

Blueprint

Saturday, April 12, 2003

I Need a Cloudburst Miracle

I am stuck. That may be the reason for the sudden appearance of all these new-place arthritic pains. Look at them: elbows, wrists, fingers, knees, insteps, and probably more upcoming, too.

It must be that I am stuck. Sure I can say my transition has ended. But is it really that simple? Does it end just because I say so? And what really new and dynamic directions have I taken? So far, none that I can see.

Sure I am returning to the old, retracing former steps, going “deeper” as I say. But is that really dynamic and different enough to constitute a miracle?

Probably not.

What brilliant new idea and direction will I discover?

Arthritis is a stiffness of the mind expressed in and through a stiffness of the body. Only the rain from a cloudburst will heal my aching joints and muscles.

This miracle will come in the form of a dynamic new idea, a flash of fresh, powerful vision.

I'm waiting with eager and open mouth.

The Center

Maybe once you've reached the center, there is no more. Maybe the center is passion! Thus, when you have arrived, the feeling there is of no other place to go. Maybe that's what “maintenance” is all about: maintaining the Passion, the More, the All. You have entered the home of God Himself. Once you have come home, where else is there to go?

Depression Is Elation. . . and Vice Versa

If success is being there, passion, arrival at the spiritual center, standing in the center of More, of God Himself, why is it depressing?

Why is standing in the middle of More depressing?

Well, maybe it isn't!

Maybe it is elating!

Maybe I have misinterpreted depression for elation. Maybe I have misinterpreted elation and called it depression. Maybe, instead of calling it joy, wonder, and awe all mixed together in Passion, I have totally misnamed it, and falsely interpreted it.

Starting Over Based on Passion!

Why would I get involved with Norway, Sweden, or even Iceland? Only for the Passion!

Perhaps this symbolizes a Starting Over in tourism, history, language, all, but based on the passion.

It's not to learn a lot of to conquer it. It's only for the Passion! Post transition: That's what's new. Connect to Go in the Present through Passion!

In the third century, B.C. what motivated Pytheas, the Greek navigator, to leave Marseille? Business and sales. He went tnorthwest to investigate trade routes, to the amber and tin markets of northern Europe. On the way, he found Thule, or Iceland.

Friday, April 18, 2003

Practicing the Sales Passion

Blank this morning – and pleasantly so.

Sold one copy of New Leaf I and one copy of New Leaf II to the Ark Bookstore in Santa Fe.

The first bookstore near the square wouldn't buy it. They sent me to the Ark. They bought it.

I felt the old fears of rejection when I went to the stores. But, of course, I went anyway because Sales are Important.

Indeed, the nervousness before sales, its fear of rejection, touched my energy center. It put me in touch with my nervous energy.

Isn't that energy a form of passion? Indeed.

Thus book sales (and, of course, all other sales) are a form of passion.

Sales as Passion! I like it.

But if sales are passion, should they be part of the Miracle Schedule? Am I ready to make such a leap?

Indeed.

Business has two aspects: Organization (preparation) and Sales.

I organize a tour, then I sell it; I organize a concert, folk dance class, weekend, tour, I sell it. I write a book, I sell it.

Organizing is creating. God organized the world by creating it. Thus, as a creative act, organization belongs on the miracle schedule.

How about its sister, Sales? Is Sales also a creative act? God organized the world, but He didn't have to sell it. Nevertheless, could sales ever be called "creative?" Maybe I don't see it as creative because sales contains fear, the fear of rejection.

There is little (to no) fear in organizing, creating, preparing, writing, etc. Why? It takes place in the safe chamber of my mind; it has yet to go public.

Bringing my creations public carries them to fear's door. Perhaps the fear is the lid that prevents me from seeing sales as creative. But that does not mean sales are not creative; it only means I fear sales. Thus I fear an aspect of the creative process. It becomes most evident in the public, gone public, world of sales.

All the above is a fancy way of trying to convince myself that sales is part of the passion.

Well, I want it to be! Therefore, in my mind, it is!

Settled and done: sales is part of the passion. Better yet, sales is in the Passion!

To practice this truth I can start with New Leaf book sales.

The Sales Center

The center of sales is not sales itself but the nervous energy it touches. The nervous energy is the passion.

Thus when selling focus on the passion (nervous) energy it engenders and not on the sale itself. This kind of focus keeps you centered. It also takes you beyond the fear of rejection and all other fears.

Focus on this Center can be applied to all other creative and artistic endeavors: guitar playing, folk dancing, tours, etc. It is, after all, the Center.

Use my nervous energy.

In yoga, too? Why not? All!

