain!

It is based on the beautiful and poetic concept that reality is a dream! In this hard-edge world of material existence, few people may say or even believe that “La Vida es Sueno.” But I’ve believed it all my life.

This year all the roads of my life have been coming together; I have been accomplished many long-term (twenty-years and more) goals.

If this is true, wouldn’t it be “reasonable” that the near life time (twenty-five, forty year) conflict between business and art, sales and the artist life, etc. be resolved, be coming to an end as well. Why not? It is “reasonable.”

Isn’t this what the “pastel of people” vision is all about? My Alhambra problem resolved and solved in business, sales, and life.

Will this vision lift the long-time burden from my shoulders? If it does, will my “new” shoulder pain go away?

Has that been the reason for this “new” shoulder pain in the first place?

Fresh and brilliant burst of energy:

The result of these pastel discoveries may well be the birth of an inner peace coupled with an inner expansion of spiritual energy beyond description.

A “pastel of people” energy burst. A “pastel” burst of energy. A pastel burst.

I wonder if this is also why I got sick with this Wednesday terrible cold. I’ve been on the edge of it for over a week. The cold finally hit with full force after my Monday night pre-folk dance pastel vision. The “pastel cold.” Its hurricane destruction, blew down (nose-blowing) walls of the old house, whisked away the last walls of the old structure before the brilliant colors of the new pastel vision could break through the clouds in a full sun of light, glory, and power.

Monday, December 20, 2004

Maintenance. . . and Doing Nothing (or Doing the Minimum)

Suppose I really don’t have to practice (as much as I used to. . . or at all!) Fritz Kreisler never practiced after forty.

Is this the meaning of the post-Alhambra period?

Suppose I need only minimal warm-up on guitar. . . or even none? Or I can “get warmed up” during my first (slow and easy) piece.

Suppose it is the same for folk dancing. And for yoga and running (start with a micro-running warm-up).

Could that be the reason I am doing almost no running, yoga, or even guitar practice? That I no longer need it? Maybe it has become like singing. I never practice singing, or even need to. I remember all my songs, and, after minimal (even no) warm-up, can sing them in public.

Maybe the fruits of all this training and practice is that I no longer need training and practice. Maybe I now know it so well, totally, and deeply that further practice and training is unnecessary.

Suppose this is also true for organizing and running my weekends, tours, and even doing bookings like bar mitvahs, etc.

Suppose, I am at the point where, in order to maintain my skills, I really have to do nothing, or, the absolute minimum.

Is this my new place?

(Reflections on the above written on the following day: The answer is "No!" Proper warm-ups on the guitar, all the legato, scales, and arpeggios done for about fifteen minutes minimum (half hour is better; can and should include Alhambra, Leyenda etc.).

The old way of playing with the old order, like the old miracle schedule, is right.)

In all the above areas, I am certainly at the maintenance level. This means I must maintain my skills. How is that done? If I do nothing, they will, no doubt, deteriorate. Therefore, I no doubt have to do something. What? The minimum.

What is the minimum? How little can or must I do to maintain my skills? And, if I practice not at all, in other words, do nothing, will my skills really deteriorate? Or will they, like singing, remain the same, that is, go nowhere?

I believe, or want to believe the latter. Do nothing, and my skills will remain the same. I want this because, deep in my heart, I have no motivation to simply or merely "maintain" something. Create or destroy is my dynamic motto. At least, it is dynamic. I doubt, if mere maintenance is enough to motivate me to do anything.

But I am in a maintenance mode. . . and probably will stay in this state of suspended animation, until something better, a better idea, comes along.

So where does all this leave me? I don't have anything, or much, to do. And, I really don't have to do anything.

I am free to float. Not that I like floating. But that is, nevertheless, where I am.

I have basically, no deep and visceral challenges at all. And this even though I may have details, mop-ups, and "things to do."

Tuesday, December 21, 2004

Completely New

Confidence can take away surprise, terror, and even excitement.

Is confidence related to exuberance? Probably.

My new self-confidence is not related to any specific new event or idea. I do not play guitar, run tours, or do anything qualitatively "better" than I used to. And yet, for some reason, I have much more confidence.

MacIsaacs might call this a "development." If enough rain drops keep falling on a rock, eventually, after many years, the rock may one day crack. Same with the rock of my brain-created attitudes. Tiny raindrops of self-confidence keep falling on it, and, after many years, one day it suddenly cracks.

