

Fun

Friday, March 16, 2001

Fun Radicals

Fun is so revolutionary!

It's a radical approach to life!

I once thought communists were tough. And they were. But fun people are the toughest of all! They're rebels who turn the world upside down. And they have a good laugh in the process!

Fun radicals run wild down the street tossing strawberries in the air and shouting "Olay!"

They are tomorrow's Luddites, dropping bananas in computer programs, filling bank accounts with Hungarian goulash, stuffing cash registers with broccoli and even cauliflower, and stepping on fresh-chewed sidewalk pieces of Wrigley spearmint gum.

Fun radicals wear mad shoes with no bottoms.

Saturday, March 17, 2001

Ma Sleep: A Form Of Anaesthetized Depression

I've been running away from my essential nature. That's why I'm sick. I've got a sore throat, heel spur pains, and my bones and muscles ache.

Too psychological an explanation, you say.

Maybe.

But maybe not.

I "pushed myself" on Wednesday. I did more squats than usual. Totally inspired, I did yoga to Beethoven's Eroica Symphony.

I don't often get sick from such "over-exertion." Why now?

Yesterday I was hammered, slapped, and whacked by a profound truth: The

sleep I did at Ma's house was a form of anesthetized depression! Evidently, the trauma of her non-recognition was so painful I blocked it out completely. I anesthetized myself by falling asleep.

I sleep in other places, too.

I sleep before teaching a folk dance class. My teaching is preceded by heaviness, drowsiness, an overwhelming fatigue that I've often attributed to lack of oxygen from performance anxiety. It's true I'm nervous before the event. Nevertheless, it might be not be from the event itself but rather the memory of my old Ma non-recognition sleeping trauma. I am about to face an audience. . . and potential non-recognition! Total wipeout. It is too much. I "handle" it by falling asleep.

A primitive, archaic reaction. I remember when it started in the crib shortly after birth. Over the years growing up I perfected the technique. Then I carried the sleeping habit onward, upward, sideward, and forward into adult life.

This shows the terrible power and extent of trauma so devastating I fall into denial asleep in front of it. Hammer-and-whack blow to my infant ego, a coffin lid pushing back enthusiasm, suffocating the wild self, squeezing my mad shoe feet back into private chambers of imagination, squelching any dreams of public existence, draining blood into the tramua river of hopelessness. I didn't want to die. But I couldn't face such a nightmare either. I took the third route: I fell asleep.

I chose life over death. Even though sleep is a form of death, it is still part of life.

Mine was the fight and flight of the estranged.

I died publically. I slept away my consciousness. Privately, of course, I existed in the artistic studio of my imagination, located in the Brain Apartment Complex. I painted wild dreams, beautiful fantasies, and mad shoe adventures. But in public, before others, I remained asleep. It was safer that way.

Amazing the way my mind works: it is better to get a sore throat, headache, heel spur, or whatever, than face this trauma of childhood.

Fear of destruction of this enthusiastic, joyful self, carried through into adult life.

It still lurks deep in my psyche, ever-ready to push open a hidden door and pounce upon me. Secretly, I have always known this monster of traumatic memory exists. I tread cautiously, not wanting to trip open the door hiding its sadistic glee-filled face.

What hides behind the trauma door?

Enthusiasm!

What does this coffin lid depress and anaesthetize?

The excitement of expansion!

Lying on Ma's couch, my brain would suddenly conk out.

This is an Egyptian mummy existence. Isn't it time for resurrection?

Sunday, March 18, 2001

How Good It Is!

The hard part about reading and editing my 1995 New Leaf Journal is realizing how good it is! Not only does it read smoothly, easily and beautifully, but it is also filled with heart-warming wisdom.

It is my journal! I did it. I wrote it!

It am reading my personal bible!

What a statement!

Can I face my own goodness? Can I stand its wonder and joy? Can I run wild on my lawn with mad shoe madness?

A positive answer to these questions are worth thousands of therapy dollars.

How good it is to face and accept my clear writing style, skill, wisdom, and goodness!

Maybe instead of the Torah, Hebrew, Hungarian, or some Buddhist or yoga philosophical tract, I'd be better off reading my journals first thing in the morning.

Tuesday, March 20, 2001

This morning I'm putting it all together. Thank God I'm back.

New things are happening. Perhaps I got sick to "give myself a rest" and let the new seeds grow.

One of the new seeds has to do with editing, reading my own works, appreciating my own writing, goodness and joy, and (finally!) publishing my own books!

Yes, the whole book thing is slowly being laid out before me. I guess the "finale" was when Barry said I could (and should) put my stories – the ones that are lying around loose, the "Off-The-Wall collection, under Inventions.

That completes my book.

But, of course, the most important part of this "completion" is my goodness and joy level, my thank God new ability to not only appreciate but to love my writing! Guitar playing, too. (Who knows what else will be added to this.)

In any case, this means I can read, reread, and reread my stuff; it means personal satisfaction in putting all my leaves together. Who knows what else it means but it sure means a lot. Read, appreciate, and love my own works! It's absolutely amazing that I should reach this level. I never thought I would.

Perhaps I got sick as an (old) way of handling this phenomenon.

Wednesday, March 21, 2001

How Will I Live *Without* My Trauma?

I've been living an illusion. The feelings I have about women have little to do with the actual living woman standing in front of me. Rather, they are (unconsciously) conditioned by the traumatic event(s) of the past.

The equation: "Stand up for myself, for what I want, and she'll leave me" is a fear I have but does not take place in reality. Sure, her feelings may get hurt and she may get mad. But that does not immediately translate into therefore she will leave me.

It “only” means she will be angry with me. True, this is a form of slap in the face, but it is a far cry from the ultimate slap in the face that is abandonment. Thus leaving me and standing up for what I need or want have little to do with each other.

This is a major emotional understanding. I have been living under this illusory cloud most if not all of my life.

Perhaps it was also caused by the fact that I could not take any anger or criticism, that it hurt so much I retreated to the far recesses of my mind, and, in the process, said: I’m leaving you; I’m abandoning you; I can’t take it anymore; I can’t take your anger, rage, or criticism. I’m exiting through the back door before I get hurt even more.

Perhaps it was always I who was leaving, not her. But I switched it around to protect myself with another form of illusion in which the woman abandons me if I speak up for my needs.