History is Alive and Well. . . Always

History equals fantasy or "dead" people.

Relationships equal "real" or live people.

What is the constant? Interest and love of people.

Actually, on the deepest level, I not only create the "inner" historical characters in my brain, but also the "outer" relationships. What then is the difference between historical characters and "modern," present, personal family or other "relationship" characters?

Perhaps not much.

The former are "dead;" the latter are "living;" but both are created and exist only in my brain. My mind is the great creator and it is connected to the great Creator.

Ma nishtanah? What is the difference between history and the present, between characters of old and characters of new?

Not much.

Thus when I read about history I am really reading about my family relationships, others, all the present people. Isn't Abba Abraham part of the family? My father and Abraham of Ur. Isn't David part of the family? King David and my son, David?

Indeed, all are One.

The great secret is that history is a study of the present. Its characters are alive and well. . . always.

Refresh

Why do I turn the page and immediately try to forget what I just wrote? And this, even though I know it is a great idea.

It is a form of refresh; I click on the inner refresh button.

The Passion Teaching

It's all about having confidence in what you truly, deep in your heart, know: that you are connected to God.

There is no question about this, no doubt at all. But it is so hard to believe, and to tell others, even harder. Many will think you're crazy. Thus admitting it to yourself and telling others requires courage.

This is the foundation of the Passion Teaching.

Sheer Delight of Study

I read and study not so much to remember or improve but rather for the sheer delight of hearing the words bounce around in my brain and ricochet off the walls of my mind.

Sheer delight is close to Godliness, to the Shining, the Radiance, and the Great Unnamed.

Losing is the Best and Only Lesson

Arrogance is based on an unreal sense of self, an inflated – and Godless – sense of power.

Stupidity is based on naivete; it often leads to arrogance. Naivete is okay for children. Children, however, shouldn't handle money or lead wars.

How do you learn the lessons of arrogance?

You lose.

Losing, although painful, is not only the best but also the only lesson.

"Can" and "Will"

Can I have more energy by eating carefully?

Will I have more energy by eating carefully?

Can or will: What is the difference between these words? I don't know yet. But it is interesting to think about them.

"Can" has possibility. It derives from the Anglo-Saxon word cunnan: to know. (German: kennen; English: knowledge). Thus "can" as in I can do it means I know how to do it. No learning is involved since I already know how to do it. However, I still have to use my will power to motivate myself to do it.

"Will" has intention and rational power: "I will do it." It comes from an Indo-European root wel: to wish, to choose.

Tuesday, April 22, 2003

Publishable, shpublishable, writing down my basic thoughts is a need. Sure, it's nice to publish and be heard. That is really the secondary (tertiary even) reason that I write. The primary reason is to explain myself to myself and clear my mind.

This morning that mind is looking at soft, fast arpeggios with open focus on the base (alone). The treble thus "relaxes" along for the ride.

Tremolo and Arpeggio

A twenty-five year illusion is shattered. The bass is the powerful, rick, and elegant melody.

The treble is the distant echo, the gray shadow against the brilliant light, the soft, gray, subtle contrast against the powerful dominant sky.

This tremolo realization ends my transition. It's over. (Gulp, gulp!)

Yes, my transition is over.

That's why I'm calm at the center. . . and happy.

Learn to live with it.

There is no other choice.

Focused Passion!

Easy: The New Me in Concrete

Again it felt easy. No effort, effortless, on the Weekend. I'm proud of "no effort." It's an accomplishment, an attitude, an I-am-there place.

The same place as I-can't-believe-this-is-me-playing-the-guitar attitude. I have stepped beyond transformation: The new me in concrete.

Guitar – tremolo and arpeggio – with total melody in the bass (Leyenda chord clusters included) also feels amazingly easy. Same beyond-transformation me. Passion in concrete.

When I say "easy," what do I mean?

What is easy?

Confidence is easy. Weekend confidence and guitar confidence are easy. This does not mean there are no challenges, no nervousness or nervous energy. It only means I see all these energy forms in the light of focused Passion!

Audience Love Fest

Weekend: A people love fest.

I love it; I love the fest

I love me facing them

And them facing me.

I love working through them

I love seeing them, over the Weekend time, developing, growing, changing, as their inner selves open and are revealing through my efforts.

Yes, I dare see and accept this relationship love development, this gone-public, gone-to-Passion love relationship.

What is this love relationship? It is definitely a Love-Me-Love-Them thing. A total connection through the universe. A oneness and passion. A Oneness and Passion!

Plus I loved the yogic sleep workshop (semi in chairs) and the quiet discussion it engendered.

How do I dare love so openly? The Weekend shows it; it shows I do.