This crack took place about three months ago (or longer.) But whenever it took place, it now exists. I now have the confidence and self-confidence.

Some results are:

1. Everything I do feels "easier."
2. Because it is easier, I no longer feel the fear, terror, gush of enthusiasm or excitement when I do something. Everything feels "all right," or medium. There is kind of a blase "I've done this before; I've done it all before." Thus how can a "mere" repeat, a repetition be as exciting, thrilling, or create the same fear/terror of failure as it used too. I "know" the final result even before I finish.

3. This self-confidence exists despite my aches and pains, rejections, loses, etc. I see them all as annoyances, but they touch not my core of confidence. Somehow I'll get along. But if I don't, somehow that's okay too. Whatever I do, get along or not, the substratum of self-confidence (tempered by "I've done it all before") remains.

I do not feel my self-confidence will go away. It has been a long time in coming; somehow it is here to stay.

Evidently, my former lack of confidence helped create surprise, terror, enthusiasm, and excitement.

If I now have to live with this new form of self-confidence, how do I now get past the blase attitude it has (hopefully, temporarily) created? How do I move beyond the lack of surprise, “terror,” enthusiasm, and excitement, the “I’ve done it all before?”

First, I may simply have to admit and accept the “fact” that the old form of surprise/terror/enthusiasm/excitement creation, based on lack of confidence, is dead, gone, over, and buried. (Sure, I may feel them again, but they won’t have the same overriding power they used to.)

In the future, I’ll be “limping along” on one confidence leg. . . even two. Confidence is here to stay. I’m “stuck” with it.

In this new land, although there may be no going backwards, to return to the surprise, serendipity, terror, enthusiasm, and excitement generated by my former lack of confident self.

Can I learn to live with a tempered form of these feelings? In this new land form, would they be too “compromised?”

Or is there a wholly new way of looking at things, one I have yet to discover? This approach seems about right. I have never been in this (for now blase) Confident Land before. It does call for an attitude and approach that is completely new.

Miracle Schedule: Completely Right

Return Forward to its Tenets

There is also the idea that my miracle schedule is, was, and has always been, and will be, completely right. This will not change. There is nothing “new” for me to add to it. It is the complete recipe for personal growth, excitement, and happiness.

And yet, it has (for now) lost all its juice.

Does it “simply” have to learn how to adjust to a new confident self?

Somehow I have to “go forward” by returning (going backwards) to the miracle schedule. As I say, there is no other choice for me. I have invented it; it has everything.

It is almost like I have received a whack of self-confidence. This blow has

knocked me down, thrown me off balance. I stand stunned, speechless, and in awe before it. I don't know what direction to take, how to handle it, what to do. So I just stand there and do nothing. On the surface, this "feels" blase, and colored by "I've done it all before." But deep down, I may just be in the many month process of recovering from this life-attitude shattering blow.

The way I see it, a confident self is exactly what my mother did not encourage. She might not have denied me this attitude. But no doubt, would have greeted it with the question: "Are you tired?" Now I am creating the ultimate rebellion.

It has taken me just about a life time to reach this state. Now it is time to turn this state into a new country.

New Leg

Adding a New Form: The Miracle Schedule Family Grows

First step, administration: How to put the new country under miracle schedule rule.

But I will be adding the excitement of business, sales, and going public!

Can the excitement of business and sales really become part of the miracle schedule? It has, up to now, always remained separate.

Up to now, miracle schedule has always been an "inward" thing. None of it ever concerned itself with making money, going public, or the outward world of business and sales. If I suddenly make this formerly alien world part of the miracle schedule, will it remain miraculous? Answer: yes!

This seems to be what has been happening over the past few months. I have been developing a new leg to put on the spider of miracle schedule, a business/gone public/sales leg. This will give birth to a new form, a qualitatively new and different miracle schedule.

Perhaps this has been why I have not been able to any of the "old form" miracle schedule. I have been in the process of adding a new partner, a new family member to

its tree. Welcome Mr. Business, Welcome Mr. Sales, Welcome Mr. Gone Public.

Time for a Party!

I have cracked to code. I have merged public and private, in-room world of imagination with out-room practical application of this imagination.

