

## Details

Monday, June 18, 2001

### Buying A Light Fixture

More important for me to have fun buying the light fixture than to focus on even the successful handling of Bernice's breakdown debt rage.

The latter is: "Been there, done that." I'm passing out of that phase. It is not even interesting. The challenge now is how to have and maintain fun as I involve myself in the details of life. In this sense, even handling and dealing with Bernice's rages are a "fun challenge."

But the words "fun challenge" are not quite right. It is not even a challenge. I've even gone beyond challenge. It just doesn't have much to do with me anymore. Bernice's rages are her problem, not mine. My only problem (former problem) is that I used to feel it was my job to fix her problems. I had to take care of them, it, and her. And if I didn't, I wasn't doing my job; I was bad. And beneath the bad was always the trauma of: if I was bad, if I didn't take care of Mama, I would lose her. Either she would get mad at me, hit me, or worse, willingly abandon me. Or, she would abandon me by falling apart. Perhaps I sensed, even as a child, that deep down, she was so fragile. If she were strong, she could "take" me. But, since she was, deep down, weak and fragile, she couldn't "take" me. Thus, in order to keep her, I had to "take" her, in the sense of I had to "take" care of her, take care of her moods, feelings, and insecurities. These were expressed in her rages, or repressed rages which were expressed with the raised eyebrow and the threat of being hit which lay behind them.

Yes, indeed, I was traumatized as a child by this mother's behavior, and the trauma continued straight through adult life. Truly, I have never lost it, and I always protected myself against it by retreating into my room. Until now. Now the trauma has been unearthed, and realized. Through therapy I have become aware of it, deeply

aware. And it is an awareness that keeps deepening.

It may reach the point where I can equate having fun with Bernice's rages with the fun of buying a light fixture.

### Selling At A Loss?

I think my "string of luck" in the stock market has run out. Now comes the losing phase. I'm as fully invested as I can or want to be. I'm in good companies which, I think, I bought low. But, as witness by my last debacle when I bought mining stocks low, they went even lower, to half, in fact. My present stocks could well do the same. I may be in for a long, losing, downward period.

What to do?

The companies I own are still good. Suppose they go to half. Perhaps I am not "smart enough" to time the market and sell them early. Perhaps I should think of buying more at the "next bottom."

Or, perhaps I should think about selling them now, early, at a loss! Would that be part of my new trading skill?

Is being able to sell at a loss part of my new trading skill?

I've learned how to sell at a gain.

Can I take the disappointment of selling at a loss?

Well, I learned to take the disappointment of selling at a gain!

### On Winning And Losing

Suppose I sell at a loss today and tomorrow the market turns around? What about the disappointment of being whipsawed?

Is the threat of being whipsawed and the ensuing disappointment part of a trader's skill?

How serious am I about this stock market business, anyway? Do I want to put so much mental and emotional time into it? Is it worth it? Will I ever win? What does

winning mean? Only making money? Or does it also mean learning how to handle disappointment, fear, uncertainty, loss, gain, and all other “stock market” emotions?

I felt great during the last up month. Now comes the inevitable down time. Can I still feel great and have fun during this period? Do I even want to bother trying? Am I just a temporary winner and long-term loser? Or is it all part of learning to play the game?

I know winning and losing are part of playing the game. Somehow, I’ve got to learn to see losing in the same light as winning. But can I see losing money as “part of the fun”? Ha, that would be a major challenge! Would it be a major victory, too?

Part of life’s game is winning and losing. My approach and goal of life is to have fun and run wild on the lawn. Thus somehow I must learn to see an evenness, calm, peace, and stability within the game’s winning and losing confines. In other words, inner calm and quiet are part of the fun, perhaps the essence of the fun!

In order to see clearly into winning and losing, my first step is to remove Bernice’s criticism from my mind. This must be done in order to determine, deep down, how I really feel about money, losing, winning, fun, culture, etc.

Using the real me method, I discovered two months ago that I like to run wild with money. . . as with everything else. That “fun on the lawn feeling” is my essence and core of my motivation.

It’s true that, when I lose, I hear the voices of Bernice (and all mothers of the past) yelling at me and shouting: How stupid and irresponsible you are! Losing money! You’re threatening my security. How dare you! Well, who says, “How dare you?” but my mother. Thus, bottom line, her old judgements were ruling me, controlling my character, and clouding my judgements about what I really need and want!

My bottom line is running wild on the lawn, en-joy-ing the fun high. Letting the inner fun me grow and expand, giving in to this wonderful expansive, flowering inner wild-man fun me, doing it as much as possible and in as many aspects of life as

possible, is my biggest challenge.

How do I maintain my fun high in the stock market when my stocks are going down?

At the moment, I don't know.

### Keeping Some Powder Dry

Maybe an "optimistic" way to play the market is to keep more money in reserve, keep my powder dry, so as to be able to buy more at the "next bottom." This of course assume you are buying good companies. (And somewhat spreading the risk around.)

By keeping some money in reserve, I can continually "hope" the market goes down (an optimistic view of a down market). I can also "hope" the market goes up so that I can make money of the stocks I already own.

Thus, by "keeping some powder dry," holding some money in reserve. . . always, I can maintain an optimistic, up-beat, "fun" view of either and up or down market. Plus I can maintain some control over it all. Obviously, I cannot control the vicissitudes of the market, or of business. But I can control the amount of money I put in or keep out. I can decide to keep some money in reserve. . . always.

Keeping some powder dry is the up-beat, optimistic way to play the market.

Would this be true for a long-term depression, too?

Yes, because the money kept in reserve would be gaining interest.

Thus I see I do want to learn how to play the market. I just don't know how yet.

Perhaps it is, like life, a game one never learns completely.

### "Perhaps" and "Maybe"

"Perhaps" and "maybe" are such important words to me. I use them all the time. They are an integral part of, not only my vocabulary, but my view of life.

They say: no matter how smart you are, the bottom line is: you never really

know.

But God does. So stick with Him.

I am at the border of a new “profession.”

I am at the border of a new “career.”

That “career and profession” is: stock trader.

I want to add it to my other careers.

But the question arises: am I equipped? Is my personality right for this? And can I succeed?

Success is totally and simply measured in terms of money. How much I make will measure how successful I am. Never mind feelings or what I learn from the market. They are interesting, but have little to nothing to do with successful trading. No, successful trading is totally and simply measured by making money.

So the question arises: Can I make money trading? Certainly, it is fun. But it is not much fun to lose. And losing often and mostly is simply not fun at all.

