

More

Thursday, February 1, 2001

How do I play the guitar with "More!" in mind? I want more speed, power, and relaxation; I want more slow, fast, and expression.

I want more money, too.

This idea opens up a new want list. Three big words: I want more! Notice the exclamation point at the end.

Let's take a look at them.

1. "I" includes the individual ego. But it also includes the universal "I," called, in Indian philosophy, the Self. It searches, not only for ego gratification, but for soul satisfaction and expansion as well. This aspect of "More!" also includes the joyous laugh in its equation.

2. "Want." Now there's a good one. I hate to admit how much I want. If I do, I'll open up a Pandora's box of dissatisfaction and frustration. The idea of wanting is something I have tried to eliminate, not only from my vocabulary, but my mind as well. I wanted to be wantless, beyond all need. In former times, this signified complete freedom.

I no longer think that way. Now I see want as a vibrant energy of new motivation! First, to admit I want, then trying to fulfill my wants, can be a great thing. But I had to lose the shame of having them. After all, I thought, what kind of saint has wants? None I know. Secretly, I aspired to sainthood. And this, mostly to get away from the pain and shame of having wants. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get rid of these fuckers. Wants haunted and hunted me down. They were my nemesis, pursuing me forever through the night and into the day.

Part of all this is accepting, making peace with, and even desiring my wants. As supreme motivators they dump me into Energy River.

3. "More!" This now becomes the center piece of the universe. A new name for God, Flow, or, to use a secular psychological term, process. The beauty of "More!" is you can never get enough of it. Yet, at the same time, rather than frustrating, it is inspiring.

"I want More!"

Not a bad way to begin the day.

The first thing that strikes me with the "I want More!" philosophy is how painful it is. And how frustrating. Immediately, it points out how little I have, or rather, the distance between what I have and what I want. It takes me out of the present and projects me into the future when, hopefully, I will "get what I want."

The frustration and pain of thinking this way are balanced by the motivational power of the same frustration and pain. We're dealing with the two big m's here (they're not capital, only big): The "m" in motivation and the "m" in more.

But when connecting the frustration and pain to capital M, the godhead More!, then frustration and pain dissolve and are replaced by a joyous laugh!

Everything is shutting down. I feel I am "arriving." I have come to the static success spot. At last I have discovered the "truth." It feels so claustrophobic, shut in, corpse-like. Becoming mired in such "truth" (which is, in reality, falsehood) means death to me.

Oh, God, cut these chains of illusion! Give me the courage to jump into the river of infinite truth, and swim free.

"More" is the thrill of checks in the mail and stocks going up.

Conversely, the depressing down of no checks in the mail and stocks descending is the clamping, shut-down lid of death.

Money is the earthly, material symbol of the More!

It can grow or be taken away.

But More as supreme motivator can never be lost.

Friday, February 2, 2001

Adopting The Fluid "More"

I've decided to mop up my debt and seek credit aid through some kind of credit counseling unit. They restructure your debt.

How did I arrive at this conclusion? First, the Tunisian tour collapsed. I had anticipated success here. I was wrong. This meant no progress would be made in paying off debt through tourism. Business has stopped for about a month, too. This only added fuel to the fire.

Second, I got my bill from Discovery Card and found they had raised the interest rates to 17.9 per cent. This after paying between 2.9 and 7 per cent. It was the final straw.

So I called the credit union.

Why is my mind shocked by this decision? Why, after so many years of liking debt, getting excited and energized by it, have I given up on this expensive approach to self-stimulation?

Is it a "miracle?" Why do I see such changes as minor or major "miracles," incredible break-throughs, etc?

Could it be due to my unchanging view of reality? Once I get an idea, an approach, I see it as fixed and constant, a never-changing "product, a final, but finite, resting place for my mind.

Yes, that is the old approach.

But the new one says reality is ever-changing; it is in flux. There is always More. If this is true, then I would not longer be shocked by my "sudden" changes in mental attitude. In fact, rather than shocked I might "expect" such changes to occur. . . and

constantly, even daily. After all, if growth is the rule of life, then the expansion dynamic of the More should be taking place constantly, daily, in the present, and on through infinity and eternity. There is no end to the More just as there is no beginning.

The old inflexible, stiff, fixed view of reality is crumbling. . . just like my Tunisian tour. What choice is there now but to start adopting the fluid "More?"

Keeping Hopes and Dreams Alive

My vital center has hopes, dreams, and the ability to live in the joys of a high energy state. It is my bliss and ecstasy center.