Time for a miracle schedule family to meet its newest member. Time for them to meet each other. Time for a union, a reunion. Time for us all to get together.

Time for a party!

Destroy the Old; Create the New

Now I'm sure that's why I got sick; I'm even sure that's why my left shoulder hurts, why I have this "new left shoulder pain." Why "new?" What's new?

I have to destroy my former body with its old miracle schedule mind set before I can create my new body with its new miracle schedule "family oriented" mind set.

Left Shoulder as Business Shoulder

I could see my left shoulder pain as my "business, sales, and gone-public shoulder." The fun and wild excitement of diving into the ocean of business and sales is expressed (and repressed) my left shoulder.

We can also ask: What is the subtle and mystic meaning of left, sinister. . . .What ocean of power is it repressing? Etc.

Getting a cold has been a "typical" breakdown. It's familiar; I've had it before.

But my left shoulder pain is something completely new. And what else is new? Why the entrance of business, sales, and its new-found mystical excitement into the miracle schedule.

Resistance and expression of these developments can be found in my left shoulder. This consolidation work is as yet unfinished. Yes, in this area there is

something “left” unfinished, something “left” to do.

Crossing the Bridge from Private Imagination to Public Creation

Look, my imagination is working in public. My dreams are coming true. Travelers are registering for tours. Bookings are coming in; folk dancers are showing up. I’m cooking on all burners. And loving it! The pomegranate has burst, the cornucopia is exploding. I’m pouring in all directions.

Certainly this is enthusiasm, excitement, and exuberance gone wild. And it’s all in public, through public, gone public. business public, sales public. I’m out there selling, promoting, and dancing with a vengeance.

Aren’t sales and promoting really dancing with my mouth? And if my mouth moves, can my brain be far behind?

My private dreams, created in the in-room of my imagination, are now, through the practical application of business and sales “gone-wild” techniques, being recreated “out there” in public.

Yes, business and sales practice is my form of running wild in public; it’s mad shoe mouth with brain following closely behind.

The bridge from private imagination to public creation has been crossed.

New Writing

What can I write about that is “new” in New Leaf Novel of my life?

I can write about public world I am creating, my relationship to it, the people in it, those I sell to, my business relationship with them, my sales to them; I can tie it all together with how, during my selling phone calls and personal meetings, I talk to them about exuberance and depression, enthusiasm and downs, excitement and sleep, all peppered with running wild on the lawn.

Barry said I should explore fiction writing.

This new business and sales, outside world could represent the new “fictional

writing” about my life.

Two “News”

I’m not only touching on a whole new aspect of the miracle schedule, but I’m touching on a whole new aspect and approach to writing! With a new subject matter.

Miracle Schedule Additions, Variations, and Nuances

I have taken a temporary detour, lasting three to six months, while I figured out additions, variations, and nuances to my miracle schedule.

The MS addition: business and sales.

The MS variation and nuance was new writing subject matter.

Novel of my Life

New Leaf, with all its additions, variations, and nuances, is the Novel of my Life.

Rules of Life

Miracle Schedule contains the rules of and for my life.

I can neglect, even drop them for awhile (a short while usually) but I can never escape them. Nor would I want to.

Performing them, I drink from my life source.

Strangely, when I do business and sales, and involve myself in the excitement of dealing with the tiny energy packets around me, selling and doing business with the “pastel of people,” I also drink from my life source.

Strangely? Perhaps this new addition to the miracle schedule is not so strange.

My exercises (whether in guitar, singing, yoga, or running) have the right order and number.

They are the right order and number.

Wednesday, December 22, 2004

The Ache Transfer Program

Fear never leaves. It just moves around.

My cold is gone, my left shoulder pain is gone. We're gone. . . off to Santa Fe this morning. I awoke with a "new pain" in my lower back!

It is the ache transfer program. I haven't given our Santa Fe trip a thought. Then late night, Bernice said David is excited about our coming. That made me feel great. The "I'm important; we're important," to them, feeling came over me. Internally, I swooned. But I evidently also began facing my fear of leaving home and venturing out into the cold, cruel world. The result: an ache transfer. From my cold and shoulder to my lower back.

Fear never leaves. It just moves around.