One illusion leads to a reverse illusion. All to protect my infant ego from the hurt of non-recognition. The trauma ran so deep I was forced into the closet. . . most of my life. My immediate reaction to anger against me is, rather than stand up to it quietly and calmly, to retreat into my closet, to run like a rat back into the sewer.

Well, I see it now. Awareness of my illusion is causing the cloud to fade. Slowly, slowly. Well, actually pretty fast. Seeing it makes it disappear. I just have to get used to it.

Perhaps this illusion was, in some way, involved in my twisted concepts of more. Getting more. True, when anger at me appeared it drove me back into my room of my imagination where my creativity lived. In that sense, it strengthened my ties to my vital self.

If this illusion has died, what about the more, imagination, and creativity now? Can I have these vital life fluids without my illusion? Can I face the fact that women have no superior strength of power over me but are “just people?”

This shows why it was “important” to keep my trauma alive. By constantly driving me back into my room, the artistic studio of my imagination, it stimulated my creativity. In this sense, the trauma kept me alive! It was vital to constantly feed it; it fueled my artistic fires.

By seeing it, becoming aware of it, I am giving up my old fuel. Yet, I don't want to give up the artistic fires of my imagination. That would be death.

This must mean I am further out of my room than I could ever have imagined. Somehow the distance between outer and inner has been removed. I will somehow keep my imagination and the fires of creativity alive; and at the same time, see women as “just people.”

How? I'm not sure yet. But since I see it, am aware of it, and the illusion has dissolved, there is no other route for me.

It is amazing to think: I wanted to keep this trauma alive in order to feed my creativity.

I wanted to keep the trauma of non-recognition alive in order to keep me in my room and thus feed my fires of imagination and creativity.

Thus the trauma had, in one sense, a positive effect. I could even say it helped keep me alive.

The trauma fostered my creativity as an artist. I had a vested interest in not losing it, not giving it up.

So why am I giving it up now?

Good question.

Part of it, of course, has to do with more strength of self. This strength means I can both recognize and deal with the illusions of the outside world and still keep the inner room of my imagination alive. Basically, it is my public self that has become stronger. The private, inner, imaginative self was always strong. It just refuses to show itself publically.

Now it is less afraid and stronger. Thus, it is publically showing itself more and more.

The down and emptiness I momentarily felt this morning came from the fear that, if I recognized my illusion and saw women as “just people” that by doing so I would concomitantly lose the inner room of my imagination and creativity. By giving up my trauma, by seeing through it, I would give up my creative power as well.

But this does not have to be. And it will not be.

How it will not be I am not yet sure of.

But you can bet I'll think about and explore it.

I may also be giving up my addiction to the trauma. After all, it gave me bite and sting; it fed my creative fires with healthy wallops to the brain, great spankings on the ass that made me scurry back into my room as fast as I could go. That's what the wallops and whacks were good for: chasing me into my room, back into the artistic chambers of my mind where I would be safe, secure, creative, and alive!

Now the big question is: how will I live without my trauma?

The very thought of it makes me nervous.

I'll bring it to Budapest and Prague.

Thus sado-masochistic tendencies, beatings, whippings, put-downs etc. were was of beating myself back to life! They chased me back into my room. Thus their creative purpose was to beat out the deadness and beat myself back into life!

How creative, indeed!

Thursday, March 22, 2001

I am truly sick of being sick. No yoga, no movement, no running, no guitar, hardly any writing, no Hungarian or Hebrew, no bible, no improvements, no nothing. Call this a life? Well, it's a sick life. It's existing at the end of the pipe of sickness. This cold has driven me back. I'm sick of sniffing and dripping snot onto everything I do. When will this faucet existence end?

The fact that I'm getting sick of it means I'm on the way up. Instead of going into my nose, some of my energy is now going into disgust; it is even starting to rise into self-disgust. That would be best. Now, of course I know that self-disgust is related to self-loathing and, beneath that to anger, then total rage. Yes, after blowing my nose for days, these are all wonderful states to be in. At least self-loathing can be creative. Anger and rage are high energy states. Anything seems better than mere sniffing, coughing, and retreating into the cocoon of chills and cold fear that my nose is turning into a stiff, frozen snot pipe.

I am writing the Snot River Symphony, the Cough Cavern Suite. I hate this kind of composition. Why did I go to Juillard in the first place? To write this kind of drivel? Instead of music I am creating mucous. Well, truth is, I never went to Juillard. In any case, compared to the low energy and creative value of Cough Cavern Suite and Snot River Symphony, self-loathing, disgust, anger, and rage are higher spiritual states.

Look at what I have just said. Disgusting and amazing. These are the rantings of a lost soul.

And I am not a lost soul.

Simply witness the past few weeks of writings. I was into and onto joy! And the essence of existence. I was there! Then, because of my cold, I lost it.

Back to the miracle schedule. If sick, do it less.

Saturday, March 24, 2001

I am in Budapest. I am sitting in my Artotel room overlooking the Danube.

It's the post-arrival, afternoon, post-sleep syndrome. God, I feel like absolute shit!

Can such a thought, such a feeling, be used to raise me up?

Indeed, it can. Fertilized by minimal wallowing in this shit feeling was the wonderful childish, childlike, childhood enthusiastic and excited idea of carrying the Bible, Hungarian grammar book, and Hungarian-English, English-Hungarian, two dictionaries on my person at all times! Also, write my hand-written journal in Hungarian.

Beyond this is the idea of

Carrying writing and reading books, perhaps Hebrew, Hungarian, Arabic, even Bulgarian on my person at all times. Yes, why not make mastering these languages a daily lifetime project!

I can begin to do this by carrying these books on my person at all times.

Writing books, grammar books, dictionaries, etc.

What a great lifetime idea! I can start it today.

Hungarian (and some Hebrew through my Hungarian-Hebrew Torah) will be my next ten day project. Perhaps in Prague, I'll add Czech.

This lifetime language study project is born of my love of sound which was discovered during my teenage years through my love of music. Violin and symphony sounds. Later folklore, folk music sounds, later folk dance sounds.

Touching eternity through sounds. Listening to eternity by listening to the inner sounds of infinity. The music of new linguistic sounds keeps ringing the bell of eternity.

Studying languages, keeping linguistic books on my person at all times, constantly referring to them and studying their contents, is my way of staying in touch with the infinite forces on a daily basis.

Tuesday March 27, 2001

Woke up this morning really discouraged about my right heel spur, left foot instep, and my feet in general. Started to think my dancing career and folk dance teaching is approaching its end. My feet are going downhill, and with them my body and my mind. There is nothing like pain to bring you down. . . and to help one lose perspective.