It was threatened, almost crushed, whenever it entered the pessimistic, put-down, dream-destruction of the reality-driven outside world. Thus, to protect this hidden treasure with its vitality, hopes, and dreams, I hid it deep within myself, building a protective wall, inflexible as an iron bulwark, against outside forces of negativity. When the mental shock of a "miracle" took place, it was my mind's way of momentarily letting the outside world into my secret. "Wow!" I'd say, "Look at what just happened! It's a miracle! They saw my vital, inner core. I can trust the outside world at least once in a while." Miracles, offered by God, the only One who understands and accepts my treasured inner core, are external reality's form of "tossing me a bone," showing me it can also be sometimes kind.

I dared dream in public. . . but not too much. Eventually, a "reality" would come along and destroy it. But somehow, the concept of More changes this view. It exists both outside and inside. Born in my inner bliss center, my joys and ecstasies, expressed (externally) by dreams and hopes, it would no longer be "in conflict" with so-called external reality.

If this is the case, why should I give up on my Tunisian or Egyptian tours this year just because they not working out? Both are still great tours. Why not simply run them again next year and see what happens? Great tours remain the same great tours. The sand storms, winds of change, and vicissitudes of business, do not change their

nature.

Why be discouraged? Indeed, discouragement merely reflects a disbelief in the More. It is the shadow form of the old neighborhood rock to hide under.

I have given up that neighborhood; I am gone from there.

Saturday, February 3, 2001

Disappointment As A Stimulus

If, in my former view, success was a downer, a stopping station of death, then disappointment with arrival became its own stimulus.

As an under-the-rock experience, it put me in touch with striving.

In order for success to become a stimulant, I must see it as fluid and without end, a continuum, part of the flow of the River More.

Disappointments are my mental creations. I create them in order to turn myself on, to energize myself, and thus catapult me into the energizing flow of the something-is-coming, constant expectation, eternal anticipation river of More. That is (ultimately) where I want to be.

Selling A Whole Program!

I've had a headache all day. . . from joy! What a triumph was my Saturday Night Bloomfield group. The new price structure is working!

But once I realized that this success is not an ending my headache started to diminish. How to apply this to Monday and Tuesday night groups in New Jersey? How to go forward?

First I thought: simplest might be to just raise my fee for the NJ groups to \$10 at the door. (And offer \$90 for ten sessions.) But then I realized this is more of the same. Most important, it wouldn't motivate me to advertise and sell registrations!

Then I thought: club members are the ones I would be aiming at for Weekends

and Tours. Plus, they get benefits by becoming members, namely, reductions on Weekends, Tours, and etc.

I am not just selling a folk dance course but a whole program! It includes folk dance classes, weekends, tours, boutique items, and perhaps other things I can think of. Maybe even reductions in my guitar concerts for their organization, or book reductions etc.

I am selling many benefits beyond folk dancing.

This is an expansive great idea! Imagine, somehow including my concert program, my club date, bar mitzvah appearances, etc. Say a 10% reduction for my concerts and club dates!

Tuesday, February 6, 2001

I have spent so much of my life's energies pushing myself back and shutting myself down.

I wonder how much of me knows how to stay excited, how to accept and live with the great energies of expansion released from the river of More. When left to my own devices, I'd have to say, not much.

I continue to be amazed at how many new and creative methods, how many new mental tricks my mind has invented to keep me back and thus avoid the crazy joys of expansion.

Dave says my sadness before leaving on tour is due to the fact that I do not believe I can bring my more with me. This is also the reason I can never decide whether or not to bring my computer. Somehow I associate expansion and getting my more with the computer. It reminds me of all my home, miracle schedule routines, routines which help me touch the core center of my life.

I have based not only my miracle schedule, but getting in touch with my More, on a thing, the computer, rather than on an intangible essence, the realization that it is

in myself.

Thus have I frozen my river of More, fixating it on the computer, rather than that expansive, crazy, energized, belly button, core center of me.

Something important to think about.

The question is: do I even know how to have a good time? Can I stand it? Can I handle it? Up until now, I have usually suppressed it with a good kick in the mental pants, a squash-down pie on the mental face.

I'm on the road to changing that. But it takes getting used to. After all, I do like the taste of a good pie!

The River Of Kundalini Goes On Forever

Why did it take me so long to discover all this? (This question is a thinly disguised form of the "What's the matter with me?" question.)

The answer is: Amazement and wonder never end. The river of Kundalini goes on forever.

In fact, I'm beginning to think that part of my amazement and wonder is actually the "stopping place," the old neighborhood resting place of "success" with it's death attachment.

When you swim in the river of Kundalini you do not think amazement or wonder. You are simply there. In the river, part of the whole geschmei. Amazement and wonder can often be ways of momentarily stepping out of the flow to "observe." This happens when the threat of drowning is too great. You need a break. You take it by asking: Who can take all this joy and expansion, anyway?

Wednesday, February 7, 2001

Wanting More

I could play the Villa-Lobos "Prelude Number 4" arpeggio fast thirty years ago.