What am I afraid of? Or is this, once again, too scary to contemplate. Do I really "prefer" to face a handleable and somewhat familiar lower back pain to the "real" fear of this trip with its never-ending terror of facing the unknown? Evidently, I do.

Sure, we're meeting David, Jeannie, Zach, and Zane; sure we're flying off on America West airlines; sure we're leaving the safe and known confines of home. And we've done it many times before. Why would such a "familiar" move strike back-wrenching terror in my small bones?

I don't know.

But, for some reason, it does.

Is fear of leaving and fear of facing the unknown such a powerful fear?

Evidently, it is.

Does such vulnerability come as a shock? Yes. And every time it comes as the same shock. I always deny its existence until I can no longer do so. Amazing, indeed.

Yes, I can, no doubt, handle each event as it comes up. But then, when I face it

right in front of me, such event will belong to the land of the known. What I know, at least I can deal with.

But we're talking about the unknown. The unknown is vast, cosmic, universal, beyond any control. I have no idea what I'm dealing with. I, alone and in my frail human state, vulnerable and trembling, face the infinite powers of the universe. The Unknown. Who else could I be facing but God? Isn't this the bottom-line awe factor?

I also know that if I can find the terror, face it, dive into it, tremble in its presence, then my back pain will "suddenly dissolve" and "miraculously" go away.

I "know" this intellectually, but I have yet to find the center, or feel the emotion, of this present "travel and leaving" terror.

Well, perhaps that's it: Travel and Leaving. That, in itself, is the terror.

I can (might) also trace some of this back ache to repressed joy. After all, last night on the phone, David said he was excited about our coming. That made me feel sooo good!

I awoke this morning with a back ache.

Fear? Terror? Trembling?

Or joy. . . and joy repressed?

Or a combination: Fear of joy. Terror at trembling for joy.

Ah, the human mind, my human mind: What a puzzle!

Wednesday, December 23, 2004

We're flying off to Santa Fe.

Quote in a Donald Trump book: "The best vacation is to work twice as hard."

Study Program:

1.Languages: Bulgarian and Hebrew: half-hour a day.

2. Computer: half-hour a day.

Thursday, December 24, 2004

Meeting the people – family, friends, audiences – excites, energizes, and focuses me.

Very important finding: The above is the key to performance anxiety of any kind. It's recognition is part of the new land, the new me, my rebirth as an Older Person.

On Military History: War frightens. But it also excites, energizes, and focuses the mind. Use its concepts in my advertising, calling, and sales campaigns.

It is also a key to learning.

Friday, December 25, 2004

The Next Level

Am I going to let myself get excited about the ideas in Chi Running? Haven't I "been through all this before?"

Yes. But only on levels one and two. I have not yet been through level three.

Level three is the Next Level.

Sudden Fatigue

Suddenly, I feel fatigue.

That "sudden fatigue" might well be due to the suppression of my incipient excitement over finding the Chi Running Next Level.

True: The "sudden fatigue" was due to the billowing up of the excitement factor. Indeed, something important just happened. This is the first whiff, hint, chill of excitement I have felt for months!

A Chi Running Paradigm Shift

Just because I get an idea (like the Next Level idea doesn't mean it will happen right away.

Getting the idea is the first step. Realization, materialization, "working through," may takes days, weeks, months, even years.

But my New Level idea is now ready for the Excitement Stage. I can accept it; I can dive in. A Chi Running paradigm shift.

Idea One: The application of the Chi Running idea to everything I do.

Idea Two: Same as Idea One.

Burden of Excitement

Notice how the "sudden fatigue" induced by suppression of excitement took place in my left shoulder. Bearing, carrying the heavy "burden of joy" on my shoulders.

Its suppression is manifested, physically materialized, represented, and expressed through the resistance pain in my left shoulder.

Parenthetically, four days later, on the morning of December 29th, my mother's birthday, I awoke with no shoulder pain.

The Next Level may use many of the same words as the previous level, but they will have a totally different meaning.

Limitations and limiting effect of language. When the name of God is verbalizing, even conceived, He is diminished down to "word size."

Saturday, December 25, 2004

Christmas Day.

Off to a running start.

Healing

Just do my work. Healing of myself and others will come as a by product.

The " Love You" Headache

I have a headache this morning.

Could it be because I am full of love?

David loves me. He says I am a wonderful father.