Have I? Or am I only fooling myself by thinking I have when, really, deep inside my heart, I believe I'm actually at the end?

Part of me wants to believe in hope, and that my body, mind, and feet will all eventually get better; but part of me also believes in the downhill slide.

Which part of me is right? Are they both? If they are, am I left in total conflict?

I'd certainly rather chose one over the other. Do I realistically have that power? If I do, and the mystics say I do, then which one will I chose?

Why the positive one, of course. Why not go for hope?

But is it only wishful thinking? Am I right? Or is even the idea of being right a personal choice?

Well, truth is, there is no one else to ask. Who can really tell me about the future of my feet? True, Dr. McNierney did. He said they were heading downhill. I choose not to believe him; I hope he is wrong. There must be another way.

But just because I want it doesn't mean there is. Perhaps this miserable doctor is right. Suppose he is? That places decay of the body over the spirit. Well, we know that, even though the spirit lives forever, the body does decay. Mine will, too. Are my feet its prime example?

But I also sense I am "looking for an excuse" to bad-mouth my feet; I am also looking for a belief in ultimate doom. I could be right. But I could be wrong, too. Or both. What a miserable morning! What a miserable conflict!

Well, didn't I say I shall lead an exclamation point life! Isn't this an exclamation point on its misery and pain aspect? Yes, indeed.

I'm putting lots of EEE into this negative foot pain philosophy of conflict, doubt,

doom, and hopelessness.

I know a lot about how my mind works. I often use pain as a stimulant. I used to use mental put-downs. But through awareness, they hardly work anymore. As soon as one comes up, my awareness of its illusory (I create it for self-stimulation) nature causes it to dissolve. But I can still “fool myself” by creating physical symptoms. Is not my foot pain such a physical symptom? Is this another form of heel “spurring” me on?

Aha, I’m getting close, making progress. Look at past physical symptoms: I used to get headaches. Once I knew they were related to anger, they soon disappeared. I used to get back aches. Once I knew they were related to anger, they disappeared, too.

Now I get foot pains. Could they be related to anger, too? Are they displaced rage? And if they are, what am I angry about?

Well, the first thing to look at is: are they a physical manifestation of an emotional condition. I’m starting to think they might be. Knowing myself and my psychosomatic history, let me take a mental leap of faith and say they are. My foot pains are a continuation of my headache and backache route. Just as I “couldn’t believe” my headaches and backaches were related to anger (but when I discovered they were, they disappeared), so now I “can’t believe” my foot pains are related to anger.

What am I angry about? I don’t know. Actually, I am not angry. But I do miss my anger! It was such an energizer! Notice the exclamation points on the last two sentences! If I am to lead an exclamation point life, then there is much exclamation point truth in those sentences.

Perhaps I am angry at losing my anger, and it is being expressed, or rather suppressed, through my feet. Or perhaps I am actually angry at something but do not realize it.

What could I be angry at? I can’t think of a thing. . . . Only my feet still hurt. And my heel spur still spurs me on. What a mystery. Maybe I should invent something

to be angry at. Maybe that is precisely right: I am angry because I have “lost my anger,” or rather, the ability to be energized by my anger, at the loss of such a motivator. Self-understanding through mucho psychotherapy and internal-combustion-engine reflecting has slowly taken it away. I’m left with a vacuum.

I don’t have the same belief in my goals. Actually, I don’t even have goals. I’ve “given them up,” traded them in for living in the present. But my goals, in terms of “making me less, making me lesser” were such motivators.

A total and wonderful unrequited rage also used to violently shove me back into the room of my imagination. I loved to dwell there. Most of that has now dribbled away, too. Yes, a good part of me is disappointed in that, too. But I cannot go backwards. Awareness has killed that old neighborhood approach to life, too.

Yes, there are lots of “vague” emotional losses, old-neighborhood attitudes, and approaches to life that I have slowly lost and given up. I am still in replacement mode. Perhaps my heel spur is part of that replacement. It is one of the few remnants that “spur” me on.

This is new ground for me. Keep exploring.

Perhaps I’m mad my starlight is not here. Perhaps I’m mad that I’m alone. Perhaps I’m glad I’m alone. Perhaps I’m mad that I’m glad to be alone.

I didn’t have a heel spur problem in Egypt. Of course, I didn’t dance, either.

Is my anger somehow related to dancing: That is it my “job,” and I hate to turn this love into a job. That all my economic needs are falling on dancing – dance is now a means to pay the bills. The financial pressure is on my feet. Hmm. This all started in the fall. Before then, I never had problems with insteps; my heel spur was also quiet. Also, my former heel spur was in my left foot. Now it is in my right. A different heel spur.

But couldn’t I be long-range angry at the “financial pressure on my feet?” Once again I am turning something I love into a financial necessity, a financial survival tool.

This once happened to my guitar playing career. I turned my love of music into a “means of making a living.” Soon it was diminished to the point of giving it up to find my true self again. Could this be happening with dance, too?

Hmmm.

Does this mean it is time to consider a new career?! Notice the exclamation point!
A new career may mean freedom! Again, notice the exclamation point!

Wednesday, March 28, 2001

I climbed Mount Sinai without a heel problem.

I run without a heel problem.

Only when I dance does a heel problem suggest itself. Folk dancing “brings out” my latent heel problem.

What is the relationship between my heel spur and folk dancing? Is it true that the movements in folk dancing are more intricate, intense, and uncontrollable than in my other sports? Or is there some base, psychological resistance reason involved?

I am hoping it is the latter.

Why?

Because then I can hope to eventually, some day, gain mastery over this pain, make it go away, control it. Also, in the process, I would gain some knowledge over and about myself which, of course, would also help alleviate the pain.

Once again I ask: Is my heel pain hiding a greater pain? Do I create it in order to avoid facing a more refined but deadlier monster? Or is all this rumination merely rationalizations for a normal pain of life, or rather an abnormal normal life cycle pain?

I want to control my destiny. I hate being a victim. Somehow, if I cannot relate this heel spur to some mental condition, then I will fall victim to the “inevitable forces of nature.”

Once again the decision is so difficult to make. Am I my own victim? Or am I rationalizing reality? Am I creating my own pain, or is it being imposed on me “from

the outside?" I want desperately to believe the former. But I lack confidence. The pain is too uncontrollable, sudden, and great.