Only I wasn't sure it was right. I wanted more: I wanted to perfect its clarity.

The whole quest to improve my guitar playing was a wanting more quest. But I never wanted to succeed; I never wanted to reach the end of my quest. That would have been death.

Thursday, February 8, 2001

The Best Can Become Even Better!

The Boat of Best Floats Past on the More River

A momentary sadness that I am losing that beautiful, secure and wonderful Solears success spot. And sinking into the flow of More.

But imagine, even though the success spot I am in now is the absolute best (and thus the saddest), can you imagine that even though I am at the best now it could even be better! Better than the best! Is such a thing possible? Isn't the superlative the top? Isn't the best the best, meaning that nothing can top it? But if the best is only temporary, then this best can, in the future, become even better! Thus goodbye to my success spot. Indeed, the success spot, although true and real, becomes an illusion, a beautiful boat paddling its passing way along the shining but ever-changing waters of More river.

Monday, February 12, 2001

Egypt

I met Milton Wheeler, from William Carry College in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, on our flight from Cairo to Aswan. He is a tour leader who books his hotels directly and thus saves money. He protects himself through a bonding company.

Would I want to do such a thing? Book the hotels, and even the bus and driver, independently? The challenge here is to get lower rates and save money. But it's more headaches, too.

Am I interested in such a challenge? Is it worth it?

Tuesday, February 13, 2001

Obstacles to Goodness

It is nice to get to a point where you can thank others for yelling at you. They have been sent to you as obstacles to test your goodness. By combating the obstacles, you become stronger – and so does the expression of the goodness within. The light grows by fighting the darkness. Without darkness, how could there be light?

The shadow of self-doubt appears. Am I being pompous to push such a thing as goodness? Who am I to do this, anyway? Am I merely imposing my dreams upon others?

Well, if I am, what's wrong with that? They are good dreams.

The Language of "You"

By using the language of "you" (second person), I am not excluding myself. I am not preaching. But I am, in so doing, expanding beyond myself to include both I and You.

It is a way of spreading goodness. Better, it is a way of revealing goodness – and Godness, too. And this because the goodness is there to begin with. It is "hidden in the rock." The human sculptor tries to reveal it by "bringing it out."

I cried. To think that I could think such beautiful thoughts of goodness. And even express them, and "impose" them on the public!

The sculptor sculpts. The inner goodness emerges from the rock. It is revealed. All the beatings from the outside world serve as hammer blows to possibly, through human choice, create the beautiful, radiant statue of Goodness.

Tuesday, February 20, 2001

Climbing Mount Sinai

My main feeling was not wonder, but awe, fear for my life! The chilling awe of the presence of God, and that if you look upon Him you will die.

Thus death, awe, chilling fear, darkness, dread, and, of course, cold and discomfort were my main experiences in climbing Mount Sinai, Gebel Musa, Mount Horeb.

Were these the main feelings Moses felt?

Perhaps fear and awe come first, wonder comes later. There was some wonder in the awesome beauty of this dry desert mountain. But I was mostly too tired, and frightened, to appreciate it. To see the original burning bush and well of Jethro was “pleasant” in its safety.

Perhaps visiting and climbing Mount Sinai means I should revisit the role of fright, fear, and awe in life.

It is, after all, such a dominant factor even though we humans, in the safeties of our modern civilization, so often try to deny or escape from it.

Also again, perhaps fear precedes beauty, awe precedes wonder, although one may wish it were the other way around.

Summary on the day after climbing Mount Sinai: a thrilling and chilling experience with mystical ramifications so deep it will take me a long time to fathom them.

Also, I would do well to think and rethink about the awesome energy of fear and its connection to God Himself.

On Reaching The Summit

On the summit of Mount Sinai is where, according to tradition, God appeared in the form of a cloud of fire, and spoke to Moses.

What was my experience? What did I do when I reached the summit?

I sat down on a rock and fell asleep. In my mind, I tried to totally deny the

climbing experience I had just had. I hardly looked at the dawn and the rising sun. I just hoped the whole thing would end and I could go home to a safe warm bed and have Chinese food.

Think about that one, and my approach to accomplishment and success in general, the process of climbing, and the “downs” of reaching the summit (of success).

Wednesday, February 21, 2001

More on the Mount Sinai Summit

What will happen now with such Sinatic changes? The calm is rocking my foundations; the inner peace is screaming up the desert alleys; the wadis (valleys), filled with shifting sands, are crying in their beer.

Tremendous fun and freedom are looming deep on the horizon.

Walking through the streets of Cairo is the new post-Sinai Sinatic mode of tremendous fun and freedom.

