

I Am A Sailsman

Friday, November 17, 2000

What is the new me that has emerged out of so many years in the hot-womb cauldron?

I am a sails man.

With sailing guitar fingers;

Guitar finger sailing.

(The competing bring-me-down, try-to-destroy-me, murder-my-soul, kill-my-spirit physical injury for this high mental and spiritual state is a swollen instep.(On both feet but mostly the left.))

While my flapping and rotating arms lift me high into the eagle soaring realm, lifting my spirits, letting me fly, sailing on the Byzantium and beyond, my instep-pained feet hold me down, anchor me to earth, chain and even try to bury me among the dead in the graveyards of the earth.

It is the nature of heightened consciousness, rising spirits, and higher states to be opposed by a contrary force, a negative pull in the opposite direction.

Soring

Soring is the channel for soaring.

Do you have to get sore in order to soar?

Probably.

But once you start to soar, you no longer feel (the) sore.

Folk Dancing, Soring, and Soaring

“What is the relationship between soring and soaring?”

Gentle, careful, and conscious soaring leads to (gentle, careful, and conscious) soaring.

That is what folk dancing is all about.”

Quoted from “The Book of Folque Danc” by Pepe the Short, Dance Master to Louis the Half, King of France (926-934) and Emperor of the Provencal Kingdom of Half Louie.

Saturday, November 18, 2000

Sailing With Disgust

I’m totally disgusted. But not disheartened.

First of all, B. is acting like an asshole. Again. . . and still! What does that mean? Basically, she “hears” (or rather interprets or makes up) something she thinks I said, then accuses me of saying it, then starts yelling at me for believing it. If I try to explain what I really mean, she is too mad to listen much less hear it. A mind clouded by anger is her common failing. Of course, you could say it should be expected because she is a liberal and liberals are never wrong. Anyway, total disgust with her behavior is the only appropriate, proper, and useful way to handle it. If I don’t plug into my disgust and total rage with the way she is handling me, I retreat into “stepping out” mode. What is stepping out? Merely a return to my room, a retreat backwards into the old neighborhood. Well, I’m definitely finished with that. Once I recovered from the shock of her behavior and realized that she was back to the old “poor-me, victim, and accusation philosophy” I moved into disgust mode.

What about sailing? And soaring? I can sail with my disgust, soar with anger at her disgusting behavior and this potentially fiery put-down situation.

Second, after high expectations of large attendance, my folk dance group at Bedford ended up being very small. When the evening began, hardly anyone showed up. This with twenty people registered! Slowly, as the evening progressed, a few more

trickled in. We ended up with about twelve people. Half of them were totally new. This is a far cry from what I hoped for.

I started off the evening with such high expectations. I even put on a new shirt to impress the large crowd that was supposed to show up. I fooled myself. I forgot, not only that expectations breed unhappiness and that large expectations breed large unhappiness, but also how hard it is to keep a folk dance group going. The challenge and struggle never end. That is the only thing that is important to remember. Since this is so, and always will be, sailing with disgust as a folk dance motivator is a prime source of business creating energy.

Finally, my feet are killing me and my body is giving out. Nothing new here. It could be exacerbated by my disgust with the above situations. And, it could be aided. if not cured, by sailing with disgust!

Sailing with disgust means acting on it, flying with it, riding its angry energy into the wind. Translation: tell B. about her behavior, call all the Bedford (and Bloomfield) folk dancers: tell them to register. Tell them about the danger of losing their group if they don't. Tell them their vote is important!

They vote by registering! It insures that their folk dance group will exist. Registration is their folk dance insurance policy.

Sunday, November 19, 2000

I'm in a totally new place. The old ways do not work anymore. Even my body, especially my legs and feet, do not seem to work (in the old way) anymore. Perhaps they are on their way to becoming and being something new. Perhaps they are aching to reflect inner changes. We'll see. . .

The bottom line faith in myself, my body, my philosophy, and my attitudes are being questioned.

Are my body aches mental fictions created by my mind? Or are they "real?" Is

my body “really” falling apart? Or it is “simply” a change of directions, purpose, and meaning that is reflected in my body?

And what does “really” mean, anyway? I’m taking a new look at these old questions.