I just have to recognize and accept it.

Very much like recognizing and admitting that I can now play the tremolo.

There is a tight relationship between my love of audience and tremolo. Both broke through together.

Is this my love and Passion in relationship? Yes, I believe so.

Cry for Beauty!

What is the meaning of the headaches I so often experience during my Weekends and tours?

I think the pain results from a repression of the ecstasy, the overwhelming inner wave of cosmic Beauty that sweeps over me.

I cry for the beauty of the event.

Good Norway/Sweden "If" Thought

Good "if" thought on this summer's Norway/Sweden tour: If, due to low registration, it gets canceled, I can spend the summer focusing on editing all my New Leaves. And I'll plan to do the tour again in the summer of 2005! Or, if there is another Bulgaria Koprivshitsa festival, I can do it in either May or September of 2005. In any case, if it doesn't work out this year, I can postpone it to 2005. . . or even 2006.

Energizing Aspects of Fear

I've been doing well in the stock market during the past week. My account and my stocks have been in the green gain column. And I've even made a little money.

Paradoxically and strangely, part of me misses the energizing worry, the energizing fear of the red loss column. This is an important kind of self-knowledge. Once again I recognize the energizing aspects of fear. Paralyzing fear, panic, is an awful feeling. But a tinge of worry, a touch or "pinch" of fear, often acts as a stimulant. A pinch of pepper in your food wakes you up, makes you alert, focused, on guard, and ready for action.

Searching for the Perfect Leyenda

(Alhambra, Tremolo, and Arpeggio)

Why am I hesitant, nay, afraid, to go practice so slowly, to focus so deeply on this meditative relaxation with the Leyenda barre as well as the Zapateado, Alhambra, etc. tremolos?

Am I touching the deepest levels of relaxation?

Am I afraid I'll "slip back" to the old methods of slow practice which I did for so many years with no results?

Am I afraid of touching these deep levels of relaxation? Am I afraid to restart my search for perfection?

"Aim for perfection. Settle for excellence along the way," says Vince.

I like the idea that I'm hesitant, afraid, to restart my search for perfection. I like that search. It energizes me and give me hope. Sure I'll "settle" for excellence along the way but I'll keep searching for that perfect Alhambra, that perfect Leyenda, that perfect tremolo and arpeggio.

One of the illusions of my lifetime is that I should aim to achieve perfection. No! Perfection can and should never be achieved. Only in death do we achieve it, and even that is questionable.

Perfection is a constant goal. Thus it is a constant stimulant. We can achieve excellence. But perfection, never. Thus we stay ever in the Flow, not beyond it.

Left foot stands in excellence, while the right foot constantly steps forward towards perfection.

One may feel the perfection "feeling." This is really disguised feeling of excellence; it is the glory of success on the road to perfection. But one never arrives at perfection itself.

Perfection and death are very close. Thus does one fear perfection, stand in awe of it.

This fear of perfection (awe in its form of death) is ever a stimulant.

By practicing so infinitesimally slowly, am I wasting my time or achieving bliss? The latter, indeed.

In this busy world, is it right, legal, and wise to "waste" my time achieving bliss? Or is working to achieve it the best use of time?

Talent

At yesterday's Bar Mitzvah at the Rolling Hills Country Club in Wilton, Ct. Most people got up to dance. Giuseppe said to me, "It's a talent."

Yes, I've got a talent. . . with people. I can get them to do things, I can lead. It's always been "easy" for me. I hardly ever even think about it. But it is the foundation of

my success.

Relationships. That's the talent. Group leadership and relationships. . . that's the talent. Peter Drucker has said that talent is usually what comes so easy to you, you don't even think or or recognize it as a talent. It is so simply and easily "you."

I agree.

Monday, May 5, 2003

I'm cracking through the hemispheres, riding my tires into the sun! This is a good thing.

Wild and wooly, open but firm, I'm standing tall as I float by in my carriage, the wide whip whirling through the air, picking up passengers along the way.

How could she be so absolutely wrong on everything? How could she be so absolutely wrong on me, on my going public direction, its reasons and motives?

She's wrong on her political opinions, too.

Well, she's a liberal. What can you expect?

Focus on the Blaze

In the passionate life, how does one avoid the pitfalls of over-excitement?

By focusing on the blaze.

A deep, inner calm comes when you focus on the blaze. . . and not on what is being burned (by the blaze).

Wednesday, May 7, 2003

Why Edit? Why Publish?

Accepting my Passion, Accepting Myself

Why write? Because I must. I enjoy it. Why publish? Because I must. I enjoy reading my writing. (Maybe others will too.) Thus my zany humor.

