

Florida

Thursday, February 19, 2004

The Spring Sonata

The New Leaf Concert Approach

Here comes the morning coffee induced idea: my writing is great and must be read by others. The world must know me!

Behind that calling is the awe-and-wonder, coffee-high, joyful feeling that I and God are intimately connected through the simcha connection—the best feeling in the world!

As the folk dancers dance at the Florida Folk Dance Camp dance in circles, talking and connecting to each other, I see them all as little simcha connections. They fuse and join together over the Weekend Camp time span making a Grand Simcha Connection. A beautiful kabbala spark rises up to God.

Just because we, as humans, see limitations, doesn't mean they exist.

The unity of timelessness and limitlessness, the oneness of infinity and eternity, is the ultimate Truth of this world.

Suppose I saw myself as limitless. What would happen to me? How would I act? What would I do?

Of course, mind and body are limited. It is only spirit that is limitless.

Therefore, get in touch with spirit. See it in all things. Focus on it in all exercises. . . and all day long, if possible.

This is the only approach that is worthwhile. All other attitudes are mere fluff, footnotes, floating jetsam passing by on the River of Illusion.

Constant focus on the One is the essence of all prayer.

Pray five times a day through my routines. Even better, pray all day.

Why should I bother with decay and death? Why not simply deny its existence.

Unrealistic, you say.

But how do you know?

Why not put decay and death into the category of the Great Illusion?

Sure the body may hurt or the mind may cause pain. But that doesn't mean the pain is "true."

Instead, think about unity. Put yourself at one with the One. That will take care of the eternity problem.

Saturday, February 28, 2004

Rereading is for professionals: for those who want to be published; for those who think about the audience; for those who want to make their work clear and useful to a (small) following.

Only the Dead Go to Heaven

Florida also makes me think about retirement. . .and death. Because to me, retirement is death!

I see my wife dying; I will lose her. I see myself dying, I will lose me. I see the world and all things I do in it as transience, and thus, in the long run, meaningless. Yes, Florida illuminates and intensifies the retirement-equals-death equation.

Indeed, this is, to me, a very depressing symbolic aspect of Florida. People retiring, giving up their purpose, function, and life's work in order to play golf, tennis, and lie in the sun. Ugh, ugh, ugh!

Enclosed, fenced in, and guarded retirement communities, retirement prisons specializing in filling up time with fun "activities," which, since they never affect society, are ultimately meaningless and empty.

Florida as nursing home for the soon-to-be-deceased.

Yes, some people see Florida as heaven on earth. I agree. But only the dead go

to heaven.

Florida Folk Dance Camp was full of life.

Florida retirement communities are full of death.

Which shall I choose?

Is there a compromise between life and death? Can one chose both? Wouldn't such a choice be "realistic?"

No doubt death will come to the body. This is natural. But perhaps, to me, retirement is worse than death! It is a living death. You feel all the pangs of the coffin as you are buried alive behind the walls of your "retirement community."

Leyenda

The hypnotic Leyenda bongos remind you of cosmic iron, the ever-present, unchanging stability of the universe. They are the "ring of timelessness," the hypnotic gong (or bong) of eternity.

Thus, when I play Leyenda, I am expressing. . . and describing, the eerie power of timeless order in everything.

Spanish Dance Number 5 by Granados. . .and Sales

If I can play so slowly, so profoundly, and milk each delicious note out of Spanish Dance Number 5 by Enrique Granados, what does that say about the rest of my life? About luxuriating in the moment.

Would it say anything (if at all) about my attitude and approach to sales? Will I, would I be able to, luxuriate in each sales moment? I'd like to.

Wednesday, March 3, 2004

I hate, hate, hate the dead, non-trying life.

I will never be satisfied. . .or happy unless I am pushing aiming higher, trying harder, making the effort. That is the only path of fulfillment and satisfaction.

This is a very important truth to know about myself. Could it even have been the long-term reason I “created” the Alhambra problem? Leyenda and arpeggio problem, too? I needed something to aim at. Subconsciously, I realized that achievement of my aim would only bring me down. In a sense, I worshiped a pagan god. In truth, the path of Alhambra is infinitely upward. I just have to find the next door.

Performer and Salesman

Up to now, salesmanship has been a necessary but secondary step to successful performance (to getting jobs as a performer. . .and customers for tours, weekends, folk dance classes, bookings, etc.). Performance is part of salesmanship, and not vice versa. But I have seen salesmanship as an unartistic, uncreative, necessary but noxious first step. The reward for eating the meal of successful salesmanship has been the bitter herb of giving my concert performance. . . or running my creative and artistic tours, weekends, etc.

