

## Deepening

Thursday, July 8, 2004

Can my Guitar Playing be Improved?

On Alhambra Thumb and Finger Separation

Alhambra: A tiny space of time between thumb and ami (ring, middle, index) fingers. Two “separate” parts, separate voices. Gives a moment time to relax and focus on a,m,i fingers.

How can I go further on the guitar? How, where, and what can I, or should I, study?

Am I at the point where only self-examination and self-exploration will work? Will discoveries and learning only take place through practice, introspection, and meditation upon what I am playing? (Such as today’s Alhambra practice “discovery” of the separation between thumb and fingers.)

Or are there books to read, places to go, other guitarists to talk to?

I don’t know.

It seems I’m at the point where only self-examination will lead to improvement. But I could be wrong. Perhaps there are others out there. . . .

Do I even want to step beyond myself? Or do I want to stay in this enclosed “self” world, practicing over and over again until I “get it right?”

This is a qualitative question, not a quantitative one. I don’t want or need new pieces. I only want to play the old ones right.

But is there ever a right? Am I, by going so inward, going around in circles? I never seem to get anywhere. And where is the where I am trying to get to, in the first place?

Smooth, relaxed, and easy is where I want to get. Does such a place even exist?

Maybe for a few moments. But isn't such transience "unreal?"

What is guitar depth and deepening? Can one study, learn, and "work" on it?

Yet it seems this Alhambra finger separation idea is a good one. Hope rises again. Will it turn into another will-of-the-wisp? Or am I trying to deny, even to crush, a really new inspiring idea?

Probably, knowing me, it is the latter. After all, I don't want to seem like a fool. I've "gotten it" so often, only to slip backwards again. Do I finally have the gold this time? Or do I only have hope for the gold?

And is the best answer I have, the vague: "We'll see?"

Maybe that in itself is the only answer. . . and a good one at that.

But in "we'll see," I am asking for permanence, hoping to find everlasting, guitar playing happiness.

Maybe I should just stay small and happy with today's discovery.

### Breaking Through and Broken Through

On the other hand, maybe this is the breakthrough I've been looking for! Carpe diem. Go for it!

Suppose I am on the verge of a breakthrough not only in guitar, but in all other areas! Suppose I have actually already broken through! Suppose now. I only need realize this truth in order to complete the task. Isn't this a wow!

If this broken through truth is true, then how have I broken through in other areas?

Tours come to mind. And guitar, and the yoga/running syndrome.

Broken through? How so?

How does my right hip relate to broken through? How about the desire to know and study computers?

Suppose in the pain of rebirth, my new body has already been created. How does my (formerly) hurting right hip relate to this? Is its pain part of the rebirthing process?

Suppose I am in breakthrough mode. And that has been my June down, aching, and lost problem.

Suppose the pre-tour anxiety to Slovenia, Croatia, and Hungary is really no pre-tour anxiety at all! Suppose I have broken through to confidence and competence and that is where I stand!

Tour confidence. Alhambra and arpeggio, too. Maybe there is even more up the road.

Suppose the year's transitional work is culminating in the summer breakthrough; and I am moving on to new levels.

Feels right. Post-Breakthrough Land: An unexplored new area.

### "Easy"

Where it all flows with confidence, and becomes "easy."

First test and practice of "easy" is in this morning's yoga.

As I do my yoga exercises, "easy feels "tired."

I wonder what that means

### Working in "Easy" Mode

Am I tired because of the heat? Lack of direction? Or because I don't know how to work or even function in "easy" mode?

Friday, July 9, 2004

Do I Need a Terrible Start?

Forces of Darkness and Light

I am starting out this morning once again in terrible physical and mental shape.

This kind of morning start is becoming, has become, perhaps always was, a regular occurrence.

Could it be I need a terrible start? It is like a descent into the moist, dark, bottom of the basement; there I find nutrients, my energy source, to help me face the day outside the house.

Deep in the darkness, I find my home, my source of black energy. Negative winds blow me into the basement. This may be a necessary, even "good" thing. And this, even though it feels so bad. Paradox and contradiction, indeed.

Aches and pains, physical traumas, are also part of the basement; so are depressing mental states. All moist fodder emanating from the central powers of darkness; hidden atomic powers, nighttime energy centers used to stimulate the forces of light and day.

I hate them! But in some mean and miserable way, they do work.

The Struggle Goes On

Only the Energy Remains Eternal

The Democrats and the Left will never be defeated; but they will never win completely, either. Same is true of the Republicans and the Right. The struggle ever goes on.

Same is true in my body: the aches and pains and physical traumas will never be defeated; but they will never completely win, either. Same with mental depression: it will never be defeated; it will ever rise. But it will never win completely either. The struggle ever goes on.

To hope for complete victory is total illusion. Temporary, "seeming" victory is all one can achieve. When one side "wins," the other lurks ever in the background, working at undermining the walls, ever ready to take over. Eventually, it does. . . only to soon lose its foothold, and, once again, slip down the future slope. Back and forth, up and down, light versus darkness, the struggle goes on, endless and forever.

Only the Energy remains eternal.

### Student of Computer Design, Computer Graphics

#### A New "Artistic" Direction? I Hope So

I used to be an artist. And that was fine.

But now I am becoming a techno person. What is that doing to my brain?

Can techno person and artist be, in way, combined? How about techno-person artist? Or, in more common parlance, student of computer design, computer designer. Is this my next "artistic adventure?"

Evidently, since I am, in my soul, an artist, I want and need to attach some kind of artistic significance to my computer existence.

How about computer graphics, computer artist. The visual sense. Is this "a new direction?" I hope so.

And this along with CD engineer, Nero, musical design.

Musical design, musical designer: This term combines both art and music, an "artist" of art and music. A music and art (Music and Art) "artist." It certainly fits my love pattern.

There is no denying it: I am (slowly) being sucked into the computer world.

Saturday, July 10, 2004

Is it that I am hurtling down from the simple life of an artist to the complex life and study of computers.

Why am I so tense? What is bothering me? Even my lower back hurts! A true sign. Have I lost my artistic bearings in the process?

Sunday, July 11, 2004

Why is this block being thrown in my way now?

What does "hip" mean, anyway?

Even though mentally, I seem to be breaking out in all kinds of computer directions, artistically, I feel like I am in prison. Intellectually, too, although this is a bit alleviated by the computer interest and direction.

Or maybe not artistically in prison; a better description is: at a standstill. . . and at the edge of prison.

How is this reflected, if at all, by my hip?

Care, caution, restricted movement.

### Musical Interpretation

#### A New Form of Saying Hello

Is there any hope for new musical direction in interpretation of these pieces? Say, the Bach Prelude in D minor,, etc.

Is interpretation a skill, a direction, an anything? Is it worth the effort? Is it even an effort? Or is a mere "talent," an outgrowth of natural exuberance expressed once you technically master the piece?

Is interpretation itself part of technical mastery?

Is there a false separation between technique and interpretation?

Of course, musical interpretation does concern itself with depth. And deepening is the direction in which I have recently been going.

Also, there really is no other choice. I have absolutely no interest in learning new pieces. I have too many old ones that are sitting unused by the wayside. How can I

rescue them from the wayside? Perhaps through interpretation.

Can one study interpretation. . . or practice it? It is, on one level, so easy. What is the challenge? What is there to practice? On the other hand, I have nothing else left to do. Musically, it seems to be the only way left to me.

What is interpretation but a mere expression of self. In order for it to grow and develop, one must merely know more about the self. This comes through life experience which I am getting anyway. No need to “practice” this.

I want and need a challenge; I want and need to grow.

Interpretation seems to be no challenge at all. Or is it? Should or can I make it one? Or does it fall into my lap simply by default?

Should I consult with Dorothy Grimm? Deidre? Other?

I might begin this quest by attending concerts, public performances, and see what happens.

This question of musical direction and interpretation is beyond performance anxiety, fears of audience reaction. Sure I'll probably have that; but trying to conquer it is not enough of a motivation for me.

I need a (musical) reason to keep playing my guitar. Technical (Alhambra) reasons are no longer enough. It seems I've gone, finished, and closed off all other routes. Interpretation, expressing my “self,” may be the only way left.

What, if anything, does this have to do with my hip? Something, perhaps. God works in mysterious ways. Who knows, it might be “hip” to perform again.

In my mind, a hip injury closes off dancing and even tours. But my upper body is okay. I can still use my arms and voice; I can still play guitar, and even sing. In some

subtle, God-like way, dos this funnel my focus back into guitar, song, and performing? But in a new, different way, by adding the challenging expansion of interpretation? I hope so.

Expansion and growth. . .through interpretation. Hmmm.

The focus on this would remove much performance anxiety. I might even want to perform for strangers, friends, and even at the Dorothy party. For free.

Focus on interpretation might simply become another way of "talking" to people at parties, public gatherings, etc. And I've always liked talking, just standing there, improvising, throwing the banter around.

Could the guitar, through interpretation, become an expansion and expression of my voice, another way of simply talking to others? That would be nice. Hmmm.

It means I would (could, might want to) simply walk around and play the guitar just about anywhere. It would become just another form of saying hello. Hmm.

To allow myself to sing Cucuruccuci with all its vocal warts and beauty. . . softly, slowly, with talking, singing, moaning, weeping, wailing, cracking voice. . .

Other songs as well. . .

Is this the true vocal (and otherwise) meaning of interpretation? No doubt.

Monday, July 12, 2004

Alhambra and otherwise: If my emphasis is on interpretation and expression, then speed is absolutely besides the point.

Tuesday, July 13, 2004

New Field and Direction, Indeed

Computer Art and/or Multi-Media Artist

I can't do anything more in my computer life today. But at least I have (finally) established a direction!



It is contained, has something to do with the words (title or rubric): Computer Art and Multi-Media Artist. Thus such a field includes Writing/Painting/Music or Language/Picture/Sound.

The idea crystallized when I looked at the artist's creations in my new Photoshop 7 book by Elaine Weinmann and Peter Lourekas. "Did you actually draw/paint these pictures on a computer?," I asked. "Using a mouse?" If yes, wow! I should learn it!

The new direction has all to do with computers—learn as much as I can about them, and the arts as expressed through the use of a computer and computer program skills.

These skills involve the knowledge of:

1. Dreamweaver: specialize in web design.
2. Quark: in writing and publishing skills
3. Nero: specialize in CD and music file creation skills, cover designs etc.
4. Photoshop: specialize in computer art and design skills.
5. Building a PC for Dummies: This plus other electronics, technical. and theoretical books specializing in the technical analysis, understanding, and knowledge of how computers are put together, how they work.

