

## Write Four Pages A Day

### Back to Beginnings

Wednesday, July 25, 2001

#### The Death Of Idealized Strength.

My teachers, doctors, healers, leaders – even my heros – have lots of skills and talents. But they are not God.

What does this mean?

They have lost their idealized strength. Actually, they never had it. Only I gave it to them. Thus, in my eyes, their idealized strength is fading. They become “mere mortals” with no secret formulas for power. Over me or anything else.

This puts me in a strange position, a vulnerable, lonely, sad, happy, empty, free, plummeting to the bottom of the abyss, rising to the top of the stadium, sinking into the earth, rocketing to the moon, indeed contradictory kind of place. Deep in my heart I have a secret desire, a hope, that others will have the power. It is the disguised form of second-place yearnings. But this hope has been unmasked. It is nothing more than the illusion of idealized strength in others; I have created an idol and thus practice idol worship in the form of laying down my personal power before the idealized heros of my past.

Well, this view of others and the world has just cranked to a halt. Where will my strength come from now?

I look within. I see a chasm, a deep, bottomless abyss, I am falling straight into it. Panic and sadness are my only companions as I hurtle through space. My fall feels endless.

As the bottom falls out, will the top cave in, too?

From where will I get my strength?

It has to be from the God within. No one else is left. The clay figures I used to worship have become mortal. I stand like Abraham before Terah's idols. Unlike my father Abraham, I do not pick them up, hurl them to the floor, walk out the door, and head for Harran. Rather I sit back in quiet panic and sadness and watch. But the effect is the same. Abraham and I have both smashed idols, broken the spells and incantations of illusory, earth-filled materialistic, body-carrying power. We have realized the difference between container and contained. We toss the containers and retain the contained, which we now know is a misnomer for the uncontainable, the infinite and all-seeing One.

Our wisdom grows.

Thus are Abraham and I connected. There is Abraham D. Gold, my actual and physical father; and there is Abraham the Patriarch, father of our tribe. Both are representatives of the higher power on earth. Representatives, but as agents and containers they cannot be the "real thing" for me. I must find that within, must search the dark passageways, the intricate and hidden paths of my interior, in order to find

that power.

Actually, I found it long ago, at age thirteen, as I listened to the Beethoven symphony. There, right before my eyes, right under my nose, exactly in my ears was the Power itself made manifest! I broke down crying over its majesty. Nothing has changed since. I have only grown in confidence over its meaning and power.

But that vision has rarely gone public. And whenever it leaked out, it always did so indirectly, through music, dance, humor, kabbalistic hidden spirit manifested socially and at parties with a quiet, smiling, inner “Wahoo!” expressed through dancing eyes and wild humor.

But now I have seen behind the source of my screening. I stayed soft, quiet, and hidden because I was afraid to look straight in the eyes at the idealized strength I had put in others. If I really did, I was afraid they might vanish. Then I would have to take complete responsibility for the crazy, wild, insane, visionary, loveable nut that was my true self. And truth was, or at least I thought, only I could love such a nut. Others would laugh, criticize, misunderstand, or merely stare blankly at it. Or they would dismiss it with a simple, devastating wipe-away lack of interest. My deepest yearning soul said: How could these idiots not be interested in such a diamond? Here was God Himself coming down to earth right before their nose. Here was the hero completely revealed. It was I, me, it, all combined and rolled into one and into One. I was my hero, my God, the shining light, all I needed to be. It existed right there in my heart. There was no need to look outside, to look further than myself. Why couldn't these

fools outside see that? And what, after all, was wrong with my mother and even my father? Didn't they realize God was within? Or were they simply shy, really knowing but hesitant to speak about it?

Of course, I'll never know what was deepest in their hearts. Only my imagination can create it. But in any case, I am now moving back to the source of my power. And going public with it as well. I am no longer ashamed or afraid. I can stand on the mountain, shout it out, tell the world. If they don't like it or can't understand it, fuck 'em. Who cares what they think, anyway? The only important thing is that I know what I think. And, that I don't let their existence stop me.

I have to let the wild beast out of my heart. Sure, I'll use diplomacy to decide if and whether to impose him on the public. But as for letting him roam freely over the endless inner plains and pastures of my heart, no problem.

By the way, none of my heros ever claimed to be God. It was only I, in my fervent desire for idealization, wanted and thus made them that way.

I created my idols in my own image.

### Joy Rising

Furious, furious, furious am I! Pushed and bottled into the meches cesspool. A tax on both your houses! I went to the bank, made my deposit, came up about a thousand dollars short probably through either my own miscalculations, and hit the

tank. Down, down, down into dirty cesspool I went. I'll have no money, I'll die in debt, I'll end up in pauper's prison, I'll soon be sleeping on the Bowery, I'll be living in the streets; no money, no prospects, no hopes, no fortunes, no future, no nothing. Complete and total despair. And why? A mere blink of the checkbook. And after such a wonderful morning, too.

Well, why not? It's typical. I did so well in the a.m. I had to knock myself in the p.m.

Then the worry hit again. I am going still deeper in debt. Big bills are not only past but coming up. Soon I'll have my New Leaf Journal publishing to pay for. This, plus printing and mailing bills for my 2002 schedule, plus insurance, therapy, piss pot bills, and mandarin Chinese cooking and language lessons. The latter I'm not even taking, but I'll probably have to pay for them anyway.

Plus my stocks are shit today. All they do and everything else are doing is going down. Down, down, down. The direction is no longer up, up, up to the hopper in Heaven but rather down, down, down to the devil in hell.

Riding the roller coaster into the future that is now: What a mess! What a shithole! What a life! And mine is a good one! Imagine how the engine people, those denizens of wickerhood, the stickly inhabitants dwelling in the Pooperhopper Blinkenstein suburb of Wienerschnitzel-on-Hudson feel? I can't imagine. Their daughters drift in stirrup stew, drinking syrup through a turnip straw. Their calliboppers slink low while each tangerine cunt and artichoke vagina slinks pink

through the waterways. Can a manly walrus stomach such trust?

Legs are spread among the lemon trees. There are lots of pickers today, mostly up from Mexican. Migrant workers on the prowl, looking for fruit among the vagina mills. Can a tangerine ever be left behind?

“Never!” Thus spake Hidalgo Zarathustra del Mentos, great liar and grandson the Lying Trio from Heyerabadaz, the ancient Arabic stronghold north of Cadiz. Here, dressing in watermelons and drinking orangutan juice from straw pimples, they quickly people the Tagus river whose origins, festering far in the north, never bother to register for the tariff dance of Arbolusa.

