

Mad Shoe Fun Center

Friday, March 3, 2000

Mad Shoe Fun Centers

It took nine months to start and finish New Form. It took nine months to give birth to Mad Shoe Fun Center. Is that significant?

Saturday, March 4, 2000

Renewed (Re-Nude) Commitment

I need adventure.

I can't think of a new place to go. I am already in the new neighborhood.

Perhaps the only adventure I can find now is in a return to the past. I'll take an old adventure but in a new way.

My miracle schedule is the first place to look. (Then stocks and even business.)

Excitement, thrills, and adventure. I need them.

A renewed commitment to running and yoga.

A renewed commitment to my miracle schedule?

All this is not necessarily a renewed commitment – which smacks and smells of the old, but rather, a new commitment – fresh, dynamic, lively, true, and good.

How does the above fit into the Mad Shoe fun house?

All adventure does.

It is positive, upbeat, and far from the cloud-covered Dreary. It smacks of the back-assed struggle, off higher good, of barnyards ripe with manure, and pastures flowing, growing, and yes, bursting with corn!

Struggle

I used to think something was wrong with me if I had to struggle. ("You shouldn't work so hard, you poor boy," said Ma. "All you have to do is be happy.")

But part of me loves struggle.

Struggle is my adventure. To cure myself, free myself from pain. I create these struggles. I like them. They give me "more."

Results of improvement are good. But better is trying to improve, the here-and-now struggle that both mirrors and creates the juice and passions. It is a good-in-itself.

Sunday, March 5, 2000

I Need the Thrills (the "More") of the Struggle

Could I become a stock market picker? It is certainly new neighborhood, insane, and mad shoe-ish.

I hate to contemplate fooling myself again. More losing stocks, oh no! But the dream persists. It never seems to leave. I cannot give up the stock market. I need the thrills (and "More") of the struggle. Perhaps, on that basis alone, I should get into it.

It would also mean an involvement in the internet, the most modern of communications.

Monday, March 6, 2000

I keep crying through the passages of The Rabbi by Noah Gordon. Am I falling in love with Judaism? Was I always in love with it but didn't know?

Afflictions and punishments run side by side with benefits and blessings. This will never change. Conflict and opposition are in the nature of life.

The friction of opposites rubbing together create spark-igniting struggle, and propels me towards my goals.

Tuesday, March 7, 2000

Last night's "performance" at the Tenafly JCC was the prototype of future "groups sales" performances. Excellent on all levels.

But disappointing, too. It was all so easy. So simple. Where is the opposition, struggle, aim, goal, and challenge to such an evening? No question, by all but eliminating the classical guitar, all my put-downs are gone. But so is the bite and challenge.

Or am I kidding myself? Perhaps there is a new challenge here but I haven't found it yet. Or admitted it to myself. There is also the tremendous success involved. After years of trying I have finally made peace with my performance. Best is to start out singing. . . and to even, if necessary, eliminate classical guitar.

Realizing and reaching this performance point is a major victory for me. And yes, once victory is savored, comes the disappointment of its emptiness. The friction, sparks, and dynamism of the process, the struggle itself, is ultimately what drives me on.

And yet I cannot knock victory. It is just I am not used to living comfortably in such a neighborhood. Part of me, probably the artistic part, actually wants discomfort. That disequilibrium is partly what drives me on.

Indeed, the artistic mind is certainly weird.

On one level, I feel like all those years of classical guitar practice were wasted. What for? I'll never perform all those pieces anyway. And if I do, so what?

You mean that all that practice, all those years of trying to master Alhambra, the tremolo, all those nervous hours playing before real and imaginary audiences, were simply a preparation, a training to develop the mental strength to drop public performance of classical guitar? A twenty-year, maybe more, exercise to understand that my talents are found more in my personality than in my classical guitar playing skills? Was I simply practicing all those years merely to prove myself worthy, so that

once I did, I could give up public classical guitar playing? (Privately, I will most likely continue playing since it is so soothing, relaxing, and meditative.)

All these years of classical guitar practice (and perhaps even tourism, therapy, and everything else) were done so that I could ultimately stand up in front of an audience, face them directly, and simply be my own mad shoe self.

The above realization on its own is enough to give me hemorrhoids.
I don't know if it is sad or happy but it certainly is earth-shaking.

There is absolutely no reason for me to ever play classical guitar in public again. I don't even know if playing it adds, detracts, or makes no difference at all in a public performance.

The only reason to play it in private (or even in public) is that I enjoy it.

This is the end of my classical guitar playing career.
(Or is it a new beginning?)

I wonder where stocks fit into this.

This means last night's JCC performance was a milestone performance.

I am also "free" of the classical guitar burden.

Wednesday, March 8, 2000

Mad Shoe Worry Removal Method

Use my mad shoe imagination for "surgical" removal of fears and worries.
What is the difference between a fear and a worry?

A fear is immediate and “concrete.” There is the tiger right in front of you! It’s about to pounce and eat you!

Worry is more an act of imagination. It’s thinking about how, when, and where the tiger may pounce on you in the future. Therefore, it has a lower “existence quotient” than an immediate fear. It is an act of imagination and exists in the imagination.

Well, big deal. Can the mad shoe worry removal method handle it is the real question.

Practice, and we’ll see, will bring the answer.

My classical guitar performing days are over. It is both a sadness and a relief. It is also the beginning of a new adventure.

One thing about giving up public performance of the classical guitar: the audience is (finally) out of my mind. I am (at last) free of their probing and judgemental eyes.

This is indeed a good thing.

Thursday, March 9, 2000

Initiate a New Practice: Fill my mind with God. (Every a.m. for fifteen minutes). I could use the Torah for this purpose. Even a word or two will do.

Do I dare reach such a non-worry point? But where else can I go? What greater challenge can I find? In fact, it is not even a challenge. I am there already. I am standing in the non-worry state now! I am fat in the practice.

Instead of filling my classical guitar playing with images of the audience, fill it with my mad shoe God.

Saturday, March 11, 2000

If I won't be playing classical guitar in public anymore it doesn't matter anymore how fast or slow I play in private.

This feels lonely. The struggle to "improve" is gone. With the struggle goes part of the spark. I don't understand this new "process" yet.

The audience is fading. This disappearance doesn't feel either good or bad. But it certainly feels different.

My classical guitar audience is gone. Goodbye.

Will this happen in my other pursuits? I think it will: The slow, steady erosion and disappearance of my internal audience take place in other pursuits?

I feel wonderfully free. Why bother doing anything?

I am dumping my old internal audience not only in classical guitar playing but in everything else I do.

I am there; I am here; it is now. Fait accompli.

Empty Carnegie Hall

I am playing to an empty Carnegie Hall. I love the freedom! Ah those beautiful empty seats. How I love to sink my guitar playing musical teeth into their cushy bottoms! They are mine all mine, and no one can stop me!

What a sensuous delicious delight you are, empty Carnegie Hall!

"Hod" and Glory

I play the Alhambra. The Carnegie Hall seats are starting to fill up. . . .with a new audience.

I don't understand this audience yet. But as I play the glorious, roaring,

magnificent, elevating second part A major passage of the Alahambra, soaring on the fingerboard up to new tremolo D heights, my new audience turns into hod and glory.

Hod means glory in Hebrew. This is my Alhambra-Jewish-Marrano-Spanish-classical guitar connection.

I emptied my internal Carnegie Hall. Then I filled it with a new neighborhood mad shoe audience. I am going public in my new neighborhood.

