

Passion

Saturday, January 18, 2003

Passion of Learning

The whole world of web site and internet is opening up.

Now I'm going to use it!

I'll explore and contact links to Hungary, Spain, (even France?), Norway, Sweden, and Greece.

I'll contact others, link to their pages. I'll create pages of my own, new ones based on my interests. Web pages on language, classical guitar, writing, examples of my writing, yoga, running, folk dancing, etc. All based on my interests, even my miracle schedule.

A big thrill is on its way.

Isn't this is about passion, the passion of learning, the passion of expansion and growth, the passion about getting "more!"

Moving to a New Musical Place

Also notice my whole guitar tone has changed to sweet, mellow, sensuous, sensual, luscious, and beautiful. Technically, I've moved my right hand over the sound hole. Emotionally, spiritually, and musically I must be moving to a new place.

The market falls faster than it rises. That's because fear is stronger than greed.

Thus shorts will make more money, that is "faster" money, than longs. But, of course, the "art" is in the timing!

Sunday, January 19, 2003

The Glory of Depression

I hate to start writing again. The process is frustrating and painful.

Yet it is probably, nay, no doubt, better to write than not. At least I'll release it, get it out of myself, free my mind, clean it up, and then I'll be able to move on.

What is my problem? Why have I been sinking, actually down the past few days? A cloud of depression (luckily? happily? finally, a creative cloud?) has been descending upon me.

It probably started Wednesday afternoon. That's when I said "I deserve a vacation." But it didn't hit until Thursday when my stocks started to slide. Friday they collapsed, setting me back a few thousand dollars and putting me almost back to where I was at the end of December. So I was down several thousand in December, I went up several thousand in January, and now I'm down again. Basically, all this stock market effort has left me nowhere.

So why am I depressed? Why am I (luckily?) down? It may be partly related to the stock market merry-go-round. But not completely.

No, I believe I am once again down because of my successes, my victories.

Sick? You betcha. But I love it nevertheless. Yes, I have been down. And my victories can tell me why. Let's take a look at them.

First, is the title of this New Leaf itself: Passion! It is the leaf after and beyond New Adventures. Adventures take you somewhere. Passion means you are there. No place to go. Firmly rooted in the present. And it all (mostly) took place in my guitar playing. Look at the successful and victorious words I use to describe my new place: "Sweet, Mellow, Sensuous, Sensual, Luscious, and Beautiful." If that is not a victory, I don't know what is. And it tells me I can start applying these new "guitar place" rules in other places, too. So basically, I can do things with passionate focus in all other aspects of business, my miracle schedule, and life in general. It is a deep and total inner change. Victory, indeed.

Other victories: Publication of Volume 2 of A New Leaf. I've been very cool

towards this victory; in fact, I haven't faced the joy of it at all. Why? I don't care to discuss that now. But it's true, nevertheless.

Then there is the computer. Such progress have I made on web design, internet promotion, and computer knowledge and skill in general. Victory after victory, win after win. I am starting to feel comfortable with the computer, and, with codes, actually starting to understand. Or at least, I am developing a desire to understand. A whole new field and direction in learning is opening up. I am getting a grip on, mastering, the Fidelity Active Trader Pro and Dreamweaver web design programs. Enthusiasm and joy in curiosity are my victories here. Do I face them? Hardly. Instead I get depressed. (Perhaps I want to get depressed. Look at all these pages I am turning out because of it.)

What other victories? Well, strangely and believe it or not, I have to include the stock market. How can this be a victory if, in a mere three days, I've lost all the profit I made in the last ten? Well, it is my attitude. First of all, I am not as panicked by it as I was by my Triquint losses in early December. I feel partly that "I've been through this before." I can make lots of money in the market in a few days; I can also lose it in a few days. Now I've done both. I am somewhat frightened and annoyed by it, but not as distraught as I was in December. That alone is progress.

Also, because of these losses, I have developed some new attitudes towards the stock market. Witness yesterday's entry. Fear is stronger than greed, learning restraint, egoless, flowing with the market, etc.

Also I have been inspired to start the next leg of my stock market journey: short selling. If I can learn how to handle a down or up market and, hopefully, even make money in it, that would be major learning. Also there is the learning of philosophical – and, in the future, gut – acceptance of the up-down cycles of life reflected in the cycles of the market. If I can learn to flow with them, both in the market and in life, that would be major learning. In this sense, the stock market would become my teacher.

These are wonderful positive attitudes towards adversity, dealing with challenges, overcoming the difficulties, miseries, and afflictions of life.

All victories. Instead of clamping down on my enthusiasm, denying the glory of my victories, refusing to feel the gush of joy, I could leap out my door, charge down the street, and shout "wahoo!" to the world.

Maybe I'll try that.

But first I might even consider the glory of depression. Look at how much it has "forced" me to write.

Not being so disturbed and affected by Bernice's idiotic liberalism is also a victory. ("Liberalism" is a perversion of the word "liberal," itself a perversion of the meaning of liberty). I just brush it off now. I am solid and confident in my views of freedom, individualism, dignity, tolerance (in the old sense of the word), and self-worth. Modern liberalism consists of dried up soviet regurgitations; it is dictatorship gone soft: "communist state control lite." Bernice's "liberal" views, although idiotic, are really not that important. Plus, she has a right to be an idiot. So do all other liberals.

I see a war with Iraq as one of liberation. On the deepest level, America is performing a public service.

Thank you for that.

No "liberal" would want to live under Hussein, or the old Soviet Union either. But they can criticize the United States and its love of freedom from afar. It's fun and jolly because they are safe. Unlike Iraq, or the old Soviet Union, where you would be tortured and sent to prison for expressing opposing thoughts, here they have no price to pay for their idiotic views.

Monday, January 20, 2003

Performance "Secrets"

(The Secret Power of the Audience)

Keeping secrets is a sign of confidence and inner strength.

Helping others is always the bottom line. But it often happens so subtly, and in such a “selfish” manner, that it is not recognized.

As I practice my guitar and everything else and try to improve “for myself”, in the back of my mind is the audience and my future performance for them. Thus, it is, always and ultimately, “for them.” They never leave my mind.

I have been trying to “cure this problem” for years. Now I see it is the core of being human, a fundamental part of my existence. It is incurable. Attempts to cure it should never be made in the first place.

Performing for the audience, keeping its mysterious powers ever in the front or back of my mind, is my big secret.

The audience exists not only “out there” but also as a secret power inside my head.

This has been a secret so long even I have not recognized or realized it.

Money symbolizes many things. But one of them is the secret power of connection to others. Ultimately, that’s what sales and service is all about.

Do I want money or connection to others? Aren’t they different forms of the same thing?

Perhaps I want connection to others through money. But if that is the case, why not drop the money guise and go straight to the connection? Connection is the center. Money is the means.

We are all One.

The famous 19th-century guitarist, performer, and composer, Fernando Sor, who,

slept in a bathtub to keep his notes clean.

Tuesday, January 21, 2003

Chronology versus Categories

The fact that I am considering editing my own New Leaf 97 instead of letting, nay needing, Barry to do it, is a major step forward!

Now I can personalize the book even further. And answer the big question: chronology versus categories. Barry believes in categories. Minimal categories. . .only six of them. . . but categories, nevertheless.

In my gut, I have never believed in categories. New Leaf is more “real” in its chronology. After all, that is the way it “happened.” It is the development process laid out exactly the way it happened, just as it unfolded in my mind.

Now is my chance to think about this deeply again. . .and, through my own editing, act on it!

The Barry compromise combines chronology and categories.

Do I want this? Or is it a “compromise” with reality, with the chronology of the way it “really happened?”

Barry says categories makes it easier for the reader to read, understand, and accept. Is this true?

Friday, January 24, 2003

Beyond Books

I’m not going to be able to read about the depths of relaxation, strength, and spiritual beauty I can reach on the guitar. These thoughts are not in books. Only I alone can delve into the mystery of these depths.

There, study and practice are totally solo – an adventure into the deepest recesses of the mind.

This is perhaps why books and study through books, are beginning—or have started—to be “boring.” I’ve been there already. Been there, done that.

The next step is beyond books. It is even “beyond study.” Or rather it is a personal, in-depth study; it is entering my mind so deeply, traveling to places I have never been to before. No one, no outside person, can lead or take me there. Segovia and his ilk are out. I can only discover the cold shivers of this North Pole or the intense heat of this equatorial jungle all alone.

I am on an expedition into the molten center of my consciousness. It consists of white-hot passion, ice-cold calm, barren and luxuriant fields and valleys.

But beyond all things, it is a mystery. The Mystery.

Strength and Clarity; Confidence and Illumination

I have to crack through old habits. How about playing the Villa-Lobos Prelude Number 4 arpeggio fifty times.

Wow, now that’s different! Can I do it?

1-10. . .to 13: The “warm-up” period. Soft, mellow, slow.

13-17. . . Strong, somewhat slow.

17-20. . .Faster, strong, and clear.

20-23. . Strong and clear. . . but not fast.

23-27. . . Slow, stronger, and clear.

27 onwards. . . (slow), stronger, and clearer.

What are the values implied in this practice? Slow or fast may be valuable but they seem not to be values. Rather strong and clear seem to be values. “Strong,” “strength” imply confidence; clear implies illumination. “Fast” and “slow” are servants of strength and clarity, of confidence and illumination.

Conclusions after 30 times:

Practice for strength and clarity; confidence and illumination.

Sunday, January 26, 2003

Passion Explorations

Am I willing to take a change and jump into passion?

Sure, this new leaf is called Passion! But feeling passion, doing passion, living passion is very different from merely writing the word. Or entitled a New Leaf: Passion!

I wonder if my mysterious elbow pains have something to do with resistance to passion.

In any case, I'm entering a new level. In many areas. I must now reorganize my life along old and new principles. With the principles go activities.

Passion!