Therefore, in order to have fun, I have to win. . . at least most of the time, or, on the lowest level, more often than not. If I only lose, I will not have fun, and that will be the end of my stock market trading career.

So, the next question is: how can I win?

I could start by reading the Lives Of The Traders by Jack Upsmart Downside. This could be the first whirlwind approach.

### The Trading Art

The trading art fits me psychologically. That’s why I love bargaining and buying in the souk, and its counterpart, bargaining and selling at my boutique. It’s is just so much fun to stand there, talk to customers while you playfully banter, bargain, and trade with them.

Notice the words “trading art.” Trading is an art.

I am an artist.

Why not apply my artistic skills to creating and developing my trading art.

Is there a place for artists in the stock market?

Does the artistic temperament “fit” it? Does it apply to the art of trading? Is trading really an art?

Well, why not?

If I see money as stodgy, stuffy, and “responsible,” then, of course, art and fun have little to nothing to do with it. But if I see money as exciting, then it can certainly be a field for an artist, and even an expression of the artistic temperament. Whether knowing all this will help me succeed, I do not know. But at least on the most fundamental artistic fun level, it feels right.

### On Pleasing Others

The more I try to please her (debt-wise) and try to do what she wants, the more miserable I feel.

The more I try to please myself and do what I want, the better I feel.

What does this say about direction?

Does it mean never to rarely doing what pleases her and always doing what pleases me?

Probably.

In this debt case, “thinking about what she wants” is really a fancy way of chickening out of following my own desires. That is the path always best for me. But, of course, if I follow it, I will be criticized, hated, and lose any hope of her love. I will be following the path of my desires alone.

So, it is either traveling down the my-own-desires path along – and being

happy – or trying to please her by either compromising (if possible), or, (worst case scenario) fully doing what she wants. Thinking in the latter way is sure to make me miserable. But, at least I will retain her “love.”

Is it worth it? Is this really the kind of “love” I want? It is totally based on her selfishness, her desire to get what she wants, and not at all caring about what I want. Is that love? If it is, who needs it?

What about me? What about what I want? Why must I always be put in the lower position of fighting to keep my head above water? Why not just say, fuck it, fuck the consequences, and do what I want? Well, I may do just that.

It would mean putting what I want first.

Is there a middle ground?

Should I even bother trying to find one? Why bother when the truth of doing what I want is so obvious.

### Forget About It And Do Nothing

What am I getting involved in this for, just because she’s screaming, yelling, complaining, and criticizing me?

I think the best approach to this is to forget about it and do nothing.

This is a childhood trauma that I keep reliving.

It doesn’t have that much to do with the people I deal with in the present, although it seems to.

### Fighting Mrs. Stupid Voice

I made \$400 on Triquent yesterday. What a high! Soon afterwards I turned it into a goal of making money on my personal Fidelity account and with the earnings, paying off my debt.

Yet the thrill, the beauty, was in the victory, in the winning itself. I lessened that

thrill by turning it from a good-in-itself into the distant goal of paying off my debt.

It is another form of whack, plus a way of holding on to the good feeling of winning.

Winning itself was the victory. But, in order to win, you've got to take the chance of losing. There is no thrill of victory without the possibility of defeat.

The battlefield has wins and losses. The only way to escape from its ups and downs is not to fight.

Stay off the battlefield, and life may be calmer – but also a lot duller.

I want the victorious life. Therefore, I have to jump into the jaws of defeat; I have to see victory and defeat as two sides of the same coin.

I want to sail and swim down the energy river, to flow with the currency.

In order to do this I must constantly fight Mrs. Stupid Voice. She's the inner voice saying (hissing and screaming): "You're stupid!"

Tuesday, June 26, 2001

I haven't written fresh for a long time. The Torah has replaced fresh writing.

Writing has become mostly editing.

If I keep writing I'll write too much, too many pages. I'll be overwhelmed by the pages.

Afraid of being overwhelmed by my creativity.

That's why this old down is returning.

"Writing" has become mostly editing. That's why the spark is fading.

Isn't it time to go back to writing; to returned to and in spite of the overwhelmed feeling? Probably, yes, and no doubt.

Thrilling as stock market wins may be, nothing replaces writing.

Thursday, June 28, 2001

On The Truth Of Illusions



I'm not willing to give up my illusions that easy. After all, my illusions may be good for me!

What are illusions but dreams and hopes in disguise. Dreams and hopes motivate and energize me. Thus, the "truth" of an illusion is found, not so much in its illusory form but rather, in the energy and motivational content behind or within it.

This is a very wise truth.

Thus, destroying one's illusions is not as good as they say. It is not even as "true, truthful, and good" as most destroyers of illusions tell you.

In fact, destroying an illusion may well be an illusion itself. It may be the ultimate illusions.

Not only shouldn't illusions be destroyed, they cannot be.

But the "truth" of the illusion, its energy and motivational content, should be known by the illusoree.

### Misinterpreting My Enthusiasm

#### But Born Is A New Summer Commitment to Practicing the Gaida

I'm back to a summer off. I'm a bit down about it.

New projects are needed! Summer projects.

I once had them.

Now I'll add: practicing the gaida.

This is my legacy in memory of the 2001 canceled Bulgarian tour with its Sylvia Woods whip-saw "fiasco decision."

I misinterpreted my enthusiasm.

I was playing the gaida so well I decided to make a commitment to learning it, and even to daily practice. I was sounding so good! I saw hope and progress ahead.

Why not return to Bulgaria this summer, I thought. For lessons and inspiration? I could take some lessons with George, have a new bag made for my Maria gaida, hear more playing, and generally rekindle my interest and inspiration.

So, when I talked to Maya at Balkan Travel and she insisted that, in spite of my small group, I was going to Bulgaria, I decided to give the tour one more try. I'd call Sylvia Woods. If she gave me her money today, I would run the trip.

Filled with a mighty purpose, I drove over to her house, and picked up her check despite all my reservations about her spaciness, wanderings, and possible advent of Alzheimer's or some other unknown disease.

Now I am again realizing how traveling with her would be a nightmare.

So this morning I've back pedaled and decided not to take her. I'll just return her money. Now I have to reverse the enthusiastic "We're on! calls I made to Gert and Mary where I told them we were going after all.

I'm back to my original plan: wait until July 5. If no one new registers, the trip is canceled.

Saturday, June 30, 2001

A Time To Buy, A Time To Sell

A passing stock market thought:

When I get overly excited and optimistic about my profits or the rising of a stock, it is time to sell.

When I get overly down, sad, depressed, and pessimistic about the descent of a stock, it is time to buy.

This is an emotional truth, not a stock market truth.

