

The 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 accomplishment. 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 calligraphy an art form? If not, why not?

Why not make it one?

Calligraphy 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, calligraphy, 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 pipperrassings, 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