“Well, who cares?” Asked the old water walrus, Pectine los Alamos, from his high-hatted horse. “My thighs are running out.” He falls to the ground in a heap, then takes his siesta.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck! I can’t stand myself!” Laszlo Putrid, Hungarian son of the Japanese painter Sushi Vomitubishi sinks his toe into a bowl of Chinese landworm soup. Then, turning his backside towards the pristine ceiling sky he farts into the sun. Soon his personalized rocket program is born and he receives a Fundament Foundation grant from the government.

“Koszonom szepen. Thank you” Laszlo squeezes the syllables past his freshly brushed tooth. The wigwam whitewash worked. Rinsing his mouth with turpentine to remove the black paint stains, he bows deeply to the wall behind him, then blurts out in

a burp. "I can't stand it but I love it!"

This morning he must visit his therapist, Sig Fried Laydown. Most of his session are held on a stove. He lies down in his frying pan.

"How do you feel this morning my little Heil Pooper," asks the kindly doctor. "Are your hemorrhoids healing in the proper manner? Do they stand attention to salute the friendly SS sodium solution gendarmes that so kindly push them in with their solid Reich rifle butts?"

Friday, July 27, 2001

Performance As: "Writing In Public"

Moses talks to God all the time.

God talks to Moses.

Moses does or tries to do what God says.

Although He is often pushy, God accepts what Moses does even when he cannot or does not accomplish all that God commanded.

God is a nice guy.

And Moses tries hard.

Who are these characters, anyway? Who is having this discussion? Who is agreeing, following, or questioning? Indeed, the entire battlefield takes place in the heart of Moses. That is where God lives. Sure, He's outside as well, but Moses is talking to the One within.

A secularist could even say that Moses is rationalizing his explanations, telling other what he wants but putting God's stamp on it to give it extra punch.

What does all this have to do with me?

Well, once the idealized strength people fell, they left me with only the God within to rely on. He's all that's left. Consequently, when I speak to him and discuss issues, I am actually talking to myself. Schizophrenic, you say? Well, maybe. But God has many characters, and so do I. In any case, that's the way it is.

All this is by way of discussion about last night. I heard Sigrid Erickson perform at the Redeemer Church in Dumont, New Jersey. She took the second half; the first half was performed by a flutist.

While the flutist was performing, I thought: I should be up there; I should be performing; by not performing, I am chickening out; I am denying myself the biggest challenge. Performing is just too terrifying for me, too hard. I can't stand the nervousness I feel before I go on stage. The only thing that seems to soften or rationalize it is the money I get. If I am not paid, I won't go through the torture of performing.

What is the prime reason for my performing torture? My high expectations for playing the classical guitar. If I gave that up, if I only sang, talked, led group singing, became a clown, made jokes, ad libbed, stood up there and smiled, etc., then performing would be "easy." Yes, that's the word I used: easy! I might actually enjoy it! It would be like writing in public.



Yes, writing in public! This means ad libbing, giving a spontaneous performance. Just like sitting down at my computer and improvising with language. That's what my writing is: an exercise in improvisation, spontaneity, and instant creation. I love it. Perhaps here I am talking about the key to not only future performances, but, more important, how I can actually enjoy performing!

Wow, what a thought! It would make every performance an adventure!

### "Hello Down There. This Is God Speaking"

Teaching folk dancing, teaching guitar, in fact, everything I do in public should be based on the spontaneous and creative "writing in public" performance method. It is my personal key to performing and public happiness! It is the best and only way for me to "go public." As I say this, I know God is talking to me from within. I would even claim that "writing in public," spontaneous performance and spontaneous generation, parthenogenesis, is God actually speaking to me! He's saying, "If you don't do it My way, why bother?"

Perhaps that is why I am reading the bible.

1. To learn how to give up the illusions of idealized strength; to give up my idols.
2. God directed Moses. He spoke to him from within. I want to learn what my God within is actually saying to me.

I wonder if this spontaneous, improvisational, creative approach can be taken towards guitar warm-ups, yoga, running, folk dance class openings, and even...stocks!

This would leave my fears of injury at the door. Or at least make me cautious in my new approach to "warming-up."

Sunday, July 29, 2001

Miracle Schedule: Devoting My Life To God

or Egypt Had No Delis

We saw a Broadway play, *Stones In My Pocket*, yesterday afternoon. At two-man show *From Ireland*. Fine acting, mime, dancing, all. I like best a one-man show. This was a two-man show. Excellent. Yet I feel seeing it was not so much a waste of time but a waste of me. I don't know why I feel this way. It is a feeling similar to the one after I've seen a movie. Somehow these actors, screen or stage, "take my brain away." I usually end up feeling diminished after a play. Certainly I do after a movie. I don't know why this is. So today I feel totally wasted.

I doubt if concerts make me feel the same way. Somehow concerts enable and help my mind drift off; I dream my way to other, higher, distant lands. Then, I end up refreshed, stimulated, inspired. I think this is true. I think, but do not know. I've never really looked into this feeling.

Somehow movies and plays capture, not only my eye, but my ear and other

senses as well. I become a complete captive, a “victim” as it were of other forces. I lose myself.

Yes, somehow concerts, listening to music, help me find myself; but when seeing a play or movie, I lose myself.

This seems to explain something, but I’m not even sure that’s what the problem is. It sounds right. Is it?

I’m not sure.

But maybe I’m on the way to understanding something; I’m on a path but I don’t know where it is leading.

Losing myself? What self am I losing? What part of me feels it is going down the drain?

I don’t know.

What a strange place to be.

But no question “self-things” like writing, guitar, running, yoga, and study revive me. These are, of course, the basic building blocks of my miracle schedule. Even my stock market page, my on-line Fidelity account, revives me somewhat. At least it stimulates and inspires me even though it sometimes frightens me. Does that mean I can add my on-line Fidelity stock page to my miracle schedule? I’m not sure. But the idea did come up. It must have some validity, only I’m not sure what.

Lots of I-don’t-knows and I’m-not-sures on this page. Lots of doubts and questions.

Is it mostly a control thing? That doesn't sound right either. Too simple, too pat.

Nevertheless, it could have some truth to it. Somehow during these passive, watchful activities, I lose sight of my true self; of my inner God; I lose touch with my inner vision. I drift off into the world and end up feeling lost, miserable, and disgusted.