Why? Because in it, I am again trying to predict the movement of the market, predict the future. This time the barometer is my personal up or down emotions.

But, of course, I can't predict the market or the future. I can only know my feelings. Therefore, the "time to buy or sell" piece is only true on a personal level. It has nothing to do with the up or down directions of the stocks.

Running Wild On The Stock Market Lawn

Or am I giving myself this stock advice, making rules, simply to avoid facing how much fun I'm having trading. Am I making plans, setting goals, etc. To avoid the "fun trauma?" After all, I am now beginning to run wild on the stock market lawn! And I'm loving every minute of it, especially when I win!

But again, it's good to remember that when I lose, that is, when my stocks go down, that is my buying opportunity' just as when my stock go up and I win, that is a selling opportunity. Framed in the win-lose language, every win leads to a lose, and every lose leads to a win.

Thus, in this sense, as long as I pick good solid companies that are not about to go bankrupt, there is no real winning and losing. There is only lots of fun!

So, I'm back to looking into and dealing with the fun trauma as I run wild on the stock market lawn.

Friday, July 6, 2001

### Wandering In A Sea of Stock Market Betrayal

A tremendous emptiness. Whack! Hit in the stomach. Betrayed. But by what? The stock market? Other?

I had such high hopes that I would "change careers" and get my more from the stock market. I returned from my mountain search for a new hotel; upon finding Land of the Vikings, and exploring other hotels, I got home exhausted. I went to sleep. Next day I awoke with Fidelity and stock market dominating my mind. I went into it full force. But a nothing to lousy day it was. Somehow I lost my zip, drive, more, and etc.

I had forgotten everything I had written down for the summer project. All the zip and drive had dribbled out of me leaving an emptiness beyond repair.

Why, I don't know.

I feel I'm "back" to "merely" being an artist, to running tours and weekends, teaching folk dancing, and generally have fallen back into the "dull" life I used to lead

before the stock market and my Fidelity web site page thrilled me beyond belief. I'm back to "merely" making a living, merely being an artist, merely having normal ups and downs. The high thrill of the stock market has, somehow, worn off. I lost it.

Realistic, you say? Perhaps. An unrealistic more was wanted from the stock market? Perhaps.

But I am back to normal. I can't say I like it at all. Perhaps that is because, although I call it normal, it is not normal. I want enthusiasm, inspiration, a high from trying to reach for my more. Normal, to me, means flat. I don't want flat for a life style. I want ups and downs, but mostly ups. Of course, the ups are not as up if they are not accompanied by downs. Nevertheless, something dribbled out of me after visiting the Land of the Vikings. I think it was my stock market high.

But I still don't quite understand this tremendous emptiness and feeling of betrayal. The stock market "betrayed" me. But why and how, I don't know.

There is nothing "concretely" I can see wrong with my life. All things are going "well." Yet without that spirited high coming from deep within, growing out of the God that shines through my soul, life, no matter what I do or think, is rather flat, dull, and dead.

What did I lose? Why did I lose it? I still don't know.

Or is this state of mind due to physical exhaustion, to the overuse and physical fatigue not only from the trip up, but from over-running the days before?

The effect of physical fatigue on the mind: something to consider, think about, and look into.

I think I'm onto something here. Physical fatigue "makes sense."

Sunday, July 8, 2001

### Posterity Now!

Maybe I am down because I have "given up writing" both for the summer and

forever, or at least until Barry collects all the New Leaves into books.

Thus I am hesitant to pile on new pages, new writings. I “have so much already.” Why add more?

Thus I am pushed into collecting, assembling, and organizing mode. A clerk or manager’s life. Ugh. No wonder I am down. Where is the new, the creative, the dynamic? By “giving up writing” I am giving up the fresh.

Perhaps I am making a mistake this summer.

Perhaps I should start out fresh and write, write, write.

Perhaps I should deal with the “overwhelmed” problem in therapy. Yes, I’ll end up with hundreds of “useless pages,” and even hundreds of useless, unread by others pages. But maybe not. On one level, what’s the difference whether my writings are read now or not? They may all be discovered after I am dead. Look at the artist, Ohr.

Maybe I should start writing for posterity now! Posterity now could be my next motto. This is true writing for the future. For the next life, next generation, posthumous writings and posthumous publications. Of course, I’ll never know whether my work will or will not be published. It might all be thrown out right after I die. This can never be known.

But I do need a goal, a new writing goal, a more to inspire, push, and drive me on. I’ve already done enough, produced enough for this world. I have enough New Leaf journals to last a lifetime and to publish for many years ahead. And this, even if no one reads them, and if they never sell.

But although I have produced enough for this life time, my life is not over yet. I still have, to my knowledge, some years to fill up. I must write if only for my own health, peace of mind, and personal inspiration.

Suppose my next goal is posthumous writings. Suppose it is posterity now?

Why not? It is something I have never done before. Plus it is an eternal goal.

It is, after all, what Paul Brunton did. Perhaps writings for posterity, for the next generation and generations, for the invisible future, is the next stage.

I've "done the present." It has little more to offer me. Perhaps it is time to lift myself out of the present and move into the future.

Writing for the dead might be a good approach for me. Or rather, writing for the yet-to-be-born. Aren't they the same, anyway? Dead, yet-to-be-born, both are invisible. Plus through the art of reincarnation, the dead are reborn as the living in the future. Thus dead or alive, past or future, in the long run it doesn't really make that much difference. In the long run, and the short run, we are all one, anyway.

Certainly writing for posterity wipes away the overwhelmed problem. I am now dumping my pages into eternity where there is plenty of room.

Maybe writing for posterity is not only my summer project, but the rest-of-my-life project.

If there is a God, ultimately I will be published and recognized. Only it may be posthumously. . . or in the next life time.

I started out this morning wanting an adventure.

Writing is my adventure.

The more I write, the greater my adventure; the deeper I write, the deeper my adventure.

The fait and botswanner logic of the pistilent peoplehood broke and sweated their way towardss misfortunes of pepper's palace deepodines. "I'm off and running," shouted the swiller, Lucent of Technology. "If I'm not a diver in the devil's pepersticks or the succulent ocean of lucent logic, whoe else is?"

Such questions bedeviled the poopohood technocrat of the former latter day saint, Ludwig von Holstein.

But more of this tomorrow.

A deep-dewed entry into posterior manhood. I'm off and running at last!

Monday, July 9, 2001

### The Urgent Care Factor

Liberals have a great need to be taken care of. However, what makes them so obnoxious is that they do not realize it and instead project their need onto you. Thus they insist on taking care of you whether you like it or not.