Let's start with the guitar. Specifically, the arpeggios in Villa-Lobos Prelude Number 4. How do I express, use, and live with passion on the guitar?

First, I've changed my tone: I've accepted the "Sweet, Mellow, Sensuous, Sensual, Luscious, and Beautiful" tones I create; I've accepted the Segovia-like sweetness of playing over the sound hole. This is a technical and mental acceptance. But it is not passion.

Passion would involve "playing fast."

Try it. Dive right in.

Fast, combined with mellow, over-the-sound-hole right hand playing, qualifies as a new area. A passion exploration. I'm taking a chance.

All passion explorations involve taking a "dive-right-in" chance.

Taking a chance often involves messing up, missing notes, crippling paralysis, standing at the edge then leaping, fear, mistakes, making errors before God and man. But the mystery of passion's energy is released. And it leads we know not where. That is the glory and terror of passion.

What about the other areas of my life?

I am returning to running and writing.

I am continuing the study web site design and stock market trading. These are my studies. I am learning their techniques. I am not yet ready for passion (except a "passion for study." But this is not a "release" in the guitar passion sense where the technique has been perfected.)

I have also committed myself to daily morning runs. (Long range I am "aiming" at a marathon by October of 2004.)

I have committed myself to daily writing again: one hour at fresh; one hour of Barry-type editing of New Leaves.

What about business?

Tours: I've done just about everything I can. I've sent out all my ads. Web and internet-wise I've entered all my descriptions and key-words. I still can make calls. That's about all I can do.

Folk dance classes: They keep bouncing along. Nothing more to do there but show up. . . and, of course, give great, high-energy classes!

Weekends. Nothing to do there either. Except make some calls. But that will be in March (or even April).

Bookings:

Klezmer bar and bat mitzvah dates, weddings etc. Let Michelle handle them.

World of Jim Gold concerts: I'm rewriting my copy. This is a program I'd like to promote. But I don't know where and how yet.

Book Promotion: This would be promoted through my concerts. . . and eventually, through my web site. . . and even Barry's Full Court Productions. And public readings. But although writing is central to my life, promoting my books is, evidently, not. Or at least is not yet. We'll see where this one leads.

If excellence is my dream, I must ask: Have I stopped striving for it? If I have, does that explain my new and rising listlessness, tiredness, lassitude, fatigue, and

depression? By accepting and celebrating success too long, wahooing it overtime, I have relegating becoming to the back seat. Sure it has been comfortable, even enjoyable to revel in my success. But that period is ending. It is time to move on.

Move on to what? A higher level of suffering? Hey, why not? Dreams of excellence are dreams of expansion. Suffering, striving to reach a higher goal, is really joy in disguise.

Wednesday, January 29, 2003

God

Crazy for Stocks; Crazy for Trading

Now I'm looking at shorts and charting. Am I crazy? I used to think that shorting stocks was the height of gambling and, in general, really a bad thing to do for a moral person. Where did I get such an idea? Who knows? But it is totally based on ignorance.

And what about charting? That too, I thought, was only used by morons and dreamers, stock pickers and traders whose minds were in the sky, lost in dreamland, naive, believers in predicting the future. And I also read that technicians (as opposed to fundamentalists) never made money. Their charting and charts were silly and basically lead nowhere.

Now I'm getting interested in charts and charting. Indeed, I am crazy.

But what does crazy mean to me? Why, of course, it means mad, divine madness, crazy with passion! I like crazy. It is, in my mind, a higher state. Perhaps the highest. It is the one closest to God.

And check out this New Leaf. What's its title? Passion!

Evidently, I also have always had a passion for stocks. And for money. Yes, I love money and I love stocks. I don't know why they intrigue and excite me, but they do. Truth is, I don't care about the "Why?" I'm just glad about the "do."

To me, trading is, evidently, the most exciting, challenging, the "highest" form of

dealing with stocks. That is why it is arriving and being expressed in my Passion folder.

I'm bordering on "Wow!" here.

Life

Return to Science Through the Mystery of Numbers

There may also be "artistic truth" in charts. That guy, Leonardo Fibonacci, too. I like numbers. I like especially the mystical idea of numbers as expressed by Pythagoras. Imagine tying my love and interest in kabbalistic mysticism to numbers and the stock market.

As I child and young man I liked numbers and science. This interest was expressed in my choosing physics as my major in the University of Rochester. I inspired my dreams of the universe. Then came my low marks on tests. Slowly and gradually, my love of physics, science, numbers, and mysticism was drilled and drained out of me. Science and mysticism were then on opposite side. At that time, I had never heard of mysticism. I never knew I was a mystic and that the mystery of Beauty was one of my core values. Instead, I dreamed away in private. I slowly gave up my physics major; gradually my interest in all sciences dribbled away.

But perhaps now I can return to science. How? Through the mysticism of numbers. . .and their "practical" application in the stock market. Wow, what a thought!

Secret Beliefs. . . Money

Probably, in the past, I didn't want to admit the audacity of predicting the future. I didn't want to admit my confidence and audacity in predicting the future. Who am I to predict the future? Such audacity! Such nerve. I never had the confidence to outright say it. But, of course, deep down, I always believed it.

Even the word "audacity" with its implications of "What a nerve! How dare you?" has all of Ma's constant criticism behind it. So naturally, I "hid my audacity."

But evidently, secretly and inwardly, I never always believed it. That means that secretly, inwardly, I always had confidence and believed in myself; I always had nerve and audacity. Look at how I dared conduct the Music and Art orchestra, go to France, become a social director at Chaits at age nineteen, etc. Look how I dared to make a living as a guitarist, took a chance on leading the entrepreneurial life, dared to lead tours to foreign lands. What nerve, indeed. Yes, and chutzpah and daring. All hidden behind a smile. And even going into debt implies daring. I dared put my finances on the line. Why? Because I ultimately believed in myself, that ultimately I could and would pay it all back. So many things I do and did point to daring, nerve, and audacity. I just never dared to tell anyone about it. Going public with my deepest feeling of self-belief would simply lead to the verbal smack of "Who you? Ha!" Who wants that? So I hid behind a smile.

But secretly, I always knew.

Now I admit it both to myself and publically: I have the confidence, the nerve, the audacity.

Thus charts and stocks. . . and the future.

How to place my writings into categories? Take the above, for instance. My first reaction, first thought, was to put it into the Life category. Then I thought, well, everything seems to be going into Life, too many in this category. My book will be unbalanced. Maybe better to put it into Business or Money and its Brethren.

How do I decide?

Perhaps I should use the same method I do in writing: use the first idea that comes into my head. The very first. Receiving in the first millisecond. Well, that one was Life.

Still. . . I ask: What about the others? Is there another way, a better way to decide?

Saturday, February 1, 2003

Learning to See through Clouds

Balancing Hope and Fear

Frightened and sad, that's what I am this morning: frightened by all the money I'm losing, sad because these losses might force me to give up my dreams.

Of course, I've been through all of this before. I've survived both the fear and the sadness. But that doesn't make me feel any better this morning. I'm not less frightened, and not less sad.

Expressed in financial terms, during the past few days I've only had losses. My stocks have gone down; the final blow was the extra three thousand dollars in household (painting) and tax expenses. Suddenly, I've taken a financial leap backwards. This has crushed my hopes.

What hurts most: crushed hopes or fear of disaster?

Hope is the breath of life; fear is a crusher.

Yet, on the other hand, fear can serve as a kind protector while hope can easily become a dangerous illusion.

Should I thank my fear? It will make me cautious and perhaps save me from a worse disaster up ahead.

Should I look with wary eyes upon my hope? Isn't the Henry Miller hopelessness ("I have no hopes; I'm the happiest man in the world"), a form of living without expectations, a good place to be?

Why am I "bothering" with hope in the first place? Why not just live in the present, do what I have to do, and focus on doing it the best way possible? That, after all, is always the bottom line: Focus on doing the best I can, and fuck the rest.

Well, this is a nice truth. It certainly would be good to remember it, to remind myself daily of its veracity and power.

Strange, no matter how bad things appear, I always seem to come up optimistic.

I always end up on the side of life. I wonder why. I suppose I couldn't go on if I came up on the side of pessimism and death.

This shows how utterly important and vital my dreams are. Crushing them means crushing life itself. That is why hope-crushing is so devastating. If I let fear win, if I give in to the hope crusher, and, in the process, give up my dreams, I am dead. That is why I always end up on the side of optimism. Even though it is often "unrealistic," it at least means I will live. And perhaps that alone is enough to make it more "realistic" than pessimism.

What is more real, life or death? Well, truth is, they are both real. Both constantly struggle within me. Sometimes life wins, sometimes death wins; sometimes optimism, sometimes, pessimism, sometimes hope, sometimes fear. Evidently, I "need" them both. But whether I want or need them, they are nevertheless, there to deal with in myself forever. They represent my daily struggle with the opposites, the daily challenge of dialectical existence, the endless battle of life.

Sunday, February 2, 2003

Who Am I?

Arrogance, Pride, and the Artist

(Leading the Artistic Life)

I wonder if my financial situation has something to do with pride, even arrogance. I wonder if, deep down, I think I see myself as an artist and thus do not, should not have to concern myself, bother with, or worry over such worldly things as mere money. Indeed, the artist should be supported by others. He is king of the world. He should be allowed to roam free with his thoughts, to dream wildly and freely. Let other more lowly creatures around him "work" for a living; let them worry about mere money, filthy lucre. The artist, as an earthly representation and connector to God, as member of the priestly class, should be free not only of worldly attachments, but worldly worries as well.

Do I think this way? Part of me is very proud I have survived in this gross, material world as an artist. But I wonder if, deep down, there is an arrogance and pride that I am too special to work “like the others.” That is why I “cannot be bothered” with money. Let Pop and Mom worry about that. I’ll stay in my room, play the violin, and dream on and upwards about ecstasy, connection to higher forces, and artistic, blissful things.