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Sunday, March 12, 2000

Sexy and Wild

Imperfections and disabilities can also be sexy. Suppose I reinterpret my pinguela as a visible sign of the inner me: Sexy and wild!

I like it!

What do they think when they look into my pinguela eyes? How wild,

uncontrolled, and uncontrollable I am.

On "Buying My Way Out Of Worry"

I have been fooled by money. I thought it would enable me to "buy" my way out of worry. But even even millionaires get pinguelas, hemorrhoids, go for check-ups, and must have colonoscopies.

There is no way to buy myself out of the noxious worry habit. The only way out is to practice giving it up. I can do that anywhere, anytime, and in any financial state.

Monday, March 13, 2000

Living in the Non-Worry State

The Fear Represents the Wish

Can I control my mind and teach it not to worry?

Do I want to control my mind?

If "the fear represents the wish," doesn't part of my mind want to fear? Doesn't it want to worry and stay helpless? Yes. But, on its highest level, my "frightened self" represents the awe aspect of God. Therefore, it too is part of God.

There is no escape. Wherever I look, wherever I turn, there is God. I just refuse to, or am unable to recognize it.

God is found in the non-worry state.

The Mad She Approach To Fear And Worry

Most of my life I have been focusing on the wonder state, through music and the arts. Whenever I came to the awe state — the fear state — I tried to avoid it. If I couldn't, I simply plummeted straight downward into the terror of the fathomless abyss.

I never recognized the fear state as also belonging to God. But, since it too is part of the God experience, instead of avoiding my worries, I might look at them differently: as belonging to the awe-filled aspect of the God experience.

This would be a mad shoe approach to fear and worry.

Rage and Fear

Rage is the other side of fear. Thus, if there is divine fear (awe), there is divine rage (wrath of God).

It is all within.

The sadness of leaving the old life of pre-performance anxiety.

Will you still love me if I'm not nervous?

Tuesday, March 14, 2000

Adventurous Self

If I am disgusted about anything, it is that for too long I have been hiding my adventurous self. Ugh, ugh, ugh! No more!

Let me into Carnegie Hall! All of me!

I must be going through some big inner changes. I feel bad, mad, sad, and glad.

Adventures Begin in Carnegie Hall

Adventurous self is mad shoe self is the real me. What new adventures will it go on? As I stand in my Mad Shoe capital, I ask: What now constitutes an adventure?

Future adventures will take place in the world of inner travel.

I'll start with Carnegie Hall.

Cheering Me

The supportive GROW people in their living room are changing, fusing into my Carnegie Hall audience. "Grower" fans are filling up the gray cushion-firm mezzanine seats.

I am playing for a live audience.

My first inner adventure is the Villa-Lobos "Prelude Number 4." My audience

doesn't care if I make a "mistake." In fact, they are cheering no matter what I do.

Wednesday, March 15, 2000

My folk dance ankle is coming back. Could it be a translation of the "nobody-needs-me-no-registration-Tuesday-night-low-attendance" feeling?

The adventurous self has not apparently reached my ankles. It has yet to fill my body and being completely.

Put the adventurous self into my folk dance ankles. Put it into my aching right side and my Bulgarian sales calls as well!

Asking for someone's help is a tremendous compliment to them. So ask for help as often as you like. It can only help.

Names

Call people by name. Remember their names. In folk dancing. Make a renewed and conscious effort. End the "Ann Paige era" of discouragement.

Three New Adventurous Self Directions

What I need is a rebirth of hope, effectiveness, and the adventurous self. I am courting a new audience of names and stocks. (Note the sudden "disappearance" of my folk dance ankle syndrome, along with this sudden burst of energy through the rebirth of hope and effectiveness!

Thursday, March 16, 2000

The Adventurous Self-Adventurous Soul Cannot Be Defeated

Think defeat and you tend to get it. You draw it to you. Once again, the fear represents the wish. Adopt the "I don't believe in defeat" attitude.

Thinking defeat has been one of my core beliefs. Part of me wanted my adventurous self to be squashed and die. But part of me has also wanted this self to live, love, and flourish! That is where I am now living. Nevertheless, there is always room for some house cleaning.

Friday, March 17, 2000

Jump of Renewal

I was just hit with the “I’ve-got-it-all-together, I’ve-got-everything-right” lid.

And what a strange oppressive one it is – both arrogant and strangling. It cuts off my growth, imprisoning me in a claustrophobic cell of false success, and freezes me into an “I’ve-done-it-all” mode.

An “I’ve-got-more-to-go, I-don’t have-it-right-yet” attitude is so much better. It’s true, too. It opens up my progress, process, and growth ceiling. I put my Jacob’s ladder through this aperture and climb the rungs of infinity. There will be no end to my growth. Each step I take puts the spark of God in my hands. That’s when I feel the daily jump of renewal.

An Inspiring Struggle

I will never arrive, I will never have everything I want, I will never know all I need to know. This is an inspiring attitude of struggle.

Knowing my road will never end puts me on the path to infinity. Not a bad place to be, especially when you realize every other road leads to death and dying.

Obstacles

Obstacles create the spark of struggle. This the flame of life. If you had no obstacles, you would create them.

This means I want obstacles, I search for obstacles, I need obstacles. Conquering them is not as important as having them.

Saturday, March 18, 2000

Perhaps Mad Shoe Center has ended. I'm really ready to move on to a new life.

Sunday, March 19, 2000

Jason Peasepoor

I, Jason Peasepoor begin this rodent-inspired canticle on the first day of March in the millennium year 2000.

From Peasepure to Fleaspot to Speasefure, my name has changed so many times I hardly know who I am. Nevertheless, in spite of linguistic limps of nomenclature, I shall sing of adventure, dismemberment, glory, departures, arrivals, and more!

We are at the doorway of a new millennium. Hairy hammerwhats and brilliant slurp-suckling stuckings stir the stew. All morning blossoms dewed well in derry daisied derrieres. Yesterday, a lemon peel squawked deeply in the gloom of an empty orange; a lost crate fire slid on belly-bottoms, then upglided upon a heap of newberry.

Oh wide Christianity, dumbed down by domed dim dins, can dromedary pecking spawned among Tunisian anthills be far behind you?

Brother Hector dumped his bubble bath in the Atlantic. Then he rode across the Nile carrying his bile on a twig. Happy lad was he. His pet elephant, no longer flattened by Bombay Delhi-Cat-Essenes finally had a good lunch in the Qumran cave with Jesus Est-Mein-Kind. Tasty Dead Sea Scrolls barbecued deliciously. The menu of elephantine delicacies was served by Babar of Zabar's Indian Delhi, catering to the earrings of the world. He carried glasses of tiger juice between lion's paws. His rodent buddy, brother Hector, clothed in double-breasted suite, pipsqueaked along the mammalian underground. He swam beside Harriet Tub Man, slave-dwelling epileptic whose episodic Tubman Breasts floated in an ever-widening spasm. Suddenly, from the Babylonian Estuary of Ptomain Domain rose an intestinal leader: the intrepid flatulent loudmouth Fart-o-Maine.

Belching, secret brother of Charlemagne, he quickly spread his brand of

colonoscopic leadership through medieval towns and across the rutted roads of the Holy Roman Empire. A true Frank with furter in hand, he rolled his hot dogs rare. Motivated by the sizzle of Pope Eyeus III, he slid his stockinged feet across Pont D'Avignon before crossing George Washington bridge on a sleigh.