Yes, these outside activities make me lose touch with my inner soul. Of course it is "inner;" who ever heard of a soul that is outer? Yet I want to use the word inner to emphasis how deep is the soul, and how important it is to me. In fact, I would say that staying in touch with it is truly the only thing that is important.

No question, all my miracle schedule activities put me in touch with my soul. That is why I do them; that is the miracle involved. Thus, anything that puts me in touch with my soul is a miracle. Perhaps my soul and a miracle are the same thing.

In any case, that is what I lose touch with when I go out into the world.

Perhaps there is also an element of force: I should enjoy these theatrical activities because, after all, they are art. My upbringing says that art is good. But this is a weak element; I'm going off the track here.

One thing I have discovered in this writing or at least, made my acquaintance with once again: Staying in touch with my soul is my "only" source of happiness and fulfillment. I put "only" in parenthesis because I feel I should be open to other sources. But truly, I am not. My deepest held, most sincere belief is that, truly, happiness and fulfillment comes only when I am in touch with my soul. All else is at best, commentary, at worse, misery.

So, the question arise, how can I stay in touch with my soul? At all times? At most times? At some times? Can I stay in touch with my soul and, at the same time, simultaneously, enter the world? Can I socialize, see plays, movies, or whatever, and simultaneously hang on to my soul?

I don't know.

Is my miracle schedule my "only" route to happiness and fulfilment?

Maybe.

That thought is somewhat frightening. It raises the importance of my miracle schedule to a such high level. Can I, should I, must I, and, more important, will I be able to realize its importance, and then, devote most of my time to this schedule?

When I admire the monks living in seclusion on an island off the coast of Ethiopia, I am, in reality admired the following of my inner dictates of my miracle schedule.

What do these Christian monks off the coast of Ethiopia do all day, anyway? Why, they pray to God. In the process, on their schedule, they eat only one meal a day, sleep four hours a night, They have no distractions. They devote their life fully to God.

Devoting my life to my miracle schedule is my form of devoting my life to God.

As an artist, it is my artistic route. My personal pathway to God. Its schedule is similar to the monk's routine. It also explains my attraction to the monk's life of seclusion and retreat. Actually, it is only seclusion and retreat on the surface. Deep within, it is really entrance to heaven and the embracing of the One.

That's what I want to do. Nothing else will be, can be, or is more satisfying. In following this schedule, I am pushing aside my lesser, downdraft nature, the materialistic one that pulls me back to earth. Sure I have to eat and function in this world. Sure I have to survive in it. But who wants to live in it full time? I don't want living and functioning in this world to be a full time commitment. Part time is fine. No time would be even better but who's perfect? I still have a body and its needs must be satisfied. But perhaps I can limit its needs; perhaps I can, indeed, for my physical, mental, and spiritual health should spend more time developing, realizing, understanding, and staying in touch with my true self. To dwell in the spirit, my spirit, is my ultimate here-and-now goal and desire.

Is there a connection between my on-line stock market page and the spiritual life? Can I make one? Does my control over it have something to do with spiritual life? Does control over my destiny in some way help me touch and promote my spiritual life?

Is this kind of control some way, the only way, of maintaining my spiritual life, my spiritual contact during my bouts of entrance into the material world?

Good questions, all.

I know seeing plays and movies get me sick. But I still don't know why.

Perhaps it has to do with incorporating their elements into my self. This might

be as pathway to opening up and improving my relationship with them. Or, I could simply drop them from my life.

Which is better? Which one could I do? I don't know.

Somehow if I follow the route of incorporating them into my life, asking the question: "How can I use them?" I feel I am diminishing their importance! Aha, are they then simply another form of idealized strength? Ah, what a question. They are, after all, "art forms." And I have learned all my life to bow down to art forms and to art itself. Art has been the holy of holies; I bow down and worship it. Isn't this a form of idolatry? Art forms are not the true God; they are only cases, bodies, shapes holding the essence of God within. By worshiping their outer core, by kneeling before them and letting my true self dribble into their illusionary surfaces, I am worshiping Canaanite gods. I am giving up my true self, throwing it away. Well actually, just as my heart cannot be thrown away without physically extracting it from my body, so to my true self cannot be thrown away. It is an unending part of me. But it can be forgotten. That's when the trouble and pain start. By focusing on the illusory forms, the idols, by worshiping art instead of the artist within, the true self, the God inside, I throw myself open to the ugly, disgusting, ugly feeling of total waste.

I have been worshiping at the wrong altar. As Moses said before eating at the deli, "I'd better listen to my Adonai Eloyenu. . . or else!" He knew that, if he didn't, not only would thunder roll, lightning strike, earthquakes and plagues visit him and his people, but he wouldn't even enjoy his deli sandwich. He remembered his mother's

words: What kind of life is that? So he ended up leaving Egypt and taking a whole bunch of friends with him.

And why not? Egypt had no delis.

Again there is a certain sadness in losing these sources of put down power. A mourning.

### The Paradox Of Sad Victory

A sinking heaviness and sluggishness: maybe it's depression. I can't get myself to run or do yoga, or calliyoga. My body sits in stupor.

The glorification of repeats and scheduling just went the way of idealized strength. Guitar and Bulerias speed: Perhaps I won't get better by doing it one more time. It won't matter. Why? Doing it one more time kicks into the idealized strength routine and pattern. Namely, it has no inherent power!

The powers I would derive, or believed I would derive, by sucking up to idealized strength in its myriad forms are now dribbling away. I have nothing left to hold onto. I am depressed.

Formerly, my only answer to depression was to write. Well, write I will, and on and on.

Another source of depression was not recognizing my victories, or rather,



turning my victories into lids.

Do I have a victory here? Am I turning it into a lid?

If I have a victory it is recognizing and uncovering illusion of idealized strength in my significant others. Although sad it itself, it is nevertheless a grand victory. A victory over illusion. It takes great inner strength to see, deal with, recognize, and accept it; it has taken me many painful years to reach this place. I am now there. But what a strange victory: Instead of joy, it brings sorrow, loss, abandonment, and mourning. I stand at the peak, shivering as tears of rain pour down upon me. Heaven is releasing a flood of pain, and pouring it all down on my head. Some victory. Yet indeed it is, even though such rivers of sadness now rain on my mind.

What a paradox.

Can I celebrate the sadness of this victory?

Does one celebrate sadness? Or does one put a lid on it? Or both?