I’d like to believe my old attitudes, especially towards my body. They were so “healthy.” But I’m questioning everything now. I suppose it is because I’ve reached a new level. Perhaps these doubts and questions are an equal and opposite Newtonian reaction; they may represent the negative and pessimistic view, the dark, dismal, push-down “other side” of sailing.

It feels like the complete collapse of everything that was once important.

Can I go back? Or must I go forward, wherever and whatever that means?

The old models have all fallen away, and there is no one I can ask about anything. There are no teachers left to teach me about the world; there are no leaders left to lead me in it.

I am alone in this venture.

Not that others don’t want to help. But they can’t even if they try. It is “beyond” their powers. It has something to do with the new land inside my head. Or is it a continent?

That’s why I doubt whether podiatrists or anyone else can help me with my feet.

They are the foundations upon which I stand. No wonder they hurt and feel so confused and lost.

I am more motivated to write, and I write better, when I’m lost than when I’m found.

I have some arrogant pride in this state, tinged with (a bit of) fear and wonder.

Monday, November 20, 2000

Since returning from Spain, “conquering” the guitar and its Alhambra, and living within my “sails” mode, I have, at the same time, given up three pillars of my miracle schedule – if not “given up,” at least stopped doing. Temporarily, perhaps. I have not run or written; and I also have nothing I want to study. The Mad Shoe Tours swirling idea is out, or has, at least, dribbled away temporarily. I’m afraid to run because I’ll hurt my feet or get sick with a cold – a continuation of the big cold sickness I had for ten days. And I have no interest in studying anything. My “explanation” for this is that I now “know” everything, am living or have reached the “sails” mode, so where is there to go? Plus I don’t want to be “distracted” by reading other people, and also don’t want to “lose” my guitar Alhambra progressed high.

This is messy writing, somewhat confused and inexplicable. My left foot instep is cutting into my dancing and running high. My cold, and fear of it, is cutting into my running high. My lack of interest in study (Is it hubris? Or fear?) is cutting into my forward progress, “I am progressing,” high. Lots of cut offs here. My body is also aching in many new places which, in the past, I would explain by the fact that my mind is aching and lost, and this is somehow reflected in my body. But now, all these old explanations seem “wrong” even though mentally, intellectually, I “believe” they are right. But I don’t feel it at a gut level. Even my life now seems to be lived in parenthesis and quote marks. Witness all the quote marks in what I have written in back of me.

Again, I feel I am in a lost place. And yet, I shouldn’t be lost. I am, after all, sailing. I am found. I’m out of my room, in public, selling and sailing. Money and jobs have been “rolling” in (although tour registration has been down during the past week or two.)

Where am I?

Am I afraid? Have I been “conquered” by fear? Is my rage, anger, madness, and killer mode so deep as to be unfathomable, and, because I am not realizing or facing it, are these incredible negative energies turning on myself? I tend to think it is more fear than rage, or rather my fears are creating any rages I may feel.

If this is all so, what am I afraid of? I hate this mode I am in. Perhaps I have to reach the point where I’d rather die than be in it. Then I’ll take the chance of getting sick again, of hurting my feet and body even more as I dance and run all out. I don’t know where study fits into this. I am not afraid of study. I just have no particular direction in it. Plus, I think, at this point, it will “distract” me from the sailing power I am experiencing. Why read a book when I am the book? In this sense, my lack of desire to study can be seen as a strength. Not so my lack of running, or fears of being hurt or sick. Where are these fuckers coming from? Besides, the fear of being or getting hurt is becoming overridden by the misery of not doing the things I love, namely, running, writing, and study. True, they have been temporarily “replaced” by Alhambra practice and the wonder that I have guitaristically “arrived.”

Arrivals have, in the past, always created claustrophobic fears. I’m stuck in the box of success; I’m stiff and buried as I worry about holding onto my newest acquisition: my sails mode. Strange, indeed.

Yes, this sails mode, pushed and sandwiched by my Alhambra conquests, Nomad festival sales high, and general going public with all my moods and personality, is also somehow underscored by an, until now, unacknowledged fear mode.

Part of it is the fear that I will not be able to hold onto my Alhambra guitar playing and sails mode. Part of it is the fear that I won’t be able to physically make it during my upcoming folk dance workshop weekend in Augusta, Georgia. In any case, there are many hidden fears here lurking behind the great sail progress I have made. I have not yet directly faced them. Perhaps they are causing many of my aches and pains. But I’m living in such a new space that I have to re-examine and re-understand everything.