Climbing, climbing up Mount Sinai, slowly over the days, months, and years. I pass through the gates of fear to to reach the majestic, wind-strewn summit of fun and freedom!

What is the trip up Mount Sinai? It is the inner climb over the threatening rock passes of fear, the high steps of sheer terror, past the gates of panic, awe, and death to finally reach the super-charged dawning, the sun-drenched summit of Cairo-walking fun and freedom!

I am in a kind of joyous, asexual release. What that means I don't quite know yet. No doubt, it is joyous. But asexual? Perhaps it calls for a new sexuality, a sexuality of joy.

But don't I have joy now?

Yes, but the “used to be” the down time, too. The sadness and the crying.

The sadness and crying is mostly (perhaps totally?) Gone. As it vanishes through the Nile gates of the sixth cataract, joy, fun, and freedom rush in to re-place it.

Indeed, an amazing transformation.

Friday, February 23, 2001

The Love Summit

Cucumber communication. Let the vegetables of this world rise up in love. Sad this morning. I can't find my glad. The tour with all its beauty is over. Yet what about yesterday's tour idea that sadness covers joy? That I am suppressing it?

Well, where is it?

The joy is in the ability to love. The sadness and suppression if the push-down of this new, physically expansive joy.

To love a woman in all her parts is truly a starlight expansion and Mount Sinai joy.

Woman, woman, woman! You are the Mount Sinai I climb to reach the freedom, fun, and joy summit.

Carry the Mount Sinai love home. Bring it back to America. Then spread it throughout my life.

My Mount Sinai love is based on freedom, fun, and joy.

Tuesday, February 27, 2001

Moving Into The Upscale Neighborhood

Since I faced my belly button in January I feel free. I have passed through the gates. Hell is behind me.

It's as if I have moved into a new, expensive, expansive, beautiful house in a classy new, expensive, and expansive neighborhood. Part of me says: What was stopping me? Was I living in a Dream? Why didn't I move before?

Another part of me says: "Do I really belong here? It is so strange and, in its new

comfort, so “uncomfortable.”

But, just as staying in the super deluxe Hyatt Hotel in Sharm El Sheik, if you’re going to suffer, this new deluxe house in this new upscale neighborhood with all its calm luxuries is the place to do it.

Thursday, March 1, 2001

Creative Challenge Mode

Another problem or creative challenge I have concerns money. Money almost always translates (except for investments and the stock market) into finding (and keeping) customers.

Customers represent the outside world. I have to find and deal with them by “going public.” On one level, finding them is beyond my control. They are independent and are related, not only the vicissitudes of life and the business cycle. The only thing I can do about these vicissitudes and the business cycle is recognize them. Also, admit that, since I am a human being, they affect and effect me.

I might also recognize and admit that I rarely if ever know what others want. Sure, they often tell me. When they do that’s an easy one to handle. I either follow their directions, do what they want, or I don’t. The problem, and creative challenge, comes when I realize, and I often do, that even if they “know” what they want, when I give it to them, they decide that they no longer want it. Thus my so-called following their directions, and even their believability, go down the drain. I am left, again, with following my own bliss, my own directions, and hoping others will pick up on it.

So recognizing the wants of others, which translates into recognizing the vicissitudes of life and the existence of a business cycle, even though on one level a chimera, must, in any case, be pursued.

This is a giant contradiction. Nevertheless, that’s how the outside world works. What, if anything, can I do about all this?

At this point, recognizing that a recession is in sight (perhaps we are in one now), and that no one has registered for a tour in three months, perhaps I should shift gears and start promoting my lower-priced local events like folk dance classes, bookings, and even weekends.

And setting up the 2002 tour schedule. Perhaps next year the economy will improve and more will register. Or perhaps, deep in my tour heart, I will pursue, nourish, and cherish those few pure souls who want to travel with me. Friends on my tour path, my “wonderful customer” base.

Thus there is a slight but important change: my attitude has shifted into creative challenge mode.

Saturday, March 3, 2001

Eroticizing my terror, rage, and self-loathing was my way of turning death into life!

Tuesday, March 6, 2001

Nothing To Say

Strange that I have “nothing to say” just at the point where my two-and-a-half year old self is looking at the “give of myself and I will die.” Show myself, open up myself, display myself fully to my mother and I will die. Death through non-recognition, death through my real self not-being-noticed. And at that point, the pain of non-recognition was so great that a little but most important part of me said “Never again!” Never again will I open myself up; never again will I so totally give of myself. From this day on my true self is retreating to hide its preciousness behind a wall, to live in its own treasure chest, the walled-off room of my imagination.

This moment, these moments where this transition took place, were truly the time when my soul sang “Trauma Time on the Rockies.”