Such words are hard for me to take; they fill me with an overflow of conflicting emotions. I don't know what to do with them.

Perhaps I am stunned (and angered?) by their overwhelming power. It is God coming to visit, facing me in His Awesome Flesh. I am overwhelmed by His sudden appearance, through my son, in the "I love you, Dad" form.

In my family upbringing, such words were understood, but never used. The feelings were left unspoken.

Today, I don't know how to react to "I love you." I don't know how to "defend" myself against it.

Now there's a funny word: "Defend." I feel I must defend myself against the "I love you" assault.

Where does this come from? It probably has little to do with God. . . and much to do with mother.

When Ma said (or even implied) those magic "I love you" words they would make me feel guilty; then I would have to do anything she asked.

How did I then respond to her "I love you?" Run like hell! Get out of here real fast. Otherwise, I'll be overwhelmed by guilt. Then I'd have to "give in" to all here demands, lose my identity and personhood. I'd end up totally squashed.

What did "I love you" mean to me? It meant run like hell! This control device came straight from mother. My father would never say or think such a thing.

If I remove my upbringing with its negative reaction to "I love you," what is left?

The same satisfaction and fulfillment feeling that comes after a successful concert, weekend, tour, folk dance class, bar mitzvah, or other event, when an audience member comes up to me and says, "Great job!," or "I really enjoyed your program," or "Thank you!"

Personal satisfaction from a job well done equals "I love you." A job of fatherhood, husbandhood, familyhood, even a job of friendship: all jobs well done. Instead of thanking me by saying "Job well done," they say "I love you."

What is my response to an audience member when they compliment me? I say, "Thank you," or "I'm so glad you liked it."

What does David mean when he says "I love you?" Of course, on one level, I'll never know unless I ask him. But, on my own personal level, the way I see it, he is saying: "Dad, you did a good job bringing me up. Job well done!"

Beyond the gush and mush of family messes, can I see fatherhood as a "job?" Doesn't that make it crass, reduce its sanctity?

Yes and no: If job means alienated labor, yes. If job means (as in my own case and work) fulfillment and satisfaction through a total creative and loving effort, no.

An overflow of love: I wonder if that was the source of many of my former headaches. I thought most came from repressed anger. Maybe, on a deeper level, they came from repressed love. I created a dam between the Ocean of Love and my smaller ego/self: I pushed behind it to hold back the Ocean of Love. Pushing back this potential Flood created my headaches.

Well, I'm sick of these headaches. Time to let the Ocean in, deal with its waves, learn to ride and bob upon them.

Let the Ocean of Love flood my ancient Holland. Upon its waters, a new floating island will appear; a New Country will be created: The Floating Land of Love.

The above "I love you" passage can (must) be seen as an incredible breakthrough in the gone-public life.

Gone-public has been extended backwards into family and family relations. From here, where the deepest roots grow, Love reaches out and goes public.

My job, my Love, my work: There is no difference.

This Love will extend through advertising, calling, business, and all. (It already exists in my art. . .but inwardly.) Its gone-public redefinition is now in full swing!

Job well done! It creates the feeling of Love.

Isn't Love, and "I love you" energy, the same as Chi Running energy? Probably and no doubt. Thus use them, bring all three together.

New Standing and Dance Exercise Order

Include squats and jumps, Tsamiko and Greek, syrtos, and squats.

Squats: Practice: Russian

- a. Fast breathing upon recovery
- b. Chi relaxation

Jumps:

Do all of the above in running shorts: my home exercise "costume." Wearing these shorts is a symbol of going public.

Add: a. Backbend for syrtos

- b. Backbend (on the floor) for Tsamiko.

Standing and Dance Warmups: Half-hour

Yoga: Half-hour.

Where does running fit in?

It comes either in the late afternoon (or late morning) as a slow, steady, chi-principled relaxation.

Sunday, December 26, 2004

Writing

Joyce Carol Oates says about writing: ". . . immediate, practical technical revisions."

This is all I can do on New Leaf. Truth is, I can turn almost everything I write into something better – through slow, conscious, careful editing.

Like the "relaxation studies" of Bulgarian, Hebrew, and computer, editing can also become a new form of "relaxation."

Four Relaxation Study Forms

1. Daily Bulgarian (carry a Bulgarian book on my person.)
2. Hebrew (in temporary remission)
3. Computer study
4. Daily editing (carry some editing on my person?)