But suppose I now reversed the equation. Suppose I made myself, or rather saw myself as a salesman first, a salesman who “happens to perform” (are run tours, weekends, etc.)

In other words, the “refrigerators” I sell happen to come filled with performances, bookings, tours, weekends, folk dance classes; the marketed “clothing, goods, stiff products” of the Jim Gold department store are the Jim Gold International offerings of tours, weekends, folk dance classes, bookings, New Leaf concerts, books sales, boutique items, etc.

I am and would become the leading store salesman.

But the main thing here is the shift or rather revolutionary change in attitude. I would be combining sales and performance by putting salesman first.

I would become a performing salesman, or a salesman whose top skill is in performance.

Performing on the spot, on the phone, in letters, in the market square, in the market place. Selling “refrigerators, cars, and gadgets” to the curious, wary, and partly open public.

New Writing Place

I’m reaching a writing point where I feel I’ve “done the whole New Leaf Journal transformation” thing. It is similar to the 1993-94 point when I had “done the fiction writing and novel” thing. Then I needed a “new form” of writing, a “new reason” to write. From that feeling, A New Leaf was born.

I am in a similar place now. I have “done the New Leaf thing.” Its curative, self-discovery, writing process is now ingrained in my being.

And I have published so much of it there is no longer the need to publish more (although I may). I have exhausted and maybe extinguished my need for the world to know my process. I have just about “done” that, too.

Where all this will lead, I do not know.

Salesmanship and Performance

A great salesman is a great performer;

A great performer is a great salesman.

What is the difference between selling Bach Partitas on the concert stage or Sears refrigerators through a great sales performance at the store, during a door-to-door sales call, or over the phone? Sure the products and sales technique are different. Otherwise, there is none that I can see. Both are selling.

What is the difference, if any, between selling and fucking?

Is sales a type of socially accepted sadism? What about the delicious (but illicit) pleasure of forcing your will on someone else? (A socially accepted use your own mental force). The high fun of convincing others you know the way, you are right, even that you can and are helping them? You affirm yourself. Self-confirmation by

convincing someone else to buy your product, and, essentially, to buy you!

Thursday, March 11, 2004

Should I get a teacher and return to the study of Hungarian? This in preparation for our summer Folkloriada Hungarian tour. If I did, it would be a complete return to my beginnings. After all, when I began the tour business, I devoted that first year to the study of all things Hungarian including language, history, culture, folklore, etc.

Now I've "done everything." It may well be time for a total "return to the future." Ending by starting again at the beginning.

What about the study of Spanish and Hebrew? And the continuation of my computer studies? What about guitar, concerts, editing, sales, and everything else I plan to do? How can I do everything? Shouldn't I learn to focus on one thing at the time? Isn't that the way of real accomplishment? Am I not spreading myself too thin? As I think about doing many things, jumping from one to another, Will I end up accomplishing nothing?

Intense quick focus on one subject, then on to the next. Jumping, jumping. Is this a method? Call this a method? Yet it is the way I think, the way I "do" things. Fast quick jabs, then move on. (But I always return.)

In any case, although these questions may not be answered this morning, I feel I am slowly returning to my linguistic and study roots. Of course, I feel somewhat overwhelmed by this sudden rush of new ideas. But that is normal. Overwhelmed is a dominant feeling in my life. I fluctuate between overwhelmed by too many directions and depressed because I have none. Of the two, I'd rather be overwhelmed.

The Meaning of Tours

All my sales, everything I do, focuses on tours. They play a central, the central role in my sales life.

What is the meaning of this importance?

Why are tours suddenly so central? How important are they to me, to my psyche, to my life? Evidently, more important than I realized.

Excitement and dynamism of tours, of sales, of book sales, booking sales, weekend sales, folk dance class sales, boutique sales. . . . Excitement and dynamism are the common thread.

Can I put this into my language study, my computer study, even my editing? In other words, can I make my studies part of sales?

But mustn't you study something before you can (dare to) sell it? Mustn't you be a master before you can present things to others?

Can I possibly "sell" Hungarian words to my customers? Or for that matter, unfinished (or rather unedited) pages? Or even recording and CD producing computer programs that I am in the process of learning?

Can I sell my learning process to my customers?

What question am I really asking here?

Perhaps I am selling excitement and dynamism, a lifestyle of excitement and dynamism.