The case of nuts had arrived.

Would these Teutonic villages be saved from luxury and trident dental cream?

Peasepoor bent his underwhelmed pharynx to the pipes of his brain: "Down to murky bottom I go," he gargled. "Driveling downward, deep in succulent nutrientia, I squirm, slinging melons of melanthropy as I go. Down here a kiking Jew boy will never metamorphose his carcoid tumescence into wharves of steel. Indeed, he can drink from black tit of earth, harpoon a shadow, or spread a deity with minnow brook manure. Aye, aye, his bottom can rise to the heights of the Grand Azainu Shamayim. Great Moses, read the patches on my lips! See the stones sinking into my heart, churning my blood, blanching my bones, and whitening my stirrups.

Mountain depression has sunk deep. God bless its valley anthill horns! I'm alive again! Thank you, concupiscent yearnings. The James Joycian Armenian lizard has slipped through wizard vagina. Hear its cries: 'Long live hecatombs of lamb slaughter!' Today bagpipes fly across the screaming sky; Bulgarian gaida-bleating clouds peal thunder overhead and pour fire through antlers of ring-bound steel.

The new language still cannot explain myself to me. Reedy pestilence drips among flowers; the sun sets deep where lilacs once grew. Can dandruff ever replace a true hair piece?

Writing is a must. . . . But so is writhing. Can squiggle lines ever replace the space between moments? Or must lemons squeeze daily among rosebush petals?

Owen

Filing past his bed chamber, another day begins for Owen, Masher of Latter Day

Saints. His morning arrival snatches the pimple-purple latch from Leslie Hatchworth Learning Penchant, collegiate specialist in bottom speak. "Look, an ostrich!" cries Leslie. "Gaze upon its Austrian right wing. Is this a Nazi in feathered disguise?"

"Watch out!" screams her best friend, rubber heiress Jodie Macantire. "The cookies are coming!" She snatches her umbrella and runs for cover. Thousands in chocolates, wet with fat, rubber their phalanxes down Sizzle Street. Numbered and smartly dressed, each one is cut to equal communist size.

"I shall use it," said Leslie's brother, the stately Broderick McCain. Under right arm crooked, he stroked pages of his New York Crimes, underground journal of the damned, Sunday edition. "What good is Utah," he asked, "if salmon cannot swim upstream and rent cannot be paid?"

McCain's peppered brain couldn't stand it anymore. He racked his stewart pensively as the nine-year-old Mother Queerqueen McPearl watched every move. The perfumed lad, dressed in sequins of turnips and pea-colored porphyry from ancient Phoenicia, couldn't handle his fame worth a damn. But his detective Mama, a worthy Pinkerton, was never deterred.

Forthright in his backwardness, McCain jutted his purple chin towards New York. Then, eyes brimming with Con Ed's rodent electricity, he quoted page forty-seven from the autobiography of Lassie: "From this day I shall partake of kosher fire. Yes, Mama, I'll Passover. I'll be good. I'll do what I'm told if you are silent. None of your foul lip, please. I'll leave home on my own. No crutches, wheel chair, or foul-mouthed praise to function beneath the curled lip of the outside world. Just give me a Sam Goody lucky charm, a Kabbalah blanket, and my Bank of New York Galaxy credit card. These growth and learning plastics can help me navigate the material world. Then, after receiving many years of entitled abundance, I'll ask for Leslie Orenstein von Hatchetworthy's hand in marriage. If she provides it, I know that, with enough work, in the near future I can get the rest of her. Ah, how I have longed to hold her hand. Yes, a hand in marriage is good enough for me. Who can relate to the whole person?"

Cucumber Land of my Dreams

Can guitar fingerboards be washed away? Will their old ebony forms ever metamorphose into Nile River beanbags?

I pioneer my covered wagon across the plains. Westward ho! Gallop, gallop! Across the prairies I fly. Ahead I see Utah fed by Mormon springs. Salt Lake City shines forth, beacon of hope, tall and erect, hard and heart in the desert night. The new Cucumber Land of my dreams.

Wednesday, March 22, 2000

The mad shoe center is losing its mad. Only the shoe remains. And it is a walking shoe.

Perhaps I am getting ready to go public with my internal writing audience.

The pain (in the ass) of editing falls into the same pain (of judgement) coming from my old concert audience.

But, just as I am now in Carnegie Hall performing for a new audience of screaming, happy fans that love everything I do, perhaps I am now ready to approach my new internal writing audience: the one that once proclaimed editing to be a total pain in the ass. Perhaps this new internal writing audience will love editing as well. I don't know. But something strange is happening. I am feeling a return of the old depression. . . and I'm, get this, glad about it! It feels like creative juices are starting to boil again.

But I don't know yet. It feels like a major shift, similar to Carnegie Hall. But again. . . I don't know yet.

The public (of "going public" fame) will now spur me on to meet my internal audience. The combination is subsumed under the old rubric word: editing. But I will no longer use the "editing" word. I need a new word, something that will fit with the Carnegie Hall music audience experience. I don't know what that is yet.

It is the birth of a new level. But I don't know what it is yet.

Carnegie and writing are merging. A new internal public.

I feel nauseous about this. It's taking away my last hideout.

Writing has been forever my hidden home. Now I am losing it. I am in the process of giving it up.

Actually, the process is already just about over. I am there already. I have just "made peace." I'm going public. My hidden writing self is out. Somehow the new self will be expressed in my "editing" self. (That is not the word I like but I can't think of another one for now. Well, perhaps I can coordinate and combine it somehow with my "adventurous self.")

Thursday, March 23, 2000

Kind of a panic and emptiness because all my props have fallen out.

Friday, March 24, 2000

Zero.

Birth and Recognition of Babylonian Babble

But perhaps a new beginning with Hebrew and Arabic, and my own Babylonian babble writing. It is my own personal cuneiform writing, my own original language of my own personal ancient Babylon. And where is this ancient Babylon but in my childhood, in the childhood section of my mind right underneath the library.

The Mad Shoe Center is back. . . with a vengeance!

Sunday, March 26, 2000

Shift: From Wanting to Doing

Moving from wanting to doing.

Former wants: Money (stocks, sales, etc), publishing, guitar, tour sales, languages, wisdom and philosophy, knowledge.

Doings: Plodding along, the donkey pulling the “fifty-four” per cent wagon up the hill, actually, up a the slight incline with the sun shining. Doing, one by one, in the now.

Wants highlight what I don't have; they feature desire along with concomitant frustration, lids, etc.

Doing is simply pulling the wagon along, moment by moment, in the now with no “hopes” of success or failure, no expectations of winning or losing.

New Thoughts on Twins

“Mine, all mine!”

She is mine, all mine!

She is there just to satisfy me! The servant at the Book Fair.

Must I “share” Mama with Miki? Yes, is what Mama says. But what does a three-month-old, or one, or two-year-old baby know?

It is “selfish” (lid) to have her as mine, all mine!

Thus I feel, have felt, that I do not have a right to Ma as mine, all mine!

Well, perhaps I do in fantasy, but certainly not in reality. Actually, not even in fantasy. Otherwise, why all the anger? Perhaps it is because I really don't believe, even in fantasy, that she is or could be or that I even have the right to have her as mine, all mine!

Perhaps I feel there is something wrong with having a woman, or anything or

anyone else, as mine all mine! It is not only “politically incorrect,” but it is “selfish” as well. I must always “share.” (No wonder I hate the word so much.) “I love Miki and Jimmy the same. You are both equals.” No wonder I hate equality.