I may eventually even learn a computer language. Like HTML. A programming language. To know how programming works.

I have to step back a little, look at what I am doing, and where I am going. And I just did. Direction, indeed!

### Micro-Running

Read John Dolan's E-mail comments on micro-running:

"Thanks for the micro-running vibrations. I need them. Is the remark about "great laughs in inner truths and great truths in inner laughs" yours? I like it."

"If, due to lack of courage and fear of public humiliation, you do not feel ready for outside micro-running, you can always do the "inner" version: meditate on it real hard and slow.

There are great laughs in inner truths and great truths in inner laughs.

The new question is: How can and/or will I use and express this new computer interest while I am leading my tours, especially this up-coming three week trip to Slovenia, Croatia, and Hungary? Where and how will these new computer skills fit in?

Friday, July 16, 2004

I have to do Photoshop within Photoshop, live on the computer.

Sunday, July 18, 2004

Re Ben: Your inner giant has to be encouraged to express itself and grow.

(Otherwise, it may turn around and eat you!)

### Three Interesting New Ideas and Future Directions

I just wrote down three new directions and ideas:

1. Photoshop.....Learn more techniques to become a (better) graphic artist.
2. Gaida....Evidently, I'll never find a teacher. Or rather and perhaps, my teacher is right in front of me. He lies in the print out of the Gaida book. Read, study, practice, and learn it.

3. New body development

New body? New body development? That's a new one. I wonder what it means. It its foundation based on my new right hip. . .and other, namely, left knee, shoulders, wrists, and the peripherals, other growing pains?

I wonder if exercises for development of “new body” will be based on the guitar warm-ups “soft and focused touch, the relaxed and loose approach.”

Monday, July 19, 2004

### Computer Study

After a year in the transitional wilderness I may have finally turned the corner. I feel the rising excitement of new possibilities.

Where? In what?

I have decided to become a “computer expert,” or at least, much better, more skilled, in their use.

What does this mean? How do I go about it? Join a computer club, take lessons, go back to school, other, etc.

What about making a living? Well, for now, computers could be a fascinating sideline, a “hobby.” How I hate the word “hobby.” I prefer passion. Computer study, learning, growing, expanding as a passion. Now there’s an approach I can go for.

I could do both; I’ll have to do both; I may even want to do both. Computers and making a living; computer studies and sales. All while maintaining my miracle schedule skills. Why not?

The four pillars supporting my miracle schedule are: writing, guitar/singing, yoga/running, and study. Actually, I am filling in the four pillar (study) of my miracle schedule with computer studies.

This is not radically new. It is merely somewhat of a switch from language and history to computer study.

### Enthusiasm Reborn

After a year in the transitional wilderness, it is so nice to find enthusiasm, to be enthusiastic, about something again. And it is new, too.

The enthusiasm about computers could also flood backwards, reinvigorate,

inspire, fuel, revivify, and bring new life into all aspects of the miracle schedule, too. Thus it could invigorate, redirect, and rekindle new possibilities in guitar playing, singing, yoga, running, and even writing. How, I don't know yet. But I sense it can. . . and will.

Perhaps they will all be "computerized" . . . but who knows.

However, the first step was (is) to realize and admit that I am now onto a new path of study. And to admit that, thank God, it is exciting!

Computer study may (will) water the stationary, stagnant, limbo transitional old plants of my miracle schedule. It may create new and future flowers. Let the petals fall where they may!

Is that what this New Leaf is about? Are computers and computer study what lies "Beyond Passion?"

Perhaps "Beyond Passion" was never quite the right expression, the right combination of words. Rather, it may, in reality, indicate a new kind of passion, a passion Beyond Passion, one kindled by science, organization, and numbers.

Thus I am somewhat moving into the future by returning to the past. This "new passion" may tie into my high school romantic fascination with physics.

#### Sales Must Grow Out of Enthusiasm

Sales spring from enthusiasm. Thus they may (should and must) grow organically from my enthusiasm for all these fields.

This is the only way sales could become part of, become totally integrated, with the miracle schedule. The unifying aspect of the schedule, the miracle uniting all its aspects and making it wholesome through its vivifying miraculous quality, is enthusiasm.

(The new learning enthusiasm is computers.)

Sales must grow out of enthusiasm. (Otherwise, forget it.) That's it. . .and final!

### Problems are Forever

Most of (so much of) computers is dealing with problems. Problems and problem solving.

How am I going to like that? What will be my attitude?

This would be a life attitudinal change: a positive and welcoming approach to daily, constant problems. Tour problems, money problems, relationship problems, business problems, artistic problems, organizational problems, sales problems, cosmic problems, all problems. Problems are forever. Computers point that out, highlight it: Problems appear suddenly, instantaneously, and in most frustrating manner.

Will it help my attitude towards problems and my approach to solving them? We'll see.

In fact, most if not all of life is problems and problem solving. Life is a problem; life is problem solving. Always has been, always will be.

Admit it, deal with it, love it, and move on. To what? The next problem, . . .and then. . . more problems.

Tuesday, July 20, 2004

### Slower, More Thoughtful, and with Gravitas

After many years of practice, maybe my total guitar learning (Alhambra, Leyenda, Flamenco, and etc.) is: I must play at my own pace. . .which is slower, more thoughtful, and with more gravitas.

Knowing this is a giant step in a smaller direction.

### Mourning

A deep feeling of transience, sadness, decay, and death. Why now? I wonder.

It feels like I am older, and passing out of a certain phase. Perhaps the sadness is a mourning, a saying goodbye to an old attitude, neighborhood, and way of life. I am

moving on. . . to where I don't exactly know. But, in the process, I am giving up, losing something.

The first manifestation is my seeming acceptance of playing guitar at my own pace. Giving up the push and dreams of becoming Segovia, playing like him, getting "better;" I am giving up, losing old dreams, and motivations, too. A year of transition is also coming to a close. I am "sliding downwards" into acceptance.

This is all not a bad thing. It's just that the first stage feels sad.

But the second stage. . . what a freedom! To play slowly, the way I want, and whatever pace I want, whenever I want it! Wow!

Maybe I should bring my computer to Slovenia, Croatia, and Hungary, to write about and chronicle these developments.

Yes, I am losing, giving up, my old sources of motivations. But they are being replaced with a freedom to go in any direction I want.

If this is happening in classical guitar, will it also happen in other areas? Leading tours, running, yoga, etc.? We'll see.

Is that the "meaning" of my "hip replacement"? See its relationship to mother (and her hip replacement.)

Wednesday, July 21, 2004

#### Endorphin Release Program: Give It My All!

I am teaching folk dancing halfway, holding back, not giving it my all. Thus I am getting injured. I am preventing, not letting, the endorphins get released and do their work.

In order to release healing endorphins, I must give it (folk dancing, running, yoga, etc.) my all.

This is a great thought, a great idea. I just wonder if it is true in material reality.

I'm doing a kind of experiment: By giving it my all, I will either cure myself or create more injury. I won't know until I try.

Nevertheless, I sense that I will cure myself. . . if I dare give it my all.

No question I injured my hip a few weeks ago. The cause: I'm not sure. Maybe overuse through running. Who knows? But, in any case, after a few days of rest, the pain of the injury should have gone away. But it didn't. And it still hasn't. So, like a John Sarnoian back injury, I must ask why. Perhaps I have a vested interest in "keeping" the injury. (After all, it could divert my attention from my up-coming tour fears).

I am ready to try something new: the give-it-my-all approach. I truly believe its release of endorphins will heal me.

What does post-transition, give-it-my-all, mean?

Is it any different from pre-transitional give-it-my-all?

Is it the same wild, off-the-wall, gone-crazy, mad shoe passion? Or is it more measured? Should it be more measured? Or is that another form of holding back?

Thursday, July 22, 2004

### The Great Scary

The study of book design.

Also live concerts. . . a challenge.

I "need" some fear. I am resisting awe and terror.

I need that new, vital, and scary source of motivation.

The big run, the powerful 50's, the live concert.

That is what "fast" symbolizes in the Alhambra: awe, terror, fear. . . and eventually, wonder.

Language and tourism, too.

Why do I resist it?

It's scary, that's why. But scary is also the wild, dangerous, and glorious source of motivation and wonder.

Speed, fear, quantity, and dancing at the edge.

The sloppy speed of release.

There is no public in the quest. . . nor private. There is only the great scary.

Maximum effort puts one at the edge of the great scary.

There is no "business as usual" in the great scary. Nor is there moderation, measurement, calm or ease. Nor does it matter your route of interest, creation, or activity.

I am writing for the few and for eternity.

Thus I have a hidden, awesome responsibility to publish what I write. These concepts are eternal and will resound throughout history. Faith, along with help from the great scary, will push me through the hoops of illusion and drive me on.

Friday, July 23, 2004

This is (Photoshop) after all, a hobby, not a vital need.

#### New "Ability"

Bach Suite in E minor, etc.

The "ability" to forget in the middle, fiddle around, improvise, consider, think, muddle and meditate, then move on and pick up somewhere else.

Would this be a new "ability," a new "direction?" I'll always want one. Actually, I'd like a new ability and direction each day. That, after all, is what New Leaf is all about.



Guitar. . . and other: Do I fall asleep because I am at the edge of the great scary?  
Is falling asleep the resistance to entering the great scary, to falling into its chasm?

Saturday, July 24, 2004

Sloppy and Loose

Guitar: Practicing with sloppiness; practicing with the sloppiness.  
Sloppy and loose may open up a whole new world of guitar playing. . . and  
more.

Sunday, July 25, 2004

Some Day

It seems now my total study is of computers. That is what I am totally and  
passionately in to. I am not ready to deepen or study other things. . . yet.

But I can nevertheless, make plans for the future.

What future projects when I am ready?

1. Torah study through Hebrew. . . a la David Wander, Partners in Torah. . .some  
day.

2. The martial arts "dance" forms: Kung Fu, etc.

But the deepening of the guitar world through constant daily practice is for now.

(Could I "throw in" a constant daily Hebrew practice, the "one word a day: idea?  
It's "easy." Will, can, do I want to, do it? We'll see.)

If you truly believe in Spirit and the spiritual life, you know that even when  
alone you affect and effect others.