Such a sad success, successful sadness, is a new kind of victory for me. Alone I have conquered; and by conquering, I am alone. All I can do is stand on the mountain top and roar my lonely but mighty lion's roar of victory. Will it mean much? After all, my heroes and power brokers down below have lost their power. They have become insignificant. It doesn't matter whether I please them or not. I am all alone. They have no more power over me.

Is being able to stand, all alone, on my own two feet, a cause for celebration?

Would I put a lid on such a celebration? Is this victory a cause for depression? Or do I

simply not yet understand all its ramifications?

On the other hand, aren't all my victories sad? Don't I greet them all with the same lidded put downs? Don't they thus make me "depressed?"

No doubt this victory over idealized strength in others, is a significant step towards independence and freedom.

Tuesday, July 31, 2001

Standing Up For Freedom And Glory

One result of being strong is losing everything.

You gain freedom at the expense of everything else.

Is it worth it? Probably.

Do I even have a choice? Probably not.

The door of my old house has opened. I've walked out. My direction: walking the path of strength and freedom.

Standing up for myself in lonely color. She is going crazy over this time check. It is totally nuts. I am leaving the crazies behind.

She hears no nuances. It's either/or all the way for her. Either you do everything I want, or you're out. By standing up for the middle ground, I am out. Well, the middle ground is a fair compromise. This is not Arafat land. If I'm out

because I support the middle ground, so be it. Mentally, I'm out anyway. I'm in a new place, a new land. Alone, lonely, abandoned, driven into the abyss on the one hand; but power, fulness, inner unity, strength, freedom, and glory on the other. If it must be done in a separate house, so be it.

What a symbol, to be threatened with being locked out of my own house! It is not even my house any longer. So what can I be locked out of?

On the other hand, a symbolic lockout cannot be tolerated. It is a physical act like being hit, or breaking possessions. It is the line that cannot be crossed. It is the line of drastic action; it is beyond toleration. I don't know what action I will take, but I will take action.

### Seeing Others As Pieces Of My Dying Old Self

#### or Trembling In The Choosing Process

Sadness, misery, panic, frustration over losing another because I am becoming stronger and exhibiting my strengths must be caused by losing a part of my self. I mourn my personal loss. Sadness, misery, panic, and frustration follow.

If I imagine others, those outside me, are really reflections of my inner self then I see losing them as, in actuality, in inner reality, losing a part of myself. My old self is dying, drifting away, disappearing, dissolving into nothingness, falling into the abyss. I mourn the dying parts of my old self. As symbols, these parts are concretized in the person of others.

I look into another's eyes. If I see rage, yes, viscerally I am partly afraid they may smash or kill my body. I fear physical destruction. But I also see a rage at my inner self because it will not stand up to this threat. Part of me is screaming: "Stand up to this fucker!" just as another part, the cowardly, nitwit, nothing part, is bending, bowing, and trembling with fear as it wants to retreat into a corner.

Will I fight back? Or will I retreat into wimphood, give up, turn tail and run? Past experience tells me that usually, after my mind seesaws back and forth, I choose to stand up for myself. Somehow the deepest part of me knows if I don't fight I will die. But I certainly tremble in the choosing process.

Wednesday, August 1, 2001

I Have Risen! What A Glory!

I feel nauseous. I gave up my morning writing, communion with my self, my higher self; instead I did the trivial easy things like copying Barry's On My Own 2 editing corrections into my computer, and making some copy changes in my 2002 schedule and printing it.

This is mop-up and trivia work. It should be done later in the day when my mind is "into this world." Certainly, my delicate, philosophical, open, early morning hours, my "best time" should not be devoted to it.

Is that really why I'm feeling nauseous? Or is it something else? I sense it is something else. Yet as I write, I'm starting to feel better. That means I may well have

been right in the first place: early morning is for writing; this means it is for meditation, talking to Mr. God within, and generally taking stock of myself. The best way I do this is through writing. Fresh and open new stuff.

Ah, the goodness is flowing through me! I feel my veins opening up, the fresh juices starting to pour through my being. Ah, writing opens up the gates. Better, better, I'm feeling better as more words pour. What a medicine! Oh, Mrs. Writing, lying and swimming in your arms is my cure and salvation. Oh, how I love you!

Give yourself to me! Let me creep into your vagina. You are the open wound; I want to drip my blood into you and only you. You offer me the world on a John the Baptist platter. Heads and shoulders above anything else. Oh how I love you. Why was I unfaithful to you this morning? I don't know. But indeed I was punished with a short bout of nausea. But I'm coming back, back to you. I'm inclining my head in your directions, turning the empty funnel of my ears towards your fermenting, fertilizing, and fucking juices, leaning my empty twatworth towards your high places. I'm writing my Ha Azinu for your ears.

Yes, I want to shut myself up, off and alone in a writing tower for August, the summer, and forever. I don't care about publishing although it will happen; I don't care about pushing, presenting, or even telling about my up coming books, although that will happen too.

I am just too in love with myself this morning! This new brilliant, strong, dynamic, free, wild and wild wheeling self, the one born anew, rising and risen from

the ashes of burnt up strength idealizations corpses. All my idols have collapsed. What a painful road. But I am now out the other end. My energy is starting to return.

Ending all my folk dance classes symbolizes the death of the year; but stepping into my new, idealized-strength free self is the beginning of the new year. And I love it! Oh, thank God for the misery and pain of leaving the old world. That second place, put down lifetime disaster area in which I lived. It saved my life even as it destroyed my wonderful energy center; well, not destroyed but rather drove it back into my being. My second place lid smashed me down, driving me straight back into my being. Often so far. It seemed I hid forever in my room behind the curtain. Stepping out beyond the door into the hallway of my Riverdale life, I faced the idealized strength of the motherly giants prowling in the halls. My only safe house, safe retreat was my room. I could live there fullym freely, letting my beautiful imagination run wild. But stepping outside was such a trauma. Never, never, never would I do such a thing.

But now I am! Yes, my inside hidden room has become my outside public room. As the forms of idealized strength fall, crumble, dissolve, melt away I am emerging a free man! Out of prison, I am on the rise! God bless me. I have risen!

What a glory!

Thursday, August 2, 2001

### Three Approaches To The Stock Market

I am like a child chasing this stock as it rises: "Oh, dear Triquint and lovely Cisco,

come back, come back. Oh, please come back to me. Do not leave me behind. Do not abandon me.”