Thus I am really selling the "feeling" of excitement, the general adventure of travel – and this whether to a foreign country, a book, or dancing in a circle.

Why not make my studies part of this?

Bring on the Gospel!

The reason I often avoid dealing with others in the outside world is I'm afraid they may squash my enthusiasm.

Well, those days are over. Indeed, they may try to squash it, but I have the confidence and strength to know that they will totally fail! Nothing will squash my enthusiasm ever again! I will not let it. Enthusiasm is my best quality. It is the center and essence of my gospel.

Sales, for me, is enthusiasm focused on others. It used to require their assistance

and agreement. (How could I be enthusiastic, or remain enthusiastic, if they weren't?) But this kind of contingency is now over. My enthusiasm remains, independent of the reactions of others. Sure, I love it when they respond with similar enthusiasm. But if they walk away from me unaffected by my efforts, my enthusiasm remains.

Over and Over

From "Alhambra" and "Leyenda," to push-ups and head stands, to words, phrases, and language study, to whatever else one does: Playing, practicing, doing, performing something over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over again creates a qualitatively different feel. In so doing, it opens new doors, reveals new realities, and thus changes forever the way you do or see things.

Monday, March 15, 2004

Lost in Cyberspace

I feel very uncertain, and unsteady this morning. I have lost my center, my balance, my handle.

I walk on a shifting ocean; waves toss me about. The objective world is splintered and frail. Where is my center?

Part of this is computer frailty. My Address Book has collapsed. But part of it is something else, an ending of old Florida directions. I feel somewhat lost in cyberspace.

Secrets and mysteries are just one of my burdens. I have to learn to live with them. . .and have fun, too. Quite a challenge.

But why should I think of giving up or giving out my secrets? Why now? Probably because I'm feeling so lost and vulnerable, so suddenly out of touch and weakened. Thus will I offer all the powers of my mind to almost anyone. Let me kneel at your feet and divulge all; let me give up all my independence of thought and action. I want to become a helpless child again. And why? Because I am feeling so directionless, teetering on the brink.

But as I find myself again, as strength and self-confidence return, I will once again become the captain of my mind: Free choice will once again rule me.

Why do I feel so awful? I can't figure it out. Could it be a long and disguised form of post-Florida return to the old neighborhood? And this caused by my post-Florida computer success? What else could it be?

The trauma of success. . . in computer form. My desire to give up everything and fall into a hole, my desire to go backwards, to kneel at the foot of a powerful idol: What is creating this traumatized state? What else could it be?

Yes, even though my debts remain, my life has much stabilized. I am having many successes: Alhambra success, Florida Folk Dance Camp success, CD creating/computer success. Now, post-success, I have "nothing." Nothing to aim at, nothing to live for. I feel depressed, low, down, and dumped out. No wonder I want to give everything up including the control of my mind.

What can "cure" me of this state? Only awareness that I have it, that I suffer from it.

Well, this self-awareness has come upon me. Even though I "understand" it, it won't go away. Perhaps it simply has to run its course. Eventually, I may find a new direction and thus, a new source of strength. Meanwhile, what can I do but wait around and suffer, walking on the waves of an unstable ocean?

Yes!

Leyenda C bar and three-fingered arpeggio: the relaxation problem is in the left hand (not the right). I can play with raised thumb, too.

This means I'm moving beyond maintenance. I can improve; I can actually become sensational! A sensational guitarist! Wow. And this physical improvement can occur "even at my age." This means such physical breakthroughs, improvements, can occur in running, yoga, fifties, calliyoga, folk dancing, all.

If the mind can conceive it, the body can (eventually) do it. But the mind must

first believe and envision it.

Why shouldn't this ability to improve and become sensational be true in other fields as well?

Well, I'm sure it is. But each field takes mucho time, energy, focus, and years of training. Obviously, one does not have the time to do them all. But, I could (would and will) focus. . . on the few fields I know and love.

Thus I could, with enough concentration, focus, and effort, become sensational in chosen miracle schedule fields. This might even one day happen in finance! Imagine that! But why not?

Meanwhile guitar playing of Alhambra and Leyenda and etc. is my model.

Risks. . . of Injury

A Strange Form of Motivation

By trying to warm up faster on the guitar or even running, yoga, and calli, I am taking on the risk of injury. But it is the risk itself, the fear and excitement created by standing at the edge, that may inspire, motivate or drive me on.

What about the relationship between risk and the aches and pains created (I create) in my body?

The Trauma of Truth

Euphoria leads to the trauma of truth!