Truly, I must admit, I do believe that is my purpose, my function, even my contribution to this world. My job is to dream on. It is to stand as a social example to others and show one can follow their bliss and survive. Is this arrogant? Or is it merely being faithful to my dreams? Or is it both? Does one need the strength coming from arrogance and pride in order to survive as an artist in this world?

Who am I, after all?

Are arrogance and pride a strength or a weakness? Certainly, they inhibit my ability to earn money and function in the material world. And since part of me must live down here as a body, they create annoyances and worries about how to survive on earth. Nevertheless, I must ask: Are these annoyances worth it? Must I always be concerned about money and physical survival? I suppose, as long as I have a body, the answer is yes.

Will I put in the effort to “do better,” to fulfill at least my minimal financial obligations? Will I put in the effort to bother taking care of myself and my physical needs?

Again, as long as I have a body, the answer is yes.

But what a drag! What a pain in the ass!

Can there ever be any fun, bliss, and joy in competently managing my financial life?

Arrogance and pride do act as a defense: they work to protect my dream core.

I am always trying to avoid, run away from, escape the burden of making a living. Who wants this shit, anyway? Let me alone. Let me dream on in artistic peace and freedom. But the physical (material) world will not allow me to do this. Opposites continue to collide. Thus the major conflict in life.

Monday, February 3, 2003

Free Fall versus Control

The Game of Performance

I must have, in some sense, control of my growth.

I must avoid free fall into the abyss.

But in "Falling Apart," Pema says, once must somehow learn to "feel comfortable" in the abyss.

What is better: To thus feel comfortable or to "protect oneself" by putting a stop-loss underneath?

In guitar playing, isn't it better to feel I am in control of my tremolo/arpeggio growth? Or is it better to let myself fall into the chasm of relaxation?

In stock performance this might be measured by choosing and then accumulating a good company as it falls, versus placing a stop loss beneath it (and sometimes selling out at the bottom).

The former is more of a swing/investor approach, the latter more a day trader technique.

Is it possible, in this manner, to somehow relate guitar playing to the stock market, guitar performance to portfolio performance? Game theory: Isn't it all a game?

Philosophically, I like the "learning to be comfortable in the abyss" idea better. It is, somehow, more profound and closer to real life. But wow, is it scary! The life of control and stop loss certainly feels safer. . . .But in the long run, is it?

One thing good about the falling-apart philosophy: accepting it certainly does

relax and calm the mind.

On Playing Fast Arpeggios

There is a qualitative change when water is boiled and turns into steam. Suddenly, water (quantity) turns into steam (quality. It's the magic of dialectical (Marxian, Hegelian, Platonic) change.

Same with arpeggio playing. Suddenly quantity (slow arpeggio playing) turns into quality (fast arpeggio playing). It is the magic point of the middle ground, that point of sudden change, I cannot capture.

Well, why should I even bother trying? After all, it is encompassed in the mystery of magic. And whenever one tries to "capture" magic or mystery, one kills it. Perhaps by trying to capture the magic of change, I have been killing it. Why not just accept this kind of magical transformation as a fact of life. Then go on, play fast arpeggios. . . and enjoy them!

There is magic and mystery at transition points.

Doorways are their symbol.

I wonder if this is true in sales, too. You put in the conscious work, calling, advertising etc. Then suddenly, mysteriously and magically, someone registers.

Putting in the work is the commitment part. Once the commitment is made, then, mysteriously, Providence steps in to help. These are the magic transition points, metaphysical doorways.

THE NEW BABY

The Purpose of Money Loss

In fact, I am beginning to see the purpose in my losing so much money in the stock market. I "needed" all that pain in order to crack my personal belief, to change from total optimism that "eventually" I would, nay, I had to make, money. There was

simply no doubt about it in my mind. Papa, Mama, both would eventually step in to help me out to give me what I wanted. It was inconceivable to me to have any other outcome.

Joel was my vehicle to fulfill this rock-bottom belief. Deep down, I simply always “knew he knew.” His decisions would eventually rescue me from financial dilemma and disaster. Of course, in fairness to him, he never said any of these things. He always said he didn’t know. I simply didn’t believe him.

I had a rock-bottom belief that the future would turn out the way I wanted: That meant that there would soon come a time all my stocks would go up; eventually I would be a millionaire.

Only a total stock market disaster, like the one I had, could shake such a rock-bottom belief; only losing all my money could destroy the naive foundation of my “financial philosophy.”

It takes nine months to give birth to a new baby. It is now nine months later. Where am I now?

I have given up Joel. I have given up my old financial philosophy. I am now on my own. Studying and learning. I now put stop losses under every stock I buy. That is because of a fundamental shift in my belief system. I believe, nay, I know I can lose everything; I know my stocks can go to zero. . .or near zero. It has already happened. I have experience. I can no longer afford, or even want to think the old way. Too dangerous, too foolhardy, too naive. Now I realize, nay, know, that any stock I buy can be a loser. In fact, I see it as a loser. Consequently, I can take small losses – they are inevitable – but not large ones, so I protect myself by placing stops.

Any new confidence I have in myself and my new trading philosophy will have to be based on this new belief system and financial philosophy.

Pain and loss have destroyed my old, naive beliefs; they have also helped me create a new way of thinking.

Thus, once again, pain and loss serve as stimulants for learning, change, and growth.

Monday, February 10, 2003

"Letting Go"

Guitar: I'll have to drop all my blocks. And I will.

There is a sadness in giving them up. I am relinquishing a way of life. What a loss.

Yet I am ready. There is no other way.

This is a complete "letting go" even in the fast Sor Etude Number 12. It is a (the) release of passion, a (the) step into freedom.

What does this mean for my life in general?

Tuesday, February 11, 2003

Three New Businesses

I'm cataloguing my moods. Watching them swing. So many of them are based on money. . . or lack of it.

This morning I am in fear mode. Money, again. . . lack of it. I paid out \$3,000 in taxes and expenses. That put me 3 G's back in debt. The phone hasn't rung in weeks. No business. Plus the market is down.

I'm scared, down, and somewhat hopeless. I'm in fear mode.

What to do? I've placed all the tours ads, called all the good potential tourists. Still no business.

True, I haven't called all the mild-to-no-potential tourists on my mailing lists. That's one thing I could do now. A few calls a day.

I could also push them to come folk dancing, join our Weekends, or book the World of Jim Gold! Now there's an idea. I really would like to push that program. I am certainly ready. It is also my best sales device for all the events I run. It really

should be one of my three “new” businesses. They are:

1. Trading stocks (aim: start making money by November)
2. Selling World of Jim Gold (aim: make money today.)
3. My web design, which includes learning Photoshop Elements, goes along and in tandem with my trading stock business. (No money until November. Also I’ll learn and be comfortable with the skill by then. How could money come through web design? I could learn to sell things on the web. But I haven’t learnt that skill yet. I’ll aim for November.)

Thus three new businesses: Trading stocks, selling World of Jim Gold, web design.

What about travel clubs, churches, synagogues, organizations, etc.? Perhaps I could find and push them through my mailing list. Hmm. Expand my mailing list concept. Make each person on it a resource for business in many directions.

Thus I am on track. I just have to keep my eye on the ball. Also, when I step beyond my fears I realize I am enthusiastic about these ideas. True, I have to ad some time for selling. But if I remember my enthusiasm, especially for World of Jim Gold, that alone could be enough to motivate me to call others. Present the gospel. Tell them the good news: Jim Gold has arrived! A la Salvador Dali. Let the Mighty Catalonian Cataclysm be my model for megalomania, personal promotion, and public growth (presentation of growth in public.)

The Gospel of Enthusiasm

This is my “St. Paul” period of life. I’m delivering my gospel. Paul had total belief in his cause and what he was doing. Just like St. Paul, the only thing that will sustain me in this effort is total belief in what I am doing. This belief has to be based on enthusiasm. “En theos,” in God, en-theos-iasm.

Only enthusiasm will lift me out of my seat, shove me out of the house, push me

into the world, force me into the public places to proclaim the good news.

No question, financial fears and worries push me into the world. If I had none would I even bother leaving the house? Maybe I'd simply stay in my room to dream and create.

Could financial fears and worries be God's way (my own, too) of forcing me out of the house to fulfill my social obligations, give to others, and contribute my talents to the world?

It seems I will do almost anything to avoid my calling.

Why is this?

What is my calling?

To bring enthusiasm to myself and the world.

Why is this so difficult?

Why do I avoid it so? Why do I, so often, run away from it? That is who I am.

Why do I find it so difficult to accept?

Repetition

Breaking barriers through repetition.

Recuerdos de Sevilla five-finger tremolo and arpeggios over and over and over.

Three, six, ten times. Etc. Use for yoga, learning Photoshop, etc. To deepen any skill.

But it takes a tremendous amount of focus power, energy, effort, and rest. I may only be able to do forty-five minutes to an hour a day. That makes the highlight of my day. The rest of it is "besides the point."

The secret of repetition is that it is not really repetition.

Every time you repeat, you are taking an adventure into the unknown, exploring a new level or layer of reality. On the surface, it may seem that you are doing the same thing over and over again. But on a deeper level, the deepest one, it is actually

impossible to “repeat.” In the stream of time and change, every action is painted with difference.

So repetition is really another word for deepening.

Monday, February 17, 2003

Focusing in Public

I’ve come a long ways. I really have to congratulate myself. During the past two days, what was my “crime?” I was able to really focus on what; on deep relaxation of the right everything while practicing. And I did it in public! In front of her. And soon she tried to smash me, telling me how I paid no attention to her, didn’t care about her, distanced myself from her, and all the other things wrong with my personality.