Monday, July 26, 2004

Vital is Sales; All Else is Entertainment

All the computer work and learning I am now doing is no longer vitally important. The only vitally important thing now is sales. I have enough computer savvy and skills for survival level. (The only vital I can think of this morning is learning to address labels in Address Book.)

Then why improve? Why learn more? Why pursue Photoshop, more Dreamweaver and Quark?

For growth, fun, and entertainment.

Three sources of motivation: Survival, social life, entertainment.

“Sharing the interesting things I do with others” equals sales. It is a combination of survival, social life, and entertainment.

### Breath. . . and Guitar

The reason I fall asleep while playing Alhambra, and other pieces, before concerts, and even before folk dance teaching, is due to my breathing. . . or lack of breathing.

Actually, due to the tension and intensity of my concentration, I almost stop breathing. This is what causes me to fall asleep.

What can I do about this? First, become aware of my breath. Watch my breathing during guitar playing, pre-folk dance teaching, etc.

I am almost totally unaware of my breathing patterns in Alhambra, guitar playing, and guitar practice.

How can I become more aware? Where do I begin?

Finally I see the importance of knowing, studying, and practicing yogic breath.

Perhaps I can start by seeing the level of anxiety of I feel when playing Alhambra. Perhaps I am partially frozen in the anxiety. I feel it deep in the pit of my stomach; it cuts off my breath. I practically stop breathing.

Breath, anxiety, and visceral fear: all found and “expressed” in my Alhambra practice and playing.

What to do about it? Awareness is a beginning.

There’s a hornet’s nest of anxiety in my Alhambra; panic and breathlessness. I almost stop breathing. Locked in the coffin. Suffocating.

Is it a fear of death? Certainly, there is suffocating, loss of breath, and falling asleep.

Is it my mother or Alexander Bellow sitting on me? What a suffocating, breathless and hidden trauma playing the Alhambra must touch on.

It must be the infant squashing/suffocation of my personality by mother in Alexander Bellow form.

A trauma experienced after birth, and/or during the first one or two years of my life. . . then set in stone, stamped on my personality. Constantly revisited and re-experienced in today’s modern Alhambra playing.

Thus Alhambra may not be a guitar problem at all, but rather a psychological one.

I ran two-and-a-half hours!

Tuesday, July 27, 2004

#### Post-Transitional Direction

It’s not a guitar problem; it’s a psychological problem. Indeed.

Also there is a complete lack of meaning this morning. Is it a fatigue question, lack of passion, or both. Or does the lack of passion (created by fatigue) create the lack of meaning?

Probably.

This means, on a psychological level, there is no doubt I can play Alhambra and all the others.

I don't even need to practice; I only need to think differently.

After a post-transitional year, it is a nice post-transitional gift.

Would I return to school shows?

I can't "return;" I can only go forward. Can I "go forward" to school shows? It would mean an entirely new career.

I definitely need a new audience. For folk dancing, tours, weekends, but also for concerts, bookings, and, in general.

Where do I get them? How do I find them?

That is definitely my post-transitional direction.

Wednesday, July 28, 2004

#### Post-Transitional Attitude

Strong Alhambra,

strong, powerful Alhambra.

Strong, powerful, post-transitional attitude.

An attitude, not a technique.

It starts with the guitar.

Same with tours. I've got the technique down.

Now it's an attitude: a strong, powerful, post-transitional leadership attitude.

Thursday, July 29, 2004

#### Slovenia, Croatia, and Hungary Tour Goal

In the next three weeks: Get my personal satisfaction by running the best tour possible, with focus and concentration, and, do it all in the God worshipping fashion of b'simcha.

I also want to add a strong, powerful, "Alhambra," post-transitional, b'simcha leadership attitude.

Thus can I improve my guitar playing and leadership in one b'simcha stroke.

Friday, July 30, 2004

Something to Think About:

Can I Find Passion in Deepening?

Do I need a new guitar repertoire? Do I need new pieces, a new direction, to compose new pieces, or even learn to improvise and play jazz?

Is this the ultimate psychological reason for my Alhambra block: the realization that if I master it, I'll have nothing to look forward to? In other words, Alhambra mastery will mean a type of creative, musical, guitaristic, psychological death.

What is there to look forward to in my guitar playing? How much can I deepen and improve what I do? The answer is: mucho. Nevertheless, I may still need brand new horizons, new lands and areas to conquer in order to keep my guitaristic juices flowing. I have stopped my conquest and growth at the Alhambra door. Isn't it time to move on to something new?

Perhaps, in my upcoming post-transition life, I can do both: play Alhambra and move on to something new.

Where do or will I go?

Is there even a place I am interested in?

If there is no new place, will I not die on the guitar? My unaccomplished goal of Alhambra conquest (may not) is not enough.

Is it a commandment? I'd better find a new area, a new direction, or my guitar playing will die.

Indeed, something to ruminate on, to think about, during this upcoming tour of Slovenia, Croatia, and Hungary.

Truly, by September, I will have entered the phase of post-transformational life. By this fall, everything will be new. New attitude, new directions, new forms. And this on top of, along side, besides, the old.

None of the old forms (will) work.

What will be the new ones?

Suppose I can find nothing new? Suppose I have done, played, and learned everything, every style and piece I want to learn? Suppose I am at a guitaristic dead-end?

Suppose all I have (or even want) is deepening?

Deepening is not exactly a dead-end. But what is it? What does it mean? Playing Alhambra, and the same pieces over and over again for the rest of my life? Maybe.

Maybe I have reached the end; maybe this new post-transitional state, this ending (will be) is the form of the new beginning. After all, it is "new."

No question, I feel somewhat stuck. Am I? What does this all mean?

But truly, at this point, all I seem to be interested in doing is the same things over and over again. Is that part of the deepening process? Yes.

Is it enough for me? Maybe. Probably. We'll see.

Quantitatively, with my miracle schedule and more, I certainly have enough areas to conquer, in which to work, grow, and improve. Staying in them, working in and repeating them daily, deepening them, certainly appears to be a "reasonable" way to go. But I am not reasonable. What about wild new escapades and my Mad Shoe mind? Where will it go? What will it do? Can it find adventure and satisfaction in "merely" deepening?

Is there a wildness in deepening? Can I let loose and fly within the “comfort” of these familiar, old, and mastered forms.

Or do I need “lack of confidence” in order to run wild on the lawn and inspire me? Well, no. I certainly don’t want to go back to that old road.

Indeed, I am in a new place, a post-transitional new land.

How can I run wild in it? How can I allow inspiration into my being, and then, let this mad shoe god run wild on my lawn?

Somehow wildness, risk, daring, and passion have to be released into the deepening.

Can this (kind of passion) be found in a slow Alhambra, a confident tour, a knowing run, an aware push-up?

Can I find passion in deepening?

There is no question that deepening is a slower adventure. Vertical digging into the center of the earth takes more time than traveling horizontally across its surface.

A voyage to the center of the earth.

What is the purpose of injuries?

Injuries create deepening.

They slow you down and make you wise.

Focused, not frightened.

Or, using the energy of awe (awe energy) to focus myself.

A slow, commanding, Alhambra power.

A slow, commanding, Slovenia/Croatia/Hungary tour power.

Confidence in competence leads to slow and commanding.

Confidence is transitional and post-transitional; it leads to slow, careful planning, slow, careful playing (the gravitas style); this, in turn, leads to competence, competence leads to a commanding presence, playing the tour or guitar with slow and stately gravitas.

This would mean no more public performances on the (classical) guitar, or rather, no more “playing” for the public. I only play for the slow adventure into the music and, in the process, the discovery and recovery of myself.

Saturday, July 31, 2004

New Yoga Discipline

Can I begin my new yoga discipline on tour?

Why not? It would be a good place to start. And give me something important to do with my mind. . . and body.

Monday, August 2, 2004

Tour Deepening

The First Step in-Depth Tour Direction Step

We're in Ljubljana. Our new guide, Blaz Bostjancic, is a winner. Last night, after a beautiful gourmet supper at the Union Hotel, we spoke about a future May, 2006 tour: it would include three or four days in Germany (Bavaria: Munich, Salzburg or both), 3 or four days in northern Italy (the Trieste region, Venezia Julia,?s? name), and one week in Slovenia. This would mean three countries: Germany, Italy, Slovenia, and three languages: German, Italian, Slovenian, three linguistic branches: Germanic, Latin, and Slavic. It would also include yodeling, lederhosen, and folklore festivals in, say, Maribor, Tre Glav, etc.

I would be studying three new regions: Bavarian history (of which I know almost nothing), northern Italian history, Lombards, etc (of which I know almost nothing), and



Slovenian history (of which I know almost nothing.) A winner!

Rebirth mode!

Would this new tour-in-depth vision revitalize yoga and other practices? We'll see.

I might still go to Japan!

A general explosion of self, expansion, and depth!

### Year of Revitalization

Last year was a year of transition; this year is forming as a year of revitalization!

My shoulder sockets did not hurt during push-ups. Is this due to a 2-3 day rest? Revitalization vision? Both?

I want to believe its cause is revitalization mode.

Perhaps I am right. . . .

I am right. No doubt about it!

Tuesday, August 3, 2004

The Late Iron Age culture was brought to the Slovene territory in the 4<sup>th</sup> century B. C. by a new people from Western Europe, the Celts.

The Noric Kingdom, Noricum to the Romans, was named after the Norics, a Celtic tribe that settled in the East Alpine area (of Slovenia, etc.)

From the end of the 2<sup>nd</sup> century B.C., the Roman state began military campaigns against the Noric tribes (they had mucho iron), especially those east of Noricum itself, the Pannonians, Dalmatians, and Japods. Although between 35 and 33 B.C. those tribes fought resolutely against Rome, they ultimately succumbed to Roman supremacy. In 10 B.C. Noricum was incorporated into the Roman state without a fight.

From A Brief History of Slavonia by Janko Prunk.

Thus I come to an answer my long-time question: What is the meaning of

Dalmatia (and Pannonia). Prunk says both they names of Celtic tribes. (But in Dubrovnik two guides told me Dalmatia was the name of an Illyrian tribe.)

I am thrilled with these facts. Would I ever write a cultural history book? Start off with a history of Slovenia. Start by copying parts of Prunk's book. Throw in personal tour experiences.

Thursday, August 5, 2004

Let the B'Simcha Flow

As I sit, at 4:30 p.m. on the fourth floor, Hotel Argentina restaurant overlooking Dubrovnik, its bay, and the Adriatic sea. Am I somatizing my tour?