Two to two-and-a-half years old: The origin and birth time of the ultimate retreat. I shall never give again! But the trauma was so deep, hurt so much, I never looked at it. I avoided even its very existence. Now, with renewed strength, gained by age and therapeutic pounding, I am beginning to take a peek.

I wonder if this trauma was located not only in my belly button but in my right, guitar-playing, index finger as well –

“finger of expression,” the one that declares my power. It hurt too much to display it. I withdrew, seemingly “forever.”

I’ve hidden that imagination from the mother’s of the public world.

My penis holds the power of my imagination. I’ve hidden that from the outside world, too.

Index finger and penis: they’re both straight and true and hidden.

The weakness in my index finger and penis force me to focus on them in order to compensate. But, with power gaining, perhaps the “best” or “proper” approach is, not even an indirect approach, but rather, a “no approach at all” approach.

In Alhambra playing (perhaps in “other” playing as well), this means focusing on the thumb wherein lies the melody.

It means focusing on the central theme, the melody, rather than the edges.

This means “bypassing the trauma,” or rather, going straight through it!

(A bit too intellectual, but it’s what I thought.)

In Alhambra (and everything else) I have been working, not on a guitar technique, but a trauma. Perhaps the “T” stood, not for Alhambra tremolo, but for lifetime trauma.

That's why it has taken so long, so many years, to crack the code.

What a terror it was and must have been. Crack, crack! I dashed away fast and furious. The pain was too great. I couldn't stand it. It must have been so bad, so painful, I refused even to look at it. I hid behind smiling, happy forms. What tragedy: to live life in such denial. But what else could I have done? How else could I have protected myself? I chose life, warped as it might have been, over death.

And all this from having "nothing to say."

How could I have missed this trauma for so many years? It is so (ha!) "obvious."

It is so (ha!) "obvious" that the Alhambra melody is in the thumb.

It may also turn out that it is so (ha!) "obvious" that the melody of the penis is in the body.

Who would ever think that "mere" non-recognition could be and become a life time trauma?

The Alhambra tremolo is secondary to the melody just as my penis is secondary to the melody.

It also mean that my index finger will no longer be a problem.

Would this also translate as money being secondary and the events themselves, i.e., tours, weekends, dance classes, bookings, organization etc., being the main melody of my business?

Would this also translate as the events in my business being the melody (thumb), and money being secondary (tremolo)?

In yoga, the movements and asanas as the tremolo secondary, and the kundalini

spirit energy as the Alhambra thumb's primary melody.

In other words, how does the cracking of the trauma translate into every day life?

The trauma created the ultimate veil separating me, not only from the outside world, but from vital parts of myself as well.

The route to my kundalini center is through my imagination. Imagination is the thumb that plays kundalini's primary melody!

A lot of this is even believing I had a trauma and that it influenced my attitude and approach towards life in such a profound way.

It is hard to believe.

I always thought I was such a happy person. Well, perhaps publically I was. Or that was the face I showed. I believed most of it, too.

But privately. . . well, I thought I was happy there, too. And I was, as long as I stayed in the wonderful room of my imagination.

It's just that whenever I stepped out in public with my dreams and those fantastic, wonderful, awe-inspiring thoughts fostered and developed in the room of my imagination, I anticipated and often received a slap. Usually, this slap came in the form of non-recognition.

Non-recognition, removal of my humanity and identity, must be the most profound and hurtful slap of all.

Imagination at Work

My imagination is at work full time.

Reinterpret my (business) fear as "energy coming up."

The form this creative, kundalini energy is taking is "Fear." Thus, even though it

is fear, it is still creative energy.

Why is it so important that it be creative and belonging to my imagination?

Because I see "creative" and "imagination" as positive words. I don't want to be bullied by negative fear-filled, push-down thoughts. Thus, I am trying to turn these thoughts on their positive heads.

Things are okay as long as my fears are "contained" in my imagination. Losing my imagination would be worst of all. It would be like getting killed and losing my life.

Is my trauma itself the fear of losing my imagination through the self and power dissolving effects of my (childhood) mother's non-recognition.

Thursday, March 8, 2001

Language: Nouns and Verbs

Nouns are "things." They are most fundamental and thus more primary than verbs. Nouns are the thumbs and penis of language.

Verbs talk about relationships between nouns. Nouns are known through relationships. Nevertheless, relationships, (verbs) are thus "secondary."

And yet I focus on secondary verb forms when I learn a language. I rarely if ever focus on substantive nouns.

How is this related to my early trauma? Do I always avoid facing the primary, looking straight in the "face of God," fearing that if I do, I will, just like Moses was warned when seeing the burning bush, be threatened with death?

Is looking straight into the non-recognition eyes of my erring mother, and turning away from the pain of such primal non-recognition similar to turning away from fundamental nouns and turning to secondary verbs instead? Is it similar and related to looking at my Alhambra secondary tremolo instead of the primary melody in my thumb, and my secondary penis instead of my primary body?