Monday, December, 27, 2004

Two good titles:

1. From Invisible to Invincible
2. From Invincible to Invisible

Business

My new goal: Build a seven-year following.

How? One customer at a time.

Where?

1. Tour following: Most important, most national and internationals, widest range.
2. Weekend and folk dance following: Secondary, but also very important.

How to accomplish this?

1. Calls: Telephone each customer. Write down information on each customer,

their desires and personality. (Even consider making them part of my New Leaf writing!)

2. Star points: In each customer resides a “star point” center of sales energy. Find it, touch it, use it.

Study: How to build a following is similar to how to build an army. Study military history: Battles, army formations, with the idea of learning about the history of sales.

Involve Michele Levine, Martin Misakian, others. . .

Dance Exercises and Breathing

The role of breathing. Gone Public and gone private.

1. Inhalation connects the outside world: gone public.
2. Exhalation connects with the inside world: gone private.
3. Between breaths: Quite, relaxation, and peace between breaths.

Law of Gradual Progress in running, languages, and etc.

Tuesday, December 28, 2004

Reborn as an Older Person

Returned from Santa Fe.

Reborn. Starting over in many areas. I have been Reborn as an Older Person.

I need to follow my Chi Running guidebook. Start today!

Start with Gradual progress: The Step-By-Step Approach. Combine this, of course, with mental focus.

I want a guide book; I need a guide book.

I want to follow a guide book through this next stage of my life as an older person. That’s probably why the Chi Running book appeared.

Generalizations:

Turks are tough. They are very diplomatic.

Serbs have a pride bordering on arrogance. They are proud to the edge of arrogance.

Underneath most lack of patience is panic.

Wednesday, December 29, 2004

Chi Running Guitar

Chi Running has universal principles. How can it be applied to my guitar playing?

Loose hanging arms (fingers and wrists will follow).

Focus mind on Chi body center (in T'ai Chi and Chinese language: dan tien) located just below the navel and in front of spine.

Good "mind practice." I also like using the word or name dan tien. It gives me an introductory intimacy with the Chinese language.

As I play guitar, I'm watching my mind move from my body center, dan tien (a new guitar playing experience) to my shoulder, then wrist and fingers. When I do, I see tension in the latter areas.

Also as I move my stomach muscles around the dan tien, I have a "familiarity;" I remember being here before. . .but without recognition.

Leg Viewing

Now I'm trying it with my Dance/Yoga exercises. My legs feel so relaxed and light. Appendages to my body center. It feels so easy. Is it real?

A completely new way of looking at my legs.

Lifting, stretching, pushing my legs. It feels like I'm hardly working at all.
Could this be right? Probably. But it feels so different.

Thursday, December 30, 2004

Chi Running and Company Building

Building JGI: I miss my company building. . . but I don't quite know how or where to start again.

Can I apply the principles of Chi Running to company building? Hmm. To sales, phone calls, advertising, and more. How would that be done?

Alhambra Chi: I am not thinking about the notes as I play. Rather, I am thinking about dan tien, arms (and legs) relaxing, body relaxing, Chi flowing. . .but not the notes.
Hmmm.

Chi is primary; notes are secondary. Hmmm

Is this true in running, too? Legs and muscles are secondary. Relax them. Chi focus is primary.

Is the Witness in the Dan Tien? Witness the Chi Witness through Dan Tien. Is that the Next Level?

Friday, December 31, 2004

Could, should I do (try out doing) the New Standing and Dance Exercise Order every morning for three months. See what happens. Run in the afternoon, or late morning.

Taking the Chi Challenge

No question I need a new direction, I need a new challenge.

I'm taking the Chi Challenge. What is it?

The Chi Challenge asks: How far and deep can I relax? In all my activities, how far and deep into relaxation can I go. . . in all things? How much energy (Chi) can I touch when I play guitar, run, perform yoga asanas, dance exercises, and follow my miracle schedule routines with Chi Challenge in mind.

It is a Universal Philosophy and Approach, applicable in all things. Indeed, it could represent a new life style.

And, indeed, I need one.

Based on this deep need to remake my life, I accept the Chi Challenge.

Let's try it daily for three months. See what happens.

