

Beyond Passion

Tuesday, January 13, 2004

On the Linguistic Understanding of Computer Language

Evidently, I can only understand computers, electronics, and even science on a poetic level. That's why I have to look up the origins and etymologies of all words used: microprocessors, buses, digital, analogue, etc. In order to understand the concepts behind the language, evidently, I have to "dream through the words." I need that historic, etymological, poetic, and fluid understanding of them; I need to let my mind "wander through the words," seeing and feeling all their nuances and shadings. Then, I can finally "understand" them.

Reconnection!

I have connected computer study with my love of language. Specifically, it means looking up computer words in both the Webster New World Dictionary: College Edition with its etymologies and word origins, and Isaac Mozeson's The Word with its etymologies and words origins based on Hebrew roots. From Mozeson's book, I would move to the bible, the Tannach, to find the Hebrew roots of words and their poetic etymological origins.

In the beginning, computer study with its movements into the fields of electronics, physics, mathematics, chemistry, science, etc. was "out on a limb," unconnected to anything else in my life. Now, however, it has been reconnected to my linguistic love and thus to my love of music and sound, and thus to my soul.

I wonder if my left shoulder pain was related to this computer disconnection. Now that I have reconnected to my origins, to my soul, linguistic love, and core self, will the shoulder pain go away? We'll see. But deep in my heart, I believe it will. In fact, I have confidence that it will!

Start Overs

I am leading the Miracle Life. My job is to see it that way.

Miracle Life! That's the general philosophy. Now for the specifics:

1. I could return to languages. . . and their miracle beginnings. Start over. . . in all of them. This approach belongs to the future. Presently, I am not yet ready.

Or perhaps there is a way to combine languages with computer and science study. Hebrew, etc.

Watching Zach, Zane, and Danny grow up is also falling into my miracle vision. My family may not be part of the schedule but they are definitely a miracle.

This ushers in the new and somewhat shaky way of seeing human relationships and miracles. Indeed, an expansion of the miracle aspect of the miracle schedule. This vision soon expands to the World as Miracle, the infinite, ever-present, eternally fluid final blending of All-Is-One.

The personal has grown into the Personal; the narrow, limited miracle schedule has expanded into the World-as-Miracle All-Is-One.

This is a true philosophy, one to know and focus on for the rest of my life. And the rest of my life starts and forever exists right now.

Monday, January 19, 2004

Artists as Revolutionaries

"There are only two kinds of artists: revolutionaries and plagiarists." Paul Gauguin

A Vision of Absolute Control

Since returned from Santa Fe (although I had a hint before I left) I see every Zapateado, Alhambra, Leyenda, (Soleares, etc.) right hand finger tip touch-and-pluck clearly in my mind. A vision of absolute control over all tremolos and arpeggios.

New, indeed. Another qualitative breakthrough and advance.

After hundreds of years, the human mind made a qualitative lead from the Dark Ages into the Renaissance. Perhaps it is a similar slow-growth transformation process for my right hand guitar fingers.

Tuesday, January 27, 2004

Work Like Crazy!

First, I finished recording all my dances into computer files. Then, last night, I finished burning the entire collection of my folk dance files onto CD's. Hour after hour, I blazed them out, one after another

It is a real high for me to work like crazy!

Yet I'm partly sad that I'm coming to the end of this great project. I'm mourning the loss of meaning.

What should I do with the emptiness that follows completion?

Evidently, I need to fill it with a new project that will spur me on.

The new and future project might be. . . recording! Learning how to record guitar, songs, etc. and put myself into my computer's music files!

"Science" from Latin scire to know (and Hebrew sakhel says Mozeson with its relationship to words like skill: Old Norse, skil (reason, discernment).

Saxon: Knife, cutting, separating.

Hebrew: Sakhel: Mental discrimination.

Thus what is science but knowledge with different spelling.

As I play Milan's modal Pavane Number 2, I marvel at Bellow's excellent right and left hand fingerings. Am I arriving at an appreciation of his teaching?

This is definitely something new: gratitude for his teaching combined with forgiveness for his miserable, uptight, compulsive methods and personality.

But maybe, as he claimed, he was teaching the Segovia method. Although our personalities clashed (two compulsives in the same room are bound to create friction, maybe he got it right after all. (Only I was in no position to appreciate it.)

Monday, February 2, 2004

Children's Stories

I'm so sad. I keep crying, breaking up with love for my grandchildren, my children, my family, and memories of my old self.

I am mourning the past, and the passing of an old self.

I'm losing touch with something. Perhaps it is my old controlled self, getting ready to move on. . . to my next self.