Yet I could, with an "easy" flip, "decide" that I have created it. If someone on the outside told me that, no question, definitely, without a doubt, heel spur is a mental condition, is caused by tension and nothing else, exactly the same as back pain, I'd be pleased. Dr. John Sarno says it is so. I would love to hear some definite statements from "experts" enhancing and supporting my hope that heel spur pain is my own mental creation. I even know that some experts do say it. But this morning, here in Budapest, I am a doubter.

Thus I am in a position where I can actually "chose" my why. I could pick the position of the experts who say heel spur pain is caused by tension; or I could follow the lines of the Dr. McNierney's and say that it is a physical deterioration, that I am on my way downhill, that it will only get worse in time, and, although I can alleviate the pain and even slow down my deterioration, the total decay and annihilation of my heel in particular and foot in general is inevitable and will sooner or later happen.

The former is the view of the "medical mystics;" the latter is the view of the "medical materialists." I want to chose mysticism over materialism. So why don't I? Why can't I?

Could it all go back to my secret desire for pain as a stimulant? If I accept the materialist view, then I have the promise of almost constant pain. . . and constant stimulation and motivation. I even create a constant goal: to get rid of my pain. This is quite a good long-term motivation; goals are, no doubt, a stimulant, too. Here is the "plus" side of victimhood, of constant pain or worry about pain.

And now we can also introduce worry as another aspect of pain. My worry that my body will fall apart, that my heel spur and instep pains will eventually force me to give up my beloved folk dancing and folk dance teaching career is another form of high worry and pain, and thus a constant stimulation and motivation to "improve" myself.

Thus do worry and fear work together creating stimulation, motivation, and

short and long term goals for my stimulation-seeking brain. And why stimulation? Because it is a form of excitement; it breeds enthusiasm, and energy. It creates EEE.

Is there another way for me to put myself in touch with these wonderful EEE forms? Do I have to do so much of it through worry and pain? Remember also, that worry and pain, push me back into my old neighborhood room, the artistic studio of my imagination.

So there are many “pluses” to the old way. Or, at least, they are habitual ways of thinking and therefore known. Leading life without pain, worry, suffering, riding on the waves of freedom and joy is totally new. It “lacks” the old forms of stimulation. Thus it threatens my old self, my very old existence as an in-room being.

Well, this is all a good explanation. But does “knowing it” help heal (heel) my problem?

Is this new and sudden advent of Budapest heel spur a reaction to my initial tour-beginning new attitude of excitement and enthusiasm? Is it my latest form of pushing back the EEE?

I was doing so well at the beginning of this tour. What happened?

Good questions, indeed.

I carry heel spur with one hand, EEE in the other. They are fighting each other on the Danube River naval battle field. I stand outside watching. But I am also part of the battle.

Dollars Sailing Down The Danube!

I returned to our Artotel on foot. As I walked across the Lanchid Bridge on my way from Pest to Buda, I saw a beggar on the bridge. Yesterday when I crossed, I had seen him on the other side of the bridge. Today, when I passed him, I put some money in his hand. He thanked me.

Why am I giving to beggars?

It all started when I understood my true attitude towards money: I like to run

wild with it! Money is simply a fun instrument. Therefore, why not play it, give in to its charm, have fun with it.

How?

One way is by giving it to beggars.

How can that be fun?

Well, first of all, beggars are very appreciative. They smile and say thank you. Sometimes they say it enthusiastically. Or, if they are sad beggars and doing their sad bit, they thank you mournfully. But no matter how you look at it, by giving them a quarter or even a dollar – small amount by today's entertainment standards – you are getting a heartfelt thank you. Sometimes it is even accompanied by a smile and thankful eye contact.

But, you protest, it's fake. Those beggars are putting on an act. Well, I say, how often do you get an act for only a quarter or dollar? Look at the price of Broadway or even off-Broadway shows.

Plus you have the added benefit of actual human contact.

Compare this kind of giving to sending your favorite charity a check. First of all, you never even know where your money is going. Administration, secretaries, and salaries eat up most of your money. Who knows how much of it actually goes to the needy. Second, you never see a smile or hear a thank you (although you might get a written form-letter thank you in the mail). There is no human face attached to your giving. You are throwing your money into the wind. But when you hand it to a beggar, he (or she) stands directly in front of you; you are face to face with an actual human being! And you can see the effect of your giving in shining thankful eyes.

How many times do you hear thank you in a day, anyway? How many times a day is your existence appreciated? How many times are you thanked for being here on earth?

What about the beggar's benefits, you ask. Shouldn't the money you give improve his situation, help him better his social position, feed or cloth him, perhaps

even help him get an education? Will the beggar know how to “spend it correctly?” Will he or she use it for drugs? After considering all these possibilities you usually end up giving nothing. Why waste your hard earned money, you say.

But I say you should give the beggar your money because it's fun! Period. That's it. Fun is its own reward. If the beggar decides to throw the money in the river, well, it's also fun to see dollars sailing down the Danube.

Thursday, March 29, 2001

Removing Seeds from Arthritic Joints

Reading the first line splits the sum. It often engenders flying eggballs. None can withstand such boomersnitching on a Friday morning. But this is Thursday. How can Boomer Snitcherhagen, first sister to crown prince Beaumont Heiny Peedelhofer hope to byswitch his German background? Are there really so many germs in Germany? Such a dangerous country is inhabited by both little and big germs.

Nevertheless, one cannot easily snitch on Ludwig von Switcherhof or his brother Larry von Snitcherpoodle. That great court delicatessen of a man, swaggering north and south with walrus teeth protruding recht und links from his pristine-but-putrid-purely-pulverized belly, could never lie beneath an accountant's count. In the duchy of his need, community serfs named him as their personal accountant. He had six legs and like to live in a hill. So did all his accountant friends. They related with deep feeling to local rodents. Insects, too. Indeed, among the Fourmis, an ancient sect of six-legged crawlers, accountant skills were deeply admired by both ants and uncles. Two centuries later, during the degeneration period of the meddle ages, accounting became popular among spiders, caterpillars, and butterflies.

Which reminds me of Madame Butterfly. Was she really Hungarian? Was she really the queen of Visegrad, the flying Pillangókisasszony of the Danube?