The trauma in Alhambra and Leyenda is knowing and absorbing the musical truth that tremolo and arpeggio melodies are in the bass.

Intellectually, I realized this a few months ago. But knowing it emotionally and in its total psychological profundity takes mucho more time.

Breaking down the doors, crashing through the barriers, often take place in a lighting flash of momentary insight. Learning to live in the new land, building, constructing the new vision "in the flesh," takes weeks, months, even years.

The Gongs of Leyenda

I can't believe this is me. I can't believe I am doing this. I can't believe what I see in Leyenda.

But although I can't believe it, I see it right in front of me. As the ice cracks and I fall into the center of the earth. In its bowels I see the two black notes, E and B, resounding in darkness, chiming through the cosmos, gonging through the universe.

B is tension; E is resolution.

B is longer than E at the (Leyenda) foundation of the universe. I wonder why.

Could it be to emphasize the tension. . . keep the audience awake and alive, keep the performance exciting, keep the universe on its toes?

Sunday, March 21, 2004

Along with Alhambra and Leyenda comes, first Venezuelan Waltz, played rapido with mucho expression, then Bulerias!

Yes, even the lightning fast, picado Bulerias scales I could never do. . . but now I can. . . and am!

The Spring Sonata has come. I am springing across the strings!

Is this what Beyond Passion is all about?

It's just a completely different level of breakthrough fast playing. I don't even have words to describe it. "Breakthrough" and "fast" are old words. Old and dry. They really don't quite describe what is happening or has happened. For these radically different new guitar-playing events, I need a new vocabulary.

How about "Picado pop-through," or "alto hieynda" (Alhambra/Leyenda)?

I don't know. But no present language describes it.

Surely, this "Beyond the Flood" dam breakdown will affect my other lives: the yoga, running, and even language aspects.

The Fever Strikes

Last night I had chill. I went to sleep early. This morning I woke up with a vague sore throat; I have a slight fever and chills. It seems I am at the border of a cold, fever, or some kind of sickness.

I am rarely sick. My first thought is that this is a result of pushing my running speed last Thursday. It's possible. But I was careful. Plus the chills started two days later. Now, it's true, there is a long after-effect to pushing oneself physically.

But I wonder if something else isn't going on.

Look at my victories: Guitar, Alhambra and especially Leyenda victories. Plus I'm starting to find new, vague but future road again. The post-Florida lows are diminishing, nay, even coming to an end. I'm touching new directions. Witness my noun collection: one word a day, my one computer move a day, even my new Yoga Techniques to Get.

But mostly it is my brilliant guitar playing. Never before have I played Alhambra and Leyenda with such fire, speed, and passion. Plus the door is opening to play all my guitar pieces in that way. Truly, a new guitar world of feverish, passionate playing is opening.

Is that why I'm getting sick? Hot, chills, feverish? Is this sickness a reaction to opening the hot gates of fiery, speedy, and ultimately, passionate guitar playing? Could be.

Kabbalah Fever!

Plus the "sales heat" from the Saturday night party in Lake Hiawatha with Sasha, the Tamburitzan performance Sunday, and tonight's Roma concert. All the sales and meeting excitement generated more and much fever. Saturday night fever. This, added to Leyenda and Alhambra fever, simply raise the heat quotient.

All this breakthrough fun is killing me.

It could be Kabbalah fever!

Watch out: Danger from an overabundance of sparks; they are breaking and

burning my vessels.

The explosive fever of success destroyed my immune system. Joy burned down the barriers. Now I am naked and open to any fire, any conflagration.

But I can recover my health . . . through awareness.

Tuesday, March 23, 2004

Is it Back to Writing I Need?

I once established that as long as I write, and I totally believe in the salvation effect of my writing, cosmic depression is vanquished.

But mentally, in approach and attitude, I have “stopped” writing; I have given up its psychological importance. (Oh sure, I write every day “out of habit.” This is good. But somehow, I must return to importance and commitment. And until I do, morning depression will continue to reign.

Is it courage I need? More writing? Or both?

Should I add: Wanting to publish, publicize, and selling my writing?

Yes, I could add sales: Sales of tours, folk dance classes, weekends, bookings, and books – my books!

Maybe it is time to put aside all computer study programs (including Home Studio) until the fall; maybe it is time to replace it with miracle schedule power; maybe it is time to get back to literary commitment with its full-swing writing.

Learning to Wallow

Just go through the motions. . . until something better comes along.