Perhaps it will be expressed through children's stories. . . and more.

Perhaps I am mourning the death of my "adult" self, the one that tried and worked so hard to prove I was an adult. It's taken many years. But now that I've done it, perhaps I am getting ready to transcend the adult stage and return to the next and one of the deepest and purest levels of natural talent: my child self.

My child's mind with its wild imagination. I'm getting ready. . . .

To look at everything through the fresh and refreshing eyes of a child: a most beautiful state of mind!

Leyenda: A child's state of mind, attitude, and approach beats Segovia any day. It transcends all the giants and put-down idols.

It is my truest, purest, goodest, and bestest vision.

To push aside all the old forms and get back to my original, pristine child.

What old forms? All the “adult” forms involved with money, prestige, audience approval.

Will that be the beauty and freedom of my next stage? Why not? What else is left?

The adult armor is falling off my body.

When all these blocks have fallen away, what is revealed?

The child’s vision.

During the past year or two, I have been beaten back into trying a “balanced approach.” I retreated into a deadening experiment with “moderation.”

In the process, I somehow lost, or forgot, about my running wild on the lawn.

Watch out for balance and moderation. They are slow-falling lids crushing me, pushing me back, squeezing me down into a running wild coffin.

It has been a long winter.

But bars of January balance and February moderation are breaking, dissolving. Spring will soon be here. The passion of running wild on the green grass lawn springs me from prison.

Tuesday, February 3, 2004

Learning to Love my Downs

There is no going backwards.

I miss my history and language studies, my guitar improvements, and much of my old life. But I can’t return. There is no going backwards. The past is over; it can and must be somehow incorporated into the present.

Perhaps I can learn to “enjoy” the process.

But right now I am in a down, confusing week. This will, no doubt, continue until I find a new integration.

Yes, I am down this morning. And I have been for the past few days.

I feel there is something wrong with being down. Somehow I must get back up again.

But, in reality, what is wrong with being down? It always precedes up. And you can't have up without down. Also, down is the prelude to the up of creation.

So, since I can't do anything about them and they'll never go away, I might as well learn to accept and live with my downs; I might as well even learn to love them.

Thursday, February 5, 2004

Fear of enthusiasm is expressed in the notion that, if I give my all, I will hurt my body.

Which comes first: The fear of self-injury or the fear of enthusiasm?

Is fear of self-injury a "wise caution" or merely an excuse not to give it my all, to dampen any forms of enthusiasm growth?

Suppose I "give in" to enthusiasm. Will enthusiasm's healing endorphins, God's wholesome messages, heal physical pains in my body?

Physical pain makes me pull back in a caution; it creates a hesitancy based on perhaps rational fear that, if I don't "listen to my body," I will create more pain and eventually be unable to function.

But is it really pain I am afraid of? Or it the hidden energy of enthusiasm that is blocked by the pain?

In other words, am I subtly returning to old neighborhood attitudes in a disguised and "new" way? Is ancient mother lurking in my psyche, cautioning me to rest, take it easy, stop straining, don't run wild on the lawn?

"Hardly-a-Touch"

The "hardly-a-touch" method of guitar playing.

Left hand: hardly presses the strings. Muffled sound is okay for this kind of

practice. Leyenda bars, etc.

Right hand: finger tips hardly touch, too. Again, muffled sound is okay (but this is mostly produced by light pressing of the left hand fingers.)

This is mostly a left hand method, technique, for barring, finger pressing, etc. In doing so, it also effects the right hand "touch."

An interesting new muffled and muted sound.

Wow! Hot stuff! I really go deeply into the muscles of the fingers this way, especially the "Robert Schumann" tendons between the left middle and ring fingers.

Slight Twisting

There is actually a slight twist or turn in the left hand C bar chord of Leyenda which clarifies the E played on the third string by the right hand index finger. This note used to be somewhat muted, muddy and unclear, due to the lefthand pinky (playing the D on the fourth string) touching the third string. By twisting or turning the left hand slightly upwards towards the guitar body this touching of the third string (C) and consequent muffling or muddiness is eliminated!

Eliminating (Traditional) Guitar Warm-Ups:

I am going straight to the "hardly touching, deep deep relaxation" center.

This means eliminating traditional guitar warm-ups completely. I do this through "immediate warm-ups" by applying the deep deep relaxation, Leyenda-type bar warm-up of "hardly touching or pressing the strings with the left hand."

Here is the micro-running principle applied to the guitar.

Eliminating traditional warm-up methods: a radical change indeed!

This means I can, I have the mental ability, to jump in and "be there" immediately.

This is a not a sudden change, but a radical realization and development.