I think I am.

The mental prison of our itinerary structure is being expressed through my body. I feel caught, trapped in my tour tensions.

Why do I think this way, do this to myself?

In some strange, twisted, masochistic sense, I must feel these aches and pains are "good" for me. Somehow they protect me.

Against what?

Perhaps the randomness quality of touring, its lack of structure, the constant coupled with the threat of falling into an abyss of disorganization with its black hole of chaos.

Left knee, left inner thigh, left shoulder pain, back pain, and a few others. . . . .

Do I still "need" these pains?

Also, for some reason, I "refuse" to exercise. Somehow I fear that if I dissolve my pains through yoga and calliyoga, I'll forget about my tour. The pain "reminds" me I am working. It somehow keeps me focused on my responsibilities as leader. Thus I cannot allow myself to heal until the tour is over.

Is there another way to think? Can I eliminate pain and run my tour?

Do these physical sufferings belong to the old neighborhood? Are they a residue

of my former confidence lacking leadership?

Probably.

But I am now living in a post-transitional place. Here, theoretically, I do not “need” my old pains.

Can I keep my total focus and strill run a tour without pain?

Indeed, such an attitude would express a new simcha self.

I am ready to try it.

Reinterpret pains as b’simcha opportunities.

Let the Higher Forces enter my body, my tour, my mind, my pain, my world; let it enter every exercise and movement, every writing, conversation, note and dance step.

The sun shines forever but it is my job to recognize and acknowledge it.

Focus and concentrate. Start today.

Let the fire of b’simcha flow.

Friday, August 6, 2004

Putting my exercises in line with God.

He also wants me to stand up straight.

You’re not dead until you give up.

Monday, August 9, 2004

Jimmyhood

Congratulations to mummerman whose boisterous bellowing betters the butter of longer days.

Congratulations beyond stiffness, and for a smooth, goodly run tour.

Muscle and bone burn. Aching aching throughout the moo-moo body.

Personal aches cannot be the real me.

I stand in Zagreb crowned leader but impervious and impenetrable to Croatia. A firewall of aching has been created by holding back this inner stream of excitement fire.

As god of Croatian hegemony, I take a heroic stand, denying joy in favor of responsibility. Yes, brilliant in self-sacrifice, shining in the brave magnificence of self-denial. Mother would be proud. Little Jimmy jumping joy drowns himself in a sea of adult responsibility. True leader, real adult, vibrant caretaker.

Shining personal Jimmyjoys are dying on this tour. And Jimmy himself is killing them.

Why does he submerge sainted, b'simcha light under a pool of shit?

Realization, then rebellion strike. Never, never!

Stand and proclaim before the mountain: Jumping Jimmyhood, yes!

Clients also do not want a dead leader. Give up self-immolation.

It is in the interest of all that I reclaim myself!

Merge the fire spirit with grey mornings of responsible leadership.

The flat-torted Hungarian Hortobagy nagy-question is: How?

Mind drops the chains, walks away from the land of personally induced terror.

Sure pleasures come from organizing and leading tours. But, in the process, never forget the roots of Jimmyhood.

Physical pain tries to frighten the Jimmyhood out of me.

Behind the travail of travel is: I love it so!

Beethovenian breakdown in tears of magnificence and wonder.

Tuesday, August 10, 2004

### Babble Writing and Freedom

I am an amateur linguist. That means I love languages.

This could signify a future renewal of babble writing.

As a post-transitional person, I may now have confidence to write, promote, and pursue babble writing. Barry often says it is not clear or understandable. He may be right. But at this renaissance point, "right and comprehensible" may no longer matter.

New gate and entry point. Babble writing as freeing path.

Babbling On in Babylon, Babylonian Babble, Babble-onia, or Babbloonian Babble.

Wednesday, August 11, 2004

Can I base my resurrection on tourism, people, language, exercise, writing, or history?

No.

But maybe "no" is "yes" in disguise.

Resurrection in Budapest. Bring Jimmyhood to Hungary.

Learning to play within responsibility.

Although Adam has taken over the guideship, the heroic weight of leadership is still upon me. And this, even though I have ostensibly "nothing to do."

How do I lead when I have voluntarily and happily given most of my job to someone else?

Truth is, I haven't given my job to anyone. Although Adam is an excellent guide whose judgement and thinking process I admire and trust, I, nevertheless, am still in charge; I still have to lead.

What does the leader do after delegating most of the details?

1. Sets the mood of the tour. Although not guiding, my presence is keenly, although often subconsciously, felt by others.

2. Set the mood by staying in touch with Jimmyhood.

3. Improve Jimmyhood

How?

- a. By being aware of its existence and importance.
- b. By taking concrete steps to bring it into existence moment to moment.

One way of personally rekindling Jimmyhood is to have an on-going linguistic project. Focus on learning Hungarian! This will constantly revive my enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is the most important aspect of Jimmyhood I offer my tourists. If enthusiasm is up, my tour leadership is up.

Running wild through Hungarian linguistic fields will subtly increase the mad shoe exponent of my fellow travelers. And, as God once said after creating the world: Ki tov That is good.

I am also developing "tour knee." It's location is in the inner left knee tendon.

Will it go away when this tour is over? We'll see. Nevertheless, I watch its pain move through my leg in awe and amazement.

### The Greatest Meditation to Practice

#### How to Stand and Vibrate with Simcha Joy

I feel bad that I now have to like Howard. I enjoyed feeling both he and his wife were difficult, complaining tourists (but enthusiastic too.) But now, since he sincerely said he is concerned about my feelings, I want to like him more. And perhaps I do. Nevertheless, I so enjoyed my annoyance at their complaining. Somehow it energized me. . . in an old neighborhood way.

I'm also annoyed because we must the Hungarian State Ensemble tonight. This instead of having a night off. The whole group wants to go so I feel it is my duty, responsibility, and obligation to go with them even though no one "expects" me to go. Yet, deep down, I know part of them does expect me to go. I am the leader. I should show up and be there. I both believe this and resent the obligation.

Well, what else would I do tonight? Stay home and watch TV? As long as I am

with the group, I am not “free.” That is the annoyance. But it is also the glory! When I am with them I still play my role; when I am working I can still be a hero. And isn’t that what I really want?

Yes, I want to be my own hero. In the process, I might also become other people’s hero, a hero to my group. Some of them may believe that even now. But most important is that I be a hero to myself. Leading gives me another chance to be one.

How to become a hero? I don’t have to do anything. But I do have to think a certain way. Think heroic thoughts. The most heroic thought for me as tour leader is enthusiasm, the spreading simcha in my group. How do I do that? By projecting simcha vibrations. Projecting the positive while under pressure to perform in public is more difficult than quietly feeling them in private.

Yes, as my tourists negotiate their way through a foreign land, the presence of a tour leader makes them feel more secure. If I can add a touch of simcha, and then spread it around, that’s even better.

Why then am I anxious for my tour responsibilities to end? Because I have forgotten my role and purpose not only on this tour, but in life. That purpose is to follow my passion, fly with enthusiasm, and let the wild simcha flow.

This is what I can give my tourists and myself.

How to stand and vibrate with simcha joy: that is the meditation I want to focus on and remember. What better place to practice than leading a tour.

Thursday, August 12, 2004

### Expansion and Adam

(Hopefully on to a New Way of Thinking)

Adam is a jewel of a guide; the tour of Hungary is a jewel of a tour. My “Adam problem” is one of expansion.

Most people on my mailing list have already been to Hungary. How do I find new people and new markets? How do I expand my business?

I have faced with this problem for years. Now I am facing it again.

The immediate question is: How to get people on an October, 2005 tour to Hungary without my going.

My flier will read:

TOUR of HUNGARY

Sponsored by Jim Gold

Led by Adam Molnar

Thus I would be in the process but not necessarily committed to going.  
(Naturally, if we got twenty people I'd go. But that is not my concern now.)

Is this expansion idea worth bothering with? Am I on the road to a new way of thinking?

#### Renaissance Mode

But I am in Renaissance mode.

This year was transitional and post-transitional.

Renaissance mode is the name and idea for next year.

Renaissance mode means doing everything I (once loved) love but in a new way.

It means a new way of thinking: the Jimmyhood way.

Tour Beauty Power: as witnessed and symbolized by the reibrth of Howard Kestin.

Intensive therapy, self-discovery, personal transformation and metamorphosis through Tour Beauty Power (TBP).

How to find the right people for Adam's October tour of Hungary, the Folk Culture, Dance, Cuisine, and Craft Tour of Hungary (or Folk Culture, Cuisine, Dance, and Craft Tour of Hungary).



My "tour knee" may be my Renaissance knee.

My New Leaf Journal shows, describes, how I think.

This process may be helpful to others. Thus the importance of publishing.

Friday, August 13, 2004

Basically, this morning I want to complain. I can't wait for this tour to end; I can't wait to go home; I can't wait to get back to my normal physical existence with its running, calliyoga, and yes, folk dancing.

Even though I like my tourists and the tour is going very well, I have, nevertheless, had enough. I can't wait to get back to my life.

And yet, for now, this tour is my life. There are still about five days left. How will I survive them? What can I do to smooth the path until that beautiful times comes when this fucking tour is over?

And notice the "fucking." I'm trying to get mad at this tour. . . but I can't; I'm even trying to find some of my tourists to hate, to get mad at, or at least, get annoyed with. . . but I can't. None of the old self-energizing techniques seem to work anymore.

Yet, my left "tourist knee" is still semi-crippling me. And a good part of me, nay, most if not all of me, refuses to dance, exercise, run, or even move fast until my responsibilities with this tour are over.

Strange, indeed. I feel I am killing my body for this tour. I am my own tour martyr. Why am I doing this? Why can't I take care of myself and my tourists? I don't know.

I have fixed and fixated my total focus and concentration on this tour, on running it well, on making sure every aspect is right. . . and on doing everything I can to satisfy the desires and demands of each one of my tourists. Of course, their happiness is beyond my control; deciding to be happy is up to them. Yet I am doing

everything in my power to fulfill my side of the bargain.

Thus my mind (and body?) Is totally committed to running the best tour possible. This was one of the original promises I gave to myself at the beginning of the tour; it was one of my goals. The other goal and promise was to run it b'simcha, with joy and love of God in mind. That mental leap, the creation and implementation of that attitude, I have not fulfilled. "Proof" is in the existence of my "tour knee" and the fact I have done absolutely no physical exercise, no yoga, running, calliyoga, no nothing, almost from day one of this tour.