At first I was shocked; I laughed it off as a “passing” joke. I even tried agreeing to a few “communication” techniques like “talking to each other for ten minutes a day”, etc. But her rantings continued. I sank for awhile in shock, but then got really angry. What kind of crap was this, anyway? Haven’t I been through all this before? Just another for of the Blame-Jim-for my-problems” game.

Well, my victory was that I realized it pretty quickly. But my real victory (the one that helped cause the attack on my person) was my ability to focus in public!

I want to do more of this. And I will.

Learning How to Express my Political Views in Public

But part of going public is actually saying out loud “Look at yourself. They’re your problems, you creations. Don’t blame me.”

This can (and should be) said even when one believes the whole thing, the entire UN, is irrelevant. Its a reminder (gentle or firm) of reality.

Part of what I could learn in the process of going public to: “Say it out loud.” Tell the world what I think. It will help myself as well as others. Plus it’s good practice.

Of course, it might get them mad at me. Learning how to stand up to their anger (using judgement to know whether it is simply too threatening to me) is also good practice.

This alone is a good reason to learn how to express my political views in public!

This New Leaf is called Passion. It is about the release and expression of my passions.

I also have passionate political views. But I usually (almost always) because of an ancient, family-induced fear, keep them to myself.

Time to end this. No longer shall I be driven into sputtering silence. Release, release. Time to express myself. Time to let my passions roll and ride.

Devil, Too

There is always the devil to contend with. As the evil terrestrial opposite, he has his role in the cosmos.

The devil lives in my body. He wants his due. There is no denying him. He must be dealt with.

The devil is an energy source.

Lots of metaphysical poetry and evil energy behind him.

Fight him

Fighting the devil is an eternal fight.

Use his energy as a source for Good.

What are the forces of evil? What is the face of the devil?

1. Lethargy

2. Discouragement

(Not fear, thought. True fear comes from God. It is the awe part of awe and wonder.)

Friday, February 21, 2003

Sisyphus was Right

I tried Villa-Lobos' "Prelude Number 4" again this morning. The fucking arpeggio still doesn't work. I thought I had it and now its back to square one. When, if ever, will I get the fucking thing?

Yesterday's successes mean nothing. Mornings always begin at square one. Maybe Sisyphus was right; daily knock downs are simply part of this fucking miserable frustrating life.

I'm talking about the essential meaninglessness of trying to get anywhere in life. In other words, perfection is impossible. So is happiness. Fuck the whole thing!

The only consolation is: at least fucking is fun.

Saturday, February 22, 2003

These writings and thoughts are based on an excellent book by Stephan Pollan called Die Broke.

Salesman and Life's Work

New self and business definition: Salesman.

As a salesman, should I focus my tours on Eastern Europe? That is where the growth, dynamism, and money is.

Also, as a salesman, should I focus on my tours? (And leave bookings, guitar playing, singing, etc. to the land of "hobbies," the same land in which live my other "pleasant business" activities like teaching folk dancing. Yes, I can make a few pennies in these, enough to pay for food and some sidelines, but for real money (and real effort) I have to concentrate my sales activities in, as I see it, one of two areas: tours or bookings.

Of course I could do tours and bookings. But is that too diverse, too unfocused? Each one takes a major effort. And, of course, ultimately there is more money in tours.

This would relegate bookings (along with my books sales, folk dance teaching, weekends, boutique, and etc., to “sidelines,” “hobbies” for personal satisfaction and where I might even pick up a few pennies.)

Can I relegate my guitar playing, singing, and performing skills to “sidelines,” to places of personal satisfaction? Indeed, something to think about.

Also, I am getting ready for a New Leaf. It would be called “Sales” or “My Work is Selling” or “Sales is my Job.”

Where does Passion fit into this title? Perhaps it fits into the “Life’s Work” section. What section is that? Well, I have to ask, What is my life’s work? I see that in writing. And in my books. Which will only sell to a few people. Basically, I will see them as never making any money. Give up on trying to push them as future big money makers. Do it “only for fun.”

My life thus gets divided into:

1. My job. Sales is my job. This focuses only on making money. It is indeed an “old fashioned” way of looking at work. My father’s method. However, it may and will and could free my mind to do my life’s work.

2. My Life’s Work

This is a tremendous shift and division. It takes all the “pressure” of my miracle schedule activities. No longer is their partial purpose to eventually makes some money.

And it increases my focus on what can, could, and always could make the most money: tours. (Plus, of course, tours have many other challenges such as language, history, etc. But again, that is “besides the point.” Mainly, they can make the most money. Therefore, my job as salesman, my best and most selling efforts, should go into tours.

Perhaps all my selling efforts should go into tours. All else will become a sideline. This again would be and become a major shift in my thinking.

Your Best Vision

Focus on your fears; your vision it will fray

Focus on your vision; your fears will go away.

“What strength should we focus on today?” What a great way to begin a therapy session, a morning, and a life!

It’s certainly a good way for me to play the guitar.

Focusing on “Alhambra,” tremolo, and arpeggios are indeed focusing on my weakness. I’m starting out by saying, what is my weakness this morning and how can I improve myself? (Of course, with the rationalization of trying to improve myself.)

Instead, suppose I started off with the question: What is the guitar strength I will focus on today?

“What strength will I focus on today?” is an excellent question to begin my sales calls, folk dance teaching, stock market, yoga, running, writing, in fact, anything I do.

Yes! I will try it.

By the way, I have strengths in the Alhambra, too. What are they?

1. I can play it slowly.
2. And with beautiful tone!
3. This is true of all tremolos and arpeggios.

Do it!

Sunday, February 23, 2003

Deep within my soul lies the relaxation spot.

In life, the hardest thing is to focus

On my strength.

What is my strength on guitar?

The relaxation spot.

This VL “middle arpeggio” practice is hard, very hard. It takes full concentration.

Concentration equals focus equals happiness.

It also calls on my solar plexus. Focusing on the “hard energies” in my stomach help my right wrist-hand-shoulder complex “relax.”

Yet I wonder if the solar plexus is my center and not my right wrist-arm-shoulder-etc. complex.

Work with the solar plexus to see if this is true. (But I know it is.)

Could the years of focus on the right wrist-arm-shoulder-etc. complex be (have been) an avoidance of the solar plexus energies? Wow.

No question that (the solar plexus) is where the performing fear and power lie.

It is also the center of stage fright (fear)and the fight against stage fright (power).

On Harassment

People have a right to tell me what they think.

Usually once or twice or three times or ten times is enough. Beyond that, it becomes harassment.

There is no reason why I should accept harassment.

“It is arrogant and naive to think that Iraq can never sustain democracy.”

Ultimately, there are two kinds of people: enthusiasts and repressing squashers. These latter, nay saying, doubting “realists” are subtly but nevertheless, terribly dangerous. They murder dreams, kill joys, discount miracles, and doubt the glory of heaven.

As the Messiah said while washing his feet in the Jordan, “A little messianism never hurts.”

So ends a new leaf.

UNLEASHED LIFE!

Wednesday, March 5, 2003

Belief in Freedom

Politics unleashed: Why didn't I see these obvious political truths before?

Perhaps I simply had other fish to fry.

But also, I am internally stronger. Through therapy, life experience, etc. my belief in freedom been strengthened.

I have always believed worked for, and lived my life around the pursuit of personal, internal, entrepreneurial, artistic freedom. Now, due to a strengthening through therapy and life experience, I am slowly "going public." Part of this process, of going public with the inner artistic chamber of my mind, is discovering and expanding my personal political beliefs. I am extending myself, my mind, my artistic soul, outward.

This is why I am now "suddenly," studying and becoming very aware of politics which is, in my mind, the study of freedom. On a political level, it is no longer communism versus capitalism, but rather dictatorship versus freedom.

Since freedom is so important to me, I must ask: How does one defend it?

Answer: through offense and defense. On a personal level in the home, in business, and among friends; on a gone-public level, by studying, knowing, and becoming aware of politics.

Learning Lessons

How can I defend my money management life style?

Best is to take the offensive.

First, believe that no matter how twisted and strange that management life style

is, it is nevertheless, the best for me. Why? Because it contains lessons for me to learn.

My defensive shield is the realization that it is “best for me.” This is my personal Missile Defense System. The protection from this shield will also help me on offense.

I can calmly, quietly, and confidently stand up for my style, stand up for what I do.

Thus politics is personal and personal is politics.

Freedom is the most important value.

I am free to make my own mistakes and learn my own lessons. Naturally, I am responsible for the consequences.

Believing I'll Win

In the past, I approached most situations with two contradictory views: one of confidence, the other with fear and trepidation. One was a stimulant, the other was a brake.

These contradictory beliefs served to cancel my energy. I ended up partly paralyzed. Only when I finally arrived at running the event was I pushed into a more confident mode.

Why did I cancel out my energies? I'm not sure. And, at this point, I don't even care. All I know is that phase of life is over. I'm through with division, contradiction, and fighting the inner battle between confidence and fear.

I'm moving on to belief in my ability to win.

Win in trades, win in tours, win in concerts. A new attitude and practice!

Perhaps carrying fear alongside on my battles was nurturing. It reminded me of Ma and the old neighborhood. It was like bringing my mother into battle with me. Although she was a definite burden in most fights, still, habits and old hopes die hard. Just “knowing she was around,” in the shape of put downs, old fears, lack of

confidence, etc., gave me a warm sense of returning home.

Although I needed it once, what a disastrous way to approach life situations! Now I'm giving up that path. Thank God!

The Power of Ideology

Often people would rather die than give up their identity.

There is no moving, budging, or changing them. Their minds are totally made up.

Only a sudden revelation, an act of God, a heavenly lighting bolt, a miracle might open their minds. Also there is the possibility of slow transformation and metamorphosis over many years.

Often a new generation, fresh and open to new ideas, is necessary. That's why the Jews needed forty years in the desert.

Ideology is a fragile and illusory wall of protection against new thinking. It acts as a defense against daily, fresh and fluid visions of the world.