How does all this relate to women, money, and overwhelmed?

Fascinating, complex questions, indeed.

Filling Up the Pit

The relationship between pleasing women, money, and being overwhelmed: Here, pleasing them means taking care of them so that they will, in turn, “take care of me” by recognizing the real me.

The panic and fear pit, fostered by the emptiness of non-recognition. In order to fill the emptiness pit, I shovel in the overwhelmed feeling, along with fears about money. Anything, rather than face the gut-wrenching, abysmal, heart-breaking feeling of abandonment and potential destruction of my true self through non-recognition.

Just like I used to fill my emptiness with sexual sado-masochistic fantasies, so do I now fill it (in the past, I did, too) with “more public,” more “accepted” sado-masochistic tendencies like beating myself with the feeling of being overwhelmed, pounding myself with fears of money, kicking myself with the hovering ghost of nonrecognition.

“Overwhelmed” is “just another way” of pushing myself into the hole.

A familiar occurrence but with a new, freshly seen face.

I wonder if Alexander Bellow traumatized my classical guitar playing with his Alhambra uneven tremolo index finger approach. It seemed I played my tremolo okay before I took lessons with him. Rolando Valdes-Blaine’s uncritical comments, given in the Velasquez studio on 23rd Street, were only, “You have to get it rolling.”

Did Bellow’s plug into the original nonrecognition trauma? Probably.

Now that I am beginning to recognize it, maybe I will see it appearing many other places in my public and private life.

Rama Again

I got a call from Rama last night. He left a message on my answering machine. He wants to touch base, see how things are.

The idea of getting together with him makes me somewhat uncomfortable; it scares me a bit. Rama represents “the old life” of idol worship. Basically, I worshiped him as The Knowledgeable Yogi, the Yoga Teacher of my Dreams. Of course, he didn’t see himself that way. But, for whatever reason, I needed to see him that way.

I no longer do.

Thus, when meeting him again, I’ll have to confront my old self again. That is indeed uncomfortable, even scary.

But, of course, that’s probably why he called.

Friday, March 9, 2001

The Earliest Trauma: Non-Recognition of Joy

The early childhood trauma of non-recognition of our essential nature, non-recognition of joy, the capacity for joy in being: To understand this fundamental truth of your Buddhahood, the bottom-line enlightened and essentially joyous nature of your true self, and to remember and experience it in the guts of your being, is the hardest thing to do.

Joy is very threatening. Why? It puts you face to face with the trauma of non-recognition. The fearful, self-destructive aspects of this childhood terror carry themselves into the present.

Joy is the enlightened state!

But it is so hard getting through customs.

Personal Experiences of Joy and Enlightenment

Joy on this earth is my running wild on the lawn experience. In the womb, it is the floating peaceful sensation, bobbing under the blue wall of ocean with the sun shining through the waters above me.

Another earthly joy sensation is my feeling of crumbling under the majestic power of a Beethoven symphony, the emotional and crying melt-down beneath the awe of beautiful music.

Another comes when I do some good deeds, mitzvahs. But I hesitate to recognize this. I wonder why. Perhaps it is because a mitzvah is so directly involved with human contact and I expect the resultant slap of non-recognition.

Non-recognition of the personal joy I get from doing the good deed. It will be criticized as "selfish." Well, indeed it is. And the only reason I can find for doing a good deed, the only rational, would be for the personal satisfaction, the great personal joy it brings me. That is the only reason. As far as the more altruistic reasons such as helping the world, healing the world, helping others, etc., I say fuck that. Who cares about those things anyway? Oh sure, they are by-products of the good deed. But personal satisfaction, the glow of personal happiness, the release of divine sparks in your joyful ground of being, the confirmation of the enlightened you, the you who you really are, that is the only true reason I can find for doing a good deed. Mitzvahs bring such personal satisfaction and joy! That's it. Why spoil my fun with reasons, rationales, and helpful purposes?

Joy is such a threat to my guitar playing.

The joy is located somewhere in the right shoulder, in a relaxation and rest stop area.

The non-recognition of joy trauma: my battlefield in guitar playing is somewhere in the right shoulder area.

She'll slap me in the face at the joy moment. When I present myself totally to her

in the full regalia and splendor of my joy, she'll slap me down with total, self-denying, non-recognition. Her blank face will say "I do not recognize this "thing" you are presenting to me. Go away. Don't bother me. I've got more important things to do than spend my precious time recognizing this piddling "joy" you bring me. What is "it" anyway? Go to your room and play with your stamps. No joy for you! Bring me something more important like an empty bladder."

This trauma goes on and on and is in so many things.