My mind is out of my body, and my body in all its glory has been left behind.

Again I ask: What, if anything, can or should I do about this? What, if anything, can I do to complete the b'simcha commandment? What can I do to make it part of my tour life?

How about the idea that I'm doing it already but do not know it? I am in the new process or merging b'simcha, tourism, and personal self-fulfilment (so far, without exercise), but I am not yet aware of it?

This is based on the question: Why would God punish me for running a tour? It is, after all, a mitzvah. A mitzvah tour. The only reason running such a tour would or could be seen as a "punishment" is because I have yet to see the light in it. I have yet to merge its disparate elements into the unity and oneness that is the experience of Him.

Am I in the process of creating a new, post-transformational, resurrectional, renaissance tour form, one in which I can (comfortably?) combine excellent organization, focus and concentration on itinerary, program and tourists, and satisfy my personal needs (physical and otherwise) as well? In other words, is it possible to work and play at the same time?

Simultaneous work and play: work becomes play, play becomes work. An ideal state. Could I possibly do and think such a thing?

Although creating such a state of mind is difficult if not impossible. . . why not do it anyway? At least think about it, give it a try.

How would I even begin?

I suppose the first step would be trying to reclaim my body. I used to do that through running and calliyoga. But, so far, on this tour, I am not able to do them.

What are my choices?

1. Force myself to return to the exercises. (This approach almost never works.)
2. Give up on the exercises. . . at least for now, for on this tour. See where giving up on them leads. It's an experiment. Can I survive without them? Will I become completely debilitated and out of shape? Will this "forced exercise rest," this "forced vacation" actually improve my exercises when I return to the states (gestation often works wonders)? That's a nice thought. Perhaps it is the right thought.

Obviously, for some reason, I can do little to no exercises on tour. Maybe I am meant to take a personal exercise "vacation." Maybe it will even be good for me. This is an optimistic approach. Some new attitude or approach may be cooking, marinating, but I don't know what it is.

I hope I am right. But hoping has its own truth. Hope may not make it so, but it is often a signal that seeds have been planted and future growth, in hitherto unknown directions, is up ahead.

A tour life with no exercise, yoga, running, or calliyoga, seen as a total break from my USA existence, a vacation with its own rhythms of gestation. Let's see where this idea leads.

Saturday, August 14, 2004

#### Cycles of Destruction and Creation

Strange how my whole sense of inner discipline has vanished. With total focus on members of my group and running this tour well, it has metamorphosized into "outer" discipline.

Exercise. . . and somewhat study is where the dissolution of inner discipline manifests itself most. I am, in a sense, “allowing” myself not to exercise (and study). Part of me in in experimental mode: I want to see how long my body can last without exercise. Will lack of it hurt me? I will simply disappear down the drain, lose all my conditioning, and end up a bundle of aches, pains, stiffness, and inflexibility? I’m almost daring myself to destroy myself. “Just try destroying me,” I say. “Then, when I’m at the absolute bottom I’ll turn around and start to fight back. Truly, you’ll never destroy me. But you may indeed come close. I’m challenging you, my inner self. Throw all your thieves, pick-pockets, criminals, and murders at me. Do your worst. I’m in a life and death struggle with you, but I’ll be damned if you win. You may give me lots of trouble, you’ll never destroy me. I relish. . . and even create the challenge.”

Is this what is actually and mentally happening? I am destroying myself in order to recreate myself. If this is true, it is certainly a most fascinating process.

Is it true? Could be.

If yes, I am ready to ask: Have I hit bottom yet? Have I destroyed enough of my (old) self? Is it now time for the recreation process to begin?

Cycles of destruction and creation.

Do I want to destroy myself in order to recreate myself?

I believe the answer is yes.

I am definitely on to something here. I wanted to transform myself on this tour. The old tour self lived twenty years. After I completed last summer’s Scandinavian tour, I felt “I’ve done it all.” The old tour self was no longer needed; it had served its purpose. Thus it died.

I was left without a tour self.

Last year came the period of transition.

Now I am in the rebirth, reconstruction phase, a renaissance mode. This is true in other parts of my life.

But evidently, I had to experience a new tour in order to understand and create a new self; I had to lead another tour to put the new tour self into play. As my pre-travel goal stated, the new tour self wanted to organize and run the best tour possible and do it b'simcha.

Exercise on tour (along with study) may represent (may have represented) part of the old tour self, which, through withdrawal, stayed in touch with the old neighborhood self. But now, the post-transformational self, no longer needs to “stay in my room” and hide my personal enthusiasm from others. It can “go mad” in public. It can, not only feel and express b'simcha in private, but it can express this quality in public. In so doing, it transfers, gives, and “shares” these positive vibrations with those around me.

Could my exercises be done in public? Should they be? Should they be shown and shared with the group? Probably not. Such a question may have nothing to do with anything. But it did come up, so, in true New Leaf fashion, I had to immediately write it down.

The idea of exercising alone in my room in order to make myself “presentable” to the public may be a residue from an old neighborhood tour attitude. Thus, it would make sense that such an attitude needs to be extirpated; as such, it must die before a new attitude can be born.

#### Growing Pains

Yes, my body hurts. I am experiencing growing pains.

I am creating a new body to fit my new mind.

#### Exercises B'Simcha

Why am I testing myself in my exercises by not doing them? What am I trying to prove?

Does it demonstrate a subtle lack of confidence?

In other words, does (part of) the old neighborhood attitude still reside in my exercises?

Indeed, it may.

How so?

1. I exercise to “get stronger,” to improve, to better myself so I eventually can appear before the public stronger, more skilled, in good shape, in other words as an “improved and better” person. If this doesn’t show a lack of confidence in the present self, I don’t know what does.

2. I often used numbers, counting, to “replace” the joy inherent in the exercise, their b’simcha.

The above may well be the reasons I have stopped my exercises. I am in the process of purging them from their old thought patterns. They too, have to go through the process of death and resurrection. Although their forms remain excellent and in tact, their attitudes represent thoughts from the old neighborhood.

Exercises should be approached with the same attitude as tours: Do the exercises the best way I can, and do them b’simcha.

How is this done? How will I do it? Ponder the question.

Afternoon in Pecs: Could I start fresh? Could I start fresh, now, today, this afternoon after I wake up?

How would I start? With exercise.

Sunday, August 15, 2004

New day. Started off this new day studying Hungarian. Better than yesterday. We’ll see where it leads.

I had an almost wow experience. Perhaps it is the “Wow!”

I was editing the Dubrovnik portions of my New Leaf. In the process, I started practically rewriting the entries using new language, and new poetic forms. In the process, I realized that this was a way I could actually edit my pages. . . by changing them, transforming them, metamorphosing them. In other words, my editing was not necessarily dry editing but actually hanging new words on the old skeleton, using the skeletal New Leaf form to create a new poetic work. I could also add foreign words and Joycean babble writing in the process. I could, actually create a new language, my own language, perhaps incomprehensible to others (or less comprehensible), but mucho fun for myself. Such a new language, new poetry, new form would move me beyond New Leaf!

Post-transitional life, resurrection life, renaissance life. Post-transitional life took place during the year; resurrection and renaissance life may be taking place right now, right here on tour!

It has started taking place with tours.

Now perhaps, with this new “Wow!” vision, writing may be going through its on resurrection, renaissance, and metamorphosis.

How so?

Well, here we go: The reason I started New Leaf about ten years ago was to:

1. Develop the habit of daily writing. . . four pages a day.
2. Find out how I think, explain myself to myself, discover the roots of my thought process by instantaneously writing down my first thought, uncensored, unhindered, fresh and pure and straight out of the unconscious. I wanted to learn how to, in my writing and other lives, start fresh every day, turn over a new leaf daily.

Well, guess what? I’ve done it. After ten years the New Leaf process has accomplished its purpose. I know my thinking process (although I can’t predict it. . . that’s part of “knowing” it); I can write daily, I can put down my instantaneous thoughts without censorship. My long-term writing goal has been accomplished.

There is no reason to go back to Barry or even to write my New Leaf journal (although I will keep writing it because I now can't stop.)

However, I also need something new to go on.

Perhaps that newness will come in editing the New Leaf and other products of my mind. But this is no dry and boring editing. It is editing with a capital E; it is recreational editing.

Whereas I used to write to know and find myself, now I am writing to personally inspire myself. If others want to listen, that's fine. But it is no longer a primary or even secondary purpose. Sure I'll keep publishing. That is a must. But I don't expect many others to read it. I don't expect fame, glory, or money. In fact, I now expect almost nothing from the publishing of my books. It is more of a duty to myself, others, and the world. I have faith in my work. I know what I write is important. But when and if others ever discover this, I'll never know.

But now New Leaf is accomplished. I am free at a higher level. I am no longer "forced" to write four pages a day, or even forced to write at. It is more that I have to write; it is part of my breathing.

However, now I'll write to amuse, entertain, play, and inspire myself. I'll write for the sheer joy of writing, the poetry of creation: b'simcha writing with its b'simcha effects.

I'm coming to the end of Deepening II; I'm coming to the end of Beyond Passion. I may be coming to the end of a New Leaf.

Transition is over. Resurrection is on its way.

Renaissance is beginning.

Although it obviously incorporates New Leaf, it is also post-New Leaf.

B'simcha beginnings beyond New Leaf.

Such a path may need a new name, a new title.



Writing Renaissance as title. . . or something in that mode.

I wonder if I should begin by rewriting (recreating) my old New Leaf journals starting with, say, 1998. Hmmmm.

It makes sense. (But of course, that doesn't mean it's right.) Nevertheless, I've traced my tour ground. Have I not also traced my writing ground? Just as the foundations are in the eighteen European and Middle Eastern countries I have traced and visited, so the foundations of what I believe and follow are written in New Leaf Journal.

Thus deepening in both areas "makes sense" as my next long-term direction.

Could this "making sense" apply (be applied) to yoga, calliyoga, and running, too? It would indeed, "make sense."rs,

I don't need new numbers, new forms, new exercises. As in tours and writing, I just have to deepen the Bianco dance warm-ups, calliyoga, yoga, and running ones I've got.

Monday, August 16, 2004

### New

#### The New Language for the New Book of New World

Having done everything, where else is there to go but into the succulent middle? And the question mark rises. . . but is it a question mark? Or does the answer lie in the question? Indeed, it does. The answer comes in question form. So be it.