Tuesday, March 28, 2000

Success

I’ve gone from fifty-four percent to complete success. I’m pulling the success wagon up the incline.

My body aches with success.

I have to pick up the threads of miracle schedule stars that I have lost and put them in the success wagon.

The success walk is slow, plodding, steady, and continual. It is timeless and endless; it is eternal plodding and forever slow.

I want to get back to white-hot study, the fire and passion of progressing down the miracle schedule road. But now, somehow, I’ll have to fit it into, put it on, the success wagon. This means somehow combining the spark with plodding forward movement of success.

The success wagon is filled with sparks and fire. It is a hot potato on wheels. Now, as a mule in the outside world, I have to learn to pull it the incline.

I am moving from the fast, wild vibration of running-wild-on-the-lawn with its wild swings of up and down in the outside world to the slow, steady, plodding vibration with its wider arc; that spells slow, steady, and continual success in the outside world.

Rather than losing my original wild I am now moving into a wider, more inclusive wild. The private vibrations of my miracle schedule are being put on the wagon of success to be drawn slowly and steadily up the incline. Meanwhile, the sky is blue and the smiling sun shines down on my mule and wagon.

I shall never be poor again. Nor shall I fail. This incline on I plod, drag, shuffle, lift, and move is indeed a new place. It will take some getting used to.

I used to think of success as a gift bestowed, a sudden and explosive jump into the stratosphere. Now I see it as slow and plodding.

Guitar playing success is slow and plodding.

Wednesday, March 29, 2000

"Success" As A Lid

I have disintegrated. Body, mind, and spirit forgotten, lost. I cannot go backwards. I can only go forwards. But to where? So-called "success" has destroyed all my options and charms.

Is this "success" really success? Or is it becoming another lid in disguise?

The feeling of this "success" is down, low, and listless. Somewhat lifeless, too. Sounds like a lid to me.

Could it be?

Friday, March 31, 2000

New Path

I don't have a musical challenge.

Jazz, improvisation, composing!

Challenges

Saturday, April 1, 2000

I've lost my April Fool's day spark. That's why I get up so late: I've got no reason to get up.

I am also destroying my body in order to recreate it.

Thursday, March 30, 2000

Going down the straight and narrow, Jeanne Fosdick, erstwhile friend of the late P.J. Bloomer, sighted the drying laundry on the Third Reich. Faltering in Hitlerian fashion, she shouted a quick Mein Kampf to the vessels behind the harbor, then scattering before the winds of Mosquito.

"Can't find Falthworth worth a damn," she cried. Bent marmalades towered above her head. Seething engines of purple destruction circled above while crooked streets, flowing with honey juices, filled the wagon.

"Don't I wish John was back," she blubbered. Then, turning into a piece of butter, she slide down the drain before melting into the ocean of sewage just north of the Atlantic.

There is a difference to Peasepoor. Perhaps it is a new medium. It keeps me on track even as I get off it. Indeed, it is an addendum to the mad shoe, but in sock and pillar form. My only question is: should I file it in the Mad Shoe Fun Center or start a Peaspoor folder? Or both? My sentiment, deep in my heart just beneath the aorta, is to do only Peasepoor. But such orthodoxy stifles and stiffles my brain. "Both" sounds more reasonable, a stroke of genius beneath the tulips. But knowing the rumblings of my mind, once I hear the clarion cry of "reasonable" I know I am on the wrong track. Thus, my mirror mind is made up. Out goes Mad Shoe Fun Center. That folder is only for the sick and sagging reasonable world. Rather, the new folder can only be foddered, stained, sustained, restrained, and retained in the newest of folders known as the Peaspoor File.

Ah, it is such a release to write four pages a day of sheer and unadulterated

dribble! And that's what the PP File is. Itis the Peepee File, file of the foreskin, circumcision of the mind, a snipping off of the iceberg tip so that hard core, inner centers, located deep beneath the waters, can be twisted, perverted, warped, delicious, adventurous, spell-binding unconscious can surface.

Flow, flow, flow. What could be better? Write with penis in hand, spreading good words of semen everywhere. Let my new audience drink! A public orgasm in print.

Onwards and sideways as I enter the back door coming through the front. Long live Jason Peasepoor, adult king of the underworld!

Why say it so blatantly when melons can roll backwards?
A sideward trip leads to the mall and this even when Bergen is upside down.

Song of the Peasepoor

Sing of radical hangings: Aye, aye, aye!

I walk along the Nile embankment holding hands with F. Fliegle Hormone the Third. An eloquent bachelor, often known as "Lightning," young studhanger strides with structured gait past Banker's Plain where knightly bank tellers speak knowingly of errant stock boys. Plains in the Ass. "Am I?" How dare you, young man? Have your stocks been so blown to smithereens? Was Levy's wry-rye bread baked in Leavenworth Matzoh Prison? You sit, hands and feet stuck in your stocks. You need a stock broker to break you out. That's what a broker is for. Your head, too is imprisoned within the wooden wheels of Miss Fortune or Misfortune of which I, Sleswick Peasebody, the Third, nascent half-wit brother of Jason Peasepoor, have plenty.

Suddenly, Jason heard thunderous cries. God was speaking from His throne high on Paterson hill. Farting clouds of brown smoke, bellowing eyeballs full of manure infested vermin crawling with insect bites from pipworm lava, these unfortunate farthings gave not a damn for his steel-driven, God given talents. Satan carried his laundry bag high on the hook. Look out, boys, he's watching! But subcutaneous subterranean wicked washer demons can't fool Jason. He knows schemes

hidden in sketch pads.

Satan says his writing isn't worth a dumpling. But it sure is fun.

Exciting Life At the Cliff's Edge

Part of me wants to make mistakes during a concert. It is part of the excitement. Taking a chance puts me at the edge of the cliff: that's where the excitement lives. Too much of it and I go over, falling headlong into the abyss; too little and I get bored. Getting the balance at the edge is where I want to live.

Mistakes are part of the fun. . . if I can stand them.

Guitar playing mistakes in concerts are similar to stock mistakes.

The definition of a stock mistake is a stock descending.

Just as mistakes in public concerts are "part of the fun," so are mistakes in investing.

It all belongs to "fighting in the ring." Outside the ring you lead a life of watching. Sure you don't make any mistakes. But you don't have any fun either.

On Not Wanting What I Want

I want to play guitar perfectly as much as I don't.

Not wanting what I want is part of who I am. Time to enjoy and marvel in it.

Self-destruction, self-annihilation, and self-beating are also part of the fun. The difference between this attitude and a put-down is that in a put-down you don't yet accept the fun of it.

Misery is part of the joy.

It is important to remember this paradox.

Overwhelmed Also Belongs to the Excitement

So many tours for 2001. How will I do it? How will I get enough customers?
I'm feeling overwhelmed.

But overwhelmed is part of the excitement. I create the problem of overwhelmed to make life interesting. I put myself in the Overwhelmed Trap. Then I try to figure a way out of it.

Artists they never die. They just lose their bodies.

Saturday, April 1, 2000

Silk Stocking from Persia

It's down, up, and into the pit, dribbling his lightning basketball past the oxymorons, dromedaries, and hebejeebie Excaliburs of the Third Reich, Jason's golden Nazi soul can no longer wear wolf's clothing; nor can He a Gee be.