Could this be called an “enjoying the fruits” problem?

How to luxuriate in Alhambra and CD success?

Like a hippo, do nothing but wallow in the water.

Perhaps another mountain will appear. . . perhaps not.

Hit a real down yesterday. The bottom of the creative cycle. Dark artistic or cosmic depression. But in the pit of hell, I found new roots, and shot up through the stratosphere is a blast of historic rebirth!

Yes, I am at the doorway of a new direction. I have found a new purpose and meaning!

Here's how I arrive at today's place:

First I wrote down some ideas: Slavic studies, Rabbinic studies (become or study to become a rabbi), Jewish studies, Computer studies.

Then I wrote: Become an expert in Eastern European culture: Byzantine, Jewish, Balkan, Slavic studies. A twenty-year project. Language and history.

Write a history of the Balkans, Hungary, Slavic, etc. My own history of and for tours, etc. A pamphlet or short history book. A Mad Shoe History Series.

What would happen if I "took off" on history? A Hungarian History book, Bulgarian, etc.

Combine language (one year) with history of the country, a tour, a write a Mad Shoe History of the country. Study the language, country history, then write my own Mad Shoe History of said country.

Saturday, March 27, 2004

Success and Four-Six Week Return to the Old Neighborhood

At the bottom of the lake, in the pit of the river, was, is, might have been a long, extended, return to the old neighborhood. A push-down after a big success. A completion.

What is the difference between success and completion? For me "success" means I need (old neighborhood) praise, applause, and love – none to little of which came from the Ma high above. "Completion" (I rarely feel this one) must have the emotions of quite satisfaction, normal rest and relaxation after a finishing along with no bad or "old neighborhood" feelings.

My four-six week down took me by such surprise! It may well have been caused by a return to the old neighborhood.

The culmination was the down following my “successful” fast run last Thursday. I was even bordering on a feverish sickness by Friday night. True, it could have been from the strain of over-running. But more likely, knowing me, it was an “excuse” to return to the old neighborhood.

I’m much wiser and more aware of these returns now. Nevertheless, the whole thing took me by surprise.

We’ll see where this new and present awareness leads.

Indeed, my road during the past few weeks lies strewn with successes in actually playing of Alhambra and Leyenda, computer CD completions, and my positive attitude towards computer, taxes, mechanical, household, and other problems. Basically, instead of trying to avoid them, or “facing” them with huge annoyance, I now am trying to look at them clearly and calmly and try to “figure them out.” This is an incredible attitudinal leap forward. Attitude success, indeed!

Another subtle reason to return, or rather retreat into, the old, not-yet-dead habit patterns of the old neighborhood.

I am wise to them. But they come anyway, no doubt, because on this new road the vegetation is different and I cannot see as clearly.

But eventually I figure it out.

Don’t forget the success in Florida! A culmination of CD learning, culture corner, performing and teaching prowess. Florida Folk Dance Camp:” the biggest success of all!

Strange how I discounted and totally “forgot” about Florida.

Birth of an Entrepreneur was born in Florida.

Monday, March 29, 2004

Miracle Schedule Pole is Best

There is a lot of internal rot going on. . . most of it inside my head.

Perhaps it is a “natural” consequence of an ending, a win. But natural or not, there is a definite decay of internal energy coupled with a loss of direction, purpose, and, of course, focus.

As I thrash around looking for new directions, purposes, and meaning, I can find basically “nothing new.” Only a vague “restoration of the old” hangs over my head. It this a cloud or does it camouflage hidden rays of the sun?

Perhaps what I, or which aspect within the miracle schedule circle I chose, really does not matter. All have high purpose; all are good-in-themselves. Even putting my energy into their restoration is good. It will release energy through focus and concentration. And I will move beyond this overwhelming cloud, this blanket of fatigue.

A restoration of the old miracle schedule may be in order. Perhaps nothing essential has changed. I once had direction; I once had meaning and purpose. Such significance always resided in my miracle schedule. But lost it, forgot it.

Return and restoration is in order. Perhaps by simply recognizing that nothing has changed, everything has changed!

Time to put my mind on a pole. . . any pole. (Miracle schedule pole is best.) If I don't, the genie will eat me up.

The “Going Public” Idea Expands into Performing Direction

Perhaps I am (restarting out) in a general performing direction. (This includes both one-man-shows and performing groups. A few years ago, in therapy, I explored the “going public idea. In fact, most of my therapy was about going public with my hidden inner self. That's what New Leaf was all about. Moving now in a performing direction may well be an expansion of the going public idea.