Nodules of primer bake under the sun. Can Pecs Marmalade every with the ball game? Old times create the need for new habits.

As new words trickle and form within the sanctuary of this pecerworth writing

establishment, can the same be said of body movements. Can aches be transformed into pains, then carried out the back door, dumped into the garbage can of churchly sanity? Such Pecs pains, burnt in the fire of sissy cauldrons, will ever haunt a new sanctum. Upwards and sideways, burning a row of stores backwards, these flames rise towards purulent skies.

Yes, I like this road. But soon, "I" will turn into the all-seeing "eye" and from there, to an affirmative "Aye!"

Yes, when envisioned by the inner "eye," "Aye" is an the affirmation of "I."  
One ego down, one universal self up.

Strange how garbage writing and the sanctity of babble may be winning the day.

Perhaps eye, aye, I (or eye-aye-I) am (finally ready to babble on. No wonder James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* never really leaves my mind. I (aye,eye,ayeyaiyai) am getting ready to create my own *Finnegan's Wake* with its own language forms, incomprehensible but fascinating, or perhaps fascinating in its incomprehensibility.

This would include the nagy (Hungarian: big) and nagyon jo (Hungarian: very good) form of many languages rolled and used into one. Throw in words from Hungarian to Mongolian without underlining any of them. (Did Joyce underline? Never.) A universal language, beyond Esperanto, incomprehensible in its vastness.

And I would leave much of myself out of it. Or rather, I would be leaving the old self behind. Thus personal pronouns such as I, me, mine, etc. references to my individual self would be more or less useless. I've "done" the self thing. Time to move on, to deepen into universalhood.

Do the aches and pains of the old body mean the old body is disintegrating, moving out, dumping itself into the garbage can of history? Is this question even a question? Is it time to finally drop the question mark? I'm getting tired of questions, even though they never stop coming. It's time for answers. But there are no answers.

What to do about this problem?

Will the new universal/uni-reversal writing style leave out question marks?

Could be.

How can babble writing style apply to yoga, calliyoga, and running?

Loose, wild, and wordless may be the way to go.

I would be writing in (and creating) a "foreign" language.

Well, the renaissance land I am going to is foreign. I need a new language to express it.

How about adding wild (computer) painting to the mix!

Tuesday, August 17, 2004

"I Wonder If. . ."

I wonder if early morning writing and thinking is "I wonder if" time.

Evidently, I like to wonder. . . especially early in the morning. Nothing wrong with that. Let's look at the phrase:

"I." Easily related to the ego (my self) that is writing.

"Wonder." Ah, this word is the key. A wonder is a miracle. Look at the early morning world in awe and wonder, seeing it as miracle. Not a bad way to begin the day.

"If." This word (what part of speech is it?) Is one of future possibility; what might happen. Certainly a good partner with "wonder."

Summing up: Early morning "I wonder if" time is a fine way to begin the day.

Things, attitudes, styles, and movements get more concrete as the day moves along.

Editing as Deepening

I am now editing to learn more about what I write.

I am now editing to deepen my writing.

In the process, I clarify and sharpen my thoughts. This is personally helpful. It also reminds me of the importance of my written thoughts.

If they are important to me, they will also be important to some others. Their key word here is "some."

For "some," those select few, reading these written thoughts will be vital. Although difficult to acknowledge and remember, this fact shows the importance of publishing . . . no matter what!

Tuesday, August 17, 2004

### Fulfillment

#### And the birth of Folk Festival Tours

The tour is just about over. Today we return to Budapest via Kalosca. Tomorrow we fly home.

The tour has been a big success. . . on every level. I have succeeded in fulfilling my first pre-tour goal: Run the best tour possible with full focus and concentration. As for my second goal: Run it with God worshipping b'simcha, I was partially successful. B'simcha was scattered throughout most of the tour when ideas of resurrection and renaissance occurred. It took place more fully during the last few days, when I was finally able to relax, write, reflect, and run.

Indeed, I am returning to America reborn in almost every aspect of my miracle schedule. And this time, it includes business! Specifically, the tour business. (Terry's idea of specializing in festivals, Folk Festival Tours, is such a good one. See my hand-written notebook for details.)

The sadness of a tour ending can be softened with a b'simcha attitude. . . softened, but not eliminated.

But why eliminate it?

Sadness itself is part of b'simcha.

Don't we cry for joy?

Would depression and the downs be part of the b'simcha attitude? Why not?

How about the sentence: I'm so busy I'm not even giving myself the luxury of getting depressed. Here depression is seen as a subtle and hidden energizer. A "positive" in "negative" form.

Thus depression indeed belong to the b'simcha attitude.

Depression and sadness: both, in their subtle ways, belong to b'simcha.

What better way to express b'simcha than through a festival. Folk Festival Tours: a "business" expression of b'simcha.

A place where miracle schedule and business meet: the b'simcha place. A makom kadesh.

What is the meaning of life?

Life is an infinite and flowing path.

What is the purpose of life?

To get on this path, to merge with this path and thus become one with the universe.

How do we do this?

By developing a b'simcha attitude.

In the psalms, David expressed his joy by dancing before the temple. He dance b'simcha.

So when we return home to our bills, worries, problems, miseries, and the suffering we often call life., let us take part of this tour back home with us. Let us take the (worshipful) practice of a b'simcha attitude, not only in dance, but to remember,

find, and feel it in everything we do.

As I sat in meditative yogic pose in the sculpture park, Jodi asked me, "Swami, what is the meaning of life?"

As that moment, the higher forces were not with me, so all I could think of was "Lunch is being served."

But this morning, as I reconsidered it and expanded this phrase beyond the material plane, and came up with the idea that "Celestial lunch is being served." On this Folkloriada Festival tour, we have been served celestial lunches, dance lunches, dancing food for the soul.

Wednesday, August 18, 2004

End of tour. A goodly thing. Leaving Budapest today. Flying to Prague and then back to USA.

I'm returning home full of ideas. Not much else to say.

Saturday, August 21, 2004

### Language Deepening: An Expansion of an Old Direction

#### Equaling a New. Deepening Direction

I studied Hungarian grammar and exact words this morning.

Could I be moving on to Hungarian in depth, the deepening of linguistic skills through deepening daily study of grammar, words roots, grammatical meanings etc.? This would be a wonderful direction and advance.

It derives from the sentence: I am an amateur (lover) linguist.

### Tour Renaissance and/with Language Study

A resurrection, renaissance, and rebirth in JGI tourism and a resurrection, renaissance, and rebirth in linguistic study go together.

Where does guitar fit in (if anywhere)? We'll see.

Linguistic study. Tie the guitar to Spanish.

For a new shot in the linguistic arm, tie Spanish to the guitar. Hmmmm.

Amateur, amateur, lover, lover: That's (a) the key word.

What of yoga and Sanskrit. Hmm.

Norwegian. . . and Icelandic, too. . . . somehow.

A general language and linguistic explosion. . . on an amateur (lover) level, of course.

What's new? Language is new. The new shot in the arm.

It could feed and fecundate all my activities.

The Great Land of Hmmmm.

The next New Leaf, the one Beyond Passion, could be Language.

New Language, the New Language of New Leaf, New Language Life of New Leaf, etc.

Tie Bach to German.

Tie scales to Italian (escala) and Greek (Byzantium, and ancient Greece with its modes).

Arpeggios to Italian (harps and arps).

Through language, bring all of history into my music.

Greek into gymnastics ("Naked" Greek word), and into calliyoga (calli-Greek, yoga-Sanskrit)

### The Return

Guitar: Alhambra and Leyenda. . . and all: Slow, exact, focused, and concentrated has sunk in.

Singing: Tyrolean yodeling: Austria/Switzerland, and German.

### Connections

I wonder if there is any way of connecting the feelings in my body of stretches, pulling on muscle, sinew, and tendons, to history and even to language.

Sunday, August 22, 2004

### Guitar

Amazing. I've made my peace with slow. . .and gravitas.

No more pushed around by Segovia. It's my own now.

This is the guitaristic part of "Get personal satisfaction by running the best tour possible with focus and concentration." Transferring this concept to the guitar: "Get personal satisfaction by playing the best guitar possible; play with total focus and concentration. (This is best done through "slow.")

I have defeated the tyranny of speed.

I am my own (guitar) man, playing in my own slow, focused and concentrated manner. And this in both private and public.

This is my post-tour, post-transitional, guitar rebirth, resurrection, and renaissance.

How will the concept and practice of "slow" (which, in my mind, means total focus and concentration) effect and flow into my singing and calliyoga practices?



### Sell Things

The idea is to sell things.

Computer skills are necessary to sell things.

Selling my JGI services and products is number one; computer skills are secondary.

For selling, personal contact with my small list of dedicated clients is best. I might try expanding this small list.

Then comes appealing to the "second circle," that group of potential clients who exist beyond my dedicated customers. Here, PR and advertising might be helpful. It can also makes my dedicated customers happy: they are proud to see the service they identify and associate with, namely JGI, in print, publicized for the world to see.

PR and advertising is good even for my dedicated clients; good, but not essential.

### Writing Resurrection, Rebirth, and Renaissance

#### Publish with a Vengeance!

Later in the afternoon:

I know why the swan is dying; I know the reason for its fatigue, hapless heaviness, and emptiness. The deadness inside is: The call of writing.

I recognize myself as an amateur linguist, a lover of language,

I now begin to recognize myself as an amateur writer, a lover of writing.

I also recognize myself as an amateur publisher: I love to publish my books.

Rather than a profession, mine is an amatory, a love affair. A flaming inner source, sustaining, fulfilling, and feeding joy in great waves of passion into my aching, empty body.

Writing is the flame that will incinerate the dragon, burn it to ashes only to bring it birth forward again.

I am back. A new life is beginning. I had resurrection, rebirth, and renaissance in tourism, language (amateur), and even guitar (acceptance of slow with its total focus,

concentration, and acceptance of the real self.)

Writing is now in resurrection mode. Rebirth, and renaissance are at hand. All is ready. I only need enter the palace.

1. Look into its amateur (love) status. Consider seeing myself as an “amateur” (lover of writing) writer.

2. Amateur publisher. I love to publish and be publisher.

3. New writing creations must flow, onwards and forever. Pour the words across the pages. Let ‘er rip!

What is new? What have I brought back from Slovenia, Croatia, and Hungary?

Publish with a vengeance!

Let the lover (amateur) roll!