What is the feeling? Am I really like a child running after my mother? Didn't I promise I would never chase a stock, that I would bravely buy them when they went down and sell them when they went up? Of course I did. But was it a wise promise? Probably. Or rather, who knows? Who ever knows? The answer in the stock market is: No one. There are no signs from heaven indicted or commanding one to buy or sell. That's the tricky part. Just as I start to panic, that I will lose the stock because it is running away, up to the sky, hitting new heights every day, and I jump in and buy it, I usually end up buying it at the top. Right after I buy, it starts to descend. Look at my first purchase of Cisco Systems. Finally, after waiting four years, I bought it at the top at eighty. It slid from there down to thirteen. (Then I bought it again and started making money after losing mucho.) It also happened with Sensar Corporation. I bought that one also at eighty. Since it was a shit company, it slid to twenty five cents. So much for the twin nemesis of chasing a stock. Panic of loss and buying at the top. Of the former, at least I have “control.” I can “decide” not to panic. Easier said than done, but possible nonetheless. As for the latter, since I can never know where or how far a stock is heading, I cannot know whether I am buying at the top or not. That one is for the gods to decide.

After all this blather, what should I do?

Here are some choices:

1. I can sit on the sidelines and do nothing; simply watch the stock, and wait in witness mode. I'll call it practicing witness mode.

2. I can take a small position in the stock. Say, buy fifty shares. This softens the hard edges of either/or, and to-have-or-not-to=have. It makes it "easier" to wait. I'll call it taking a small position.

3. I can dive into the terror. I can look straight into my panic, abandonment, fear of loss, fear of being left behind. This is the psychological approach to the stock market. I'll call it the feeling awareness approach. Indeed, this one is new. Discovering it is exactly why I write.

Truth is, there are always other stocks, always ones that are low. I don't have to get attached to a particular stock; I don't have to "fall in love" with Triquant or Cisco just because finally they are going up. Certainly, my love for them is fickle. It is simply based on the vicissitudes of their direction: go up and I love them; go down and I hate them. There is no rock bottom solidity in this approach.

Indeed, the love feeling is lovely; it is romantic to love. And this whether it is a woman or a stock. Ultimately, what is the difference? The fear of loss makes a woman "attractive" just as the fear of stock loss makes a stock "attractive." This is indeed some shit way to buy a stock.

Do I want to live my stock market life in fear? Do I want feelings of panic, loss, and abandonment to enter into my decisions? Well, no. But I am not a robot.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, I have these feelings. They blow me about too and fro.



Only awareness of their power can soften their effect on me.

Well, I am aware of them. So. . . .

What should I do about Triquint and Cisco? Which of the three “solutions” to my choosing problem should I take?

### Rebellion To The Reasonable

If a stock is like a woman, how do you chase either one? You do both.(?)

This approach seems so right. But it is so measurable and “reasonable” I rebel against it.

Perhaps my rebellion is “reasonable. Why? Because there may not be such simple (simplistic) answers to this problem. We’ll see how long my rebellion lasts and where it leads.

What am I rebelling against? Could it be the fact that I am right? I don’t want to recognize how brilliant is my compromise, my combo idea. I don’t want to recognize that I came up with an answer to my questions, I solved my problem, and all on my own.

Isn’t it a question (matter) of not wanting to recognize my own strength?

Some other people must know the answer. (That’s why I want to consult with Joel, or anyone else.) This is where the old idealized strength comes in.

Do I have the strength to know the answer? Do I have the strength to figure it

out all on my own?

This may be the root of my rebellion against what is or seems “reasonable.”

If I can figure things out on my own, it still doesn't hurt to throw the ideas out to Joel. But this time, we're on more equal footing. I “know” the answer for me; I'm just throwing it out for another opinion. Inner reality is “knowing” my own answer; outer reality is what the others (Joel) will say. The “reasonable” approach would be to consider both.

I am in the process of developing my own unique method and approach to the stock market.

Friday, August 3, 2001

### Beauty And Nuts Go Together

#### Advertising

Scattered and tortured am I, going this way and that, helter skelter. What shall I do? Write, play guitar, run, yoga, study Hebrew, study Arabic; or the new ones: read novels, play jazz guitar, or what else?

Torn and twisted, I jump from one to the other. And, of course, there is my business, too. How to advertise? How to jump up and down, run wild on the advertising, publicity, and public relations lawn? I'd like to do some crazy ads. Will I

really? I'd rather do it my way, run something wild, wooly, and nutty. True, I might totally destroy my business. But if I did, I would go to the grave laughing, or at least, as my poverty increased through all my lost business and customers fleeing in all directions, I would become a laughing homeless person.

What am I saying here? That if I am truly myself in the advertising world and in promoting my business, I will not only chase all my customers away, but will be pauperized, poverty-stricken, and even die in the process.

That's not saying much for my belief, my faith, in the acceptance of others. I guess the truth is, I have little faith they will like this advertising, "real-me" approach.

But, truth is, I love it! Does that mean anything? Well, at least it is a source of personal motivation. If I love it, I may well do it. That indeed is something. And also, I am not only crazy for wild, off-the-wall, nutty advertising but I also crazy for beauty. I love beauty as much as I love the absurd constructs of my creative, nut-strewn mind. So, beauty and nuts go together.

Would I advertise and promote if I am "allowed" to go crazy? Would I advertise and promote if I am "allowed" to let my beauty queen, my inner vision of the Gorgeous, run wild?

I might.

I probably would.

I will.

How this will turn out I don't know yet. But at least I have hit the core, struck

my personal well of motivation.

### The Connecting Link

This is amazing. If a part of me secretly and always wants the audience to see and hear me, then it has always been secretly part of my miracle schedule. It is truly a (the) hidden kabbalistic element. It is the ultimate and final connection between my solo, ego, inner self and the universal and outer audience self and thus ultimately, the Self Itself. The connecting link between me and them is my wanting, my desire to be hear!

Is it really true? I never wanted to face this hidden aspect of myself. It was too traumatizing. But now that the trauma lid has been lifted, perhaps I can face it.

What was my trauma? The trauma of non-responsiveness. I'll certainly face this again, often, and almost constantly when I go public again. So many in my audience will not "get it." Non-responsiveness to my outlandish off-beat humor, my romance with the absurd, my off-the-walls cracks and comments, even to the beauty expressed through my classic guitar playing. Putting my outlandish, humorous, off-the-wall fliers like Jewish Skver Densink vit some Kuntri ent Vestern led by Jacov Gelt, etc., will be subject to my readers/folk dance audience blank stare of non-responsiveness.