The forlorn road expands. Our hero, fleece in hand, travels, with mud sling and dirty boots moving, trampling across tulips and frolic desert paths. He cannot stop for Islamic sentences, nor to catch a rye bread floating on distant Ibis cloud buttered by mysterious Egyptian stream. His day breathes short. All hens appear to be in order.

But appearances can be deceiving. Jason fights for survival. He steps over the ropes and enters the ring. No more mental excuses or peabottom retreats to the bench; no more explaining away his exciting desires for self-destruction, or the pleas of his Sufi self to rise beyond catastrophe, redemption, and brilliant illumination in order to reach the summit of existence. His boxer ring self knows that even so-called "summits" of existence are boring. Actually, summits float by like attractive ghosts, searing poppycock membranes gathered together merely to create the illusion of substance and security. These phantom summits serve to whittle down his still enormous appetite.

Destruction and creation, up and down fight, the flow of forward and back, are

remnants of future and former gates of glory. All else is poppycock, belonging in the illusion toilet, where, along with Levy's white bread, it forms silk stockings from Persia.

Bumping the bitwalls: a new interpretation of megalomania rises.

Pimples rush where barnyards fear to tread. Can a miser ever recalcify a mouse? What of other barnyard droppings? Wouldn't it be better if they rode to Pentworth where the dilly bottoms dwell?

Indeed, this morning Jason is in tune with the world's clothing. He knows of deep longings among coffee stains.

Sunday, April 2, 2000

Neolithic Times Were So Much Simpler

It's a broken day. The old sky sits on spindled legs while moon clouds sing behind a purple sage palette.

Why were rhinoceroses yellow on Thursday? Was it due to a return of the spindling disease? Or did their skin reflect Arab rays of the Moroccan sun?

Rhinos make their investments on Thursdays, a down day for the Dow.

They often ask why tulips reign in their horns?

"I can't get started worth a damn," said Bumpy Rhino. "That's because Jason's character, par excellence, couldn't wake up this morning on his golden fleece. His argonauts still slept in pea pods." A cloudy a.m., indeed.

Roosters dare not strike a note or hide a high tower beneath their penis envy. No progress forward. Jason fears the retribution of divine cowardice. It is unlike him, such a robust man. Nevertheless, some boxing days his ring work slugs like ring worm: grinding into his skin, eats up the dust, powders the follicles, and leaves a tusk of stew behind the corpulent headphones of his ass walking backwards. What a cacaphony!

"I feel like an ass today." Jason viewed his posterior mirrored in the morning shower of April dew. "My lassies will think ill of me if I don't erect my tissue in the

proper way. I'm blotting, blinking, and stinking all over. I continue to suffer from the Will they love me? question. I'm timid, beseeching, and quarrying; I'm vomiting up a stew of bile grass from depths of my most rotten inner core. Would salt help? Or pepper? My stew is raw, tasteless, and worrisome.

"Fear is stalking, chasing my inner quarry. My snail, with rats tail tied to a pail, clangs under a rain of hail. It destroys cataclysms, dynamisms, and organisms. What will I manufacture next? Where is my asymptote? Where are the grail-like creatures, those waif-infested squadrons of bile and dew-dripping waters that once waded up to my sockets? I'm lost in a desert pond. Oases touch my mirages at every camel step."

Fear ripped out his inner gut link. Would he appear foolish before women? Would he lose their respect, admiration, and worshipfulness? No longer the idol of masculinity, creativity, and foamy beer bottoms, he'd soon slide and collide with clam-sucking bottom dwellers slithering and slurping deep beneath the ocean cavern of his twisting, pus-stricken maw.

Hesitation. Trembling. Slippage back to ancient cave-dwelling wall painting Neolithic times. Ah yes, he could paint on the cavern ceiling then; no one blinked a tooth. "Free the bisons!" chanted the radical left. Neolithic folks were much more casual. Liberals carried placards calling for an end to woolly mammoth abuse! Issues were simple. "Where will you hunt?" was the only question ever asked on the Neolithic Psychiatric HMO form.

Sunday, April 2, 2000

Publicity

The wonderful warmth of a Bulgarian tour registration! I want more of it.

How?

No business can survive without publicity. "Going public" means going public-ity. Bringing the gospel. Doing it.

Publicity as a new direction.

I like working with someone.

On writing. . . publishing.....Barry

On advertising and PR. . . publicity.....Barbara

Notice all the "B"s here: PuBlicity, Barry, Barbara.

A Central Sales Theme Based On My Belief In
Personal (Mystic) Experience

Travel and tourism is the mystic's road of personal experience. That's people should go to the Bulgarian Folk Festival at Koprivshitsa, or some of my other tours. They can, by personally experiencing a country, gain a mystic's knowledge of its customs, history, folklore, arts, language, and people.

Thus, my travel offering is: mystic knowledge. All other kinds are, at best, intellectual, and, at worst, poppycock.

Mystical knowledge is only attained through personal experience. It is my best sales tool.

I realized this when I read about the eleventh-century Persian Scholar and mystic, al-Ghazali. He wrote: "I turned to the way of the mystics (the Sufis). I realized that what is most distinctive of them can be obtained only by personal experience ("taste" -*dhawq*) ecstasy, and change of character. . . .I saw clearly that the mystics (Sufis) were men of personal experience not of words, and that I had gone as far as possible by way of study and intellectual application so that only personal experience and walking in the mystic way were left."

Monday, April 3, 2000

Panic and Overwhelmed Are Parts Of The Ring

April is here. I've got to start packing for Tunisia, prepare for the Weekend, make Bulgarian sales calls, call David, get an Arabic teacher, and start setting up my 2001 schedule. Plus I've got a guitar and folk dance booking at the Englewood

Women's Club today.

I've gone into a panic tailspin. I'm overwhelmed.

Why do I become panicky when I'm overwhelmed? Is it to handle overwhelmed?

An old habit, an old way of functioning.

But panic and overwhelmed will always be with me. They are part of the fight, part of the boxing match; part of being in the ring.

It's All Part Of The Ring

On Panic: I'm about to be beaten to a pulp, pushed into the corner.

Overwhelmed: I'm about to be crushed, pulverized, submerged, pinned to the floor.

It's all part of the ring.

I win, I lose.

I crush, I am crushed.

I pulverize, I am pulverized.

I submerge, I am submerged.

But I cannot be defeated as long as I stay in the ring.

Despair and also twenty-year "lifetime" Alhambra struggles are also part of the ring.

On Choosing Panic

Why do I choose panic?

It is some kind of protective device?

In trying to decide whether to fight or flee (fight or flight response) I become temporarily immobilized, frozen. I experience the overwhelmed feeling, and even a touch of claustrophobia. I am suspended over the abyss, hanging between the cliffs of fight and flight.

The "In the Ring" philosophy points to an acceptance of life's ups and downs, trails and tribulations, joys and sorrows.

Tuesday, April 4, 2000

All trials and tests on the path have a purpose.

There is a spiritual meaning and significance to my losses in the stock market. The purpose of the market descent is to loosen my attachment to money.

And this just as the purpose of my guitar practice is to learn detachment and indifference to wrong notes.

The question is: What will give me my ecstasy high, my glimpse of the infinite? Can it be found in the pursuit of money? Here I emphasize "pursuit" (for its flow quality), not acquisition.

Can it be found in pursuit of the miracle schedule?

Or other ways?

Whatever or however it is found, remembering it is essential.

Guitar: I am loosening my attachment to playing well.