Ideology protects the fragile ego but hides the true self.

Thank you, Susan. . . and Audrey! Feedback from my readers (especially positive feedback) is vitally important to me. It reminds me how important my books are as ultimate expressions of me. It also reminds me how important it is (to me) to get them out into the world.

Ideology

All ideology is based on fear: a fear of freshness.

It builds a barrier of protection against excitement, fear, and daring to enter the Flow.

It makes one narrow and constrained; it gives the illusion of safety. But it creates nothing. . . except walls.

You and I are One

New Leaf is about me. But it is also about you. Otherwise, why would you be reading it?

Timorous and Stagnant

“The stagnant and timorous liberal imagination.” Two of these words contain descriptive excellence: Stagnant and timorous. But I’ve never liked the appellation “liberal,” In fact, I hate it. “Liberal,” with its implications of freedom and individuality, is simply too good a word. So-called “liberals” of today have little to do with such lofty ideas.

Indeed, timorous and stagnant are the best descriptions. The Timorous-and-Stagnant Party would be an excellent name.

Perhaps the T and S Party? Or simply TS.

Boris Johnson on Blair’s survival: “Of course, he will be weakened at the end of it all. He will never be forgiven for shaming the doubters , for helping liberate Iraq from tyranny. His antiwar backbenches will pursue him with special fury if and when he is proved right. . . . Across Britain too many people have too much invested emotionally and intellectually in the anti-war cause. They will, although they may not admit it, be secretly hoping for catastrophe.

Re Chirac and Blair’s now bitter relationship to France: “Never underestimate Mr. Blair’s protean political personality.”

Maureen Dowd on Bush and his policies: "But you can't transfigure the world without ticking off the world."

"Hawks despite the UN. . . .They blame the popular Mr. Powell for persuading Bush 41 to end Desert Storm, Shiite rebellion put down, etc. . . .

"Mr. Powell embodies what the hard-liners want to root out of the American psyche: an "enfeebling" caution, bred by Vietnam, about sending American troops to impose American values."

The keys words and ideas here, the ones I can, should, and will use in leading my tours, are:

1. Enfeebling caution: Be bold, daring, and resourceful. Too much caution can destroy me. In fact, this kind of "concretized" worry and fear is probably what is creating my pre-tour cold.

2. Protean (political personality): Protean tour leadership. Change on a dime depending on the situations. Being "on my toes," aware, etc. Heightened energy alert.

3. Others may hate me for being right; these "others" may include myself. Another "energy and moral killer." Guard against such subtle intrusions on my psyche. I need an upbeat, bold, go-get-'em, "killer" mode psyche in order to lead my tours.

Wednesday, March 19, 2003

Big Questions of this Tour

So I'm in Prague with nothing on my mind. So is Mr. Hogben.

I just change the font size but the screen size didn't matter. Something is wrong here, but I don't know what. In any case, I'm totally bored with my writing. Am I really at an ending? Indeed I must be with this style of writing.

I'd better find a new voice. . . or else. My writing is indeed at a standstill. New

Leaf seems to really have ended. Yes, I have reached a conclusion. Where to now? On the one level, how sad to give up this wonderful and fulfilling style of New Leaf writing. It served such a fine purpose for so many years. 1994 to the present. Nine years. Indeed, I am at a “Now what?” stage.

This is so sad. To give up writing. How can I even think of “replacing it” with internet, stocks, photo shop, web design, book sales, sales, or whatever? And yet, I must admit, I’ve reached the end of a road.

What will I write? How will I write about it? What is, if at all, my next voice? Will I pull a Ronald Reagan and give up acting completely? Should I move into a third person voice? Or write about history?

The emotional need to constantly express myself in the first person, New Leaf style is beginning to feel repetitive and running out of gas. And yet, I know no other way.

Sure, I’ve got to try publishing more of the New Leaves, sell them, promote Full Court Press, and do all the other things I have been doing from miracle schedule through business. All that is “taken for granted.” Old hat.

But that doesn’t tell me much about the future. In the stages of life scheme, I seem to be at a long-term ending.

Where do I go from here? Do I even write at all? And if I do, what will I write about? In what style? In what voice? Or have I said everything I need to say?

Should I go back to “children’s stories,” fables, Handfuls of Air types? If I do, am I merely repeating myself? Or am I returning to and deepening one of my true, jumping imagination talents?

Yes, where am I going from here?

This was supposed to be my last trip to Prague and Budapest. Could it also be the first? The first of a new beginning? What else could it be? The old is dead and gone.

Sure it’s nice to get kudos for everything I have once done and did. But I have to

move on in order to live.

Children's stories, history, fantasy, give up writing? How can I give up this deepest expression of my soul? What should I do?

These may be the big questions of this tour.

I have never had financial goals; I have only had artistic goals. At heart, I am an artist not a financier.

On what, then, is based my interest in money? "Mere" security? Or could it be something else? Something deeper? Something artistic?

(I would like this to be true. It would be a unifying thing. Well, if, in my mind, I would like it to be true, then it is!)

I must jump off the cliff into the abyss; I must leap into the unknown.

What is the daring idea I will leap into?

The artistic carving of money.

Everyone says that money is real; but money is part of the dream, too. In fact, money may be as much of a dream as the dream itself is real. A dream (an idea, really) is the ethereal, liquid form of the future.

*Gabriela said: "The Czechs in Prague, although mostly Catholic are tolerant but not religious. It is said they go to church only three times: for hatching, matching, and dispatching.

*Also: "Middle age is when a broad mind and a narrow waist change places."

New "Defensive 'Hedge Fund' Strategy"

The stock market keeps going up. And just after I sold everything. I had figured after the war the market would drop and I would buy again. But I can't stand being out as it rises. So I changed my plans and bought small amounts of shares; I believe I

“bought them at the top.”

Why did I do such a thing? What did I learn?

First, forget such “planning.” I tried to “control” the market whereas the big market teaching is to learn to flow with it: let it dictate my moves rather than vice versa.

Second, I’m trying a new technique. Since I “expect” the market to go down, “expecting” to lose some of the money I just put in, and also expecting to buy more shares at a lower price, I’m not putting stop-losses under these shares. They’re like my “test cases,” my hedges. It’s my own “hedge” fund.

How am I hedging?

If the market continues to go up, I’ll make a little money,

If it goes down, way down, I’ll buy more shares at a lower price. That’s (probably) when I’ll put in my stop-losses

This is indeed, a “new” way of playing. It is less “by the books.” Certainly it feels less rigid. On the positive side, it is a step into developing “my own style” of market playing.

Thursday, March 20, 2003

Witnessing the Stock-Flowing Moment

This morning it seems the market will go up. . . and I love it.

A few hours ago it seemed the market would go down. . .and I hated it.

“They” say this love/hate, high-emotional approach to the market is absolutely no good. I think I agree. Such emotionalism also takes up a great deal of my mental time, time which could, no doubt, be used for better artistic and creative purposes.

Am I capable of a more “balanced” approach?

Another question might be: “Do I even want one?” Isn’t the emotionalism part of the fun? Yes, but so far, only when the market goes up. I am still caught between panic and fear on the one side and excitement, exhilaration, triumph, and victory cries

on the other. I am, after all, so far, not a robot (Czech word).

Well, all this gives me lots of good writing material, but I doubt it will solve the problem. Again I should look to the artistic approach. That is the only thing I can have "faith" in. Are there stock market artists?

Meanwhile I might as well enjoy this brief up moment. And, right in that last sentence, I might have found the Zen-like answer: Enjoy the moment. Live in it. But at the same time realize, be aware that it is precisely that: a moment. All moments change. They are part of the infinite Flow. My job is both enter the flow and watch, observe, witness it as well.

Perhaps the theme of this tour is "Lost in Prague and Budapest." And the loss is due to success. Long range, I've accomplished all of my psychological, miracle schedule, and etc. goals. I am now "successful," goal-less. . . and miserable.

Without goals there is no "more." Without "more" there is no drive or happiness. Transition: Once again: I need new dreams.

On this tour I ask the questions: What is the next step?

Stock Market

My "peace" thrills cannot be found or derived from the stock market. Art concerns are ultimately more satisfying.

Perhaps the stock market and web design were transitional studies.

Have stocks "run their course?" Internet design, too? Transition. I hope so.

Returning to miracle schedule on a deeper level.

Even guitar.

New Leaf is a History of my Mind.

One-year project: Write up a Tour of Hungary. Diary of a Virgin Tour Guide.
Combine first tour and future tours with Adam.

History and language: All!

Day by day. . . a la Diary.

One for each (JGI) country.

Monday, March 24, 2003

The slow path to physical, mental, and spiritual recovery.

Tuesday, March 25, 2003

Deepening Profundity, Importance,
and Commitment to my Miracle Schedule

Priorities.

Will taking care of my body: Yoga, running, calliyoga, etc. become one of my top priorities? Will it? Should it?

It means my life will become more structured, fixed, and rigid: but in a good miracle schedule way.

This is part of the deepening, the fixing of my mind, body and brain to my miracle schedule. This shows and commits me even more to its profound, life-giving importance.

They say as you get older you become for fixed in your ways. Perhaps I should (and will) become more fixed in my ways.

Finding my miracle schedule has been a major life discovery. Fix my ways around it.

Playing with Pain

Yoga a la guitar warm-ups. Play with the pain.

A most important concept!

Deepening Recognition

Discovery of my miracle schedule is a greatest personal accomplishments. Part of my present transitional problem may be, not only recognizing my accomplishments, but deepening that recognition.

Art Forms

Is yoga an art form? If not, why not?

Is calligyoga an art form? If not, why not?

Why not make it one?

Calliyoga is my own "invention," my art form.

Deepening. It is, evidently, the only way left.

Deepening into the art forms.