I may develop a small audience of fans. Those who also appreciate and enjoy my writing. But I may not. It really doesn't matter. The main thing to remember and realize is that *I enjoy, get a kick out of, reading my writing*. My sense of humor is a blast, so is my sense of beauty. As I reread *Mad Shoes, Crusaders Tours, Handfuls of Air, Songs and Stories for Open Ears*, what fun! What an off-beat sense of wild imagination! I love it. When I *admit it*.

Thus I must face the fact that I love reading what I write. That is the real and only bottom-line reason to publish it. It is based solely on my enjoyment. Just as others (may) follow me when I enjoy my dancing, so others may enjoy reading the books I write. Or they may not. They may buy them. . . or they may not. But, bottom-line, I must enjoy them. And, truth is, I do. I just have to recognize, realize, and admit it.

Passion, luxuriation, enjoyment. All are forms of love. And before I can love others, I'd better love myself. Before I can love editing or publishing, I'd better love the process of editing and publishing. And this is all based on loving, not only the fact that I write but also the content, imagination, poetry, humor, and beauty found in what I write.

On Winning and Losing

Winning creates fun;

Losing creates resolve.

How does the above apply to my body. . . and folk dancing?

See body pains as losses; they strengthen my resolve. . . to (cure them through) exercise, run, do yoga, etc.

Missing the folk dance steps are losses; they strengthen student resolve. . .to master these and even more steps.

Missing Alhambra (and other) tremolos and arpeggios creates resolve to master them.

Rejection by customers (losses) creates resolve to get even more customers.

Losses in the stock market create resolve to master my emotions of greed and fear, and to make money in the market.

Losing stinks.

But that is precisely why it is energizing.

It's a good reason to welcome your losses.

Going Public with my Demands

I am very demanding of myself. I demand my best effort; I demand perfection (although I usually have to "settle" for excellence.)

Would I dare demand this from others? Would I dare "give" them the best of myself, my finest energy and perfecting demands?

Would I dare ask them, nay demand that they strive, push, sweat, and struggle, that they give their all in the endless pursuit of perfection?

If I went public with such demands, it would be a great gift to them. . . and myself.

Sales Calls of Demand

This changes the nature of my sales calls. Rather than coaxing, cajoling, convincing, pleading, asking, nay begging them to dance, come on tour with me, or whatever, I am now demanding they do so. . . for their own good!

This demand will be subtle, of course. It may take the form of a persistent or subtle "insistence." But it will be a demand, nevertheless.

At bar mitzvahs, I do not request that they dance. I do not "ask" them. Rather I say they will dance. "Let's dance!" I demand it (subtly, of course.) I do it with presence

and voice tone.

Friday, May 9, 2003

Riding the Cycles

At first I was calm. I bought well. The market went up.

But greed overtook me. I went too fast, bought too much. Now the market is going down and I am "uncomfortable."

What is my lesson?

Cycles. Does swing trading mean riding the two-to-five day cycles?

How long did Lucent and Triquint go up? Five days? Check it out.

On Learning to Read my Emotional Mind

In the "recent" up market I had reached a "stuffed" feeling where even the idea of making more money didn't "thrill" me in the old way. I was on the edge of becoming "sated" with success.

I wonder if that feeling symbolized the beginning of the down cycle, the down market. . .and the time to "get a new thrill" by selling everything. And stimulating myself by facing the "new" fear of emptiness.

Should I take that thrill today, recognize my "mistake," and sell everything? Or sell down to comfort level?

Should I jump into the "fear losses" philosophy? Begin my "fear loss" practice today?

The lesson is: Fear losses, hope for profits.

My only "hope" now is that the market doesn't fall further. Living in this kind of hope is not a good place to be.

Wouldn't it be better to either sell down or sell out?

Wouldn't it be a good practice to sell quickly or at least sell down before worse happens? I can always buy back later.

Selling down seems to be a good middle ground.

At the bottom of my cycle, I cry for my loss. I feel sad, vulnerable, and scared. Hope, energy, and dynamism have fled.

Everything aches.

Listless and hopeless, I can hardly walk.

Before Bedford Folk Dancing:

Disciplined Freedom

Over-excitement is the new problem.

I thought running wild on the lawn was my highest and best state. Only inner Ma stopped me.

No more. Now I'm free. No one and nothing is stopping me. Yes, I'm running wild on the lawn, all the time; and I'm out of control, spinning wildly, scattering in every direction. No stops. It is not pleasant; it is not fun; it is not beautiful.

Since Ma is not around to control me, I must control me. Since I've broken down the wall of inner Ma – and am consequently running wild on my inner lawn – it is I who will have to build my own wall. To my specifications. Yes, that is my contribution. Run wild with my own man-made, Jimmy-made, not Ma made, walls.