Committing yourself to staying in the ring means you will learn detachment and how to loosen the bonds to the ups, downs, and vicissitudes of the fight.

It is the detachment that brings inner peace. And this even while you are fighting in the ring.

Wednesday, April 5, 2000

Euphoria. The euphoric state. Even and high. Different from ecstasy.

Skill.

Performing.

I actually want to make a mistake!

It's an incredible freedom from the tyranny of making a mistake.

Leyenda: I can't believe that's me. I can't believe I played so well, with such passion and fire!

But I did!

The desire to make a mistake, the freedom to make a mistake, the freedom from the tyranny – the fear – of making mistakes is freeing my passion, fire, and spirit to flow into and through my guitar playing.

Bulerias: My head is spinning. My playing is going through the roof! I'm out of control here. But I'm still in charge! The ceiling is falling. I'm rocketing through it and heading for the stars. In the Bulerias accents and speed of the picado I've gone absolutely wild. I can't stand it, but I love it!

Is this ecstasy in the ebullient mode? Is it euphoria coming down to earth in the form of (continual) passion and fire?

Stay tuned to find out.

Thursday, April 6, 2000

Let's start all over: In everything.

A new touch.

Villa-Lobos Prelude Number 4. Practice of the new touch in the arpeggio. I can see the arpeggio relaxation spot between my thumb and forefinger is somewhere in my right shoulder or upper arm. Why have I never been able to see this before? My mind was too busy with other things. But, no doubt, that is the spot, and the key to playing the Villa-Lobos arpeggio (and all others) smoothly, beautifully, and with constant flow.

I should be afraid of something. I'm just used to it. But I can't think of anything to be afraid of. Unless, of course, a tiger comes to my door.

Part of me cannot stand being in the quiet guitar spot. But it is the spot of transcendence and stillness. Why is it so hard for me to stay there?

I don't care about "Why?" anymore. I just want to practice staying there. The awareness of my difficulty will help me stay.

Sunday, April 9, 2000

Excitement

My mother said: "Don't get excited. Stay down. Stay calm." This trauma, which to my memory first took place when I was four-years old running wild on the lawn, has been held and "expressed" in guitar playing through my right index finger. That finger, (for some reason I'll probably never know) has been the center of my excitement. It is my guitar playing excitement center.

One reason why I've "missed" so many notes with it is because, due to my trauma, the pattern I have developed is to avoid much or even most of my inherent excitement with the world. "Excitement is too good. I can't stand it. Etc."

A surge of penile power moving through my guitar playing index finger. It expresses the essence of my masculinity, wildness, and excitement!

The partial headache I feel is anger at the suppression of my rising excitement. I'm banging infant fists at my mother's wall. "Why are you doing this to me?" I scream. "Why don't you let me run wild? Can't I just jump and run wild and crazy in a mad joy whirl of excitement? The world is just crazy, wonderful, wild, and wooly. I'm in it. I love it. I swoon, jump, die, and live in it. Let me, oh let me do it! I love it so. Why did you bother putting that curtain in front of me? Why did you bother covering my wild

joy with that steel blanket of “Calm down, Stay put, Don’t be so wild, Be good?” Where you crazy? Don’t you see how fantastic it is out here? Don’t you realize the dripping wonders all around us, the awesome blue of the sky tingling on my skin, the brilliant sun burning into my heart? It’s crazy, wild, and wonderful out here, you idiot! Can’t you see that?

Well, sadly, probably you couldn’t. Too many dark fears covered the light.

Monday, April 10, 2000

Should I “Bother” Bringing My Computer To Tunisia?

Am I giving up my soul – or at least losing contact with it – if I give up my (morning) writing?

I believe I am.

This means even Arabic, study, performing, and history must be superceded by one hour of a.m. writing.

True, I’ll be overwhelmed by the reams, files, and piles I create. And what I say might be repetitive, too. But what else can I do?

A skill is a skill, a commitment is a commitment.

Now, whether to bring my computer to Tunisia or not is the question. (Or am I deserving of a new one where I can use my WP8? Not yet.)

Yes, I’m sad about it, and overwhelmed, too. I thought, at last I was “cured” of my incessant desire to write. The haunting voice has been silenced and I could have some inner peace. But instead, the opposite is true. The inner voice is not only not silenced, but, if I don’t write, it keeps getting louder! The only cure, the only way to keep it off my back, to “shut it up,” is to ex-press it, push it out of me, through writing. Evidently, I will never be free of this voice. No doubt, it is a most significant part of being in the ring.

Let’s admit it, like sex, hunger, and desire for adventure, I will never be free of this fucker. They will all continue to haunt me, not only until I die, but after death and

on into the next life, and the next. Certainly, they are part of being in the ring. And there is no doubt I have chosen to be in the ring rather than stay on the sidelines observing the fight. The paradoxical, miserable, wonderful, bothersome, and illuminating daily writing is just another part of that daily struggle. That's probably why I have to bring my computer to Tunisia, even though carrying it, and relearning its WP5 program, is such a pain in the ass. Choosing not to bring it means I have chosen to remain on the writing sidelines. Sure, I rationalize that it's only two weeks, that it's a pain in the ass carrying the fucking thing, and that I'll probably only use it two or three times, anyway. Why bother? Well, those two or three times may be worth the entire trip. Plus, isn't there the symbolic value of bringing it: and this, even if I do nothing with it. Carrying it "on my person," lugging it with me on bus and plane and from one hotel to the next means I am still in the fight. And this, even if I never use it.

But I'd better use it. Otherwise my mind will dribble into confusion and turn to mush. I'll even become depressed. Why? Because in my heart, I'll have given up the fight.

Is this a recommitment to writing?

Probably.

It shows the importance of publishing. The "I must get this stuff out of my house before I can go on" idea.

Can I find the excitement in being overwhelmed?

Tuesday, April 11, 2000

I sit in cavernous want, sipping tea and I wonder about the stars. I see Beepus Mongus walking the galaxy holding hands with Boobus Psychopant. He cleans the stars and stripes.

Will sister Clearingworth ever find her penny pinching poophood? Will Clarence, famous actor for worms and rodents, ever singe a forest with his fire mouth?

Deep in thought, these questions pummeled the ancient mind of Bumpus, the flea-bottomed Carthaginian born in the straits of Messina.

“Not a poop will I do until your duty is called,” he exclaimed to Mother Sarcophagus Hen, virgin antler for the stirrup of Rome. “My historical verisimilitude is such that even a Moroccan Atlas cannot mountain my shoulders. Nor will a pod ever don my welt holdings in Landshire Pea, north of the Scottish ridge.”

Indeed, the strippings were bare this morning. Only a peapod could strike the antlers well defined by time and the lugging company whose marble warnings never sought to antler the weltings on backs of fire and brandy. A crazy time as ribbings of rock-ridge bottoms and dewy built tops cringe, caroon, and carribottle the pullulating sides of an Algerian gone to seed.

It is just such a morning. What else is there to say? But why should Peepings the Third, aristocratic landlord, noble holder of medals from the Third Reich, give up his inner vision?

Indeed, he saw the fall coming. A sliding stock market could never fathom a Roman visiting a Carthage relative near the Punic stock market town of Stocking-on-Lace. Why should it be any different today?

It is perhaps too early in the morning to freely wash this foswick repetition of word salads. Best to return to the dungeon for fresh thoughts, green leafy vegetables, and rye bread baked in mayonnaise.