It means I have to somehow return to Hungary. But one cannot go back. Instead I must, somehow, turn it anew. Re Turn.

Re Turn to Hungary. . . and to yoga, calliyoga, etc. RE Turn to magyar nyelv, history, geography, etc.

I wonder if Re Turning (to Hungary, etc) means returning to old traumas and especially the trauma of beauty! To "What a magnificent thing (tour, etc.) I have created; what an awesome experience. . .

It may mean: Do the trips all over again. Even in repeat order. Tour of Hungary, Russia (Soviet Union), Israel, etc.

Publish my books, too.

Re Turn is a Re Naissance. Learn Czech, too. . . and Hungarian. Finno-Ugric, Slavic, Semitic, Latin, and Germanic languages, too.

Panic. Tight, trapped, and breathless.

Trapped in my mind.

All the old doors have closed.

I'm not interesting in new ones or in going sideways.

I'm stuck, surrounded and "locked in" by walls and doors.

How can I get out? Where will I go?

My intellect says: Only downwards and deepening.

I'm looking at the next twenty years: a 20-year direction.

I used to get headaches.

Now I get stomach fullness (subtle panic, tight, trapped and "inner breathlessness") and burping; plus some aching joints. Have these new pains "replaced" my headaches? Probably.

Are they thus psychosomatic in origin? Do I dare believe this? Do I dare believe my thoughts?

I hope they are right. But they could also be part of the "old thought" pattern.

Which is right? Or are they both part of the transition?

Wednesday, March 26, 2003

Diving into the Abyss of No Direction

Maybe in order to reinvigorate myself I really do have to find something completely new. The idea of being stuck and thus returning (Re Turning) may be an escape caused by the panic of "success," of arrival, and feeling so directionless and lost.

If that is true, and this morning I believe it is, then I am still lost and directionless. Maybe it is better to simply face the panic, to dive into the abyss of no direction.

And facing the idea of finding and starting something completely new.

The study part of my miracle schedule does not create miracles anymore. How sad and frightening that is.

Three New Areas

Maybe I have to find something challenging, difficult, even painful.

Perhaps I should “take a year off.” Study the stock market “for fun.” And become a web designer. . . for fun. Certainly they are new and different.

Have I been standing at the doorway of my new directions, my newness, but not recognizing them?

These two areas, stock and web design, would be the new study aspect of my miracle schedule.

This means goodbye to languages and history. . . at least for awhile. Start with a year. Say from March 2003-March, 2004.

Might I also add the business of pushing Full Court Press and my books.

This gives me three new areas to return to: Stocks, web design, and, in business, the publishing and selling of my books.

Devote my mind to them, totally and utterly for one year. My other work and endeavors will be “on the side.”

Thus, in the here-and-how, today, running this Prague and Budapest tour will be “on the side.” Fun and entertaining. As a “break” from my three new areas of study.

Fun and Entertaining

A new attitude being born.

This will also mean that other parts of my miracle schedule, yoga, calliyoga, running, guitar, singing, etc. will also be “breaks” from my three new areas of study. “On the side.” Fun and entertaining. Not a bad way of looking at them!

Not “do or die” but fun and entertaining.

Attitudinal Challenge!

The word that seems to be eliminated from this new attitude is “fear.”

What are the traditional fears? Sickness, pain, and death. Yes, they certainly will come. But that does not mean I have to fear them.

Perhaps I could “play” with them. Even see them as part of the “fun and entertainment.” Now there’s an attitudinal challenge!

Up to now, fear has been a very strong motivator, push-down, and element in my life. Can I, could I, learn to live without it?

Could I learn to replace it with “fun and entertainment?” What a challenge!

Thursday, March 27, 2003

Molnarisms:

Why is there no terrorism in Hungary?

Because our buildings fall down by themselves.

Breakthrough at Last!New Business Opportunities

Open JGI “offices” all over the country. (Could this be the new direction I’m looking for?)

Start with:

1. Sasha in MA
 - a. Tours and boutique items
2. Beverly in CO
 - b. Draw from her Denver folk dancers and friends
3. Sally in Leonia
 - a. Nursing tour
 - b. Synagogue, too.

A second idea is to do something bookwise with Adam. I don't know what that is yet. Perhaps promoting my tours by selling his journals.

This would also coordinate with the above "new business opportunities". All future JGI office people have Adam's Shaman and Hungarian Heritage journals.

Putting my money and efforts into human capital.

Spreading JGI throughout the country.

(It would also help sell New Leaf, my other books, Adam's journals, (Full Court Press?), and more.

These ideas are actually exciting. I have a bubble, a tiny excitement/fear grumble starting in my stomach. (Truth is, there really is no fear in it at all.) And indeed, this expansion, based on human capital, is new.

Adam and Gabriela would be involved, too. Even Slavik. . . the next generation.

A "going public" expansion of premier order!

Breakthrough at last!

This idea is awesome. I'm actually excited!

This would end my transitional period.

I hate to jump the gun but I wonder if now my "falling apart," transition physical pains will go away.

Developing these national "offices" (JGI Offices) is, could be, will be my next twenty-year project.

I can start my physical comeback with a diet revolution!

I have to get in shape for the next twenty-year battle.

Bound to Succeed and Make Money

With this new attitude I am bound to succeed and make money too. Thus, in a sense, with this new attitude, my “money worries are over.” How do I feel about that?

Is it plot-my-strategy time? Or do I already know it?

Friday, March 28, 2003

JGIO as a Motivating Force

Yesterday, mentally, verbally, and writing-wise, I moved beyond my transition. I crossed the border and stepping into JGI “Office” mode. JGIO.

If this is all true, then how does and will it effect my daily and future life? How, for example, will it effect my miracle schedule?

Could JGIO now become a motivating force, usurping the role of fear, anxiety, and dread and replacing it with enthusiasm for JGIO expansion and growth?

Could yoga, calliyoga, and running now be used and inspired by the goal of “getting and staying in shape in order to fight the JGIUO growth battle? In other words, it would imbue my mind with new purpose, place it on a new outward-inward road, fire it with enthusiasm for this new twenty-year growth and development program.

This all feels like the “next step,” then one coming after last September’s Cape Cod discovery of JGI Love.

Actually, JGIO is JGI Love gone public, JGI Love expanded.

But the central part for now has to be developing and expanding my tour customer base. Tours are the excitement and meat of this operation. They pay the most money; they are the kickers. Everything else is “on the side.” But “sides” are important, too.

Sasha is and represents my starting point. She actually runs a business. So, in a sense, are the other people on this Budapest and Prague tour. Sally and Beverly

especially. First, they have experienced this tour. They “know” it; they can, through their knowledge and enthusiasm, help promote the product.

How about other aspects of my miracle schedule? How will JGIO expansion effect language study? Will it rekindle my interest? I’d like it too. We’ll see.

How about guitar, writing, etc.? I’d like to have a new start in these areas as well. Can or will JGIO be the kicker? Again, we’ll see.

“My Sales Staff”

It means getting on the phone, taking personal time and effort, and calling these people!

These people are important to me.

Who are “these people?” They are my unpaid and unofficial “sales staff.” They are connected to me and thus, an expansion of my soul.

“Going Public” is an Expansion of Self

“Going public” simply means expanding my soul. It also means extending and expanding my miracle schedule “beyond myself.” But actually, outer and inner is an illusion. Since the world is a creation of myself, “going public” really means I am expanding myself.

There is no dichotomy between the arts and business. Thus is so-called “business” an expansion of self. . . and ultimately, my miracle schedule, too.

Sales Staff Development

We are all connected.

By expanding my dreams, I am helping expand the dreams of others.

By extending my soul, I am helping extend the soul of others.

Due to my own self interest and upbringing, it is hard for me to see and realize this. But it is true, nevertheless.

Starting point for my sales staff should be next year's Budapest and Prague tour. Why?

1. They know this tour. They can, with enthusiasm, knowledge, and conviction, tell others about it.

2. Aim to get fifteen people to come on next year's tour. (Or have a separate tour led by Adam and/or Gabriela.) Then they could come free, or go on another tour free.

3. Also it is good sales training. They "know the product," and are enthusiastic about it.

My New Role

My new role: I become their teacher, sales trainer, introduce them to the business, etc.

Thus by expanding my business, I am expanding them.

By helping myself, I am helping others.

Is this the beginning of a JGI (JGIO) franchise? A tour franchise? (A la Liberty Travel, ect.)

Should I study franchises? I'd like to learn something new.

Stock Market

An important learning and realization for me is that I must be in the market.

How empty and out of it I felt after I sold all my stocks before leaving for Prague and Budapest; how empty and depressed I felt after I sold my stocks last May before leaving for Spain. Sure the pre-Spanish selling it turned out to be the right decision. I would have lost much more had I stayed in. Also I couldn't trade from Europe. It

enabled me to finally get out of trading with Joel; ultimately, was able to go off and trade on my own. It was a major break and initiated the end of one trading era, and the beginning of a long transition into the new one.

But the underlining theme of all this was my love of trading. It's excitement, unpredictability, intrigue, horrific runs of downs, elating times of ups, and a general feeling of passionate involvement. These are big words, big concepts.

True, part of me feels guilty for this love. That's because I've lost so much money in it. But more than that, it's because B. chews me out about it. Sure I don't like to be yelled at or criticized especially when I have been wrong in the market, lost money, and am vulnerable. I feel double bad: bad for losing and bad for being criticized about losing.

But nevertheless, I keep returning to the market. Sure, some may call this a gambling disease, a sickness, irresponsible, a daredevil's lack of care, etc. All this may be true. But ultimately. . . I don't care. Evidently, I simply love and need the market.

June had a nice comment about Tom's market playing: "It's good for him. It gives him something to do with his mind." Now true, Tom has plenty of money and losing some of it is not a threat to him (I think). Now even though I don't have plenty of money, nevertheless, the basic truth is the same: It is a game that fills my mind with something exciting and challenging to do.