They would never say, "I am so miserable, directionless, lonely, weak, frightened, and lost. Please help me." Admitting this would be too frightening and demeaning. The threat from the light of self-understanding would be too much. Instead they turn it around and accuse you. "You are so miserable, directionless, lonely, weak, frightened, and lost. Please let me help you." But they don't even have the courtesy to say please. They simply, and arrogantly, insist on helping you.

The is the famous blindness and self-limiting ignorance of the liberal.

I hate to say it, but I live with such a liberal. She insists on taking care of me whether I like it or not. She will never admit that her need to take care of me is, in reality, her need to be taken care of.

Best would be: I'll take care of myself; you take care of yourself. Then, in our spare time, we can, perhaps, help each other. And this, all under the light of freedom.

But probably such a situation will never be. I will always have to struggle against the Urgent Care Factor.

Tuesday, July 10, 2001

### World of Expectations

I expect little from others. In fact, if i look at it honesty, I expect nothing from others!

It is good to have no expectations. However, expecting nothing from others is an expectation.

Thus I have expectations from others, big expectations: I expect nothing from them. Not a partial zero, or half a zero, but a total zero. Isn't this a form of perfect? Isn't this a negative expectation of perfection?

What is the difference between a demand and an expectation? A demand places others in control; an expectation places you in control.

How so?

A demand says, You'd better do this or else. Thus the other person can always refuse. However, an expectation comes from deep within you. You simply expect that the audience or other person will act a certain way. Whether it is now or later, eventually they will come around to your view.

I don't quite understand this yet. But it somehow feels like a basic truth about the difference between demands and expectations.

I am at the doorway of changing my entire attitude towards expectations. I shut down long ago. I learned to expect "nothing" from the outside world. . . and to expect everything from the inside world. My own in-room brain, the artistic chamber of my imagination, conjured up expectation after expectation, one more after another. Any why not? One cannot live without more, with the expectation, nay the hope, that on the road of curiosity, exploration, and adventure that more is always coming. Thus do I practice violin or guitar. I expect to get better. More is coming. Thus do I (did I) expand my tours and push for more tour customers. In my inner world I expected my business to grow, expand, and get better. More is coming.

My imagination creates the expectation that more is coming. I cannot live without it.

But a deep part of me sees the world in the following way: as soon as I cross the threshold, step out of the room of my imagination, leave the artistic chamber of my inner world, and enter the hallway of the world at large, a shut down occurs. I am now entering the world of nothing. No one out there will understand the wild imagination I have developed and grown in my inner artistic chamber; no one will understand or



accept my visions, my crazy, off-the-wall, running wild in the streets. They will do one of two things: either reject it outright through criticism, ridicule, and laughter; or they will simply not notice it, walk right by it, act like it simply does not exist. Thus, in their minds, I do not exist.

These people may even say they like me, nay love me. But how can they? They certainly do not know me. And without knowing me, they cannot know my inner visions. Knowing me, listening to me with open ears, is the first step to understanding me. After listening with open mind and heart, they may still not understand or accept me. But at least they have taken the first step. After that, some people may even understand what I am talking about; after that, some may even accept it; after that, some may even like it; after that, some may even love it. After that, some may even want to run wild with me! Those are my friend; those are my customers; those are the ones who really love me!

I am looking for the ones who love me.

But what about expectations? What can I expect from others? What about my expectations of nothingness and nothing?

Dave says this shut down of expectations began with my mother when I was two years old, or less. He is probably right. Being unnoticed by her was too much for little me. I developed a way of handling the devastation by shutting down, retreating inward, and protecting the fertile world of my imagination.

So, in total self-defense, I learned to expect nothing from the outside world. Whenever I would try, I'd end up in total frustration, anger, and rage. No one will listen to me! No one understands me! Fuck this! I'm leaving; I'm retreating. I'm going to a world that knows, understands, accepts, and loves me. I'm heading inwards to the room of my imagination. I'm closing all the doors, too. No one is getting in here but me. And, when I am forced to leave, on my daily route into the outside world to get food, clothing, and bodily sustenance, I'm putting on a friendly, nice-guy mask. I need it just to get through. It is my visa, my passport into the outside world. Then, once I

have enough to sustain my body, I'll return to the true center of my heart, that lovely accepting inner chamber I call home.

Well, yes, I understand the process.

But now I am facing this terrible trauma of once again trying to expect things from others.

What does it mean to expect things from others? And what can I expect from them?

That is the nature and horror of my next adventure.

I am venturing into a new world of expectations. What will it mean?

What is the difference between what I want from others and what I expect from others?

Is it the distinction as the one between demanding and expecting?

What I want from others is what I hope to get from them. (Whether I will, of course, is another question.) But wanting from others puts me in a halfway position. I can ask – that is my half; then they in turn may respond – that is their half. They can respond with yes, no, or maybe. Whatever, it is partially in their hands. Thus wanting, asking and hoping, is not the same as expecting.

Expecting from others is almost like a right. I have the right to say, respect. Thus I can expect it from others. True, they may not give it to me. Nevertheless, it is my right. I can and should expect it.

If true expectations are rights, then I must ask: what are my rights? What do I have a right to?

Good question.

I have a right to respect. Good, well, that's one.

I'd like others to know, understand, and accept me. But that is not a right. It is a wish, a want, a desire, even a hope. It can sometimes be a demand (although it will not be fulfilled that way). But it cannot be an expectation. Why? Because it totally depends

on others.

I however, can work hard to explain myself in the hope that they might be able to understand, know, and maybe even accept me. Working hard at explaining myself is the best I can do. The rest is up to them.

So, I can expect respect. That's a good start.

Thus, they don't have to love me. They don't have to like, know, understand, or even accept me. They can hate me. But they must, I expect them to, respect me!

I can expect respect!

It's like I've opened up an inexhaustible "What am I going to do with my life?" loophole.

The writing keeps pouring out. Yes, I want it edited and sold, too. I want an audience. It's part of the writing process.

And still, I can't seem to move ahead. Somehow I feel all the past leaves have to be edited, published, and "neatly put in a box" before I can go on writing.

Somehow it is all too wild to simply keep on writing, keep on moving, keep on turning out the pages, keep on moving ahead. I'm blowing up and blowing out on all ends. All my writing faucets have been turned on; I have been turned loose.

Writing for posterity? Ha! I'm writing for the here-and-now in the here-and-now.

I want my audience here-and-now. I want them to listen here-and-now. I will not tolerate no for an answer. They must listen! They will listen! De vill listen! Ja, ja! Hundreds, thousands, millions, all sitting in the stadium of the world throwing garlands and roses in my direction. How they love me! How they need me! How they respect and admire me!