If I go public with all my ads, my humor, my self, the non-responsive trauma will be facing me everywhere and everyday. Can I take it?

Well, what other choice to I have? Hiding is no longer an option.

Moses was a real hit-'em-over-the-head kind of guy.

"You're too slow. You can't keep up with your sister. Can't you keep up with your sister?"

The roots of my trauma are right here. On the farm. Walking with my mother down a garden path. A slow pointing index finger. Is it mine or hers? Who knows?

Does it point in accusation? "You're too slow!" Or is that my creation with its subsequent sewing of my protective clothing, my protective coat, the defensive walls of my future room?

"Wait for my index finger, Mommy."

"Why?"

"Because it's slow."

"Naturally it's slow. It's more curious. It is your explorer finger pointing the way, visiting strange, mysterious places, touching the unknown. It has to move ahead slowly, hesitantly, carefully, cautiously. . . but very bravely. Ah, what a brave finger you have. What a brave and lovely son!"

Monday, August 6, 2001

He's the only person I know who strangled himself with a flashlight. He put the beam around his neck and squeezed.

Beating Myself In The Ring

I like to beat myself.

But what does “beating myself” really mean?

It means beating my old self.

It is my new self speaking; it wants to beat, surpass, be better than, my old self.

It is also my old self talking; it wants to beat, suppress, annihilate, and thus stay “better than” the new self.

Two competitors in the ring; each one wants to beat the other up; each one wants to defeat their opponent, take the winner’s prize, be victorious.

I am that ring. It is in the hallowed space of my mind that this ring has been built; it exists forever, which includes not only my life, this life, but all my future lives as well.

There is no escape from the ring. But it sure is an interesting fight!

Who is outside the ring? The audience, the public. They shout encouragement, hoot, holler, stamp their feet, sit quietly observing. Some even jump into the ring and try to take sides. Others sit like zombies, not responding at all.

But audience participation or non-participation, public response or non response, with or without the audience, the fight goes on nevertheless.

Tuesday, August 7, 2001

Terror!

Let's face it: I'm just plain scared to go out there and display myself in all my glory. Scared, terrified, petrified, the bottom-line terror blows me away. Standing in front of others insures my destruction. Etc.

But indeed, this is The Fear that keeps me away from selling, displaying, performing, and going public in all its aspects. Yes, now that I am older, more experienced, and thoroughly therapized, I do have more understanding and awareness of this primal fear. But no matter how much understanding or awareness I have, the truth is, the fear has never left me. All the therapy, understanding, and awareness of it has never made it go away. It is still here with all its strength, power, glory, awe, and terror.

Thus, on the deepest of levels, nothing has changed. I am still haunted by the same (performing) terror I started out hoping to destroy twenty-five years ago.

My tools were to be guitar practice. I would also add analysis, understanding, and awareness. But my goal was always to eradicate my fears, to live "fear-free."

This is and was a total illusion.

I can never happen; it will never happen. No doubt God decreed that it never should happen. Perhaps on a very deep level, such an awesome and wipe-out terror is "smart." It certainly keeps you on your toes.

What terrors immediately come to mind? The terror I felt before performing the Vivaldi Concerto with the Erie Philharmonic; the terror I felt as I sat on the toilet before

my Town Hall concert; the terror I felt running my first Hungarian tour.

My quest during the past twenty-five years has been to somehow eliminate this terror, to be able, finally, to perform, terror-free.

It will never happen.

Nor (says God) should it. Well, fuck Him!

Nevertheless, true is true, a fact is a fact. I can rebel and complain all I want, but that won't change a thing.

This is my conclusion after twenty-five years of the path of terror-handling. Knowing this changes everything.

Deal with it.

We'll see where this leads.

And my biggest terror is performing. . . on all its levels.

That is probably my biggest sales fear too. It is not that they will reject me although that is indeed unpleasant. It is more that if they accept me I will then have to perform. I will have to terrify myself, face my terror by giving them service, be performing a service.

It feels like the understanding and awareness of this terror goes beyond fear of my mother; it is partly the terror of annihilation by the audience, by others, by myself, and perhaps even by a cosmic force I do not yet and will never be able to understand. This terror force is too mysterious, unknown, and beyond me. Perhaps it is the terror



and awe instilled by the unknown force and power of God.

Perhaps one of the aspects of this terror is that such a force and power is unknowable.

But knowing it will never go away is quite a knowing.

Although I can handle the terror, it can never be destroyed. "Handleable" may be the best I can do, the best I can hope for.

I called Eileen Rogers about possibly going with us to Morocco. No way.

She said, "I look at my calendar, and I see I have more doctor's appointments than social appointments."

I said, "Why not consider your doctor's appointment as social appointments, and your social appointments as doctor's appointments?"

She liked it. So did I.

Why not consider my sales calls as social appointments, my way of socializing. After all, I do like the people I call. Selling them something gives me the "excuse" and reason to call them in the first place. A leisurely conversation with the sales aspect "dropped in by accident, and on the side" makes my call so much more pleasant.

"More pleasant" is the new way to go.

Thursday, August 9, 2001

Discouragement and Misery as an Avoidance of God

I am discouraged this morning.

But why?

Just because my computer sucks, my internet and E-mail doesn't work, I'm on the phone for hours trying to fix it with those fucks at Earthlink, and all my stocks went down. Plus it's between ninety and one hundred degrees outside.

But is this a reason to be discouraged? Absolutely not. I even wonder why I am.

Why am I?

Is it simply a habit to get discouraged when things don't go exactly the way you like it? Does it also depend on my expectations? At this point, I must admit, I do expect my computer to work, my on-line internet and E-mail to work, and my stocks to go, if not up at least sideways. But of course all this will never be true.

Perhaps its time to look at these frustrations and challenges, and that handling them is a win in its own right.

It may all just take more practice.

Is all this negativity just an avoidance of God?

Friday, August 10, 2001

### Pain and Suffering As Gateways To Freedom

Everything seems to be: "I've done that; I've been there before."

Yes, I'm older, more experienced etc. But where is the beauty of a new beginning? Where is my old push to excellence? What will inspire me to drive, pain,

and even hurt myself on the road to supreme things and higher learning?

Don't pain and suffering bring redemption? Can one be redeemed without them? Good question. If the answer is no, then I must push. I must break my newest shackles.

Shackles? Did I say shackles?