In this new place, I may not have to study because I “know everything.” But everything in this neighborhood is also strange and different. I have to start all over again. I also know almost nothing.

Is that phlegm in my chest a result of my cold, lung cancer, pneumonia? Or is this “I can’t breath” mode due to claustrophobia? Am I lying claustrophobic and squeezedf in my coffin? Am I buried in the graveyard? Is my fear of expansion and sails mode squeezing me to death?

Good questions on a washboard night.

Do I feel claustrophobically “stuck” in sails mode? Does it mean I can no longer allow myself to fall back into the wonderful creative miseries I used to feel, those warm fuzzy crying places in the basement corners of my mind, places where I would vegetate and dine on darkness, wet moss, mud, and stones, places where tears would feed my pain and pinch and force me to rise, feeding places of misery, darkness, loneliness, sadness.

Do the joys of expansion and sailing force my mind to “give up” these misery wonders? Am I secretly losing the restorative power of misery? Have I not given it its due, not realized how vital and important it has been to me? In my rush to be “cured,” have I given up the cure itself?

Have I underestimated the importance and creative power of the inner wretched places?

In my rush to get better, am I denying the creative power of worse?

Who wants to feel bad? Yet by giving up the power of feeling bad, am I not feeling worse?

In my mind, “making it” and success have meant only sailing. Only happiness, joy, and ecstasy. There is no place for sadness and misery here. They are equated with “losing it” and failure.

Perhaps there is something lacking and warped in my sailing vision. Perhaps I have to make room for sailing, not only in happiness, joy, and ecstasy but in sadness, pain, and misery as well. Certainly, verbally and intellectually this is a paradox and contradiction. But I am not dealing merely on an intellectual, verbal, and mental level. Somehow, sadness, misery, and pain are very important to me. Vital, even. And this, even though I always work to be free of them.

Perhaps there is something lacking in this direction.

What are my pains now? Instep – running, dancing; chest – I don't know. . . perhaps general claustrophobia from sailing.

Perhaps my instep pain will lead me back to Margabandhu and the study of yoga on a "higher" level.

He might also shed "yogic knowledge" on my chest, cold, and etc.

Lots of quote marks here.

I've also come to the end of my tour creation. All my 2001 itineraries are done. Finishing them has been my projects since September. I'm ready to move on.

Only sales and sails are left.

Also, physically, during the past few months, I have been experimenting with "doing less."

Maybe I am now ready to "do more."

Will "doing more" release my endorphins? Will they, in turn, cure my pains?

What are endorphins, anyway?

Does “holding back,” ei, “doing less,” help create the pain?

In other words, if I push myself, will I get the endorphins to roll and thus, through the high of pushing, “cure myself?

Tuesday, November 21, 2000

Trying to Sail on New Feet

Am I using the Gutin Augusta booking as a way of pushing me down?

Probably.

But I’ll make it. I always do.

How about the pains in my feet and the new fear that somehow I won’t make it? Is that, too, an excuse, a new mental way of pushing me down? It certainly doesn’t push me up.

I’ve got to think about all this.

Could it be true that since I am now able to go public with my inner world, make manifest my in-room artistic chamber, that I no longer need my miracle schedule? At least in its old way? Is that why I have “given up” running, study, and even writing (at least in its old form.) I used these forms to give me a high, to lift me out of my depressions and show me a vision of joy, serenity, inner peace, and freedom. But now that I am able to experience these states in public, do I still “need” the old forms?

Is it possible to approach and use my so-called miracle schedule in a new way?

Remember, my miracle schedule was a “private” schedule. It was my inner world made manifest in my room. All activities were inward and addressed to my inward self. Let’s look at them (in their old forms):

1. Guitar practice was to improve and be able to play the Alhambra. That has been accomplished.

2. Writing was to express my inner world, explore myself, reach a high, touch my

fluid, inner, "sailing" self. Now, evidently, I am able to "sail" in public.

3. Study was again to improve. I wanted to put myself in touch with God and the higher forces; I wanted to improve and expand my mind. I wanted to be the smartest I could be. And again, I wanted to touch the highest reaches, the God-infested and involved world high about my head. I wanted to reach for the stars which were somehow outside myself.