But can I take it? Can I stand such love, adulation, and respect? I bot want it and find it so hard to take.

But I'm learning. There is no other choice. I am learning how to take it. I will learn! I vill learn! Ja, ja! Heil Hitler!

How did Hitler get into this? Is he part of my writing continuum? Evidently, since he once lived in the Eagle's Nest.

I want to live in the Eagle's Nest, too. I want to rise and shine and sing. I'm doing it, too. But it is not solely for admiration. Well, maybe it is. Actually, I don't know what it's for. I only know I have to faucet myself forward as I slosh backwards, and rotate sideways. All directions are open and opening up. There is no going back. Only forwards march with some sideways thrown in.

Is that my summer project? To break lose in all directions? Could be. Certainly writing is spreading its wings again. Could music, running, and yoga be far behind?

What about money making? The stock market was down today and so were all my funds. A losing lid there, at least for today. Can such wild writing and artistic breakthrough directionlessness be applied to the stock market?

I'm breaking through in all directions. Will it apply to the stock market and money, too? Somehow I feel it must. But, of course, I have no proof.

Does the stock market merely take daring? Or is it a totally different world? Of course, no one can answer this question. Only I. It is my style. I am developing my own stock market style. Like most financial styles, it is based on winning and losing. There is also mucho passion thrown in. I'm dealing with the big ones: fear and greed, and constantly making decisions on the edge.

Wednesday, July 11, 2001

### Fearlessness

I am trading in the stock market to learn fearlessness.

When I learn it, fun will follow.

And this whether my stocks go up or down.

In order to be fearless, I have to accept the possibility of total bankruptcy, of being wiped out completely.

But isn't this possible even if I am not in the market? Isn't this always a possibility in life? And this whether you gamble or not. Actually, life itself is a gamble. Only by leading a so-called safe life," you don't notice it as much.

Dangers are part of life. Sickness, disease, loss, bankruptcy, other pains undreamed of. Risk exists whether I am in the stock market or not.

In this sense, the stock market and my trading is "besides the point."

True, the bottom may fall out at any moment. I live hovering over the abyss. This morning's fear of financial failure, loss, and ultimate bankruptcy is merely the face of the stock market and my falling stocks.

### Worship through Work: My Highest Form of Service

My childhood non-recognition trauma has prevented me from fulfilling my mitzvahs and duties.

What are these commandments?

To display my talents and in so doing, inspire others to fulfill their talents and rise to their finest heights.

I have God-given talents. They are mine; they are real. It is my duty to offer, to give their fruits to others. This is my work. It is my means of worship. My work is my worship. Through my work I worship God. It is a service, my service to Him, to the Him within – the Hymn within – and a service to the the Him without. Those are the "others" who stand in His place. They take the form of my audience.

Giving the fruits of my talent to my audience is my purpose. It is my service to God, the expression of God within, my truest self exposed, explained, displayed, and thoroughly given. This is my duty, mitzvah, and form of giving.

But throughout my life it has been thwarted, stunted, and held back by my early childhood trauma of non-recognition. I have carried this trauma every day of my life. It has just been revisited in its deepest form, through the “others do not see me” “ripping mad” phenomenon of yesterday.

### The Cost of Nagging

If you think my debt is your problem then you should be involved with paying it off.

Thus you can nag me – but it will cost you money. You can pay for the privilege and pleasure of nagging me by helping pay off my debt.

### Forgetting What Is Important

I know the path. It is straight and true. Only I got so thrown off this week. Starting last Sunday night with the non-recognition trauma.

I was knocked off the trail to begin with. So when Barry asked “What will you do with yourself this summer? Will you go crazy with all that free time on your hands?” I, for the first time, began to wonder. Me go crazy with free time? I had never considered such a possibility. Usually, I yearn for free time. I have so many ways to fill it.

But, since I had been thrown off my trail and was thus vulnerable, I questioned not only the summer tenets of my miracle schedule, but even the “projects and plans” I had made to make my top priority running (and calliyoga) and this for the purpose of feeling absolutely wonderful!

Having slipped from the trail, I lost my whole vision.

But as I am climbing back on, the vision is returning.

I have plenty to do this summer! Filling my time (my “free time”) is no problem at all!

Amazing how one can totally and so quickly forget everything that is important.

The Straight and Narrow Path is Best

The straight and narrow path is the best.

Why?

Because it is focused.

Focus and concentration bring joy!

Saturday, July 14, 2001

Making Money Is Fun!

A New Summer Goal Is Born

Why have I not seen or acknowledges the power of money as a motivator? Why have I not seen or acknowledged how much I love it, and how much fun it is?

Because one of my main, post-marriage motivations was fear and worry. About what? Not making enough money.

Fear and worry drove the fun out of money, and money making. Money simply became another form of lid I was trying to get out from under.

For the last year or so, I have driven out most, if not all, fear and worry as motivators. Since I lost them I have now been trying to figure out what will motivate me? After a year or so of searching I came up with: fun!

Fun will motivate me.

Well, making money is fun! And this whether I earn it through teaching, touring, weekends, concerts, book sales, boutique items, and even the stock market. Actually, it doesn't matter how I make the money. All I have to do is acknowledge how much fun it is to make it, how I like it.

All right, I've done that.

Then why not make my summer project the fun project of making money and figuring out how to make even more money? Hey, I like it.

What will motivate me to publish New Leaf Journal? Selling it, of course. And to see money rolling in from the sales.

Why should I or would I even bother trying to record my songs, stories, and classic guitar pieces? Why go to all the trouble? Money. I can make money by selling the tapes, cassettes, and CD's (if there ever is one.)

What about running tours and weekends? Why bother? I can and will make money from them. Making money is the answer.

How about promoting my folk dance classes? Why bother? Making money from them is the answer.

What a wonderful, marvelous, and excellent motivator is the hope and possibility of making money.

For personal needs I really only need a very little amount of money. But for my personal fun needs, I need an infinite amount of money. Money as a quantitative representation of "more." And I always want more, more, more. More study, more running, more learning, more concerts, money, higher stocks etc. Wanting more of everything and anything goes on forever. Wanting, wanting, it means I am alive!

But I am now going after money not to relieve myself from fear, pressure, and worry, and, with the idea, that some day, if I ever get enough of it, I can stop worrying and thus have more free mental time for my art. No, this will not happen. Why? Because I have already stopped worrying. Worry and fear have little to no place in my financial life. And this is true, even though I now have little money along with big debts.