The ditributaries of each closure can rarely be met in such a fix. During the Meddling Ages, most inhabitants of the Bromide, the itinerant town of Pickleworth,

knew this. So did Bentworth Higgins, the primogenture proprietor of Special Fruits Inc. Be careful about meeting him in a dark alley. Bentworth is a total fruit man; his limited commitment to vegetables is outstripped by fine furniture. Nevertheless, upon reading the Broccoli Chronicles, a seminal work co-written in Florida by the Seminole Indian, Hightower Magnolia of the competing firm of Fine Fruits of the Future, a realistic picture of Jason True Fruit, father and founder of of True Fruits, Inc. emerges.

Jason loved to hammer seeds into rock beds. He did this during morning ablutions in the town of Hammer Sledge Upon Rye located just south of a Pumpnickel Strip Joint. Here all seeds were removed from arthritic joints as well.

Maybe it is unrealistic and expecting too much to expect total acceptance and recognition from any other human being except myself.

Ever appearing clouds over the sky of life block out the sun. Often they hide your true shining nature.

But to break through the clouds and remember who you are is often so hard!

EEE is my true shining nature. Try to see through the cloudy footnotes.

Mere monstrosities peckle the picklewarts this afternoon. I sing of lumpens and German proletariats gone awry. Can the bank ever sink a spoon? And will the willows ever was themselves into the future?

Yes, I'm feeling better. Even good. The writothon is returning my pickled brain to its former self, the castle of infinite homes where purpose, pickles, and punches all lie in a sack together.

I'm on the road to reclaiming my body. I don't know yet how I'll do it. But making the commitment is the first place to start.

I cannot accept my broken feet. They cannot be me even though they lie under my knees and calves, yawning with sleepy screams. I will reject their pain and screeching for significance. Will I be successful? Who knows. But I will make the mental attempt.

So be it.

Onwards and sideways.

Camouflage walks in tilted towers tonight. The black hawk of gammons gone wild can no longer sink the sleek Danube ships sailing by my window. A canister filled with leaded bombs goes off in the street below. Ants run for cover as do meat heads, purple marmalades, and insect features of the Third Reich. Can I help it if I Heil Hitler my way to pansy street scenes and fairy god mothers quacking in their duck boots, stringing peas of porridge pots across the goulash Hortobagy Hungarian plains while strong male antlers shriek for cover?

Reclaiming is my sole project.

Friday, March 30, 2001

A nice endeavor is to learn, nay memorize, either a foreign word or a foreign sentence a day. Actually, it is to memorize a foreign word, a "word of the day." The sentence is to memorize its usage.

Why do I want to accumulate this useless knowledge? Why put in the daily effort to improve my linguistic skills? Why the endeavor?

It is to daily wake up the fervor. It is to ignite the passion. It is to make contact with the infinite stream, the pulsating flow, the magnanimous hiking, the Sinai sinuvial, the fertile Nile alluvial plain, the nasal passages, the caves of intent located deep in the mind. On and on. It is to daily make contact with EEE. It is to touch God on a daily and permanent basis.

Now, of course, the outward form of this endeavor is the apparently useless task of merely memorizing a word. But, in the trying, in the maximum effort, comes the

contact with the ineffable EEE stream. Thus is made the momentary contact with the divine.

Not a bad way to start the daily cycle.

Begin each day by trying. Making that maximum effort.

Most of the tour group went to the flea market. But some chose to attend the Transylvanian folk dance workshop in the Fono cultural house. I did the latter and ended up having lunch with Flo and Joe. We spoke about many things and I ended up telling them about my tours. I told them I had raised my prices several years ago, I told them why. I even told them I was proud of my prices. But, I didn't tell them exactly why.

I am proud of my prices because I am proud of my tours. They are quality services and quality adventures. And their price, in a more subtle way, tells this.

I left the table however, feeling good, feeling proud, feeling happy and up. My feet felt better and my mind felt better.

I ended up with the happy-sad feeling that the tour was coming to an end and I had done a fine job. Also my past tours were fine jobs. I was competent, well-rounded, and well-pasted together. Home calls were happy. The walls of my room smiled down on me. Even the telephone sang.

It's time to pack and put my mind on the next leg of this journey. But it is also time to sing praises. Mainly they are hallelujahs. I have nothing specific to be happy about; only a feeling of inner happiness, radiance, and contentment. Perhaps this is enlightenment in its Budapest form. Or at least its Buddha Pest incarnation.

To hear that my sunshine called is very nice indeed.

Making an adjustment to inner radiance is certainly fine.

Saturday, March 31, 2001

Strange Contented StateInner Peace As Part Of The Exclamation Point Life

Strange, I'd like to start off sad this morning because then I'll have something to write about. I'll be motivated.

Plus I like the sad, melancholy, motivating, artistic feeling of emptiness that often precedes the creative process.

But I am not sad. In fact, I feel a stillness and contentment. Although it contains a "job well done" it also seems beyond it.

It is the Buddhist enlightenment feeling.

I don't want to analyze or even dwell upon it. I only want to mention it. The question also quietly emerges: if I am not sad, melancholy, or empty, how will I write? Why should I write?

Yet I am writing. I'm enjoying it, too.

A new land. Like the Puszta, it is flat and wide, my personal Eurasian Steppe.

Babble seems to be the language of this land. Perhaps poetry, too. . . and lots of metaphors. But deep down, I really don't know. Nor am I that interested in knowing.

It is a strange contented place.

The strangest thing about it is it doesn't seem strange at all!

Look at that last exclamation point! It must mean that quiet, peace, and contentment are also part of the exclamation point life!

This tour feels so easy. It is easy. With this ease comes contentment and peace. Is this the next level on Jacob's ladder? Is it the discovery of our Budapest and Prague tour?

Notice the word "our." I use it instead of "my." Why? Where does "our" fit into "my?"

After the concert at the Bartok House last night I went backstage to meet the solo violinist Vilmos Szabadi.

"Wonderful concert," I said. "You're an absolutely excellent violinist and performer. Have you ever toured the United States?"

"I'm coming there in three months," he answered.

"Who is your agent?"

"A Hungarian man. His name is Kalman Magyar."

"Does he live in Teaneck?" I asked.

"Yes."

"On Oakdene Avenue?"

"Yes."

"He's fifteen blocks from my house. He was my first Hungarian dance teacher, and helped me organize my first tour to Hungary in 1984!"

We both laughed in amazement at this "coincidence!" But notice the exclamation point.

"Do you know the violinist Attila Falvay?" I asked.

"Of course. He is lots of fun."

"His father, Charles Falvay, was the folk dance teacher and folklore guide on our first Hungarian tour. I've know him for years, too."