They'll pull out just at the final moment when I am about to experience the supreme joy. What a trauma that is! Talk about memories of death, dying, and killing of the true self!

In hearing beautiful music, I cry "for joy" when the walls break down and the majesty rushes in to flood my being.

In yoga, the feeling of kundalini running up and down my spine is really the same "chills and thrills of joy" I feel in music. . . or elsewhere.

It is "all" thrills and chills of joy.

To say no in the middle of the act is to totally destroy joy, demolish the supreme moment, and annihilate the self. It says "No!" to the essential self. What a trauma majorum! And what damage such a thing has done!

The only question is: does it resurrect an old trauma or give birth to a new one?

Indeed, I have been fighting for my life all my life. And by life, I mean my running-wild-on-the-lawn joy life. But I often have denied this. Instead I put on a public face of satisfaction and happiness.

I wonder why. It is so heroic to fight for your life. Why have I denied, or have been hesitant to accept my heroism? It is indeed a good thing.

But how could someone who has been such a failure financially be a hero?

Well, these are the “words” of my wife. Even my mother wouldn’t say or intimate such a thing. And truth is, in the beginning of our marriage, even Bernice didn’t. But it was always “understood” that I would have to make a living, earn money, if we were to get married. Otherwise how could she, with two children to support, “take a chance” on such a person? So the deal was always: I would have to make money in order to stay in her good graces.

I accepted this deal. . . with great anxiety. And, in trying to fulfill it during the first ten years of our marriage, I almost killed myself. Certainly, I destroyed most of my soul. By the end of ten years I was dying. I needed to resurrect the true parts of myself. So I “gave up work,” started writing, and began new careers.

But my purpose was to find and reconnect with my true creative self.

We’ve been having problems ever since.

So, although I may have (so far? . . . What optimism here!) failed financially by not fulfilling my financial “vows,” I am a hero for never having given up the search, struggle, and fight for my true self, my creative freedom soul.

I stood on my head naked, spread my legs, and let the majestic music of Mendelssohn’s Symphony No. 3 in A minor, Opus 56, the “Scotch” Symphony, run through my upside down loins. Now there is vulnerability par excellence!

Saturday, March 10, 2001

Money and Running Wild On The Lawn

My bad relationship with money must have something to do with the

suppression of joy.

Perhaps in the closet hides the “money is fun” idea.

Fun? Mad shoe, running-wild-on-the-lawn fun? How can I look at money, which is so “serious” and fraught with peril, as mere “fun?”

What will people say? What will mother say? You are childish, stupid, ridiculous, unserious, a mere child. Grown-ups take money seriously. It is not a plaything. Go back to your toys and shut up.

Growing up with this attitude towards money, and having it confirmed by all those around me, how can I possibly admit that I would like to run wild with it? How can I dare even think such thoughts? It is a sacrilege. America thrives on and loves money. It is the love affair par excellence. And here I come along to blaspheme it by saying that playing with it, even earning it, is just “fun.” What about earning money by the sweat of your brow? What happened to the weight and heaviness of money? Money is America’s religion. What happened to mine?

Thus it is the height of rebellion and arrogance to look at sacred serious money as “a mere plaything.” Father would kill me. He worked so hard to get it, slaved away at his principalship, trudged tired and hungry up the hill every weekday night after his long and tortured day of work. Yes, he slaved away, unhappily, to support us. He tortured and suffered for us, for me! And here I take his beloved tortures, his sacred struggle to earn a living, and throw it in his face by saying the money he sweated and earned was a “plaything,” a toy, something to “have fun with.”

It is not right. Money does not come easy. Only a selfish child who likes and needs to be cared for would see it any other way.

What am I but that child? I like to run wild on the lawn. And I like to run wild on the lawn throwing money up in the air, playing with it, watching the wind carry it in all directions.

So how can I dare be me?

Good question.

Fun Is Your Birthright

Certainly my attitude towards money is a threat to the American establishment. No wonder I am afraid of it, hesitant to look at it, touch it, or even admit it.

Yes, it threatens every Judeo-Christian and puritanical standard I have ever know. I basically do not believe you should earn a living by the sweat of your brow. I believe you should earn it through the fun of your brow, by playing with your eyeballs, by throwing your sweat up in the air, then taking a nice sweet bath in it.

Yes, I believe in fun! And that's it. Everything else is postscript and footnote. And this goes for earning a living and making money, too.

The only thing you have to "earn" in this world is fun. And, you don't even have to earn it since it is your birthright. Rather, you have to discover it, become aware that, in its concupiscent form of joy, it is your center and your essence.

Buddha would have supported this fun idea. Except he would have called it joy. Indeed, you have to "lighten up" to have it. That's why he would also have called it enlightenment.