However, I am now onto a new adventure. The fun adventure of making mucho money in and through all the ventures I perform. From this day on, making money will be my goal. My means to this goal is through the art forms and organization skills I have developed over the years.

But making money is now, has become, a good-in-itself. Why? Because it has become the symbol of fun!



Playing in the money play pen, playing with the lovely, filthy, and delicious lucre is what I want. So, if I want it, I might as well take it.

Sunday, July 15, 2001

### Falling Asleep At The Guitar

#### Playing Lidless Guitar. . . Starting with Lidless Alard

The way I am practicing guitar, I am putting myself to sleep.

Part of my practicing is fixed in lidded forms. That's why I fall asleep.

I just played Alard without a lid. What came out, what popped up after I played my lidless Alard? Anger. Rage. Perhaps I am angry and enraged that I have to play guitar with a lid. I am mad at, enraged by, my lids. And these whether they are in guitar, or in life.

Playing lidless is guitar is the way to keep from falling asleep.

### Chasing Away the Evil Spirits

Shouting chases away the evil spirits. However, most of us do not believe in evil or spirits anymore. Instead we call it (them) fears, worries, or bad feelings. But whatever we call them, shouting, dance cries, Slavic yells, chase them away.

Monday, July 16, 2001

### Lost In The Garbage Dump

Where is God in this equation? And, by the way, Who is He? I've lost the Big Guy. He's drifting off somewhere in space, lost among the melons of Jupiter, heading towards his vast plantation holding in cantaloupe heaven. He used to be my source, guide, and strength. I thought he knew so much more than I did. Someone to look up to. But after handing down that Ten Commandment shit, who can believe he knows so much? Sure that document is carved in stone. But that doesn't mean it has to be so stiff

and severe. Or does it? Perhaps the Big Fucker thought that's all these stupid people clustered around Mount Sinai could understand. Perhaps he figured they'd go bonkers if they knew the truth. And what is the truth? It is that God doesn't know diddly squat. He's just as dumb, stupid, naive, and lost as any of his creations. I ask God, "Where am I going?" He answered, "How should I know? I've got my own problems. Let me figure out my direction first. Then I'll let you know and you can follow me."

Well, you've got to give it to God. At least He's honest. But does He deserve a capital H? Or would He (he) be better off with a small one? Or does he (He) even care? Probably not. Only us humans down here seem to give a shit. We'd like the Big Guy to have big letters. BIG LETTERS! Yes! That way we can give Him or him lots of importance. Then we can invent him or Him in our own image, make him more important than he really is, and look up to him. Now there's the big one: LOOKING UP TO HIM! That's what give him his power. That's what removes the power from us. And, staying weak, down, and half-helpless give us something to constantly aspire to. Yes, we aim to be strong, strong as god, strong as the God we invent.

But does the real God give a shit? Will the real God please stand up. Probably not. He's got back problems, anyway. But at least he doesn't have a backbone problem. He's doesn't have to be strong or weak, lost or found, purposeful or purposeless. He can just stand around, sit around, lie around and be his good old do-nothing, lazy self, observing the world as it creates and follows its dreams.

Well, where does this all put me? Lost in my strength. Down in the dumps as I sit on the slopes of the Strong Hill Garbage Dump wondering about the purpose of life and why the garbage trucks are so late in coming.

Thursday, July 19, 2001

#### POSTPONEMENT AND WAITING FOR AWHILE.

I feel the shroud of financial fear falling once more over my head. I see about five or six thousand dollars of expenses in the near future. They are: about \$2000 to

publish New Leaf (maybe even \$3000), another \$1000 or more for the August mailing and my new Barbara Tapa Jim Gold folder creation; \$1000 in business taxes. Plus, another \$2000 for dental bills. Well, that's about it for now.

But how quickly these new expenses arose. Actually, they were always there, lurking in the background. Only, once again, I refused to look at them. As a result, they are "suddenly" upon me.

I'd like to distinguish between my own financial fears and those fostered upon me by Bernice's worries. Perhaps they intersect. In any case, what, if anything, can or will I do about all this?

First: should I take money out of the stock market to pay for it?

Second: should I simply borrow more money, hoping I'll be able to pay it back in the future? I'd rather not go this route.

Third: Waiting and postponing. Can I wait it out? This means postponing payments until more money comes in. A possible "new" approach. Waiting and postponing. Paying of a little at a time. Maybe I should think about this one.

In general: Pay off as little as possible. This with the hope that things will get better in the future and I'll have more money. The time-and-waiting game. It sounds good. Why haven't I done this in the past? Perhaps it has to do with immediate gratification, and this in the form of immediately getting rid of my debt anxiety. When someone sends me a bill, I want to get it off my chest, get rid of the anxiety of "owing someone" money. Instead of planning, waiting, and "looking the debt anxiety in the face," I have been avoiding the anxiety by paying my bills immediately.

Thus, most of my immediate payments have been based on anxiety. What is anxiety but fear? One of my bottom-line desires is not to be pushed around by fear. And here I see that one of the causes of "being a good boy" and paying my bills immediately is fear.

A new awareness of bill-paying anxiety.

Immediate payment, although it "makes me feel good" by getting rid of my

anxiety, also increases my debt (which makes me feel worse). Therefore, this method has to somehow slide away.

Postponement of payment, although it increases my anxiety, at least postpones (and thus “decreases”) my debt, at least for awhile. (This at least makes me feel better. . . for awhile.)

There is also the hope that things will improve, that somehow, some money will come in. I cannot base my financial life on these hopes, however. Nevertheless, postponement keeps my mind “on the money.” And, by keeping my mind on the money, perhaps I will think of something after all.

And at least I am not increasing my debt. . . for awhile.

So, result: I’ll try postponement and waiting for awhile.

### Releasing Creative Energies

#### Sales and Strength Building, Inc.

This to-the-hilt idea is slowly forming. Although based on anxiety and the desire to free myself from anxiety, it itself is not anxiety. Rather, it is a ball of energy inhibited and held back by anxiety. (The lidded anxiety of emptiness.)

Thus, on its deepest level, it is not even about making money. It is rather, about releasing dormant, pent-up creative energies.

Open the gates! Release pent-up creative energies through summer strength building, power-releasing, going public sales plans.

Thus, rather than a “free month” of running and yoga, August is now turning into a high-powered sales month with running and yoga “on the side.” In fact, all my physical strength building exercises will now be used in the service of my sales and strength -building establishment.

My new company name is: Sales and Strength Building, Inc.