The desire to sell my books is inhibiting my publishing. Therefore, fuck the sales. Let the publishing roll!

Publishing is too important to allow sales to get in the way.

Publishing “no matter what;” publishing with a vengeance. Let the publishing roll! (Fuck the sales.) This new attitude with its dynamic, unstoppable approach represents my writing resurrection, rebirth, and renaissance.

Monday, August 23, 2004

Professional (JGI Business) and Amateur

Follow the amateur linguist passion.

Consult or study with Isaac Mozeson (or other, or both) as a linguist. With him, through him, find or form a linguist group.

How about amateur computer lover, amateur computer passion. Am I that? An

amateur at the computer, a lover. Must be. Sure, the computer is useful and necessary in my business. (But I could also hire others to do my work, my Dreamweaver web site, my Quark publishing, my Nero CD's, even someone to maintain my Address Organizer. But I don't. I chose to do it myself. And I like it. If I could remove the business and sales pressures, I might recognize, not only that I like it, but that I may even be fascinated by it, and love it! I might discover that I am an amateur. a lover.

Well, time to recognize it.

I do not make any money at my computer skills. Thus, I am an amateur. And, from now on, I shall follow it, learn about it, accordingly. B'simcha: the amateur road.

Dividing my world into amateur and professional may help free me.

Professional and/or business world:

Tours, folk dancing, bookings, guitar teaching

Amateur world:

Languages (linguistics), computer, writing, publishing, personal recording (not yet happened)

Cross-overs/Both:

What about the fact I make some money in my amateur activities. I sell a few books, a few CD's. (Of course I make no money in languages.) These are cross-over areas, the areas of both. But they are minor and unsubstantial. Just because I make a tiny bit of money in them (I also spend and lose money in them), I should still see them as amateur activities; the amateur lover marches on.

Thus cross-overs/both remain a small, specialized part of the amateur world.

Until now, I've tried combining professional and amateur into one business conglomerate. I've tried incorporating and see my creative activities as part of my business. This was true even of my miracle schedule. I didn't want divisions.

Now, perhaps, I am starting the think differently.

I want to add amateur/lover to my activities: I want to do them all b'simcha.

My post Slovenia/Croatia/Hungary tour goal has been expanded. It is:

1. Do the best job I possibly can (in everything); do it with total focus and concentration.

2. Do it with God worshipping b'simcha.

Stray ideas:

Form a Travel Club. A social, fun, business activity.

I am still somewhat dizzy, jet-lagged, lost, and startled in my post-tour return to New Jersey. Are the aches and pains (A and P) in my body expression of this transitional state?

I have not yet found a post-tour program to fit my body. I have yet to find a place for it in my new world of resurrection, rebirth, and renaissance.

My body is both professional and amateur.

I need, use, professional/amateur, business/lover, employ and utilize it in all areas. I can do nothing without my body. It is a "both" case.

Same with my mind.

Body and mind in all things: They are the "everything" case.

How to fit my body to my mental state, to my resurrection, rebirth, renaissance mind? Will its A and P go away once this happens?

My "tour knee" problem disappeared when my tour ended. Once I get adjusted to New Jersey reality, will this happen to my present body problem? We'll see.

### Folk Dance: Choreography

Folk dancing: I may have to go into choreography to hold my interest. Not a bad thing.

Bring my old, "collection" folk dance tapes and CD's to folk dance class.  
Choreograph some new ones.

Learn to write them down.

Notice the pain in my left inner knee, the "tourist knee," that came suddenly, when I got this folk dance choreography idea. Resistance? Can I do it? Am I onto something here? Something indeed new and daring: I would be going much further public with myself as a choreographer! Taking a personal, public, choreographer stand. Doing so is hardly a question anymore. Confidence is assumed.

In fact, my direction in folk dancing has to be choreography. It's the only direction left.

#### New Use for my Body

Why do exercises? Why do yoga, running, and calliyoga? Why bother?

I need a new use for my body.

How about using it for choreography.

This would put running, yoga, and calliyoga in the service of dance. It would give them an "artistic" purpose.

Not a bad idea.

#### Fecundate the Dance. . . and Vice Versa

Suppose my warm-ups, exercises, yoga, calliyoga, running, push-ups, sit-ups, head stands, and more were part of, belonged to, to dance. To choreography,

Wouldn't they fecundate the dance; and wouldn't the dance fecundate them. Indeed, the would.

#### The Great Choreographic Circle

That settles it: Bianco warm-ups, yoga, calliyoga, running, etc. are now all part of the dance. Subsidiaries, they fecundate the dance. . .and vice versa. All live in one great

choreography, one great choreographic circle.

This is the post-transformational, post-tour leap, the resurrection. rebirth, and renaissance of the yoga, calliyoga, running, Biano warm-up miracle schedule modes.

### Guitar: It is Impossible to Miss!

This kind of slow, focused, concentrated guitar playing can never miss!

Slow, focused and concentrated scales in Bulerias. It is impossible to miss a note! Anywhere! Even in a slow rasgueado. What a vision of the internal workings of the music!

### Singing

Language and singing of foreign songs. Pronunciation.

Start with Mikor Rózsa Sándor.

Also Hungarian chord progression in Mikor Rózsa Sándor.

Tuesday, August 24, 2004

### Post-Tour, Year, and Life Goal

#### Focus, Concentration, and B'Simcha

Focus on one year at a time is best.

This year, in my post Slovenia-Croatia-Hungary life, I'll work with focus and concentration.

What about b'simcha? It is my biggest post-tour challenge. A sprinkle goes a long way.

Focus and concentration is the primary route to b'simcha.

My post-tour goal is the same as my pre-tour goal: Get my personal satisfaction by doing the best job possible, with focus and concentration, and, do it all in the God worshipping fashion of b'simcha.

This is not only my tour and post-tour goal; it is my life goal.

Another goal was to attain a strong, powerful “Alhambra,” b’simcha, leadership attitude.

Leadership Alhambra playing style attitude is attained through slow, focus and concentration, b’simcha, power playing. Playing with gravitas.

### I Love to Lead!

I am also solidifying my post-tour leadership attitude.

A leader leads through focus, concentration, and b’simcha.

I love to lead, especially when I can publically retain, keep, maintain, my focus, concentration, and b’simcha.

I shall remain a post-tour leader, both of others and of my own life and attitude. And I shall do it with focus, concentration, and b’simcha.

Why give up my tour high? Never! I just have to realize it was a high. How good it was! Now to keep its goodness, and transfer it to my “normal” Teaneck life.

Aches and pains (A & P’s) come from resisting its joy.

Focus on b’simcha and the pains go away.

Total focus clears the way.

Total focus on b’simcha clears all ways!

I wrote “Can I believe this? Yes.” Then I deleted it.

I am giving up my doubts, giving up my disbelief in this basic truth, the truth of b’simcha, the truths of joy and its curative effect.

### Practice, Practice!

Diving into b’simcha with total focus and concentration. It is the path beyond Slovenia.

Focus this on my A & P’s. Practice, practice!

The Four Beauties

Leadership

Focus

Concentration

B'simcha.B'simcha PracticeAches and pains (A & P's) come from resisting b'simcha joy.

Practice this one.

How?

Aim at my return to tonight's folk dance teaching.

Carry each piece of folk dance equipment up from the basement with a b'simcha focus and attitude.

B'simcha practice: Experiment. Learn. See how it cures.Practice Never EndsPractice, Practice; Keep Practicing

Monkey mind jumps.

Watch moneky mind jump.

You think total focus and concentration is easy?

Try it.

If you last ten seconds that's pretty good.

Keep practicing

The world of illusion is transient.

But practicing is forever.

Guitar



Fascinating: After twenty-five years a right hand, thenar problem emerges, nay, re-emerged.

Why? What does it mean? Is it the true meaning and introducing of melody in the bass?

### The Down Cycle

The glory spot disappeared. How quickly it went away, got lost, vanished.

Stiff and aching. Indeed, this focus, concentration, b'simcha stuff is much more difficult than it seems.

Why did it go away? Overdrawn on guitar? Poor timing?

Is it a timing thing? A cycle thing? Both? Other?

Am I terrified about my folk dance opening?

Will my body be able to handle it?

Crippling fears of fragility and survival.

Terrors on my return.

Can I make it?

Psychological terror shut down. . . reflected in a new and unusual "stiffness" in my lower back. A post-return stiffness.

I am dealing with terror, panic, and fear.

### Handling Terror

How to handle terror:

Jump right into it.

Suck up its energy.

### Psychological Adventures in Physical Form

Dance warm-ups, calliyoga, yoga, and even running exercises are really

psychological adventures clothed in physical form.

Work at reclaiming my body through my mind.

Fear is killing my passion. Yet I have to deal with the fear before the passion can surface.

Find the energy core within the fear. Flow with it. Turn it into passion.

My “exercise” are not physical exercises. They are psychological exercises done through my body, using my body as instrument.

Similarities: the same slow focus in exercises as in the guitar. Gravitas guitar and gravitas exercises.

I need a new name for these “exercises.”

#### Passion Release Roll!

Practice a passion release roll!

This means practice passion.

Can passion be practiced? Hmmm.

This may mean slow folk dancing. . .but with gravitas.

What is, will be, a slow Florica?

Wednesday, August 25, 2004

#### Miracle Schedule: Do I Even Need One Anymore?

I “hurt” it in the usual and (I thought) curative manner, a few days ago. But last night, during dancing, I knocked it totally for a loop. I haven’t hurt my back in the manner for years. What’s happening here? What am I missing?

Since I got back from Slovenia/Croatia/Hungary, I have no life. I cannot get in

tune with my loves. I'm not even sure what my loves are. Miracle schedule has somehow and strangely disintegrated. The glue that held it and me together is somehow and strangely dissolving.

Miracle schedule has held me together, been my guiding light, for almost ten years. I am much looser in its grip, so loose, in fact, that it seems to be slipping away.

What is happening here? What is happening to me? Where is my mind and where is it going. What a strange sign. What a new and strange place.

Could it be that, on a certain level, the purpose of miracle schedule has been fulfilled, its goal accomplished? Is that why I am in the process of "giving it up?"

Am I giving it up? Well, perhaps, on a certain level, yes.

What am I saying? What am I talking about?

Perhaps I am giving up the "old" miracle schedule. Perhaps I am getting ready to form a new one. . .but I don't yet know what it is.