How these lines of communication moved! I thought, since I'm in Budapest I should at least call Charles and say hello. Then I thought, I should at least call Kalman, say hello, then have lunch with him, renew old contacts. I haven't really talked to him in years. Charles, too.

Then I thought about former friends and colleagues I haven't seen or spoken to in years, and the question emerged: Where do others fit into my life? How important are they? Is it "worth the effort" to try fitting of trying to fit them into my life? How important are people to me in general? What, if anything, do they have to do with my inner world, the true world of my imagination where the real me lives?

On one level, it is a shame to lose contact with these fine people. I had wonderful and fun times with them.

Aha, but did I really have wonderful and fun times with them? Wasn't it true during those times, the inner room of my imagination, where the true me lived, always remained hidden and apart? I "saved it for myself." I wouldn't let anyone else in. Too dangerous. That was where the true me resided, and, although I floated through life smiling and, on the surface, seemingly living, working, and playing with others, actually the only real place I played in was my mind. It was my secret heavenly sanctuary.

So, if I am to dwell on that level, why should I bother spending precious "free" time trying to visit, talk to, see or relate to others? I'd rather retreat from the impositions of the world and spend my free time alone in the paradise of my imagination. Why visit others when I can have so much more fun and fulfillment visiting myself?

Well, this was certainly the life and attitude of the old me.

But the new me is more comfortable in the outside world. My inner artistic chamber is now stronger. I am not afraid to expose, explain, or open it up in public. No, I am not yet one hundred per cent free. Perhaps that is impossible. One must still "consider" others, whatever that means. Or must one? Maybe not. . . . I'll explore this question later on.

Well, why not explore it now?

Why must one consider "the feelings of" others? And when one does, isn't it often just an excuse for cowardice? Wouldn't the best gift to others be the expression and presentation of your true self? Probably. Actually, there is no doubt about it. The "probably" is simply the hedging of cowardice.

So if I were straight, true, strong, heroic, proud, and smart, and could forget about "trying to win new customers and keep my old ones," then the best goal for me would be: aim to be my true self in public, everywhere and at all times. I am usually true to myself in private. Why not extend that into the public arena? Why should I tolerate leading a half life?

If I could be myself in private and public, then there would be “no reason” for me not to contact my old friends and colleagues. I could even add family to this equation. Why not be myself everywhere!

Such radical thoughts may be the beginning of new public direction.

I could practice by calling Charles, Kalman, and even writing Zach, Zane, and Danny. Will I do it? We'll see.

Saturday, March 31, 2001

Jewish Macho

Audrey also said the coincidental meetings I am having with Vilmos Szabadi and his agent relationship with Kalman Magyar, and with Charles Falvay at the Fono House may be validations of my good works.

Could I take this?

But it is true. Secretly and throughout my life God's light has shone on the imagination chamber of my mind and motivated me through inspiration. But I chose (have chosen), psychically, publically, and sometimes even privately, to see the negative stimulus of pain, the illusion itself, as my prime motivator.

Why?

Can I not admit my Goodness and Light? Why have I been unable and unwilling to privately and even publically accept it?

Dave says it is my childhood trauma. Do I actually believe this? I don't think so. Sure, publically I act as if my inner world of imagination doesn't exist. I joke about it, and to the uninitiated observer, it looks as if I do not have it, or I simply deny its existence. But deep down, I know and have always known it is my only truth. My public life has been, not a lie, but a joke. I've joked to protect my Light. Perhaps somewhere in the distant past the trauma of non-recognition taught me to retreat in order to protect it. I have been believing and acting that way ever since. It has been the

only way I know. Over the years it has become a long term, even lifelong habit. I've run this movie through my brain most of my life. Nevertheless, deep in my heart I have never believed it.

Does this childhood trauma of non-recognition actually exist? Did it ever? Or did my active imagination make that one up, too?

Well, whether it exists or existed is no longer the question. Whatever it is or was, it has dribbled away like an illusion. In the place of its old protective darkness only Goodness and Light remain.

I wonder if my attraction to suffering, my temptation to give in and even wallow in pain, has something to do with being Jewish. Does the Jewish part me feel guilty if it doesn't suffer?

Suffering is even a kind of Jewish macho. The strength to bear it, the ability to stand it. Somehow suffering improves and upgrades you.

"Oy vey, vat pain! But I'm Jewish; I can take it. I wouldn't gif it up for de world."

Jews have the tikkun olam commandment to heal the world. "I can't be happy until everyone else is. Thus I'm in pain until everyone else is happy. (Even if everyone else in the world is happy, I still have to suffer because I often forget why people should be happy in the first place. Besides, if they are, what am I going to do with myself?)

Jews have to cure the world first. No wonder Jews invented communism, social work, etc. They want to impose their improvements on others. Only after everyone is happy and cured can they stop suffering.

In other words, is my attraction to suffering and the pain stimulant a cultural thing?

Sunday, April 1, 2001

Once again I am starting out with a good feeling. How can I scurry favor in such an atmosphere? What will the strikings take? Can such a moment no longer hold

chains of hope across a crowded sea? Will a Willomena or seal-approved biosphere meddle no longer straightaway in the hemispheres of globes gone awry?

Such questions are unanswerable. Nor would one want to scurry favor by plucking at their innards. Nevertheless, they rise on a calm, peaceful, pushed-to-the-flat inner turmoiled Danube water field wherein the high stakes of pillowed suffering no longer hold favor or flavor.

What would Wentworth Bottomly say? He would probably skirt the wart completely. With tongue blithely stuck to roof-mouth bottom, saliva dripping down his throat stirrups, ketchup and marmalade sandwich meat stuck deeply in his esophagus, hind legs bent and deeply knit to his pancreas at the spot where liver meet kidney, Wentworth would, no doubt, not worry a diddly about these such questions of taste and turpentine.

After all, he is a Bottomly. This strange family from the northern slopes of the English Cuntrieside, the so-called uplands of Legbottom, pridez itself on qualities of tight-lipidness, and its ability to staunch the lipid flow both within the body blood stream and upon the criss-cross plains of modern Europe.

But enough split-level. My mind is racing in circles, moving in Romanian horas and creating incredible Serbian Kolos, and even Croatian Drmes as it explores possibilities of going nowhere at all. Naturally, a trip to Croatia would help. I am planning one for next year. In Zagreb and Dubrovnik and even Slovenian Ljubjana, we can explore new country while sitting side saddle upon the negative fleshy back of Neigh Horse, king of the Sloping Mountain chain which has, for so many years, substituted as a shopping stall for fruit and vegetables.