On one level, I can’t believe how wrong I was about the summer. I thought it

would be a repeat of my “first free August” twenty years ago, which I spent training for the marathon. I thought this would be a physical summer, a training summer; I thought it was an opportunity in disguise to make my body feel absolutely great.

What a surprise to find that this free summer’s purpose is totally different! Rather than developing my body (I’ve “done that before: Been there, done that”), I am now entering a completely different realm.

Friday, July 20, 2001

### Outlaw and Mean

I like being an outlaw. Outlaws have more freedom. They are both hated and admired by the so-called law-abiding public. That’s because they symbolize freedom. They symbolized the hopes, desires, and secret wishes for freedom deep in the hearts of the law-biding public.

I also like being mean. It goes along with being an outlaw. The law-abiding public has the same hatred and admiration for the mean as they do for the outlaw. Meanness, however, also represents a type of freedom, although I don’t quite know what it is yet.

### My Inner Audience of Eternal Mothers

I stand on the high peaks of the Alpujarra in southern Spain, shouting out my joyous freedom. The audience in Granada just below hardly hears me. Or maybe they do. But it doesn’t matter. My inner audience, inner public, inner cheering section, just love me!

They are the ones I play for. After all, what is an outlaw to do? He plays beyond the law. No one hears him plucking guitar in the wide-open free spaces of the freedom-loving Spanish plains or the high wild peaks of the spacious and free mountains. All alone in his glory, shouting freedom and joy, there is no external public to applaud him, no outer audience to see or experience his glory.

Even his mother is not there.

His inner audience, a standing room only crowd of inner mothers, cheer him wildly. "You are the outlaw of my dreams!" they cry. "We love you, every last virtual one of us! You dream us into existence and we, in turn, dream of only you! Play on, oh, wild one. We love your freedom! We love the "abuse" of your free-wheeling meanness. Put us down, put us up, put us perpendicular, or flat, vertical or sideways; it doesn't matter. We love the manly masculinity of your smashing, abusive, lawless, mean freedom! Give it to us! Fuck us strong! We just love it!"

Now these are women I can relate to! My internal and eternal audience of inner mothers with their unbounded love and admiration for my wildness, expansion, growth, and freedom!

### Simply Silly

I am always playing for, and to, an audience. But if this audience is an internal one, then why bother spending so much time and effort courting the outer one, the so-called "public?" First of all, is there actually a public? Or is the public really a fiction, a projection of the reality of my inner audience, the internal and eternal mothers?

I live forever with my internal audience; I can never get away from them. Nor would I want to.

As for my outer audience, my so-called "public," well, they come and go. They are like ghosts wafted by the wind, fictions blowing past me, sitting down on my stoop for a short drink, then moving on to who knows where.

Why should I pay much attention to the vicissitudes of this truly virtual audience when my real audience lies within? The answer to this question is, I shouldn't. Oh sure, it's polite to acknowledge them with a brief hello. But more attention than that is not only time consuming and annoying. It is simply silly.

This seems to solve the question of audience and the audience problem forever.

The real audience is in my head. The one outside is fiction. Yet they need some attention. After all, I must eat.

Well, this may be a bit extreme. It might be better to say both inner and outer audiences are my creation. Each one needs and deserves attention; but they need and deserve it in different ways.

### Meanness, Freedom, and Outlaws

The outlaw is free; but the outlaw is also mean. What do freedom and meanness have to do with each other?

In order to be free, must I be mean? It seems like there is some truth to this statement. But the converse, to be mean in itself has little to do with freedom. Meanness on its own does not make freedom. Yet somehow freedom, if taken “freely,” must be taken with some meanness.

Is the meanness, or what I interpret as meanness, really signify how I will “hurt” others by simply taking my rightful, God-given freedom. It implies that by simply being myself, my wild, spontaneous, wonderful self, I am “hurting” others. Doesn’t this idea come straight from my mother and my early upbringing? No doubt it does.

That’s how I have interwoven meanness and freedom together. Somehow, by being faithful to my true self, I will hurt others. They go together.

But now that I am aware of this relationship, is it, or does it, in the future, necessarily have to be true? Perhaps by being my wild true self I only hurt some others, not all others. This would mean that hurting others by being free is relative not absolute, and thus, not always true.

No question I hurt Bernice by being free (with my money); no question I hurt my mother by being free, by running wild on the lawn. But would I hurt all women by being free? Are all women the same? Probably not. (Or maybe they too are my invention.)

Saturday, July 21, 2001

The Inner World Offers Ecstasy

I feel a slight disgust with myself. It seems that during the past few weeks, certainly the past few days, I have been forgetting about God and the awe-and-wonder experience through which I remember Him.

Such an intense focus on the stock market, money, being lost, my focus on my personal pounding between trauma and freedom, ups and downs in relationships, and a general focus on the worldly has made me somewhat forget the glories of my in-room experience. And bottom line, what happens in my in-room experience? I remember, experience, and am able to re-experience the awe and wonder that is God. Simple as that!

Thus, as I move into the world, as I become a public figure, as I lose my fears and slowly go public, I must never forget my private self, the one that lived for so many years ensconced and enclosed in the private, sweet-smelling cell, the artistic chamber of my imagination, my Riverdalian monastery monastic cell, the one where God and the violin worked together. My heart, but mainly my soul, opened during that period. Heavenly blessings rained down on me. True, I could never bring them outside my room, never make them public. Touched, botched, and fettered under the mean scrutiny of the outside world, dominated by Madre Mia, my delicate heavenly visions would be squashed, humiliated, washed away and cast aside. No attention at all would be paid to them. The trauma of non-recognition.

I doubt if the world can ever offer me more than the heavenly visions I've experienced, and still do, in the inner artistic chamber that I carry in my head. It is only important that I give it its due – remember the eternal and infinite power of its vision.

The outside material world offers some goodies. And they are nice to spend time with, especially if you've got nothing better to do.

Yes, the outside world offers pleasures. But the inner world offers ecstasy!



Sunday, July 22, 2001

### Growing My Own Sales Force

“Turning towards new possibilities:” That’s what I feel like doing today.

One possibility derives from the long-time realization that I will never put my entire heart into selling my work. Creating them, yes; selling them, no. This goes for everything from tours, weekends, and folk dance classes, to guitar bookings, club dates, and my books. I am simply not, deep in my heart, that interested in peddling.

The result of this self-knowledge is that I still sell, but on a limited basis. Basically, I sell as little as possible and create as much as possible.

Knowing all this is nothing new.

What about “turning towards new possibilities”?

I have always known that, even though sales are not my first line, they are important, nay vital, to my business and financial survival.