Well, I've found the stars within. I don't care about being smart or proving how smart I am to others. Mainly, I find study now to be a distraction: it takes my mind off my inner core, the self that is full of energy and joy and outspoken sailing abilities. I don't want to lose sight of this discovery, this new sailing self.

4. Yoga: well, that I am continuing to do.

5. Running: that too has stopped. I don't know why. I miss it but cannot get back to it. At least for now. Dave says I used it, needed it, to achieve a high which I may now be getting from going public, from sailing in front of my sales table. This may be true.

Perhaps I need to find another reason for running, some kind of "running in public" mode, whatever that means.

Perhaps the pains in my feet are signs of a new me being born. I'm coming out of my new womb feet first.

The new me is the sailing self. It is sailing into the public domain. It has no difficulty in presenting itself to others, in making a public appearance.

So what am I afraid of? I've been fearing my Augusta, Georgia booking for months? Why?

Is it the first symbol of my new self's entrance into the world?

My main fear is that my feet won't make it. They'll be too tired, they'll hurt too much; I'll be too tired, I'll hurt too much. On one level, this is kind of absurd. I've done weekends before, and worked really hard before. Why should this be any different? I

have to fly to Georgia, and carry my tapes with me. This is the first time I have ever done such a thing. So what? Really, when I look closely at the whole mess, I can't really figure out a reason for my being afraid. And yet, I have worried about it for months.

I wonder why.

I started out this morning's writing with the question: Is my Augusta, Georgia, booking another excuse to push me down?

Perhaps it is.

Now that I am looking at it closely, I can't figure out why I thought these negative thoughts.

Well, in any case, I've focused all my worries down to the pains in my feet. Will they make it? s my new frightened question.

Well, my feet have hurt before and I've made it. Why should this time be any different?

Part of me, a good part of me, does not "trust" these pains in my feet. They started in September. Why did they start then? That is precisely the post-Bulgarian tour time when my going public self started to blossom.

Is there a relationship? As my upper self blossoms, must my lower self simultaneously push me down into the shit-hole?

Maybe.

Perhaps this is what has been going on during the past few months as my new head tries to meet, consolidate, and reconcile itself with my new feet.

Folk Dance Registration

Perhaps my folk dance classes are blossoming, too. This could be another reason my feet are acting up: as "put-down" feet. For the first time, I may even see a way to make money through the registration idea.

This idea, if I dare to look at it, is so fantastic as to be unbelievable. For the first

time, I am not only asking something of myself, namely, show up for my classes, something I have obviously always done, but I am asking something of my students, namely, to make a commitment to me by registering.

This is a perfect business example of my new self's expression of going public. It is a manifestation of strength: I simply refuse to teach the class unless it is on my terms. And my terms mean getting a commitment from my students. No longer will I simply show up hoping they will too. What the fuck is going on here? I'm putting in all this time and effort, committing my total mind and body to this folk dance class venture, and they are given the choice to simply fart around if they like.

This is completely unfair to me. It is also, unfair to them, although they may not see it that way. It is unfair to them because they cannot learn through the farting around method.

Thus my feet may be hurting in opposition (the put-down form) to the manifestation of my new folk dance registration strength.

I may be feeling self growing pains in my foundation: my feet.

I may be building a new folk dance, dance, self foundation. Some people start with their head. But, since I am a dancer and have a business based on dance, I start with my feet.

I am asking, nay demanding, something of others. When my feet hurt, think of my new power of folk dance registration.

Amazing, amazing, amazing, my feet feel better! Is this unbelievable or what? I am reinterpreting the pain as disguised power!

It was hysteria: an hysterical fear expressed through my feet. It was terror made

manifest in foot pain.

I must have been afraid of power, my own power, the Power of Folk Dance Registration in its largest sense.

Why the instep? What does that mean or symbolize? Of course, it does have the dance word "step" in it.

This is a major understanding and break through.

Registration Power: Perhaps I should push Bloomfield.

Folk Dance Registration Power makes folk dancing a "serious" venture. Registrants, folk dance students, "should" go on tours, etc. for their education. FDRP makes is a whole new ball game.

Wednesday, November 22, 2000

Another Look At Misery

I hate to say it, but I'm back to a miserable spot.

Is this a failure on my part?

I was doing so well. But since Nomad ended, I have come slowly crashing down. My foot and leg pains are getting to me, inhibiting my folk dancing. I don't understand them.