Indeed, it is the next step.

The principles of “jumping in and being there” applied to guitar, yoga, and running (thru micro running).

How will I or can I apply them to other aspects of my life?

Sunday, February 8, 2004

Looking for Romance

Somehow I’ve got to find some romance in these machines. Otherwise, I will lose interest.

“Machines” such as my preamp, microphone, connectors, TR and TRS plugs, mixer, computer, Duo interface, etc.

I’ll find it in the mental and spiritual aspects of the machines. The etymology and mental/spiritual swirling of their technical names. . .

Somehow these names and connecting concepts have to become the source of a new kind of writing. And along with this new writing will come a new kind of romance.

I haven’t found romance yet. But it may be on its way.

You can’t beat the awe and wonder, jealousy and envy, adulation and adoration, of fame in (of and for) the name. Hidden within must be the fame of the Name (with its concomitant awe and wonder.)

The earthy shape of God descended is found in the local flesh-formed fame of the Name.

Jealousy and envy of the Name is idolatry personified.

Jealousy and envy of the local hero is no big deal.

But by understanding jealousy and envy as the misplacement of celestial Awe and Wonder in a human being, these negative feelings dissolve and become irrelevant.

Love of fame is a misplaced symbol for the celestial love of awe and wonder.

This is how charismatic figures can get confused with God.

"A Dance Between Two Notes"

Interpretation turns the first part of Leyenda into a dance between two notes: B and E (with an occasional foray into the C bar which is really the note E "in disguise"). God as sustainer of the universe is booming in the background through and behind the notes E and B while humans scurry about in their lightweight arpeggio activities and adventures.

Friday, February 13, 2004

Revisiting the Land of Enthusiasm

Could my old nemesis, denial of enthusiasm, be the reason for this long down?

No running, no exercise, mucho aches, no energy, no nothing.

Could this long low following my computer (and guitar) accomplishments be all about the squashing of enthusiasm. . . again?

I keep looking for new directions, new teachers, new ideas, new studies, new, new, new. Is it all, or mostly, an attempt to avoid enthusiasm for my accomplishments. Hmm.

Accomplishments put me "there." I have arrived.

Where have I arrived? Where is "there?"

It is the land of enthusiasm, home of the simcha heart. I stand on top of the mountain laughing for joy, tossing hallelujahs into the sky and dropping huge "Wahoos!" into the valley below.

Have past, old neighborhood traumas returned in new and disguised form? Have I been unable or unwilling to live in the intense heat of enthusiasm? Could be.

Time to rekindle, rethink, and revisit the heated heartland.

Shoulder and neck aches could be seen as my computer badge of honor.

Saturday, February 14, 2004

Pick a goal. . .any goal.

Slow and Profound

Alhambra, Leyenda: Slow and profound through the bass.

Lost

Lost: A new look at miracle schedule: MS.

Write. Play (guitar and sing). Dance (Y and R, too).

(Necessary) Distractions

MS is the foundation. Always.

But there are (necessary) distractions along the way,

Three-month computer study. . .and six-months-to-a-year stock market study
distractions.

Money making – and sales – are also (necessary) distractions.

Only the MS connection to God (and through Him, to others) is Real.

Sunday, February 15, 2004

Music to my Eyes

Returning to my roots: to language study and Spanish; bathing my eyes in books on Spain's music history. . .and to history study in general, is music to my eyes!

Very slow history and language reading: luxuriating in each word and sentence. Letting my eyes bath in the sound and sight of each word, letting my mind wander and dream as it travels deep into each word.

Monday, February 16, 2004

The Daily Paper: One

Today I am starting something new: It is called The Daily Paper.

The name of my daily paper is One.

It consists of one piece of paper I carry on my person all day.

It is a working piece of paper.

On it I write down and carry my daily tasks.

What is my daily task?

One.

Focus on depth is my direction.

I approach depth by focusing on one thing at a time. My daily task is to focus on "one" in all things I do. Cosmically and ultimately, my purpose in this method is to daily focus on the One.

Some examples: One word a day. (Today's word is the Spanish dispenseme usted.)

One exercise a day. Physically, today's focus will be on (curing) my left shoulder. (Can I focus on my left shoulder all day even as I do my other tasks? Give it a try.)

Focus creates happiness. But it is hard to focus. The mind jumps like a monkey. Watch and observe the left shoulder "like a hawk."

Going Beyond

Try breaking all physical barriers. Go beyond them.

Is that what this "Beyond Passion" ne leaf is all about?

Try breaking all mental (and even spiritual) barriers as well.

Break all barriers, smash all old forms. Go beyond them.