Evidently, I need a lid – my own lid. Made by me. To my specifications. That's the difference.

Former lid: Ma and inner Ma.

Present lid: None. I need my own creation, my own self-made lid built to my specifications.

Since I'm in control, in charge, I'd better also control or be in charge of my running wild on the lawn. I must create a disciplined freedom. My own discipline for my own freedom.

Evidently, I am nauseated and disgusted by such total undisciplined, wild, and

atonal “freedom.” The energies of a wild rushing river need to be controlled, directed, and channeled. Otherwise there is a mad, destructive flood.

That’s my job: to channel my river. But first I needed to become aware that mad shoe freedom needs channeling.

Sales calling is also over-exciting, over-stimulating. (So is winning in the stock market.) Is that why I have avoided, nay “hated” sales over the years? Too exciting. I couldn’t stand all that excitement. Wow! Why not? What a realization.

Sales, market, everything else: now I must learn to control myself on the up side.

Aim for inner calm, quiet, and peace even while my outside world “runs wild on the lawn.” Move from Mad Shoe to Serene Shoe.

One way of controlling my mind on the up side is to keep growing.

Have I been growing recently? I think not.

1. Editing my journal is not “new.”
2. Phone sales are not “new.”
3. Organizing tours, etc. is not “new.”

What’s new? Not much at the moment.

During the past six months studying web design and the stock market were new. But now it’s mostly “done.”

I need to reach for new levels, studies, directions, and projects.

Monday, May 12, 2003

I wonder if the aches in my shoulder and body are due to and reflections of not only the computer, but of the pressures of editing my whole New Leaf. Hmm.

How should I try to handle this pressure? Try limits.

Will I succeed at such stops? Or will realization of my passion and awareness of the causes of my aches decrease my pains and thus win the day?

The Editing Burden

I know my nausea was (is) caused by the burden of editing, the “shoving the editing down my throat” feeling.

Could this also be true of my aches and pains? Could it be “editing arthritis?” Probably.

Arthritis pains, nausea, burping, bile, all are caused by anger against the burdens I am carrying. “Forced” to carry. Well, nobody is forcing me. . . except me. I am creating my burdens; I am responsible for them. I am even creating the nausea and arthritis as internal resistance to doing them.

Since I am such a creative person, perhaps I can now create a new way of handling my editing burden. And this minus nausea and arthritis.

How would I do it? What new thoughts would penetrate my mind? What would I think? What new attitudes would I create?

But first comes awareness: Be aware that my nausea and arthritis is (partly or wholly) caused by my editing burden.

Wednesday, May 14, 2003

The Hidden Power Behind Sleepiness

Guitar. . .folk dancing, running, yoga. . . and other:

The relaxation point is discovered in slow playing. The power of the relaxation point, the power of *fast*, is found in *slow*.

This kind of slow practicing brings on a sleepiness. Does the sleepiness, really the deepest of relaxations, put me at the border of a deep, great, and hidden power?

When I fall asleep I lose consciousness of it. But if I can “stay awake,” stay in touch with it, put it into my body and use it, then it may well turn into a power.

Am I right? Do I dare turn sleepiness into power?

Should I just “give in” to sleepiness. . . by falling its delicious arms? Or should I try, consciously, to turn that deep relaxation into a strength?

This “new use” of relaxation and sleepiness would initiate a totally new approach to the physical art forms, that is, art forms in which I use my body: guitar, dance, running, yoga, etc.

Once I reach the center of relaxation and sleepiness, and I am in touch with this source of power, then *fast and slow become the same*.

Mentally, once I reach this deep relaxation center, this warm place of hot, nay, molten power, it becomes an instant warm-up. I don't have to physically warm up my body; I do it up mentally by placing myself at the molten “warmed-up” center.

This calls on tremendous mental power, the power of the mind to control the body. It changes the warm-up order, “replacing” physical warm-ups with mental warm-ups.

The body still moves. . . but the mind moves first.

It also replaces numbers (counting the number of push-ups, arm rotations, scorpion poses, etc.) with focus on the relaxation spot.

Friday, May 16, 2003

Performance

Starting Over

On the Leyenda bar and Alhambra five-finger tremolo:

I like the “starting over” state. In a Who-am-I? And What- am-I? sense, I don't know my hands at all; I don't know my fingers at all; I don't know my wrist at all. I don't even know my own body. I'm starting from scratch, starting fresh.

Money

The market will become my musical instrument, my art form. I will learn to play it. Some of my mental tools will be my creative skills and artistic intuition.