Is my latest blasé attitude, the "I've been there, done that" my latest form of servitude? Is it a newly acquired lid? By adopting it, am I denying myself any fresh vision and the dynamism of a new start?

Where will my juices come from?

Can I count on joy, fun, and the wahoo experience to be my central core?

If I do, how do I reach it?

I have to constantly break chains in order to achieve freedom. It is the nature of reaching every new level. As you sit, satisfied and happy, on the newest acquired rung of Jacob's ladder, a crust slowly forms around you, a kind of cataract, slowly dimming the freshness of your new vision. Soon even this newest of rungs stiffens in the throes of death. Now you must now crack the hardening crust, break your latest chain. Get ready to move up the ladder. Upward! On to the next rung! It is painful to break the chain. It is a suffering to leave behind the safety, security, comfort, and old happiness you established on your latest but aging rung in order to move on to the adventure of exploring the next level.

Pain and suffering comes in the form of suffocation when you stand still too

long; pain and suffering comes in the form of wrenching separation when you cast aside your old robes, break through the bars of your safe prison and move on to the wild, open, scary spaces of freedom beyond your walls.

I would rather tremble in freedom than die in suffocation. I would rather take my chances at running free and wild in the dangerous field than smother under the suffocating sameness of my old-rung, still, safety-conscious security blanket withering like a rotting fruit on a dying tree, frozen in place on my latest rung of Jacob's ladder.

Perhaps I should reconsider pain and suffering; perhaps I should see them as freedom's call. And when I follow their voice, when I suffer through trying my best, giving it my all, do I not end up victorious, shouting with great wahoos on the path of joy?

Perhaps pain and suffering are the route to joy? Only they are called "Giving it my all."

Lots of wisdom here. I've got to put it all together as I sit in this hot August, meditating and considering my options, attitude, and future directions.

### The Difference Between Pain and Suffering, and Torture

There's a difference between pain and suffering, and torture.

Torture, and self-torture, is an extremist point of view. And, as an extremist point of view, it turns back on itself. Instead of producing freedom and joy (like pain and suffering), it creates the opposite; it causes one to pull back, retreat into the prison

of self. Rather than redeem yourself through pain, freeing yourself through the joy of release, torture (by creating more pain) pushes you back into the prison of self.

Pain and suffering (can) bring release (from self, ego).

Torture brings you on a circular route back into yourself.

The choice is: death through suffocation (staying in the same place) or release through pain and suffering (moving on.)

The words "pain and suffering" have gotten a bad rap. Somehow you are "sick" if you "believe" in their efficacy. Would words like "self-stimulation" would be better? Nah, too clinical. Pain and suffering have a romantic ring to them; they are scented with the suffering of great artists, Beethoven tearing his hair, Kierkegard dying of consumption (even though I'm not sure he did), tubercular esthetic artists sitting in late nineteenth-early twentieth century European coffee houses. Yes, pain and especially suffering is tinged with the romanticism of artists and artist creating. I, frankly, love it!

Yes, I love suffering, I love pain. It touches the artist in me. Screw "stimulation."  
I am not a lab rat.

### The Pain And Suffering Of Enlightenment

While "suffering" concerns itself more with the artist in me, "pain" concerns

itself more with physical pain, the physical pains of running, yoga, and calliyoga.

Suffering is more the mental and spiritual component; pain the physical component.

The merge in the great "pain and suffering of enlightenment."

Pain and suffering: what a good reason to give concerts again. . . or one-man-shows!

Is it even a good reason for sales calls? Hmmm.

### Pain And Suffering Without Fear And Worry

What's the difference between now and before?

It's pain and suffering but without the former fear and worry.

### Higher Purpose

One must have a higher purpose.

Pain and suffering could be my means to a higher purpose; with their obvious finale of joy, freedom, and union with God.

It would help me deal with the "distractions" from the lower word. Also, it would help me realize that they are "only" distractions!

Maybe I should focus on the pain and suffering part; the joy, freedom, and union with God will then take place by itself.

Saturday, August 11, 2001

Come The Revolution!

I Lead A Schizoid Sales Life

Artist-as-Entrepreneur, Entrepreneur as Artist

I'd like people to read my writing, I'd like a bit of acclaim; mostly at this point I'd like some money for it. Money is a professional kind of acclaim; plus I could use it. But, as Mary so aptly said in the car ride home, the chances of my making money from my writing are very slim. Plus, a bigger question is, do I want, will I ever spend the time and effort trying to sell my work? That is the question.

Will I?

Mary says it's practically not worth it. The remuneration, if I ever get any, would be too small. Only a select few would want to read my writing anyway. A small audience. Well, that's what she says. Is it true? Do I really believe it?

Actually, strangely and perhaps unrealistically, I believe deep in my heart that many people would want to read my books. Yes, they are off-beat and weird. But they are also accessible. Plus they are good. The main question here is: Do I want to put in effort promoting and selling them?

And I don't know the answer.

The old answer was “no.” It was similar to my old answer about promoting and selling my concerts, one-man-shows, folk dance classes, weekends, and tours. I had to promote them even though I hated doing it. I had to make a living, and of course I knew that only by pushing, shoving, and fighting for sales of my talents and fruits of my talent would I be able to survive. So I continue to sell. . . but always with the brakes on.

Writing is no different. It is simply a “new product” to sell. Or rather a “new service.” I treat it with the same life time sales resistance that I have treated the selling of all my other services.

So, in a sense, it is not a question of finding a new post-August direction, a new writing, study, or other direction. It is not a question of adding something new to my miracle schedule, or even perhaps making adjustments in terms of nuance, balance, and the right mix. Oh sure, I might do that, but I have been doing that all along.

It really goes back to the basic question that come up during the last therapy session with MacIsaacs: How can I learn to enjoy selling my work? Is this even possible? Will, or can, resistance ever be broken?

If anything new is to come out of this free-time August meditation it will be an interest, desire, longing, enthusiasm, and love of selling my work! Now that would be a change; that would be a revolution!

Come the revolution, and I will sell my work with enthusiasm. Come the revolution, and I will love selling my work.



But will that revolution ever come? Is it in the cards, in my personality?

I married Bernice to force me out of the house. I never would have built up my guitar career, or perhaps any other career, if I had not been “forced” to the phone, “forced” by financial necessity to sell my talents.