Go "Beyond Passion" . . .and everything else.

I'll try this, do this, in spite of limitations, left shoulder injuries, psychic traumas,

and physical pains.

(In fact, could the avoidance of Go Beyond be the root cause of left shoulder pain? Big hmmm.)

Intense focus on depth, one thing at a time, and ultimately, the One, is a method of using passion but Going Beyond it.

Go Beyond fear, hesitancy, and reticence. Break a new barrier every day: What a good motto. I love this attitude!

Wednesday, February 18, 2004

Afraid, Afraid

Afraid, afraid. Let's face it: I am afraid. Performance anxiety in a big way. I guess these fears will never go away.

I'm afraid my body won't hold out for this Florida Folk Dance Camp. I'm afraid my dancing legs won't hold out, and that even my Leyenda classical guitar hands, arms, and shoulders won't hold out to play the guitar. Basically, I'm afraid all the pains will get to me, incapacitate me, and I won't be able to hold out.

Are these (mental) fears realistic? Do they really exist? Are they being reincarnated and reflected in my body?

I believe they are. But can I be sure?

Maybe I won't know until the psychological performance pressure of the Florida Folk Dance Camp is over.

Although I am totally prepared for the camp, I still have to do it. I still have to perform the task. And in dark unknown of the performance itself lies the anxiety.

There is no escape: Into the performing darkness I go.

Trembling but undaunted, the Thesian hero enters the performing labyrinth of

darkness to meet (encounter) his audience of minotaurs.

Thursday, February 19, 2004

"New Reason" to Write

I feel very adrift.

Is it because I have "given up" writing? Could be.

Somehow the old "reasons" to write have died. Passed on. Not multiplied.

I need to find a new reason to write.

Just as I need(ed) to find new reasons to study language again, so I need to find a "new reason" to write.

Maybe I will never find a "new reason." Maybe I need to approach it the way I approached language. Which language to choose? Which one to pursue and study? Jonny said, "It doesn't matter. Just pick one and start." (At least you'll have a center.)

It is the same with writing. No question I need it as a centering, miracle making art form. It helps me stay in touch with my core. (Notice as I said these last words my left shoulder immediately started to ache. Could the left shoulder ache be related to the partial death of my creative self? After all, the pain emanates from my neck, and, according to yoga theory, the cervical area is the artistic creative area. This artistic cosmic area has certainly been neglected during this past three-month computer-study period.)

All cosmic-type depressions lifted when I started writing my New Leaf journal in 1995. This process as well as my belief in it continued until this year (2004). Now that I have "given up," lost my belief in writing, depressions, adrift, and lost feelings have all returned. The obvious truth here is: I must write for mental health and sanity. I have known this all along.

But this year, along with my computer studies, I have lost, given up, not only the desire to write, but the desire to publish as well. That could be a temporary giving up. The desire, nay need, to publish and be appreciated by others may take a break; but it

will never go away. Nor should it.

Desire for appreciation by others is a sign of mental health! Sure, not everyone will appreciate it. But, some will. Even if it is only one person. According to Judaism, save one life and you save the world. This is true even if the life I save is my own.

Pain is rising in my left shoulder as I write these words. What is going on here? Am I onto something? Am I approaching. . .and hopefully, in the process of dissolving, a hidden trauma?

Part of me says it is so nice to return to morning writing. I am gingerly stepping back on the path. Perhaps that is where I should go when I come back from Florida. Writing renewal is on the charts as a post-Florida concept.

Starting a Giant Business

I looked at my post-February calendar. Business is almost totally dead for the future. No customers or participants in my upcoming tours and weekends; hardly any bookings either. True, for the past three months I have been totally neglecting my business as I studied computer. Now that is "over," what, if anything, should I do about this dearth of customers? Then this post-Florida idea popped up in my mind: "Start a giant business."

What does that mean?

Get on the phone and call all my old customers? Expand to include other salespeople? Recognize that I have to earn some money? Start pushing all my products?

Does it mean anything at all?

Monday, March 1, 2004

Returned from Florida with a new attitude and so many ideas it seems it will take me weeks, months, even years to complete them. I'll be working in two Leaves for awhile, Passion 1 and 2 (Florida New Leaf).

I can't consider myself to be a serious writer until I copy this Florida New Leaf into my computer.

I can copy it from the beginning, the ending, the middle; I can start copying it from anywhere I like. But I must start copying! Otherwise, everything I wrote in Florida will be considered as insignificant, "worthless." If I don't, my endless dream of writing, being a writer, becoming a writer, will dribble away; cosmic depression and meaninglessness will dominate my life.

So ends this New Leaf.