What of exercise? Can I pour forth fruit of my labor? Will an arm rotation start the blood moving? Or shall I sit here pondering my belly button and wondering whether a ride on the Danube will bring me to Prague?

It is difficult to live a life of ease. I am just scratching the surface of this flattened yet peaceful lifestyle.

Shall I give up females completely? Shall I go into hermit mode? Why am I using "shall" instead of "will?"

These thoughts are so peaceful. But "realistically," are they not impossible? Perhaps I am just living in tour transition mode, trying to hold onto my stable, peaceful, calm, quiet inner state. Could I keep it in the US of A? Or is it un-American?

Is it possible to achieve unity without uniformity?

On the other hand, since when has realism stopped me from being unrealistic?

Wednesday, April 4, 2001

Shoulds And Musts

Secret Energy Source

Every morning my daily struggle begins: should I do something useful and constructive, something in which I can improve and grow? Or must I do something that makes me happy, peaceful, and will put me closer to nirvana? Should I try to improve and become more skillful? Must I study a language, work at becoming wiser by reading a philosophical treatise? Should I learn to become more spiritual? Should I try putting myself closer to God by reading the bible or other spiritual works? Or should I simple be?

Lots of should and musts here. Shoulds and musts are bad. When I utter them I am usually on the wrong track.

Or am I?

I have been imposing shoulds and musts on myself most of my life. Thousands of dollars of psychotherapy have not gotten rid of them. Maybe there is nothing inherently wrong with them. Maybe their meaning must be reinterpreted.

Unconsciously recognize them as secret energy sources, secret motivators!

Aha, shoulds and musts as secret energy sources, secret motivators! I like that. Note also the exclamation point!

Since this is true, what should (or must) I do?

I have all the ingredients and directions in my miracle schedule.

Hey, but wait a minute. Not so fast. Not so easy. I don't want to just toss this off with a quick "look at the miracle schedule." This is a new idea. It must squirm, live, and be vitalized in the heavy present, in today's now. It is not a mere "re-commitment" to an old miracle schedule source but rather a fresh vital new discovery in the here and now!

So, look again. What must I do?

Yoga, gymnastics, and running. Writing, editing, book publishing. Guitar practice, singing, CD and/or tape recordings of my playing, and even, someday, my songs. Study Hungarian, Hebrew, Arabic, with sidelines of Bulgarian and German.

These are my primary shoulds. I must also stay in touch with spiritual readings; I must also read a few sentences of novels to "stay in touch with the poetry of the English language." This could be done by reading Beowulf, Isabelle Allende, etc.

I must also continue growing my business even though it is continually polluted by the real world. What does this sentence mean, anyway? It means I still do not see business as a miracle.

Business As A Miracle!

Business as a miracle! Now there's an idea I should work on!

If I could see business that way, it would easily and effortlessly become part of my miracle schedule.

Certainly one of my deepest desires is to experience unity, to live a life of oneness in which all things are done under the aegis of God. Seeing my business as a miracle would put me one step closer to this many lifetime goal.

There is no doubt my business is a miracle! Miraculous things keep happening in it. But it is so fleshy I have not been able to see it. Business is fraught with disappointments, fears, worries, and minor and major annoyances that have blinded me

to its miraculous qualities.

But am I not ready to put fears, worries, disappointments aside? Am I not ready to see them all as illusions, limitations, not expansions, and therefore not part of God?

The Miracle of Money

If business is going to be a miracle, and since so much of business is about money, then everything concerning money has to be a miracle.

Money also has to be a miracle.

But what about filthy lucre? Now there's a voice from the medieval past, the medieval church itself. Maybe it also comes from my mother and my communist philosophy past. It certainly fits the communist agenda.

All the filthy, dirty, disgusting, oppressive capitalists had money. The proletariat, on the other hand, was clean, pure, and penniless. Indeed, the idea of filthy lucre comes straight out of my communist past with perhaps a little medieval church thrown in. Add a bit of apocalyptic Judaism. Orthodox, at least. Orthodox Judaism, Christianity, and Communism.

My historic prejudice against money runs deep. To see it, along with its cohort, business, as a miracle, is a major expansive step, a personal growth of premier order, a "miraculous" leap.

I am responsible for my attitude and philosophy; but I have the weight of a communist history on my head that helped shape it.

It is a heavy weight to overcome.

Thursday, April 5, 2001

Legacy

This morning I am feeling overwhelmed by the amount I am writing. Daily, daily. How will I edit all these pages? How will I publish them? And they keep

coming. Every day, more and more. An endless river. Sure I'm happy for the abundance but I'm also overwhelmed.

The more I write, the easier it gets. It's so easy to pour the words over the pages, so easy to let my mind wander wide and free, so easy to let my fingers roam and let my feelings out. Yes, it is a blessing to write. But in the back of my mind is also the question: what am I going to do with all this? How will I present it to the public?

Of course, I know the answer: produce and publish book after book of these writings. If I average one book a year and I live to ninety, I'll end up with twenty-six volumes. Suppose I live to one hundred. That will make thirty-six volumes. And this does not include the 1994-2001 years. If I add these eight more it will be thirty-two volumes by age ninety, forty-two by one hundred.

Let's say that by the time I die, I produce forty volumes of these New Leaf journals. Is forty so much? Averaging three hundred pages per book that makes three hundred times forty, equaling twelve thousand pages. Is twelve thousand too much? Will any reader wade through so many pages?

Not a good question to ask. After all, I've written books under sixty pages and this has not prevented people from not reading them. If one is interested, one will read whether the book is four pages or twelve thousand. Length is not the question, only interest. And whether others will be interested in what I write is beyond my control.

It gets back to me. I am writing these journals for me. I am also publishing and producing them for myself. Naturally, I would like others to read them; I hope they are interested. But again, their interest is beyond my control.

Alone or not, my books are self-books, and their publication is self-publication. The process of writing them is a daily exercise in self-exploration. I want to publish them so that, when I die, I can stand before the Lord and say "Lord, I've done worthy work on Earth. I've tried my best, given life my strongest shot, stretched, pushed, and promoted the talents You have given me to their fullest.

I want to leave a legacy.

My books are my legacy. They are the fullest expressions of me without the presence of my body. They are also the fullest expressions of the thoughts, dreams, wish, desires, feelings, and fantasies that travel through it.