Music and the market, the swells and falls of a Beethoven symphony: I like it.

Thus I am approaching the market as an artist.

But first, I have to learn my instrument.

This is a great way to handle my financial problems. Finally, I am diving into the total study of money! Market money. Is this the cause of my twenty-five year fascination with the market? Is this God's way of teaching me about myself, by constantly frustrating and annoying me with financial worries? He knew I must ultimately come to this market study place.

Isn't it another area to test and expand my self knowledge through boldness, daring, adventurousness, and love of study?

Saturday, May 17, 2003

Money

Idea: Hold my stocks for six months to a year. *Short term.*

Even though the past few weeks have been good, my stocks have gone up and I've made money, nevertheless, remember: *I am still a beginner.* My next stage starts in November, 2003. That will make one year of entry and study of the market *on my own*, We'll see by then if I can make money on a *consistent basis*.

How to measure consistent? Not by making money every day but *every week*. This pushes me past the daily wiggles (two to five days) of the market.

Maybe I should look at my totals every week instead of every day. Say every Monday morning. Hmm.

I also like this definition of a professional trader by Toni Turner: "Commit to the following goal that defines a professional trader: *To consistently take profits out of the*

market.

By November, 2003 I should know more about myself. So far during the first six months of trading I've lost money. A few weeks ago the second six months began. The tech market (and the market in general) is going up. I started to make money. We'll see where this takes me.

On Accepting No Tremolo. . .Ever

Guitar thought: Maybe I should just *accept* that, for some unknown reason, the tremolo is something I am *never going to be able to do*.

And I will never understand why.

This may be the understanding that comes at the end of my transition. Acceptance of this. Perhaps the only why or reason I can or will find is: It is the will of God.

Perhaps this is where hope and greed meet. I have always hoped I would get the tremolo. Just as I hoped that someday I would, through the stock market and my tour business, become a millionaire.

In both cases, the opposite happened: In guitar playing, no matter how much I practiced, I could never master the tremolo; and in the stock market. . . and tours, no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't make enough money. And, in the end, I lost all my money.

Thus if greed is a sin, and you tie hope to greed, then I have definitely paid my fee: the wages of sin are death. Well, I died in tourism and the stock market.

But that life is over. Hopefully, (there's that greedy word again) I will study my mistakes and learn from my misjudgements.

Well, I'm sure I will. These losses, these life experiences are indelible. Through the long-term pain and suffering they have caused, they made a permanent mark on my mind. I shall never forget them. Thus they shall ever effect the attitudes of my post-

transitional, future life.

Do Personal Feelings Reflect (or Affect) Public Feelings?

Could I (and others, the general public) be becoming “weary of terrorism. Weary of economic “depression,” the down market, stagnation, Enron corruption scandals, and all the depressing news of the past two or three years?

Will I (and others) simply starting “accepting” the threat of terrorism as part of daily life. . . and move on? Will we adopt the attitude of “Well, that’s the way life is today. . . What else is new?”

Certainly I am beginning to feel that way. Do my personal feelings mirror a growing new attitude of the public? Do they, will they, in their small way, effect or affect the stock market in general?

Am I sensing the future “general conditions, a feeling of ennui and even boredom with the fearful events and down attitudes of the past two to three years? If I am and I am right, how will it effect my stock speculation, my short term (six months to a year) and even long-term (two to ten years) view of the market?

Ecstasy is The Healer

Ecstasy and pain are related.

There’s a place where pain crosses the border into ecstasy.

Without looking into pain, there is no ecstasy.

Pain is the land of body, ego, and lower self.

Ecstasy is where man meets spirit, higher self, and God. It is his cradle of the Infinite.

In order to get there, you have to accept, face, and deal with pain. . . and get past it.

Pain happens. . .but it’s worth shit.

Ecstasy happens, too. One must strive for it.

But it's worth every star.

In a practical way, how does this knowledge of pain and ecstasy apply to me?
What does it mean?

It means striving. Push a little harder in running, yoga, guitar, and my other activities. Try! Break through the ego barrier and its fear of pain.

Reach for the state of healing ecstasy.

Ecstasy is a healer. The Healer.

It cures the pains of ego, body, and mind,

What's the difference between ecstasy and joy?

Joy is a lower form of ecstasy.

The struggle to achieve ecstasy. . . and remember God. . . is a daily struggle.

On "Moderation"

Man needs a little defiance of conditions in his life. Otherwise he will be killed by boredom.

The road to ecstasy is the road of boldness, daring, adventure, and creativity; it is the path of heroes and daring deeds.