This would make post-transformational sense. It would also make resurrection, rebirth, renewal, and renaissance sense. One cannot have a renaissance without first destroying the old structures. Then, on the ashes of the vacuum created, is built a new structure. The new phoenix rises from the ashes.

There is an Old Europe (not yet a New one); there is an Old Miracle Schedule (not yet a New one.)

Perhaps that is why I hurt my back in such a deep and "old" (new) way. Such a lower back muscle spasm and destruction is a harbinger of things to come. It signals the death of an old way.

If the Old Miracle Schedule has died, what will the new one be? I don't know. . . yet.

But at least I know the problem.

This puts me in quite a lost state. . .with disbelief, purposelessness, and anger following. Displaced anger and back pain often go together. Check this one out.

Meanwhile, what will my new miracle schedule look like? Will there even be one? Or was miracle schedule the ladder I built and used as my stairway to heaven. Now that I am “there,” do I still need the ladder?

What does “being there” mean?

Partly, it means that following the schedule has become a habit. Has it become an ossified habit? Perhaps.

Habits are often states of mind that have lost their juice.

Maybe parts of yoga, calliyoga, (and even running?) have calcified. Folk dancing, too. Maybe other areas as well.

Perhaps the whole miracle schedule itself, its very concept, has calcified. I now live with its dried up bones.

Time to move on; time for something new.

What can I build on the bones of the old miracle schedule.

How about a miracle, but without the schedule?

How about the b’simcha life. . .as a start?

Maybe I don’t need Jacob’s ladder anymore. After all, what is B’simcha but heaven itself.

The new mental state I am aiming for is one of total focus and concentration; such a state equals b’simcha.

Miracle schedule: Do I even need one anymore?

Wow, what a question!

But don’t I need a structure to fill my day? Don’t I need some concrete and iron tasks?

Isn’t focus, concentration, and b’simcha too vague to “follow?” Doesn’t it need a form in which to thrive?

Yes.

Maybe the answer is now I’ll follow the miracle schedule but without the

schedule. Maybe I'll look for and try to live in the miraculous. Let the schedule part take care of itself.

Can I live in the miraculous? Can I live in the moment? What about future plans? Isn't the future also part of and in the moment? Yes.

Thus future plans and present plans coexist at and in the same time. The miraculous is in the moment; and the moment consumes all.

Can I give up my disciplines?

Or have they become so much a part of me that I can "give them up" and still have them?

After all, I don't have to think about the "discipline" of breathing.

Today's results: Broken back equals broken miracle schedule. In the realization process, I fell into the frightening abyss of nothingness. I held on by grabbing the dead branches of the old miracle schedule. I pushed and tried to follow its dying and juiceless precepts. Result: I hurt my back.

I hit the bottom of the abyss. Now I'm bouncing along the bottom, feeding on the frogs of new vision, drinking in the valley of new hopes and new directions, getting ready for a come back.

Miracle schedule must have served its purpose. Otherwise, why would it die.

### Death of Miracle Schedule

What is the meaning of the death of the miracle schedule?

It means I no longer "have to" exercise (do yoga, calliyoga or even run), write, or play guitar; it probably means I no longer "have to" study, either.

In fact, the death of the miracle schedule may mean I don't really "have to" do

anything. I no longer “have to” improve or grow. (Maybe improvement and growth will happen naturally and by themselves. But I no longer have to “push” them.)

This points to a greater inner freedom.

Indeed, it is an accomplishment, a success, an arrival.

(But it feels so strange, different, and new.)

I don’t “have to” do anything. What a strange place.

I can just walk down the road.

There’s nothing left to do but make money. . . and glory in JGI. Or vice versa. .  
.or both.

(Both knees started to hurt on this realization. The relationship between knees, creation, and creativity: Check out “Knees” in Crusader Tours)

#### Psychological Health of my Tourists

I also have to think of the psychological health of my few and passionate tourists. I have an important influence of their lives. Therefore, I should call them and stay in touch.

Call Howard Kestin, Martin Miskian, etc.

Maybe I have a more important purpose than making money or pushing JGI. Maybe my greater purpose is to take care of the psychological health of others!

Maybe that is what this year is about: Formulating this new purpose.

My tourists, my guitar students, even my folk dancers. . . .

There is nothing else left to do. I’ve fulfilled all my personal ambitions.

Even though my new purpose may be to take care of the psychological health of others, I still need a body in which to do it.

Thus my exercises and other post-miracle schedule activities may take on a new purpose and meaning. They will be done “in the service of others.” A means to an end: serving others.

Focus, concentration, b’simcha. . . .for and through others. The final peg in the wheel.

For others.

It is the new purpose.

Later in the afternoon:

Now!

Start Selling. . . now!

I made a list of things I have yet to do: Make 2005 tour fliers for Canada, Budapest and Vienna, and Bulgaria; redo the 2005 schedule, contact my weekenders. . .and folk dancers.

Consider a mailing. . .in late September or early October.

Then a radical thought occurred to me: I could start selling my tours (and weekends. . .even dance classes, bookings, whatever) right now! And this without a finished flier or even a mailing! I could get on the phone and start selling now!

I’ll try getting deposits from them now. And if not deposits, at least commitments. Then I’ll write their names down on a name-of-country, (or weekend, or etc.) commitment list.

The sales year process is beginning now!

The key word is: now!

I don’t need a flier to sell. I only need a brain, my phone, and a pen to make a list.

Thursday, August 26, 2004

Folk Dance Resentment and Back Pain

The idea that I can start my sales project right now, a project I have been thinking about and mentally preparing for several months, makes me feel very good. I am ready to go despite lack of mailing, flier, and even prices.

Yes. it makes me feel very good. And this, in spite of the fact that my back is absolutely killing me! I haven't had such a back problem, back pain, for years. And what pains have come up, I've been "easily" able to handle. Most I've taken is a day or two off; then, when the pain subsided, I glided back to my usual physical routines.

But now this back pain has absolutely crippled me. Daily, it seems to get worse, not better. And it has already lasted over three days. What is wrong? What would Dr. John Sarno say? What do I say?

Writing about all the possible psychological reason for this pain makes me feel better. Whether it helps my pain or not, I do not know. Well, perhaps it does. . . for awhile. Also, in the process of writing, I may be slowly curing myself. At least I hope this is true.

But somehow this pain is more intense than the rest, more painful, and more crippling.

Following the Sarno rule and model, a good question to ask is: Why am I crippling myself? And why now?

Certainly, it has something to do with my post-tour down. It was a fabulous tour: I shone in all areas; the people loved it; I came out of it shocked full of new ideas. Resurrected, reborn, renaissanced, and rebirthed.

Well, if all these positives took place, why am I now crippling myself with untenable back pain?

Does it have something to do with returning to folk dancing? A physical pursuit; an annoying and non-to-little paying pursuit. Do I resent returning to the folk dance field, putting all that time and effort into a field that ostensibly pays so little (when



tours can possibly pay so much)?

Is my back pain caused by folk dance resentment? Possibly.

I know I am screaming. . . with pain and anger. This rage is ostensibly against my back and body pains. But it could also be against returning to folk dancing.

Why?

Perhaps I am returning to folk dancing un-reborn? My resurrection, rebirth, and renaissance has flooded into the tour field and business; it has not touched, certainly not flooded, the folk dance field.

Is there a possible folk dance renaissance up ahead? Can I transfer my tour resurrection and rebirth to folk dancing? Now that I am back, is there any way of changing my approach. And if I do, will it "cure" my back pain?

Good questions, indeed.

As I think about it, I do (partly) resent returning to the physical pains of folk dancing. I have had no rebirth there. It is, presently, a "dead" field.

Can I put new life in it? How?

Choreography seems to be the only answer. Create an entirely new repertoire. Labanotation is in sight; I could call it Jimanotation. Learn to labanotate, or at least Jimanotate. Write down my dances.

Choreography is creative. Do I want to return to the creative life? Or would I rather make money?

The tour business symbolizes, among other things, the possibility of making money; it has the potential of even making mucho money.

Folk dance teaching, on the other hand, makes almost no money. It is a large effort with little financial reward. Yes, I resent returning to such a field. (Possibly my back pain is related.)

Should I drop folk dance teaching? Cut back my classes? Are they even worth it? What questions!

What can I do, if anything, to rekindle my interest? (I really don't have to

choreograph. It is only for my personal pleasure. I don't "need it" to keep my classes going.)

Raise prices? Insist on registration only? Do nothing, wait and see, think about it?

But there is no question I resent putting all this future time into low to no paying folk dance classes.

Perhaps I can share my classes (especially Monday and Tuesday nights) with Ginny, Bill, and others.

I don't know what to do. But I do resent putting in all this time. (As I am talking, I suddenly felt my lower back loosen and relax.) This could indeed be the "right resentment."

Part of my back pain fear is that I'll be crippled and won't be able to teach folk dancing. Well, maybe it's all reversed. Maybe I don't want to teach folk dancing and I am crippling myself in order to enable myself not to do it!

Maybe I've reached some kind of ending in my folk dance teaching road.

I totally resent the no money aspect.

Could this be the resurrection, rebirth, and renaissance folk my folk dance classes will take? That is, a reassessment of their importance, and a cutting back on the time spent with them.

I wonder if my inner left knee, my "tour knee," (and my knees, in general) also reflects these folk dance resentment problems.

Friday, August 27, 2004

I figured out my Eudora E-mail by myself (thanks to David's encouragement). Perhaps I can also figure out how to save Eudora and Address Organizer to a CD. . .

and also how to retrieve them.

Figuring it out by myself: Computer confidence and confidence building, indeed.

I'm facing good times. Great tour plus confidence is on the rise. How to handle all these good feelings?

Perhaps I did so by partially crippling myself (hurting my back) for a brief return to the old neighborhood.

Could it also be that, because of improved focus and concentration, I no longer need to "warm-up" so long for guitar, folk dancing, and exercises? Or am I dreaming?

George Bush has a long term vision of bringing democracy and freedom to the Middle East.

He is a political visionary. That's why (like the prophets of old) he is hated so much.

Why do people hate prophets and visionaries? They challenge the existing order.

### Playing with Expression

As I play my guitar Pre-Golden's Bridge teaching, I realize:

It's not "Do I dare play slowly?" Rather it's "Do I dare play with expression?"

Yes!

Starting today!

Does the above "not slowly, but with expression," apply to physical pursuits like folk dancing, yoga, calliyoga, even running? Hmm.

So ends a New Leaf.