Strange, I've always had joy in singing, dancing, and even writing. They have been "easy" for me. Perhaps it is because they came later in life. They were my easy escape hatches into freedom; and they came without traumas attached.

Amazing, but I am actually finding out who I am.

Who am I?

I am the social director Mr. Fun.

Isn't that a rather frivolous title? What about my serious side?

Do I have a serious side?

Can't "serious" be fun?

Why not?

Perhaps my serious side is my fun side, and vice versa. (Both fall under the Buddha rubric of joy.)

Sunday, March 11, 2001

Launching myself from the platform of joy!

Can I admit it to myself? But what else can I do? Okay, I'll say it: reading the Torah in Hebrew and Hungarian is simply so much fun!

I thought it should be hard work. I should be suffering, torturing myself to learn Hebrew and Hungarian, pushing in order to learn, self-improve, and grow. Instead I am simply loving it! It is so exciting to see the words in both languages dancing before me. I don't even know why and frankly, I don't even care. It simply is.

My only "problem" is accepting the fact I have the whole afternoon free. I can sit in my living room totally undisturbed and study!

Why can't I do this more often? Why can't I give myself the gift of a free afternoon—or even a totally free day! Once a week. Free to study, and nothing else.

Monday, March 12, 2001

Joy As A Threat

Joy is a threat which I cannot and should not take lightly. The acceptance of such a philosophy flies in direct opposition to almost every motivational force I know and have grown up with, and have used most of my life.

Seeing joy as a threat is probably the best way for me to face it, handle it, and perhaps, some day, come to terms with it.

That I can play the guitar beautifully and well is a direct challenge to my identity

as a lousy, constantly-working-towards- perfection guitarist.

That I can someday make money, and have confidence in the growth of my tour business is a direct challenge to my losing, confusing, and flying-through-the-sky, seat-of-my-pants former approach to finances.

That my body will improve through yoga, that my running will only get better, that I'll run better tours and be healthier, happier, and stronger as I get older, is a direct challenge to my idea that I'm aging, going downhill, slowly dying, and that life will get progressively worse. To believe the opposite: that joy will pervade and suffuse my life with new and vital growth energies, is a total threat to the prevailing life view in our society and to my own hopelessness and pessimism about myself, the present, and my future.

Thus is the Buddhist joy conception, the platform of joy, a threat to my self-identity and very existence. Let's deal with the monster accordingly.

Joy gets me angry. Who is this monster, anyway? Why is it knocking at my door and bothering me so much? Just go away. Leave me alone.

I know joy is eternity. But just don't bother me with it.

That I could rise on the cross of Morejoy! Don't bother me with such universal truths of perpetual optimism. Stop it! Leave me alone!

But I can't stop it. Like the sun, it keeps rising. I can only close my eyes or run back into my cave.

And I will! I refuse to see this joy fucker! Let it rot in hell! Stop bothering me with your infernal light!

What about my trauma? Where are you trauma? Come on, come on! Protect me from all this joy! Put up the walls again. Protect me from this joy attack!

Where is my trauma to protect me from all this joy? I'm running wild in all directions. I may run over a cliff; I may fall into the abyss. Save me, save me! Send me

an Overwhelmed to push me back and stop my running.

Pay Attention To My Bliss And Natural Enthusiasm

In Front Of Others

Others enter when I am doing something important (like concentrating on yoga, guitar, writing, reading, choreographing a dance, etc.).

Is it an intrusion?

How do I handle it?

Can I concentrate and focus while others are in front of me? Can I pay attention to myself in their presence? Can I forget about insulting, neglecting, or being impolite to them when I pay attention only to my needs in their presence?

Of course, I am not insulting anybody by paying attention to myself. And, if someone interprets it that way, it is their problem, not mine. My problem is when I think their problem is my problem.

Pay attention to natural enthusiasm in front of others. Everything else will take care of itself.

Wednesday, March 14, 2001

Running Wild With Money

Running wild on the lawn has been totally translated now into money.

Running wild is, and always has been, my philosophy about money.

What a freeing concept and realization.

I am "doing what I believe in" when I run wild on the lawn with money. "Stand behind what you believe in, and if you're willing to lose money, then you'll be successful."

What do I believe in? Running wild on the lawn. Well, if I look at my life I've been successful in that I'm doing exactly what I want with my life. My only lack of success has been in making money. Although even in this, I have survived! And this

even financially. So perhaps, on one level, even financially I could call myself “successful.” But I don’t believe it. At least not until today. But, if running wild on the lawn is my measure of success, then I must admit that even though I’ve lost so much money in the market, I have at least been “successful” in the mad shoe, running wild form.

Perhaps some day, by following my mad shoe vision, I will even make actual money.

We’ll see.

Meanwhile, running wild is the way to go.

So ends a New Leaf.