Is this "new" miserable spot a form of return to creativity? To writing as my joy and savior? Wow, look at these words: joy and savior. You don't need a savior when you're feeling good. Only misery, pain, and sadness breed the need to be saved. I need writing, my savior.

Wouldn't it be funny if this "proves" I need misery in order to create, that misery and the downs are an important, nay even vital as energizers, stimulants, and motivators of the creative process. Without them, I lose my desire and urgency to

write. Thus, I may be subtly and unconsciously “creating” my own pain out of a hidden need to stimulate myself and thus experience the highs born of the creative process.

No question I feel miserable, down, worried about my feet and physical condition. No question I’m somewhat fearful about my upcoming Augusta Georgia folk dance weekend date. No question, I feel somewhat down about this week’s business slowdown, my phone not ringing for a week, and the miserable political situation in the Middle East which may kill my Egyptian tour. But although these are bumps in the road, why would I interpret them with such cosmic negativity, see them in such a way that their mere existence brings me down so quickly? Perhaps it is because I want to interpret them that way, because a subtle part of me “knows” I need misery in order to create.

I rarely display my misery in public. When I stand before people, I am usually in up mode. If I am not, I push myself into a positive stance. It is good for sales. Also, the presence of people right there before my eyes somehow “inspires” me to reach for my “better” self.

How about my miserable self? Although often hidden from the public, is it not also part of my “better” self? Do I not need it to help me reach for my creative juices? True, I do not show misery when I stand at my sales table in front of people. But I am often miserable before I stand there. I feel the misery, pain, and even sadness in preparation for standing. In a sense, misery is part of my presentation, although hidden.

This is indeed another look at misery. Perhaps it is even an acceptance of its creative sparking power, and my need for it.

Misery, pain, suffering as vital parts of the creative process: Am I in therapy to understand suffering or to get rid of it? Am I in therapy to understand my suffering and transcend it?

Perhaps I should accept my pain, welcome, it dive right into it, and see where it leads.

Thursday, November 23, 2000

Pruning My Tree

I am in "falling apart" mode.

My foot pain may well be related to the Augusta-Gutin weekend workshop. Beyond that, I am seeing things this morning in falling apart mode.

How so?

First of all, Al returned my Augustin Lo Prinzi guitar. I was so sure he'd buy it. I even thought charging him \$3000 was too low; it should have been \$3500. A sure thing. Well, no sure things in life. He returned it.

It reminds me of my Bedford folk dance group expectations. I was so certain a big crowd would come. Result: small crowd. I was disappointed.

Second, the phone has stopped ringing; bookings and tour registrations have stopped coming in. Of course, I could get on the phone and start calling. I probably will. Nevertheless, the Middle East crisis is stifling my Egypt tour. It may even end up being canceled. How can I push it? I can't. The Arab situation may also affect my April Tunisian tour, and even, in the more distant future, my October Moroccan tour. This is my Arab year, and look what has happens: the Middle East blows up.

I can still push them. I can run Egypt either in 2001 or, if it fails, set it up now for 2002. In fact, that may be a good way to look at it. I am "starting early."

Tunisia is easier, although not much. It is still, in the minds of most, an "Arab" country, and therefore potentially dangerous and explosive. Even though none of this is true, that is the public's perception. Still, I could start selling or rather, "sailing it" now. Same with Budapest and Prague. Hungary and the Czech Republic are "easy" in the sense there is no violence or crisis there. Same with Bulgaria and Macedonia this summer.

I think my Bloomfield Folk Dance Registration program may not work. If not, I'll have to cancel the class. Even though I hate to admit failure and defeat, such a cancellation will be a partial relief. I need free time to pursue more profitable ventures. And, if the Bedford registration doesn't live up to my standards, I may cancel that class, too. I'm just tired of working so hard for so little money. Also, I've got other things, better things, to do with my time.

Like what?

Edit my book. Start running again. Get back to full yoga. Pursue guitar bookings, and even bar mitzvahs, parties, and weddings. (They all pay so well!) Get on the phone and start promoting my tours. Be a guest teacher for folk dance groups, organizations etc. Yes, there are so many good, important, and money-making things I can do with my time. After I finish "falling apart," I'll be ready to put myself back together to re-enter my new world in "sailing mode."