And there is the possibility and hope that, through study and practice, I'll get better at it. Eventually, I might even make money!

Make money, lose money, that is the nature of the game. But most important is the realization that: I love, need, and want to play!

Saturday, March 29, 2003

I started out this morning with a very concrete idea.

Goal: Get twenty-five people for next year's Budapest and Prague tour.

Aim for twenty-five. Start collecting names and deposits now.

1. Build JGIO offices (with main idea of getting twenty-five Budapest and Prague people.)

2. Start name list of B and P potentials

a. Collect their deposits now – if possible.

Sasha is prototype.

Start now: with Norway and Sweden, and Greece.

2004 Schedule

March: Prague one week, Budapest one week (or eight days?)

Sell separately and together.

May: Spain: Options

a. Repeat this year's Barcelona tour (with France)

1. Add three days in Madrid, leave out France?

B. Do southern Spain: add Barcelona as an extension?

August: Slovenia and Croatia. Hungary (Budapest) with Folkloriada Festival as a four day extension.

Sept (or Oct). . . Bernice and Italy.

Dynamism Centers Me

This concrete JGIO Starting Now approach is so dynamic! It's dynamism centers me.

Dynamism Spread Everywhere

I have to concretely collect people for my tours. That is a and the bottom line. This dynamic approach focuses me (not so much on ideas and abstract concepts) on actual people!

Will its sales dynamism also effect and affect my desire to get and do bookings, sell books, and even run and do calliyoga?

Constant Sales Dynamism

This is constant sales dynamism. It could flood my daily life. Is it the motivating tool I have been looking for? The one beyond fear? It all feels like a yes.

Focusing on others through constant sales dynamism. Flooding my being. Down to my roots. Effecting even calliyoga and running. Isn't this a wow!

It (constant sales dynamism) combines artistic energies with going public.

I am introducing a "new word" into my lexicon: dynamism.

It symbolizes a new life style and concept as well.

Unleashed Life is the title of this New Leaf. Constant sales dynamism welds art to business. Its dynamism signifies unleashed life and unleashed passion at its best.

And it only Took Thirty-Five Years

Somehow this constant sales dynamism solves my money problem. This is because it resolves my life time conflict between art and business.

Wouldn't it be funny, strange, if all along, I never really had a money problem. My so-called money problem really masked my life time conflict between art and business. My constant fear of poverty etc. was really a fear that I would "have to work" meaning, get a regular job, and thus (like my father) give up my artistic life. I would have to sacrifice the beautiful inner chamber of my imagination, trade it in to "make a living." Ugh, ugh, and triple ugh! How I absolutely hate that thought! Never, never, never! Was my only answer. Yet the fear of "slipping back" into "making a living" through a lifeless, boring, board of education teaching job, killing all my artistic desires and my beautiful imagination along with it, always hung on in the back of my mind. The threat of giving up my life force ever hung over me.

And it took the "realistic" form of money worries. These worries started in earnest when I got married and had to support a family. Or maybe it just intensifies my

artistic/business conflict.

Whatever. That conflict has now been resolved. And it only took thirty-five years!

Sunday, March 30, 2003

Great Sales Campaign of 2003

Diddles are in; pocretude is on the rise.

Can a henhun strike a fen. . . and live with it?

Yes, diddlewaves are pickening. Can a dust storm be far behind?

Not my morning to write, I can see that. Yet I must do something with my mind and writing is the trail to do it on. Plus there is ever the lubrication factor.

Aha, lubrication factor: I like that word. I means I'm preparing; possibilities of moving forward are on the rise. I'm lubricating my mind and fingers, waiting for something to happen. And when it does, I'll be prepared.

What can possibly happen? Well, a good streak of writing could jump upon me, or a good idea could pop up during the writing process. Or, nothing could happen. That in itself might be okay, too because writing about nothing is part of the lubrication process.

Anyway, here I am today, sitting and spewing. Words going ding dong across the pages.

And in the lubrication process, I realize I am preparing for the Great Sales Campaign of 2003. A devotion well spent.

Yes, the Great Sales Campaign of 2003—GSC2003—is actually a religious event. An epiphany. Aha, strong stuff, indeed. . . as I sneeze my way to Orion. Religious event, epiphany. This definitely raises sales to a higher level. Indeed, the highest! Sales as a spiritual event, sales as a high sneezing form, sales as a blowout dedication to the Lord of Vibrations above. Humble sales, which used to crawl with the snails at the bottom of the earth has been raised higher than a church spire. It is reached even higher

than a spire. . . upward, upward. . . to in-spire. Inspiration breathing fire, sales as the dynamic dualism, an agricultural monster welding corn cobs and steeples together, blending the vibrations of earthly vicissitudes with the celestial planks of basement foundational fortitude.

Who would think Sales would rise so high or that they would ever warrant a capital letter. But indeed, that is what is pouring through my fingers this morning. Yes, the Sales-I has not only been resurrected, but it has taken off all its clothing, popping beyond all psychological expectations, rising to a higher cosmic and spiritual level. Spiritual father Moses would be proud.

Paisley T-Bone in a Tither

What fun to piddle and quake. The writing bug let loose. Only to pass the time flowing words across the pages, bowling them down the ten-pin alley of letterdom.

Nor is there a way to mechktatize such a boon. Nevertheless, in spite of pipperepassings, the hogtails do continue to swindle.

Keep rolling, oh, oohs. Landlubbers never know the difference. And the stench of centipedes, dripping and follicking their popper ways across nodules of weltfields, do indeed pepper the corns of aching passer buyers.

Can an aching heart really feel the deep entrenchment of logarithms? Or must a mathematical plenitude come full swing? Such earthly questions were asked by Lancelot the Third, Fourteen King of Utopia Fifteen. Such an endearing question.

“Shouldn’t I write poop all day?” asked the court grammarian, Paisley Poopensquire. “Or would it simply be better the poop the deck and leave a leaf at that?”

“Indeed, you dumbwhat turdbone,” quoth up Hartley Dunklewickle, corporate leader the Mustard Factory and king of Wienerland. “Accept the truth. Fart away at leisure. It will do you good.”

“Well, hammer and tong my T-bone,” answered Paisley on one knee. “I hadn’t

consider the mushroom underside of the question. You are right, my fine feather hammer. I shall stamp on my toe immediately."

Thus did Paisley change his name to the Chinese derivative, Hammer Tong Toe.

It's quite possible that such weatherbeaten character analysis is worth a damn.

Monday, March 31, 2003

Laszlo and his Hungarian computer are leaving Budapest today. The tour of Hortobagy dessert plainsman is over. Can the plaster nation be far behind?

"Censure is the bottom line of xenophobia," said Bongo Bela as he walked out of his fathered gypsy band. "Berkey and Pingy, must go, too. We need tree-loving exactitude in the fight against fruithood."

Laszlo leaned against an onion, then hung his head in shame. "are wry," he groaned.

"Worry not," said Mother Hen, biosphere mama of UNESCO. "The Kyoto environment is headed this way. Japanese are twiting in lemon juice. Once they come, air raids will no longer be in vogue. Then you can peel your character in peace."

"But mother, isn't it dangerous to reveal my secret self in public?"

"Yes, my son, it can be frightening. But for you such revelation is a necessity. It will clear your brain of vacant fodder. Plus, it will give others a chance to know you."

"Why should they know me, mother? Do I not suffer from internal turniphood?"

"Indeed, yes. But that is exactly why others should know you. It will bring courage and confidence to members of the National Turnip Movement. Besides, life as a vegetable in this world is not easy."

"Thank you, Mama. You have once again fertilized the rubicon workings of my internal vegetable garden and instilled power into my underground cells."

Tuesday, April 1, 2003

Returned from Budapest and Prague. It's now 5:00 a.m.

"Not Yoga" . . . An Evolution

It's not yoga. . . or even calliyoga anymore.

It's based on yoga.

I don't know what it is yet, or what to call it. But it certainly is different. An evolution.

It's like a long movement and dance routine with mucho floor work. . .

Wednesday, April 2, 2003

Guitar: The Bottom Line is now Passion

On returning from Prague and Budapest. . . and playing guitar in public at Bartok's house:

Slowly, fast, it doesn't matter. No more practice, worry, or concern about tremolo and arpeggio techniques. I have gone beyond that. Things have coalesced.

The bottom line is now passion.

Friday, April 4, 2003

"Lack of Confidence" as a Motivating Force

It's wonderful to have confidence; it's wonderful to have a plan. It's wonderful to have confidence in your plan.

Well, I have plans; and I have "some" confidence in my plans. What does he "some" mean? It stands for "lack of confidence."

Why do I have "some" confidence in my plans? Do I use "lack of confidence" to drive me on, to push me? Does the doubt and fear engendered by it act as a form of personal motivation? Could be.

Can I wipe "lack of confidence" from my mind? Do I really need it? If it really

an illusion, an energizing created form, can I motivate myself without it?

There is no question I have faith and confidence in my plans. I also have faith and confidence that, if they don't exactly work out, I can change them to fit the time and situation.

Let's look at some of my plans:

1. Tours plans for 2004: March tours to Budapest and Prague, May tour to Spain, August "back-to-back tours to Slovenia/Croatia and Hungary which can be booked separately or as one.

2. New Leaf plans: organize and edit all of New Leaves. Then publish many books.

What other plans do I have? How about in areas such as guitar, personal "calliyoga," running, study, etc.?

By doing an hour a day, I can accomplish goals in many areas. How about introducing the hour-a-day rule.

Watch the clock. Hour-a-day rule puts my mind on a pole. It (might) allow me to do all of my miracle schedule.

Sunday, April 6, 2003

The Flow of Renewal

I'm reading about Hungary and the vicissitudes of its history. What is its "eternal truth"? What is the constant throughout the vicissitudes of all history?