Thursday, April 1, 2004

Existential Despair Meets the Warrior

“Existential despair.” I like this Christopher Hitchens term. With the collapse of the stock market and my tour business, it perfectly fits and reflects the present feelings I have about paying off my debts.

My fight against debt is like the fight against terrorism: It will take many years to conquer. Maybe even my entire life time. To my credit, I have finally faced and accepted the challenge. As a warrior, I now recognize the herculean struggle before me.

My choices before “debt terrorism” are either to sink into existential despair or to fight.

Sinking is not an option.

I have begun the fight.

Perhaps the first feeling preceding such a fight is existential despair at the enormity of my task, the difficulty of ascending the mountain I will (and must) climb.

A many year struggle.

The first question of the warrior is: How do I begin?

If it has taken me so many years to face the difficulty of paying off my debts, I can well understand why it may take so many years for a liberal to realize one must fight terrorism by killing off the terrorists. The bully must be defeated, totally annihilated. It is the only way. Until that time, political blindness and stupidity prevail.

When the bully in the yard beats you up, and you retreat in terror to the darkest corners of your mind, it may take years, even a lifetime to recover. Or, you may stay forever trembling in your appeasement corner, never to recover.

Facing ones fears is annoying; facing terror is terrifying. But without facing them, they simply grow and become even more annoying. Ultimately, there is no choice but to face them.

Climbing over hills of embarrassment, mountains of humiliation to finally reach

the Valley of Fear, and the rocky Plains of Terror. There you pick up your weapons. The Armageddon fight against the enemies of Fear and Trembling begins.

Part of my (unrealistic) hopes in the stock market is that it will soften the blows of debt terrorism. In this, I have always been totally wrong. Realistically, the stock market has only increased debt terrorism. Yet I never give up my “unrealistic” hope.

I wonder why. Why do I never learn? Is it that if I give up my hope, I will succumb to existential despair? Is such despair worse than holding on to unrealistic hope? Probably.

But nevertheless, today I am, for some reason, facing my existential debt despair. This new look at an old problem is fueled by disgust and anger; but also fueled by amazement, awe, and wonder. Why does it go on so long? How could I not succeed in paying it off quickly? I am in awe (and wonder) that this annoyance seems to never end, to go on forever.

Like terrorism, and evil, I have underestimated their long lasting (ever lasting) strength and power.

A Good Fight Can Be Exhilarating!

Why do I (did I) underestimate debt terrorism?

One reason is that its annoyance blots and blocks my beatific visions.

Another reason might be reticence at facing and jumping into a good fight.

But once you jump in, and give it all you’ve got, a good fight can be exhilarating!

Art and Rubbing

On the other hand, maybe you have to be partly oppressed to create your art. Look at the Serbs’ folk poetry (with the gusle) created from the Ottoman rule and oppression).

The pearl needs rubbing to be created, and to shine!

Art (the creation of art) is also a fight. . . with its own exhilaration for jumping in.

Is it time for something new on the guitar (I can't believe I'm saying or asking this), something beyond Alhambra or Leyenda?

Does it mean the night of Alhambra and Leyenda is coming to an end, an end to Alhambra Nights? Slowly and probably.

Lots of endings here. Guitar endings. I wonder if there is also a yoga (and running) ending in sight, too.

Friday, April 2, 2004

How to Become a Child Again?

Where did my fun self go? I haven't had it for a long time. Maybe it is time to "recommit" myself to having fun. Only do it if it's fun; I deserve it. This is "retirement" at its best.

But what about debt? It's part of my life and won't go away for a long time, maybe never.

Well, of course, debt could be "fun," too. It once was. Why not make it so again? I just have to figure out how to make it so.

My concept of fun, joy really, is the only answer to existential despair. It also creates transcendental exhilaration.

I proved to myself that I am an adult. How? I can now play Alhambra, write in a "serious," New Leaf manner, make a living, support my family.

I am proven; proof has been accomplished. I no longer have to prove myself as a guitarist, writer, and show that I have a "serious side." I don't even have to support my family anymore. True, I still have to make a living. But I am doing that anyway.

At last I have proven myself. Now I can go back to being the child I always

wanted to be!

Thus my present existential question is: How can I learn to play and become a child again?

A child sees the world fresh, plays, and has fun. Children don't look for challenges. Challenges and risks come along; they always do. But for children, they are secondary. Play and fresh vision are primary. Challenge and risk are part of their fun.

So ends a New Leaf