The question arises: who was forcing me? It wasn't Bernice; it wasn't anybody outside that I know. No one forced me to get married; no one forced me to marry someone with a built-in family and financial responsibilities. No one forced me to even sell my talents, although, truth is, Bernice would not have married me if I had decided not to sell, not to try. The deal was: I had to make a living in something. It could be driving a cab as far as she was concerned. What I did for money was not that important, no matter what I did, there was no doubt I had to do. I had to make money at something—why not give the arts a shot?

That was my decision.

As I say, no one outside was forcing me; but someone, something, was, and still is, forcing me. What is it? Who is it?

Why that's easy: It is me!

I am the one forcing me to sell my talents, the one who is pushing me out of the house, the one who resists leaving, who fights my sales efforts even as I make them.

Indeed, I lead a schizoid sales life.

What, if anything can I do about it? Will I ever do anything? Or is leading such

a life a subtle kind of energy creator? In other words, does selling with brakes on create a friction, which in turn generates sparks that light my internal fire? A twisted interpretation, but just because it may be twisted doesn't mean it isn't true. For me, truth and twisted often go together.

Or am I ready for a change, a herculean shift in perspective, to somehow give up my brakes and move into sale full speed ahead?

Will the latter be the result of my August meditations? Part of me wants to hope so. But another part of me loves my rebellion against sales. Internally, I am still "standing up to those capitalist pigs, those disgusting suckers who run and are in charge of the capitalist system, who hate us communists, who want to crush us little people. Where did I get this shit from? My upbringing, of course.

My adult, post-forty self, is an entrepreneur. It sees the entrepreneur as an "artist of business" struggling against the system, fighting to bring the freshness and glory of his creations into the public light. But evidently, there still lurks deep in my heart the teenager, still adopting and fighting my parent's battle. There is still a remnant of the teenage, capitalist-hating self remaining in my heart. I quietly believed in all the values I was brought up with. I suppose I still do. But somehow, by pushing the music and arts I really love, trying to survive as an artist, I have invented and developed the living idea of entrepreneur-as-artist or artist-as-entrepreneur, an idea totally mine and totally new. No one in my family, to my knowledge, has ever pursued it before. My artist uncle Jim made a living as a professor in Iowa University; my artist

uncle Myron made no living at all and was supported by my dentist uncle Willie all his life. Thus, in my family, although they worshiped the arts, no one ever made a living at it. I am the “first one,” the pioneer.

Evidently, I couldn't completely give up, lose, my past communist hatred of the capitalist system; and I also wanted to live a life of heroic glory which I see as the life of an artist. How could I rationalize and combine the two? Artist-as-entrepreneur, entrepreneur-as-artist, was the answer. It is an idea I thoroughly believe in.

A life of heroic glory: the artist as entrepreneur, the entrepreneur as artist.

Maybe the best phrase to use is the former: artist-as-entrepreneur. Why? Because I am an artist first, entrepreneur second. Well, not quite. The drive to go public, get acclaim, push myself out of my room is an entrepreneurial drive. The fantasy and dream life, the life and world of my imagination, are my artistic vision side. This side does not propel me outside my room; it does not push me public. It doesn't care, is completely unconcerned, totally indifferent to the public. It enjoys its dreams, the play of its imagination as a good-in-itself.

No, the entrepreneurial side, the entrepreneurial drive lives in my belly; the artist side, the artistic room of my imagination, rented free space in my brain. Just as my brain and ass hole, although connected, are nevertheless totally different parts of my body, so my entrepreneurial and artistic sides, although connected, are nevertheless, totally different parts of my mind.

I have, in the past, usually chosen to focus on the down side of a concert or sale, the fear and lidded part, rather than on the upside of excitement, the wow of a sale or the elation of performance well given.

But no question, there is and always has been an upside.

Even as I am saying this I can feel the excitement starting to flow and percolate through my veins!

I know I am onto something, something big!

No question there is an excitement when the phone rings and someone calls to reserve a place on a tour, come to a weekend, book a one-man-show or club date, or come folk dancing.

But of course, up to now, who would admit it?

Truth is, I "hit the ceiling;" I can hardly contain my excitement. Such calls, confirmations, and bookings make me gloriously happy!

Why wouldn't I admit it in the past?

I had to face the trauma.

But I no longer do.

Monday, August 13, 2001

One thing is progress: Bernice's blaming me for "losing her friends," and many

of her other blamings, have gone from infuriating to mildly annoying.

Toothache up the kazoo. My wisdom tooth was pulled and all I can say is “duuuuh!” Stupid, fucking tooth. And the socket where it once lay is killing me now. I’m calling Halpert, the fucker. Why couldn’t he have told me this was a “major” surgery and to be more careful eating for many days afterwards – if that is the problem.

And my neck hurts from writing at the computer.

Yeah, I’m pretty mad this morning. This pain in my tooth, or gums, is infuriating me. I’m trying to “relax,” but so far I’m not having much success. Well, at least it gives me something to write about.

Who needs it? I’ve got lots to write about without it. But God sent it to me for a reason. Why? A minor annoyance turns into a major annoyance; a minor pain becomes a major pain. Trivial in its concepts but all-consuming in its misery.

Aha, misery. What about pain and suffering? Well, I certainly have the pain part now. What to do with it? What to think about it?

I’m furious over Bernice’s pestering me about the Wanders. I’d love to turn the fury of my toothache on her. But I’m too “wise,” too aware to do it with full glory. Pulling the wisdom tooth has made me both dumb and wise.

What else can I do? Put my mind on something else; wait until I see Dr. Halpert; try to relax. That seems to be the only way to go.

I'll die and I'll never have played for myself. . . not once. How sad. I cry over the thought of it.

I've been fighting inner ghosts, if not forever, at least for most of my life.

I'll die never having played for my true self. . . not once.

Such unfulfillment. How sad. I cry over the thought of it.

### New Guitar Level

I am also into a totally different level of guitar playing. I know this is true. I only have trouble admitting it to myself. It is one of those "it's too good to be true" or "I can't believe it: after all these years and all this time I have finally arrived" feelings. But my wrist relaxation focus is totally new. It is the step beyond right index finger, a step upward, up my arm, past my finger, up to my wrist. And from my wrist my mind extends it through my stomach muscles and on into my relaxed or "open" anus. The center and source of the kundalini energy. Hmm and wow and where will all this lead? Actually, again I "know" where it will lead. To a totally new level of playing. I won't recognize myself; a new self will be playing, one built upon the ashes of the old.

But imagine combining business and soul; imagine, business as part of my miracle schedule. That alone is almost too great a miracle to bear.

But I will try.

So ends a New Leaf.