During the past few months, even the past year, because of losses in the stock market coupled with constant financial badgering from my wife, and concomitant aches and pains in my own body, I have tried, been experimenting with, the road of "moderation."

Well, this road sucks.

It is not my deepest nature to follow the straight, flat, boring road of moderation. I thrive on a path of sharp curves, rugged mountain peaks, and deep twisting valleys.

Some might call this path one of stupidity. But I would call it the path of

wisdom.

Why?

First of all, these roads may open the door to ecstasy. Ecstasy in turn will cure my aches and pains. In fact, maybe I had those aches and pains in the first place: I had “given up” my ecstasy, traded it in for tight-assed, straight-jacketed, nauseating and disgusting moderation. In other words, much of my energy went into keeping myself back, putting my brakes on, holding myself down, repressing my wild and ecstatic energies, and swallowing the best of myself. No wonder I felt like throwing up so often; no wonder I felt like shit and was plagued with an almost constant disgust.

Moderation is just not my way. I admire and love artists, wild men, passionates, and fanatics.

How about suicide bombers? In newspapers and the public mind, they’re represent today’s fanatics. Does killing yourself (and others) lead to ecstasy?

The answer is yes. But you can only do it once. Aha, there’s the downer. Of course, there is also the moral reprehensibility of the deed. But suicide bombers, being delusional and following their own interpretation of morality, probably believe they are doing a noble deed. But we are not discussing morality here. Only ecstasy and its curative effects.

Sunday, May 18, 2003

Money

My Most Comfortable Position

I have mentally moved from the philosophy of investing with its foundation on finding security to speculation with its foundation based on a attitude of boldness, daring, adventure, creation. . .but not stupidity. This attitude is very similar to running-wild-on-the-lawn. In the past, such an attitude was somewhat uncontrolled and uncontrollable; it suffered from the pangs of over-excitement.

But now, in my post-transformation state, I have dealt with and partly

conquered this wild and formerly uncontrolled state. I am “more stable” in myself. And thus, am I ready to move on.

Move on to where? Why, to a stock market philosophy, of course. And this based on my true personality, a combination of the four-year-old kid running wild on the lawn and the mature adult who is aware of and can handle the concomitant over-excitement.

I am ready to look at, devise, find, develop, and accept my own stock market philosophy: a speculative (trading) attitude based on daring, boldness, adventure, and creativity. And what can this attitude possibly lead to? Why, ecstasy, of course.

Ecstasy in the market? Am I *crazy!* Well. . . yes. But this ecstasy is and will be tempered by the knowledge of pain, the pain found in the constant awareness and ever-present threat of losing all my money. Thus awareness will keep my ecstatic mind grounded; it will prevent, nay, save me.

Of course, no one is immune from all dangers. And truly, no matter how aware I am, and how many stop-losses I put under my stocks, I can still lose all my money and fall again into the financial abyss. . . although, with stop-losses under my stocks, I don't see how this is possible. Nevertheless, I'm sure it is. One must always expect the unexpected. And it is the unexpected that could ruin me.)

Nevertheless, in a dangerous and unpredictable world, I still can choose the life of boldness, daring, adventure, and creativity. And I will. It is, believe it or not, my most comfortable position.

Hoping for the Power of Paradox

Post-transitional guitar playing: Based on “I'll never get the tremolo. . . so fuck it! I'll play it sloppy or any way at all. What's the difference? I can't get it, anyway.”

Hoping for the power of paradox.

"Looseness" as a Cornerstone of the Post-Transitional State

Giving up hope on the tremolo is definitely a "loose" attitude. The "I'll never get it" frees me to make any mistake, play it sloppy, do whatever I want.

The Difference Between Discouraged and Humbled

Very discouraged this morning. The stock market down did it. My hopes were dashed. Also my "new" concept of self as a competent trader. A rising stock market with subsequent money making (no short sales) makes me feel smart. A down market with subsequent money loss (no short sales either) makes me feel discouraged, down, and dumb. Evidently, although my skills may have grown, I'm still not as smart as I thought.

Yes, I am "humbled." But I'm also discouraged.

What is the difference between discouraged and humbled?

Discouraged is when you lose all perspective; it simply feels like shit.

Humbled is when you realize there is more in and to the world than your ego; there are higher forces. Humbled connects you to God.

Can Any Good be Found in Stock Speculation?

Somehow I must find my God connection in the process. I must see playing the stock market game as a good-in-itself.

Are you kidding? How will that ever happen? The world of stock market, manipulation, gambling, money, as goods-in-themselves? Aren't they sins? Aren't they evils? Aren't they part of the lower, sinful world?

Maybe not. But I certainly don't see it yet.