Legacy, you say. Are you leaving us?

No, I am not expecting to die. Sure, my body may shrivel into drivel, fade away, and disappear. But my body is not me.

Nevertheless, I want to leave a physical manifestation of my mental and spiritual self.

Editing My Own Books

If there is any work I have to do when I get back home it is to start putting together and editing all these books.

I may have to learn to do some of it myself.

There is so much to do. I don't know if Barry can or will have time to do it all. Can I do some myself? Am I objective enough? Will I cut out or leave in too much? This has always been the question. That is why I've needed Barry to do it in the first place.

My next question is: Can I do it myself? Am I "objective enough" to edit my own books?

I'll never know unless I try. Due to the success of psychotherapy, one thing I may be ready to do is read and appreciate my own works.

Suppose I end up loving everything I've written and wanting to leave it all in? Suppose I just can't cut?

I could "test" this by editing my own work, then bring it to Barry to see what he thinks.

Whatever happens, I have moved an inch forward in editing my writing. A big step. It would be a wonderful gift to bring this new step home from Budapest and Prague.

Indeed, what a present that would be! The air runs cool and swift.

Writing, producing, and publishing my books; spreading them throughout Europe and the USA. But spreading is the second step. First is doing. And under the rubric of doing comes the fine print marmalade of reading, loving, and editing my own writing.

Imagine needing only my own mind to love me! Imagine appreciating myself in the fullest! I've suffered long and hard to wear the golden crown.

Could it be in the palace at last?

Friday, April 6, 2001

For a moment at the airport I cried with the "Thank God, it's over!" feeling. Even though I wore the cloak of responsibility easily on this tour, it was, nevertheless, a weight.

No more. It is over.

But my weight was light, my cry, a blip cry. Actually, I'm neither elated or depressed. I'm even. There is not much difference between here and there, between Prague and Newark, Budapest and New Jersey.

Flo showed me her Allende book on the plane. I opened it. The first page I read said: "A wise man is always joyful."

Let's start this process. . . and the program.

Sunday, April 8, 2001

Leadership

I ran the seder with stunning ease, confidence, and authority. My family loved it. I shone in their eyes. Compliments all around.

In a sense, it was similar to my Budapest and Prague tour. I ran that too with stunning ease, confidence, and authority.

My family was proud of me. I accepted it too. . . with ease.

In a sense, I've been preparing and studying for this seder for years.

It is also about leadership. Once again it is made evident that the leader's job is not to know everything or even a lot – although it can't hurt. The leaders job is to lead. Period. And I'm good at it.

Monday, April 9, 2001

Master

I'm going to recommit myself to Judaism just as I am recommitting myself to Hungary and even tourism.

It is the "re" period, a time of return and re-commitment.

Just as running tours and returning to Hungary (after eighteen years of tourism) seemed easy, peaceful, and fulfilling, so I am ready to return to Judaism. Reading Jewish history again feels easy, peaceful, and fulfilling. Perhaps this will also be true for Hebrew, Torah, and Tannach study as well. It might even apply to New Testament studies, too, as I learn to read them in many languages.

Studies and learning in these new modes seem easy and peaceful. It's the "I've gone through this before" feeling. But with a difference. Somehow I'm now ready to return to these studies and travels, not as a beginner, but as a master!

A master? Did I say that? Me? Wow! How can I dare call myself a master?

But I can find no other word for it. I am simply comfortable in the mediums, be they travel or Jewish studies. To call myself master does not mean I know everything. I wouldn't want that even if it were possible. It would kill my sense of adventure, motivation, love of learning and the More. Perhaps master means "being comfortable in the medium." In terms of "telling others what to do," it means meeting wandering or lost souls in the forest, pointing out the route home, and saying "Go that way."

Thus, as a master I don't have to worry about "imposing my views" on others. That is not what a master does, anyway. A master is simply one who has "mastered" the material, and is comfortable in the medium. I have reached that point.

I have also become a master at leadership. It comes so easily and effortlessly now. Witness how I led the seder and my tour of Budapest and Prague. I hardly even try. I simply think I'm in charge, I'm master of this situation, and I take over. Again, no imposing of my views. Others want to be led; they want and need leadership as they wander, travel, and sometimes get lost in the forest. They want someone to point out the path, and tell them "Go that way."

That's my job. In the process, I also supply them with that all-important ingredient, enthusiasm. I become their one-man cheering squad. But, there is no question, they walk the path alone through their own forest of self-discovery.

My Second Trip

Maybe the second time through the forest is not as bad as the first. Since one has 'been there before," the second trip is easier, more peaceful, calm, and even fulfilling.

But why am I sick? Why the sore throat, chills, etc, upon returning to America? Sure I did a lot of squats and running on the first day. Nevertheless, I do not usually get sick from such exertions.

Could it be the extra exertions done after a long and fatiguing trip? Or could it be a type of resistance to my new joyful, re-commitment, and masters mental state?

Is it a subtle form of resistance to expansion? I'd like to think so. I'd like to believe I get sick for a reason, that part of my wants to be vulnerable and open to disease. That way I can touch base again in the old neighborhood, get a whiff of past miseries and motivations before moving on.

Is this all true? I'd like to think so.

But, since only I can know if it is true or not, and, I'd like to believe it is, then maybe it is!

Are not my desires subtle forms of truth? Don't they help create a reality of their own? If this is so, then there can be no doubt they influence my mental states and open doors to sickness and disease as well.

This would mean part of me wants to get sick.

Tuesday, April 10, 2001

Profits are fun. So are losses.

Income is fun. So are expenses.

I'm back to the haunting miseries of making a living and surviving.

Money and sales are on my mind. They are accompanied by the usual push-down pressures and concomitant heaviness.

It doesn't have to be that way.

Obviously I need to make a living and survive; obviously my economic survival concerns sales and money. But I no longer need the former haunting miseries, push-down pressures, and concomitant heaviness that used to accompany it.

Remember my tour! Remember joy! Remember fun and weightless flying! All can be done on the new road of survival I am taking. Money, sales, and making a living can all be part of my fascinating, thrilling adventure.

I have returned from Budapest and Prague with a new EEE attitude. The Energy-Excitement-Enthusiasm triangle! The joy exclamation point! The fun life!

Profits are fun. So are losses. Income is fun. So are expenses. I like this credo.

Go to it, boy. Enter life with gusto and an umbrella!

And that means, I'm ready to begin my next leaf.