I'm pruning my tree. Dead branches like the Bloomfield Folk Dance Group, and even a low-registration Bedford, will be cut off. They've got to have large-number enthusiasm and make money or they're gone. I can even try opening up new folk dance groups in other locations, like Summit, etc, to "spread the word."

Could today be the day I am turning the corner and starting my new road? It is, after all, Thanksgiving Day.

I wrote down "Bookings" on the paper.

Life moves in metaphors and symbols. Could my feet be hurting as symbol and signal that it is time for me to start using my, to play guitar and bring its bookings to the public?

Friday, November 24, 2000

I feel like I have been down every pathway before.

Inspiration has fled. I cannot get myself to read anything, new or old. I yearn

for a new direction, guidelines, some voice from above or within to scream at me in a high-pitched, definite, and demanding tone: This is the Way! Just do it!

But so far, none does.

Shouldn't I follow the precepts of my miracle schedule? I "know" what is best for me, but somehow all the juice is gone, the inspiration doesn't click. The divine spark has fizzled into flatness.

Language once opened my mind. I planned to study Arabic. That plan has fizzled. In fact, all my "inward" miracle schedule reasons and plans have fizzled.

Does that mean I am ready to create an "outward" miracle schedule? Do I stand at Transition Point, in the No-Man's Land between inspirations, in the place where inner and outer meet? Am I secretly, unconsciously preparing to leap, go public with my miracle schedule? And, if this is so, what does that mean?

Am I at the breaking point? Is there no place else to go but give public concerts? And these, not only classic and folk guitar, but combined with readings, short paragraphs on tours, folk dancing, and whatever else I do or think? In other words, a complete presentation of the total me before the public.

Is this where I am heading? Will this supply the juice for the new self, the display of the new me?

Do my feet hurt because I am walking on this new territory, the No-Man's Land of Transition? Is that why nothing seems to work?

Is the symbol of my Augusta, Georgia, booking initiation? The beginning, the first step on the new road called Total Going Public?

Does it symbolize the final break with my Old Neighborhood past? Is that why I have been so nervous about it? Is it an archetypical beginning disguised as an ending? And as such, do I see panic, terror, and death in this Armageddon booking, and then, subtly beyond, in the distance, the glory and joy of resurrection?

You must walk through the valley before you reach the mountain; the old must die before the new is born; death precedes resurrection.

Is that where I stand today? (Notice the word “stand.” I stand on my “feet.” What is giving me pain but my feet? Are they the symbols of this dramatic, old-neighborhood, life-threatening change, tearing apart of basic borders, ripping down of old frontiers, a terrifying entry into a land of stars, sun, and brilliant light?)

Is this the Armageddon, the Mad Shoe finale? Am I about to walk on confused resistant and aching feet, dripping and trembling, straight into my Mad Shoe Fun Center?

Wouldn't it be paradoxical, strange, and funny if the door to that Fun Center is in Augusta, Georgia.

I don't know if I'm right or not about these symbolic, psychological musings. But one thing is certain: the combination of mental confusion and foot pain is causing me to write mucho. This only shows, once again, how physical pain, along with mental and spiritual anguish stimulates creativity.

Saturday, November 25, 2000

Giving In To Helplessness

Oh, no, don't take away my miracle schedule. Don't start sending me to doctors. It seems, in terms of going public, I reached my zenith, heaven itself, during and shortly after the NOMAD festival. But ever since I have been slipping back. Drip by drip I am dribbling back to hell, or at least, the Land of Blah.

And even Blah is superceded by all these bodily aches and pains. They have moved from my feet to my back and even shoulders. I move slowly. Yesterday I cleaned and reorganized my basement, dining room, and den; plus I prepared for my Georgia trip. I could hardly move. Bending, I felt like I had a thousand pounds on my shoulders.

Well, the day before a folk dance weekend I'm usually exhausted. And yes, I do have a huge Weekend psychological weight on my shoulders. Once the Weekend

starts, my energy returns.

Except this time my fatigue is starting a week early.

Something is going on with this Georgia Weekend that I don't understand, and may not be able to understand until it is over.

I've looked into every psychological aspect, fear of foot pain, anger over low payment, my usual pre-travel anxiety about leaving my secure routine and safe house; I've especially concentrated on anger at low payment. I've accepted the fact that I have and have been haunted during the past two months by all these annoyances. Still, my foot, and now back and neck pains, do not go away. I've used every psychological and imagination trick I can think of to cure myself, but none seem to work. I've even tried "forcing" myself to do my miracle schedule, by "doing the numbers." Well, of course, that doesn't work. The miracle schedule is based on inspiration, not force. And, at the moment, I have no inspiration whatsoever.