I've known about Chi for years; I've known about its challenges. But the challenge is to now apply it, do it, make it a daily part of my life. Not even part of my life: The center of my life!

Daily, even hourly, practice is the only way to begin.

The Notes, Indeed, are Secondary

Guitar: In this kind of Chi practice, the notes, indeed, are secondary. Focus on Chi. The notes, indeed, are secondary.

That is the practice.

This kind of constant focus on Chi (the Center of the Universe) is, indeed, the Next Level. In this practice, the notes I play are always secondary.

Revolution

What is a revolution but a turning around, turning over, turning upside down.

The idea that notes are secondary is totally radical and revolutionary. It turns my Alhambra on its head.

All surface secondaries I have worked to achieve for years (the hypothenar, thenar, and digital ticklings), drift into oblivion.

If notes are secondary, so are my arms and legs.

Translation: In guitar playing, if notes are secondary, so are my arms and legs in dancing.

It is just a totally new way of thinking: placing my mind in the dan tien, the energy center just below my navel and in front of my spine, rather than in my fingers.

Saturday, January 1, 2005

Chi Running: Gravity, counter-rotation of shoulders and hips, rubberband-like pulling back to neutral center by tendons and ligaments.

Performance Excitement!

A New Year's Gift

It's funny, nay strange. I taught dancing for New Years First Night in Teaneck last night. It's the first time I've taught or even folk danced since we went to Santa Fe. Thus I haven't taught or danced for twelve days.

I felt nervous before my teaching (a good pre-performance, per-teaching nervousness; it made me feel alive!) I also felt rusty, out of it, almost as if I had never danced before.

But, to my knowledge, I did not put that much physical effort into the dancing; it was for beginners, and the dances themselves were easy.

Yes this morning I woke up with my old "dance" aches and pains. The inside of my left knee hurt and my legs felt "tired." That hasn't happened Santa Fe.

Is the fatigue, the pains due to psychology, to the old anxieties of returning to dance, public performance, and work? Could be. Let's say they are.

What is new this time?

Notice my line: "I felt nervous before my teaching (a good pre-performance, per-teaching nervousness; it made me feel alive!) Well, that positive concept of pre-performance anxiety is new. (Notice how it is also in parentheses.)

Well, time to remove the parentheses, take it out of the private sector. Time to embrace it and make it public.

What is new? Pre-performance "anxiety" makes me feel alive! Since I see it now as such a positive, perhaps I should remove the word "anxiety." Or at least change it.

To what?

Pre-performance excitement?

How about leaving out the prefix "pre?" It's kind of awkward, clumsy as a word.

How about Performance Energizer, Performance Uplifter, Performance Excitement. I like them.

I think Performance Excitement is best.

Can pre-performance be part of the concept and word "performance?" Yes. It belongs to the "ninety percent of the iceberg is underwater" performance mental preparation.

Performance as a Positive

If performing, performances, public performances, all kinds of performances, energizes me, then I need more of them. Performance as an Energizer!

No question, while I perform, I have no aches and pains. Can this focus, this psychology, be continued after performance? Can I hold on to such concentration and thus remain post-performance pain-free?

I must say: This is the first completely positive view of performance and its benefits that I have ever had.

What a New Year's gift!

Business:

Calls also create a mild form of performance anxiety, now called performance excitement. So does socializing at a party, or even among friends.

In fact, performance anxiety, now called performance excitement, floods many, most, maybe even all of my gone-public activities.

Not a bad thing, indeed.

Sunday, January 2, 2005

"Changing your running form, or, in some cases, starting from scratch, is a big endeavor."

Danny Dryer in Chi Running

Changing my attitudes, life forms, approaches, way of thinking, using my mind, or, in my case, in guitar, business, etc., starting from scratch, is a big endeavor.

Starting from scratch. Let's start from scratch.

What technique and approach am I developing from scratch?

1. Chi Guitar

a. Chi primary; notes are secondary.

b. Use my abdominal muscles: "You might even feel some soreness in your abdominal and hip flexors. This is a sign you're running (playing guitar) correctly and building the necessary support muscles."Danny Dryer, Chi Running

Well, I felt a soreness in my hip flexors yesterday when I focused on using the Chi technique during my run. This morning, I feel not soreness (yet) but usage of my abdominals as I try developing a Chi approach to guitar. Chi Guitar.