My only hope is to create a new language. The old one simply sucks.

Wednesday, April 12, 2000

Exciting

The problem with reading and editing my own writing may well be that I'll become too excited. Same problem with playing “fast” on the guitar.

It may also be the same problem in running too fast, and giving my absolute all during a folk dance class – really letting out – and during a concert, too.

Even giving a guitar lesson may be “too exciting.”

Thursday, April 13, 2000

It's almost as if I've said as much as I can with words. I need a new form. I have to expand words into drawings. What better way to start that with Arab calligraphy.

Thus, speaking Arabic is not as important to me as writing, reading, or drawing it.

I'm tired of practicing guitar. Why not accept my new four-year-old, fountain-pushing right index finger and move on from there. That's just the way I play. Period. Luxuriate in this new and renewed fountain of four-year-old youth.

The bottom has fallen out. Everything I do and have done has lost its meaning. I don't feel like doing anything.

Do I feel so lost and low because I've told all, told of my excitement, took the first step in going public with it?

I am anticipating the blow (which, of course, in this new reality, does not come.)

The excitement is my center. It is my core.

Can I be excited in the presence of others? Can I express, before others, enthusiasm, thrills of vibrant energy coursing through my veins, or the dance of a four-year-old running wild on the lawn without getting hit on the head, squashed, and dampened? Will they knock the enthusiasm out of me? Will the weight of steel blanket and put-down mountain descend upon the excitement in my being?

Stay tuned to find out.

Friday, April 14, 2000

Inherent Excitement

Why this resistance to writing? Am I denying its excitement?

Why this resistance to study, and even yoga and running? Am I resisting their excitement, too?

Why am I resisting all the miracle schedule activities that once sustained me? Why am I “rebellious” against my miracle schedule? Am I pulling back in order to look at it in a different way, a different light in view of my “excitement changes?” If outside and inside are now both exciting, do I need the inside (in-room) in the same old way?

Or is it just a pause?

Whatever it is, I'll just have to accept hand-written journal writing in Tunisia. That will be eleven days worth of work copying my hand-written journal into my computer journal. So be it.

Maybe I have to reevaluate my attitude and approach towards the core of my miracle schedule activities. Do them not to gain knowledge (studies), pile up and sustain my creative powers (writing), or gain strength (yoga and running), but rather for their inherent excitement! Thus, they are realized as good-in-themselves. Do them with no purpose but to touch and become aware of their inherent excitement.

April 15, 2000

I feel a sadness that studying Arabic cannot cover. For now, I no longer have the urge to write. And I have a longing within for the suffering of the old world which forced me to write and strive to learn, and thus spike me upward into heaven.

Without the inner world glowing, the outer world becomes damp and dark.

Read my New Leaf for inspiration.

I once knew what I wanted but now I seem to have lost the mark. Writing not

only gave me some of my highest moments, but it reminded me of what that mark is. Imagine, reading myself to find out about, and inspire myself.

Is reading myself the next adventure?

Friday, April 21, 2000

Peedwick Tooberhoffer, worthy Duke of Marbleboro County, caught his camel and mounted it. Across the Sahara he rode as sage-toothed tigers pawed his goosedown pillow-worthy. He sat straight on his camel posturing the pose of worth sire Fledpudding. Then he baked herrings in a matzoh ball.

Peedwick loved a good tease. His antlered sister, the toad-tart fart-flop, Loretta, sanctified his leather by stripping naked before him.

He held the whip high. Then, tying his feathers to a duster, he raised his mighty tree trunk before smashing it to ashes on the turnip-plowed ground. "Oh, no!" cried Sister Fartflop. She fell to her knees and blessed the flattened gerund-Irish ground of the Convent of Sister Pancake. "Ye shan't bake a damn this morning. Not if I can help it!"

She zinged her fart straight in the bush. Then occupied herself with acid blue cheese and oil slicks among the islands of salad dressing.

But Loretta was ripping mad over the Caesarian section of Bulgarian tour cancellations. "How dare they!" she screamed, grabbing a filter in her hand. She flung it against the hack wall. "Do they know about Circassian Flu? Have their livers stripped the splitters bare?"

Poophead her Sailor Man spoke: "Yes, I am escaping from the scatological section of the Eschatological Museum of Remnant Stew. Its viaduct viles its way through Roman channels. It never had penguins on its bread since such sandwiches can never slide.

Is a theme necessary for a word salad? Can't words hang on their own? Can't they go in all directions at once? Must line and tangents always rule the rational mind? They must. But who wants to be part of a rational mind, anyway? Not I. Such dull

created ruts are bound in steel with never a sarcophagus melted in coffered buttercup to soften the day. Themes are not the answer. There is no answer. No answer is the best answer. All answers live in boxes of questions. All day long they fart in each others faces. This is not a mature way to discuss the embryonics of biomechanical supports in the Third Moscow Manure Floating Conference on the upper deck of Pulmonary Barge's Neva River. Disgusting! And this from a student of Dmitri Petrovsky!

Who is Dmitri Petrovsky? A cell in the body of Feodor Dostoevsky. Dostoevsky's Petrovski belongs to the same signal corps and Petrovski's Dostoevsky. But more of this later.

Saturday, April 22, 2000

My former answer to anger, rejection, and rage was to retreat. The greater the insult, the further the retreat. These retreats would last days, weeks, months, years.

But I don't want to talk or even write about these emotions anymore. I want to live them. I want to use confidence as my battering ram as I enter the outside world.

It takes years to overthrow the ghosts of an illusory way of life.

You simply take one painful – and joyful – step after another. No way to rush it.

That's just the way it is.

Sunday, April 23, 2000

The Second Time Around

The second time around, it's love without crying.

Screaming at the seam. An old habit: I'm feeling bad because I'm feeling good. Or am I feeling good because I'm feeling bad?

Friday, April 28, 2000

Tunisia

Lessons in Luggage

For Marilyn: the key to a good life is to increase your efforts and lower your expectations.

This because: Once you leave the realm of your mind you have little to no control over results.

Further Lessons in Luggage

Make the maximum effort; expect the minimum. Then, if and when your luggage arrives, you feel wonder and awe. You make the God connection. In so doing, you remember who you really are.

Saturday, April 29, 2000

Final Link

My journal is still-born in my heart. I cannot move on without completing it. This means compiling, putting together, and publishing it. That is why I can't write anymore. I must complete the first stage before I can move on to the next. I am not free until I sever the final link of the chain. I hate leaving a mess. My writings must be in order before I move on This means compiling my journal, putting it together, and publishing it.

Tuesday, May 2, 2000

Handling the Marilyn and Joan Situation

I can't believe this is me.

It is the new me made manifest.

Handling the Marilyn and Joan situation: their complaints and whining rolled right off me. Marilyn yelling at me with her "Mother raging eyes" had no effect. It all

rolled off. And I handled the situation.

In El Djem, Joan complained about people not being on time (I agreed) and yelled at Connie for her lateness. Handling that one had, I thought, some effect, but, upon reconsidering it, I realized it actually had none. I'm not letting her desire for exactness and punctiliousness ruin my mad shoe good time.

My new reactions astonish me. Truly, I don't recognize myself, this new inner tour leader person.

Also:

Connie loved Crusader Tours, and "Rebirth in a Major Key." I reread it. I loved it! Great sense of humor and philosophy. I agree with it completely.

I love my own writing best.

Rereading the goodness of Crusader Tours will remind and motivate me to publish New Leaf.