Perhaps it is time to once more hire a public relations and/or salesperson. (A salesperson first, public relations person a distant second.) They could even be the same person.

This time I might even pay them! It could be a worthwhile investment.

Their job would be to promote, sell, and publicize “everything” I do in my Jim Gold International business: namely, tours, weekends, folk dance classes, club date bookings, and my books. (They wouldn’t bother with the boutique.)

Let me list their sales functions:

1. Tours
2. Weekends
3. Folk dance classes
4. Club dates: Concert and One-Man-Show
5. Books

These are the big five.

Now I have to find and develop people to promote and sell my services. The

direction of my effort will be towards creating and developing a sales force. This means I'll have to keep "on top of them" and "on top of it." I can't simply tell them what I want and forget about it. I must stay with them, inspire and nag them, do all the things a caring parent of my Jim Gold International organization would do. I must be mother and father to my flock; I must perfect the goose honk.

This means that even though others will be selling my services, sales are still my responsibility.

I am developing, creating, an organization, a group, a staff.

On the surface, this seems to be is an old idea revisited. But I am in a new place. So perhaps this is actually a new idea!

A new plant in my garden: I am growing my own sales force.

### Fun and Excitement With My Sales Force

#### Going Public With My Public

I will be working with others in a new and exciting way. It might also be fun.

I know so many good people. This is an opportunity to expand and grow with them. It is really leading folk dancing on a "larger level."

I am going public with my public.

In order to be serious about this I have to be willing to pay my staff. The payment could be in the form of money or services like free weekends, dance classes, reductions in tours, etc. Or actual money. Either one. Such payment commits me to them, and them to me.

This also gives me an "excuse," a purpose and reason, to call them, socialize with them; it frees my mind and time to have fun with them.

After all, Moses did lead the Israelites. Is this the deeper reason why am I now reading to Torah?

Monday, July 23, 2001

Perhaps I am down, sad, needy, and somewhat depleted this morning because I put my own lid on the supreme satisfaction I received from cleaning out the garage.

Truth is: cleaning out the garage was so much fun!

Tuesday, July 24, 2001

My Idealized Strength People Are Walking Out The Door

I feel so abandoned by everybody: friends, accountants, loves, lovettes, audiences, mothers, fathers, brokers, on and on, all and all.

Idealized strength people are falling by the wayside.

Who is left to look to but God in the form of my inner strength?

It is not so much that they are leaving me; it is rather that, through lack of or loss of interest, losing interest, the core me is slowly leaving, losing, and abandoning them.

My inner world is changing.

I am sacrificing it, slowly letting it go, giving up my old forms, my projections of idealized strength. This is leaving me, on one level, feeling alone.

But it is I who am letting go of these old ideas, attitudes, and projections. Although I project the behaviors onto others by saying they are abandoning me, the reverse is true. I am "outgrowing" them and the need for them. The sadness and loss I am feeling is my growing pain.

Wednesday, July 25, 2001

Back To Four Pages A Day

Well, folks, it seems I'm coming back. Or better, coming forward. Or more truthful, starting over at a new level.

Why do I say such a thing? Easy. I've been falling apart for the past few days. Or is it weeks. . . or months. . . (years?) In any case, I've become so scattered as of

late—of course, it is probably only a few days. Lots of parentheses, hesitations, false starts here. I'm circling around my most important point: back to writing four pages a day!

Isn't this where I started in 1994? Indeed, it is. But nevertheless, that is because at that time I hit on an important and enduring truth: The push-and-try of writing four pages a day kept me sane and healthy. It vitalized my mind, rifled my body, pumped my spirit. I became a monastery within a monastery. All my innards were charged, up and running, poised and ready for the fight. Meaning and purpose entered my life, and this on every morning when I sat down to write.

In fact, I must ask: why have I stopped getting up at four a.m.? There was a time, not long ago, that rising four a.m. was becoming my habit. Lack of sleep? Fuck it. I had a purpose. I didn't need to sleep that much. Besides, if I was tired, I could always sleep in the afternoon. Post-luncheon naps made my day and fed my nights.

What is the answer to less sleep? Or, rather, the bigger question is: Why bother getting up at all? Why not sleep all day? Why bother waking up at all? The answer to less sleep is more purpose. Inspiration must light your nights, even your sleep. You must have something you love doing so much that you can't wait to get up in the morning to start it. Yes, that's it! When you lie down at night you think, Ah, in only four, five, or six hours I'll be doing something I absolutely love. I can't wait for this sleep to be over; I can't wait to get up and start! I'm so eager, so excited. My love is waiting for me. I won't keep her long. Four to six hours is the absolute maximum I can stay away from her. Then, I'm jumping out of bed (in spite of my heel spur) and running into her arms!

Well, my love is writing. I can't wait to jump out of bed and run into her arms! Why bother even sleeping when I can be with her? But, of course, one must sleep in order to survive. Survival comes even before writing. But writing answers the question of why bother surviving in the first place.

Anyway, for some reason, I am ready to go back to writing and my miracle

schedule with a vengeance.

One thing that did slow my writing down for awhile was the overwhelmed idea. I am producing so many pages. What will ever happen to them? How will they all be edited? Even though Barry has edited the New Leaf Journals of 1994-1996, three journals, we still have not done 1997 to 2001. That's five years of unedited journals to go. And I'm still producing! At this rate, I'll never get finished. I'll never have closure on my writing. But, of course, closure may not be the purpose of my writing. It may be an open-ended thing, going on for the rest of this life. I'll just keep producing, page after page. Yes, they may all die with me. But here I'm thinking about immortality, the future, others, all false idols. My only God is found in the writing process. That is evidently where I should worship. Thinking, worrying about being overwhelmed, is hubris and idolatry even though it may be hubris and idolatry on a "higher" level.

I may simply have to face the fact that in writing and in life I may never be finished! Finished means death. But even that major annoyance can't stop me. There is always rebirth and reincarnation. Truth is, I can't (and definitely shouldn't) stop even if I "want" to.

There is no way of wriggling out of meeting God at the writer's table. Seems I can't start life without him. Or stop it. So forget about being overwhelmed by all the pages I will or may write. God truly does not care about my overwhelmed feelings. He is just simply not interested. As I say, it is an idolatry problem.

Well, I'm tired now.

I've knocked out three pages. But who's counting? Who? Why, me, of course. It is I. Why? Because numbers drive me on. I've still got one more page to go. It will push, force, inspire me to reach for my higher self and produce another page. Again, even if it is one that contains only commas, it doesn't matter.

I'm back. Thank God, I'm on track again!

I am ready for a New Leaf.