This morning, it's a Yes! Practicing results: Increased, nay great, piccado speed, and loose, relaxed speedy arpeggio/tremolo (both four and five finger) come from: Focusing on the abdominal muscles. and secondarily, seeing the notes as secondary.

Monday, January 3, 2005

On Blaming the Victim

Twenty years ago people would (partly) blame the victim.

Today it has fallen out of style. Victims have become (almost) blameless.

But blaming the victim is coming back. We are slowly and partially returning to the old form: And this is a good thing.

Why?

First, by blaming the victim, by assuming some responsibility for the situation, victims validate their own power! By accepting the idea it is (partly) my fault, victims no longer have to wait for fate or others to step in. They can think and take action for themselves. "I can do something; I can help myself." This is good thing.

Often, the best self-defense is blaming yourself. Then, instead of looking outward for aid, you can look thinking, then start taking some self-help action.

First comes self-help. In this process, as a by product, you help others.

Part of the above "victim accepting blame" idea belongs to the "I've been there before; been there, done that" philosophy which has been haunting me for the past three or so months. Thus, in one sense, it is an old and dead concept that has returned. I "know" is so thoroughly. . . just as I once "knew" Bulgarian.

Is there any way to "refresh" it for the present? How can I put some Chi into it? I don't know. . .yet.

Guitar: I am no longer practicing to get the notes right, and to improve my muscles so I can play the notes faster, with more fluidity, or even more accurately. Rather, I am practicing to get in touch with my Chi, to reach my Chi energy, and, parenthetically, secondarily, by the way, as a footnote, play the notes "faster" with more fluidity, accurately, and get them right.

Get and stay in touch with my power (Chi); the notes will come as a by product.

I like the word Chi. It only has one syllable.

Can Chi cross over into Fun?

Chi Guitar, Fun Guitar. Chi Tickle Finger, Fun Tickle Finer. Chi Finger Tickling, Fun Finger Tickling. Chi Alhambra, Fun Alhambra.

Chi is (so far) an unknown Chinese form of energy; Fun is a known (by Jim Gold), American form of energy.

On a higher level, they are both the same. On a lower level, perhaps I can find Fun in my abdomen, find it in my dan tien.

Chi Running could eventually become Fun Running.

Chi is a much more "serious" word than fu. However, on a higher level, they are both the same.

Perhaps I can connect Chi to Fun to b'simcha.

Connecting Chi to Fun would somehow bring it closer to home.

The abdomen is the center of fear/excitement energy.

Fun and Joy are not located in the abdomen.

They are found in. . . or perhaps through the abdomen.

But they somehow transcend it.

Is the dan tien the same as the abdomen? Or is this Chi center found in. . .and through the abdomen?

The dan tien is the center; it is not the Chi itself.

Gradual, step by step. . . Remember.

Monday night folk dancing: We opened the 2005 folk dance season. Some new ideas:

1. Do the great dances and great choreographies! (I've been holding back too long.) Develop Chi Folk Dancing

Tuesday, January 4, 2005

Think about using and developing the Chi business approach: Chi Business.

I may (will) have to give up my (former) concept of business as I know it. A whole new approach and attitude towards business.

This whole concept of pushing for tours with my muscles may go away.

Replaced by an "abdominal" approach.

This means my whole sales year may be seen and approached differently – so differently as to be unrecognizable.

Guitar: Finger tips and Chi. The connection. . . . I don't know yet.

Inside of right thumb "tip," too. All Chi related. Coming out of the stomach, the abdomen, dan tien center. The thumb tip and finger tips relate directly. The final touching point of the energy.

Focus on the abdomen still. Notes, thumb "tips," and finger tips, are "secondary."

I pushed a bit on the Alhambra/Chi/Finger/Thumb combo. Now I want to retreat, go to sleep; I want my Mommy.

What, if anything, does Mommy have to do with Chi?

Is wanting sleep, and return to Mommy, a retreat from Chi? Or is it a new level, another level of Chi?

Do rest and Chi go together? Well, yes, in the relaxation forms. Relax so your Chi can flow. How does this relate to "Relax, and Mommy can flow?"

What is Mommy Flow?

Abdominal energy with a smile?

(Solar plexus, solar plexal energy, with a smile).

So ends a New Leaf.