The cosmic purpose of this tour is to:

1. See my new inner tour self in action. That's why Marilyn and Joan on this tour: to teach, test, show, and demonstrate this to me.

2. To understand, reread, and realize that I must publish New Leaf.

Cosmic purposes of my tourists:

Connie came on this trip to reveal the value of Crusader Tours to me.

Joan came to help me practice growth and expansion among the weeds, and to strengthen me in extending my room into the world at large.

Isn't it strange they fought with each other? They signified the opposites struggling within me. Connie represented looseness and flexibility; Joan represented compulsion, anality, and order.

Both are necessary and "right." Joan's "order" is needed to function in the outside world, Connie's fluid mental movement for my inner one.

As I read Jimenez in Crusader Tours I think: This is just great! How could I have written such a book? Wild and imaginative! Clever, philosophical, and witty. Erudite and humorous. Wise and off-the-wall. It's all right there in front of me. Only, for some reason, I was unable to recognize and believe in it.

But now I do.

If my books are so great – and they are – then I have to start promoting them. Sending the best of my inner world outward: The wonder of “Look at this!”

Life of Crime

I just read When Jonny Comes Home. What a beautiful story. It's a crime others have not or cannot read it. It is a crime that such a beautiful story should remain unnoticed.

Time to change this. Time to end this crime. I am beginning to face my criminal past. My crimes: lack of faith in my talent, and not bringing such beauty to others. Actually, I am hiding such beauty from others and thus, in a sense, stealing it from them, robbing them of the opportunity to read it.

I am coming back as a different person. Sudden tension and terror in my lower back. Tightening and some pain. I am swimming in unknown waters and across uncharted seas.

I am coming back as a different person. Stronger, too. Am I strong enough to give myself to another? Is that the next step on the ladder?

Probably it is.

Marilyn and Joan

In terms of personal growth for both myself and my tour members: People like Marilyn and Joan are “good” for the group.

They come to me through the luck of the draw. They are sent my God, inshallah (If God wills it) for a reason I often do not know. They are sent to teach me something: how to handle them, myself, and to grow in the process.

Thus, I should open my tours up to almost anybody. (Not the Jim Reiner types, of course; I'm not asking for suicide.) Now I know how to handle them. A new philosophy and attitude has been born.

Thank you Joan and Marilyn. Your minuses have turned into pluses. Because this is so, I can more easily see your enthusiasms in your negativity. I can see both sides. Thus I am calm.

So many concepts of self and attitudes have both coalesced and been turned upside down on this tour. No wonder I have a slight headache. But, bottom line is, I can't stand the glory and magnificence of such wonderful personal changes. Holding back the excitement of an explosion is what is giving me a headache.

Get excited! Explode! Glory and revel in it! It's the only cure for this kind of a headache.

I am simply not facing what a wonderful job I did.

Great miracle: The Dows got their standby flight to Paris. And largely because I encouraged them. I said, "Don't discount the miracle factor. Give it your best shot. Expect nothing. Pray for a miracle."

And it happened!

Sell Mad Shoes, Crusader Tours, Handfuls of Air to a large publishing company.

Expand the market.

I am ready.

Or go through an agent.

Monday May 8, 2000

Departing from Lyon, France for USA.

Blank head, empty mind.

On Endings

I feel sad and empty this morning. I am dealing with the "illusion" of an ending.

The tour is over.

I'm going home.

But, on a deeper level, is it really ending? Do things ever really end? Or do they simply change their form?

No doubt, it is the latter.

There are no beginnings and endings. There is only a spiral with changing forms.

Aava come over to me on the plane and said: "I want to tell you how much we enjoyed this tour. You're a great guy and tour leader."

What a compliment!

And I had almost written him off.

So hard to judge others.

I'm "wrong" so often.

Maybe I'm confusing "difficult" with "wrong and right."

It is just so difficult breaking through.

But I won! Again! All I can say is "Wow and Hurray!" Deal with that one.

What have I learned?

1. Not to write anyone off. "They just need more time." Also there is the Dow miracle factor to remind me of this.

2. Give myself to an other, and to others.

Thursday, May 11, 2000

I am the tour leader of my life.

The next stage will be: learning to live in the Glory.

Friday, May 12, 2000

The Sunlight of Awareness Destroys Lids.

Sadness is caused by lids.

I put on my guitar lid.

1. When I visited the Guitar Salon on Grove Street in the West Village, its owner, Beverly Maher, was the “expert.” I put myself in her hands. 2. She said Virginia Luques was a great Spanish guitarist. Virginia entered late. I sat at her feet as she played my Velazquez.

Both were Mother Segovia.

Other possible lids:

Beverly takes 25%. My guitar is not a Velasquez. It’s an Orozco. It’s not worth ten grand but six or eight (of which Beverly takes 25%.) My hoped-for price is halved.

Of course, since it is an Orozco, I’m getting a fair deal. I can’t promote it as a Velazquez anymore. I’m best off selling it through Beverly even though I’ll make less. Expect four grand.

Expecting ten grand turned into a grand lid.

Results:

I was sad and down, not so much for the Beverly and Virginia lids – they were merely faded reminiscences of my former guitar and Greenwich Village life – but over money. It was caused by my expectation.

I never lead tours with such expectations. I never assume to know what will

happen. Instead, I handle each situation as it comes up.

I'd be better off doing this with the rest of my life. I "slipped back" into money expectation. This was my mistake, cause of my disappointment.

I'm sure my lid of sadness will start to fade and disintegrate with this realization. The sunlight of awareness will destroy it.

As tour leader of my life, best is to plan but have no expectations.

Sunday, May 14, 2000

Undifferentiated Focus

The word for today is: undifferentiated focus. It is the ability to concentrate on many levels at once, the ability to simultaneously focus on the particular and general, on one thing and a time and all things at the same time.

As a tour leader I use undifferentiated focus when I lead my tours and weekends. I focus on each member, whatever problems come up, as well as the substructure underlying the whole event.

Mere focus on one object can narrow your thinking, and inhibit the flow of new intuitive ideas; sometimes such particular focus can even serve as a focus "lid."

But undifferentiated focus includes both particular and the general. It is an all-inclusive, all-is-one world view.

It is my tour leadership focus. That's the focus I want as I become the inner tour leader of my life.

Monday, May 15, 2000

Over eating is partly (maybe wholly) an attempt to return to my old familiar home of self-loathing.

Part of keeping the self-loathing lid is the “certain knowledge” that others (the audience) will “certainly” not understand or accept me.

True, some won't. But perhaps some will.

In any case, if I am to follow the tour philosophy that all my customers are redeemable, then maybe this is true of my audience, too.

Perhaps all people are redeemable. Even Hitler. But who has the patience? It takes so many lifetimes.

Intellectually, I know I'm in a new land. But emotionally, I miss the loathsome lids and soggy miseries of my old life.

Let's face it: I just feel horrible. Everything has been drained out of me. The brilliance of inner success has left me feeling isolated, alone, and empty.

Could this be the trauma of success?

I have no place in my psyche for this kind of inner success. I have to build a new structure, a whole new house in which to live.

Internal success (for me) is a bigger trauma than failure.
No wonder I've avoided it for so long.

Tuesday, May 16, 2000

Building the new structure.

That was the sadness: giving up the old psychic structure. Death, loss, and mourning.

I'm ready to start building my new structure.

On to the next structure.

Another Leaf.

On to New Structure New Leaf!