Can the process of stock speculation ever be a good thing? Can I ever take pride in it? Can anyone? How about folks like Jesse Livermore?

Maybe you can take pride in your skills. But how about the stock market speculation process itself? Can that be good? And what would mother say?

And how about all the other communists? What would they say? Surely, if I think this way, I will be expelled from the Party. No good communist would ever embrace “gambling,” much less any aspect of the capitalist system.

Maybe a good can be found in stock speculation. But my upbringing and background disable me from seeing it.

On “Over-Use” Injury and “Getting Tired”
or The “Hidden” Fear of Energizing Myself

or Giving It My All Energizes Me

I’m afraid if I exercise too much, if I “over do” it, I’ll:

1. Tire myself out
2. Injure myself

But suppose if I exercise “too much,” and “over do” it, instead of tiring myself out and injuring myself, I energize myself. That’s a possibility, too.

The fears of tiring myself out come from the old neighborhood. The fears of injury through over use come from experience. But here, awareness and care, should be able to handle it.

So perhaps my biggest fear is that I will energize myself! And, bottom line, what does energize myself mean? The very real possibility of touching Passion! and ecstasy.

Rather than something to fear, this is something to embrace!

Giving it my all energizes me.

Rather than tiring me out, giving it my all releases the endorphins and energizes me!

As for over-use injuries, the best defense is self (body) awareness.

The best cure for the downs, depression, and whatever is to give it your all!

THE EDITING LIFE

First Editing Steps

What is so frightening is I thought my writings were so sacred and that little to nothing could be eliminated. Now, while reading and editing my New Leaf journals, I find many entries can be dropped.

It's my first reading. Am I right? I think so.

I'm happy about this: I have too many pages as it is. But I'm also partly shocked. Can I really eliminate these pages without a problem?

Then there is "catharsis" writing. Do I really want to have my customers read – and, years later, have myself read – about all my miseries? And my debt problems? And others, too? Well. . . maybe. It all depends how it is written. Is the writing good, inspiring? And this even though it may be about misery and a misery.

Do It Anyway!

I have no interest or passion in following any aspect of my savior miracle schedule. What should I do in such a listless, aimless, energyless state?

Do it anyway. Follow the miracle schedule. . .without interest. Just as I am looking for repetitions as I edit my journal "without interest."

"Without interest" seems to be the "motivating factor" this morning. So be it. Do it anyway. Perhaps interest will follow. . . perhaps not. . . Do it anyway.

Hypothenar Teacher

Guitar: A never-before-felt "resistance" pain in the hypothenar muscle of my right thumb. It's brand new. I wonder what it means?

Could it have something to do with this morning's "lack of interest" approach? I doubt it. But who knows? The pain is so new. . . . Why did it(does it) appear today? Why is it there? Surely it is a teacher in hypothenar form. What will it teach me?

A Fundamental Shift in my Travel Views

Tours as Inspiration and Education

Think of tours as inspirational and educational rather than money making. Big hmmm. (Sure, they might make money and I hope they do. But that is lucky and secondary).

So where will I make money? As usual, here and there.

Also there is the idea and possibility that out of the inspiration and education will come, grow, fall, some lucre.

This idea would put education in the form of inspiration at the heart of my tour activity.

This is a radical shift in perspective.

It would also mean I want to find inspired tourists to travel with me. These would be “true traveling friends,” special positive people who are uplifted by the adventure and education of travel.

This would make a very specialized mailing list of people I want to call. Yes, I want to shout out the good news, bring them the gospel: a great, inspiring, educational tour adventure is about to come up!

Tremolo Ma

Tremolo and arpeggio: Part of me does not want to let go of the idea that I don't have it.

Part of me has a vested interest in keeping the “I don't have it” idea. Part of me does not want to step out and into “I've got it” land.

Why do I want to maintain the old? Why do I want to keep one foot in the house of the past? What's in it for me?

The connection. To stay in touch.

But isn't there a better way?

Yes, I definitely want to maintain the connection; I want to stay in touch with Ma. But can't she sanction my new, free, and competent self?

Perhaps I need a *new* Ma. . . or at least a new *concept* of Ma. Since I made her up, invented her, in the first place, perhaps it is time to make up, to invent, a new Ma.

That way I can still stay in touch.

The new Ma is born from the old; she rises like a phoenix from the ashes. Thus she is connected to the old but new and different, too.

Indeed, I *need* a new Ma to fit my new post-transitional guitar self, one who will allow me to play tremolo and arpeggio with competence and in freedom to move forward in an "I've got it" mode. I need an arpeggiated mother, a new tremolo Ma.

So ends a New Leaf