Renewal.

The ever-fighting human spirit constantly fights for renewal of itself. The flow of renewal is the historic process itself.

A Deeper Level

Hidden Guitar Teacher: Split Right Ring Finger Nail

This split right ring finger nail might be a blessing in disguise, a hidden teacher,

teaching me how much I have to relax my right hand in order to play tremolo, arpeggio, and more.

Deeper Level is now my Middle Name

Since I have returned from Budapest and Prague I realize my next life direction is exploring the next level. In other words, Deeper Level is now my middle name.

So far I see this in history and language; this morning I have added the deeper level of guitar relaxation.

Deeper Relaxation is also my Middle Name

A deeper level, deep relaxation may also be the way I have to go in yoga, running, calliyoga, etc.

Deep, deep relaxation in at least these three areas: guitar, yoga, running. This is indeed my next big challenge.

Monday, April 7, 2003

Studying Ancient History Again

Studying ancient history, Hungarian and otherwise, is like dreaming. Should I go back to dreaming?

I like philosophy and the broader view. I also like meditation and spirituality.

Could vicissitudes of history be considered a study of "concrete" philosophy?

Does it therefore have an aspect of meditation and spirituality?

Could history be considered "philosophy in concrete?"

I once loved the study of ancient history. I probably still do. I am on the edge of entry. These questions show that I am looking for an "excuse," a reason to study ancient history again.

Passion and History

This New Leaf is called Passion! Wasn't ancient history once one of my passions? History, too. But it was then too vague, fluid, and ethereal. It never had "hold-on" and "touch" substance; it never was "concrete. . . like language or playing guitar.

As I return to history I wonder if I will now find substance in its vicissitudes, hold-on strengths in its vicissitudes and fluidity.

Ideas occur in the human mind as it creates the world.

In history as well as the present, names and dates are aspects of concrete philosophy. As mental constructs, they represent universal ideas but in fleeting, "smaller" forms.

History of Freedom

Vicissitudes, names, dates: they are all part of the changing reality, the flow of mayic illusion past and present that we call history.

Does the flow of history lead anywhere? Yes. It leads towards greater freedom. The most amazing part of history is that no matter how many times people get knocked down by wars, destruction, etc. they keep popping up again, fighting for their freedom.

Somehow the soul's innate desire for freedom never dies; nor can it ever get killed or destroyed. It keeps popping up, searching, trying, making renewed efforts to realize itself in the fullness of its freedom.

The story of my soul is the story of its struggle to grow, expand, fulfill its potential; it is the story of its struggle to be free.

It mirrors the history of mankind.

The history of mankind is the story of its struggle to grow, expand, fulfill its potential; it too, is the story of its struggle to be free.

It's all history. Only the time frame may be different. Reading the morning news or hearing it on the radio, is also a study of history. . . very "modern" history.

Ancient history, medieval history, modern history. . . it's all history. Only the labels, names, and dates change.

The Next Step. . . for Customers

The next step. . . for old-time customers: Return to countries you have already visited in order to study and know them. . .and yourself. . . in depth.

I pass my own personal growth, expansion, ideas, and development on to my customers. Why not? After all, that is why they have chosen to follow me; that is why they have decided to be my customers.

Tuesday, April 8, 2003

Imagination and Dreams in "Concrete"

A lot of "in the world" stuff. Gone public gone even further. Where is this leading my mind?

I'm into calls, business, sales. Can't see much else to do.

What about imagination, dreaming, and studies? Will they now apply directly to the world? Will they become more "concrete?"

When imagination and dreams become more "concrete" do they metamorphose into business, calls, and sales? Is that what expansion and growth of "gone public" is all about?

Post-Transformation Me

I think it's true: imagination and dreams gone public are sales; they are the gospel in business form. That is where I am. That is the post-transformation me. So be

it. We'll see where it leads.

Can studies be a part of this? What about my art forms? Have they all now turned into gone-public sales forms? I think yes.

Dreams and imagination have gone public; business and art have merged into the gospel.

A lifetime conflict has vanished from view.

This is very scary. Have I really "outgrown" my dream center? Am I losing it? If I am, what will sustain me? What will protect me from the barbs and arrows, ups and downs, and granite block realities of the world?

Where will my mysticism go? Can it be embedded in concrete?

What about passion? Can that be embedded in concrete?

Dreams, imagination, and passion are all turning into sales. Mysticism is changing into business. Is this good? Is it even true?

The line between public and private once was blurred. Now it has been (just about) eliminated.

Unbelievable, indeed. Where will it all lead?

Love and Care for Customers

There is another element emerging here: love and care for my customers. I love them, and I love caring for them.

Where, if anywhere, do imagination, dreams, mysticism, and passion fit into this love? To find the answer, should I start with passion? Isn't passion part of love? Or love itself? Imagination and dreams swirl around love just as the intellect swirls about the mind. How is mysticism related to love? Isn't it?

Is love part of and connected to going-public? How so?

I might also ask: Dare I love my customers?

Any risks? Naa.

Certainly love of customers and the concrete use of imagination, dreams, mysticism, and passion in their presence is an area I have not explored.

Am I not about to unleash this force? Isn't this the passion of the unleashed life?

To use all my skills and talents in the service of love: Not a bad way to go.

It's concrete, gone-public form is expressed in the love and service to others.

Sales are my Form of Going-Public Love

Sales are my form of going-public love. They are aggressive, that is "fucking" ("making love to") the customer in the best sense of the word.

Always attach a sale to each phone call.

Tuesday, March 9, 2004

Performance! (Or Life?)

Recognize Them, Say Hello, Then Go Right Past Them

What do you do about the complaints of bitter, negative, left-leaning people? Try to convince them they are wrong? Try to change their opinions?

No. Best is to go right past them.

But it is nice to be polite. First recognize them, then say hello; then go right past them.

Deal with my body complaints, my local aches and pains, in the same way.

Recognize them, say hello, then go right past them.

Among the nay sayers there is always the "but," the negativity, the fear. First they fear we'll lose the war; then they fear we'll lose the peace. No matter how much America wins, they are still down on Iraq.

Their primary foundation is based on fear.

Their bitterness and negativity is based on fear, not hope. They live in downdrafts; they refuse to be in touch with the uplifting winds of enthusiasm, spiritual elevation, and freedom.

Indeed, do not deny them. Awareness comes first. Be aware of them. Recognize them, say hello, then go right past them.

A Plus Side for the Nay Sayers

The nay sayers always throw in the negative slant first. Yes, negatives do exist; they are right. . . “partly.” But their primary emphasis is always on the negative. They interpret the world through their worries; they put their fears before their hopes. Thus are they “unbalanced.”

However, their wary approach, putting fear before hope, might be good for me. . . in the stock market!

Performance

Thank God for Nervousness!

I’m a little nervous about our upcoming trip to Santa Fe, and especially the week after, with my upcoming Thursday to Saturday Weekend, booking in Harriman on Saturday night, N.Y. and Staten Island bar mitzvah on Sunday.

So much work. Will I be able to do it? I’m nervous. But I’m glad I’m nervous. Look how miserable I am when I’m not nervous. “Nervous: is my energy speaking. It’s saying, get ready, rise up, prepare for your next challenge. It is stimulating, aggressive, and high. I love my nervousness! Thank God I have something to look forward to and be nervous about! Thank God I have an “excuse” to call on my energy and rise above myself.

Can focus on the energy of nervousness, on my nervous energy, cure my body pains? Probably.

Never mind “probably.” The real answer is: Yes!

Thus use it. . . and bless it!

That is why it is so important to focus on the outside world, the world of sales, business, and performance. Focus on functioning, performing in the outside makes me nervous. And nervous energy cures most woes.

Sales is Performance!

Performance is the outside world. It includes all my areas of “outdoor, outside my room” functioning. The entire world of business with its emphasis on sales.

Sales is performance. A concert, a folk dance teaching class, running tour, all are sales. They are a sales performance.

This is how and where performance and sales merge; this is where art and business meet.

And it is so good for me! It is the place where my nervous energy can help me, push me, fill my empty vessel with enthusiasm, and inspire me to rise higher on Jacobs ladder.

Titles: Learning to Love your Nervous Energy

or: God Bless Stage Fright!

Why? This nervousness can, among other things, cure physical and mental, psycho-physical, aches and pains!

How is it done? By focusing on performance (e.i., sales) in the outside world.

Thus the more I turn my energies towards the outside world, the more will I cure myself.

Wednesday, March 10, 2004

Confidence and Celebration

Regarding politics in general and Iraq in particular, the question I must ask is: "Why is it so important to convince others to see and agree with my view of reality? Yes, it's nice to celebrate with others? Why should I need their support and agreement? After all, celebration is celebration. It could be just as much fun to celebrate alone.

I may simply be a question of having more confidence in my own views.

On the Pluses of Opposition

But since the existence of a public, its politics, and my gone-public expression of my own political opinion all go together, I must recognize that non-celebrants, the doom-and-gloomers, can put a damper on my enthusiasm. They serve as potential lids. They represent repressive mothers who threaten my right to joy. Thus, they are always potentially dangerous; they threaten my enthusiasm and ability to celebrate.

Be aware of the potential threats and dangers they create. Then, "Recognize them, say hello, and go right past them."

It is also hard to believe that, although stupid and moronic, opposition to my views will never go away. . . ever! True, some people may change their mind and even come over to my side. But opposition to views will always exist.

Hard to believe. . . but is better and "realistic" to believe it.

I might even find some good in the existence of such an opposition. Here are two pluses:

1. Opposition dispels blandness.
2. Opposition puts pepper into the food of political life.

Creativity

A true artist

Cannot be afraid to jump off the cliff

Into the dark, churning abyss;

To fall down, down, down
Into the black, mysterious waters
And drink from the turbulent stream
Of Creativity.

So ends a New Leaf