Without it, I am down in the dumps. I cannot will it back. It has to return as a gift from above. . . or within. And, at the moment, I am giftless. I'm standing on the soles of my feet, stuck in the lower world, wriggling and writhing at the bottom.

And there's not a thing I can do about it but wait it out, wait for a breeze to blow, a zephyr from above to lift my soul and raze my pain.

Yes, I feel helpless. Perhaps I am. Perhaps I should be. Perhaps I should try giving in to helplessness!

Is that the next step? Is that what I have been denying? A deep desire to give in: Is that the heavy lug on the road to expansion?

Helpless before God. Helpless before Her. Helpless before the Greater Powers.

Is it true? Am I helpless? Do I want to be?

Don't I have a deep hidden desire to simply give in, give up, hand myself over to the Greater Her?

Give up the fight, give up the struggle, throw in the towel. Sickness or health, poverty or riches, pain and pleasure, good feet or bad feet, whatever comes. I'll just

give in, lie down in front of the steam roller, and accept my fate. Part of me wants to put it all in Your hands.

Perhaps this totally helpless form of the New Neighborhood me, standing awed, humbled, and bowed in the new Going Public arena is a religious vision. It is a “Lord, Your will be done,” thing.

Tear me up, destroy me, pulverize and annihilate me. I am your slave; do what You will to me. I sink in submission to all Your wishes. How I love the dying of my ego. Don't I see You in submission forms, the great majesty of Your Creation rising as my small self crumbles, withered and crushed by the stick of Your Great Music. You create the Swam Lake of my being. I love swimming, wallowing, crushed-and-crumbled in your classical music Hands. The Majesty and Joy I feel as I disintegrate in a flood of tears, crying before Your agents, the Tchaikovskys and Beethovens of this world.

Perhaps I have always wanted to give in to You but I have rarely seen the light. I am so involved in creating this world, my little world, the in-room world of my artistic chambers, the out-room, going public world of business and presenting myself to others.

Where are You in this equation? Usually forgotten.

I can try my best, give it my best effort but results are all in Your hands. I know that. Yet I keep forgetting.

The pains in my feet are in Your hands. You created them. For what lofty ego-destroying reasons I do not know.

A New Business In The Making (?)

Maybe I'm nervous about the Gutin Augusta Georgia weekend because it really is the beginning of a new venture.

I'm reminded about how I used to feel before my tours. Completely haunted. Always nervous, worried, concerned. I couldn't get them out of my mind. They were

definitely the “beginning” of a new venture. And this beginning feeling lasted for years.

One of my original thoughts in accepting the Georgia Weekend, and this at low pay, was the tour sales idea. I would present myself in weekends throughout the country and sell my tours through personal appearances.

Perhaps this idea is still true. But it needs to be modified. First of all, I have to make more money. What is a fair fee? I arrived at \$2500 for the weekend. Of course, no folk dance group could or would pay this. But, if I combine my folk dance teaching with a public concert, one of classic and folk guitar, my World of Guitar Modified program, I could get my fee. It could be funded by local Arts Groups, colleges etc. In fact, I used to get these fees for concerts alone. Now, by adding folk dance teaching, to local group in particular, and the to the local community at large, it might be even “easier.” A community presentation, a community “concert.”

Looking at it in this way, all my nervousness is “justified.” It has a higher purpose and reason. I am, subtly, secretly, and perhaps even unconsciously, starting a new business. It is a public appearance sales, pr, and advertising business that makes money on its own, that finances itself.

This is certainly a “positive approach” the to Gutin booking. But it also may have a deep-down veracity; it also may be true.

It means putting my concert program back together in its new form.

Thus it really is a new beginning and would certainly explain (and “justify”) my nervousness.

And, of course, it is a sales idea par excellence.

Why is it different from the old? Because, since I am now a sails man, it also contains the sails idea.

Monday, November 27, 2000

Sense of Closure

Writing: I fear being overwhelmed by quantity. If I do two hours a day, I'll be slowly adding hundreds of pages. What can I do with them? I cannot, in the long run, be satisfied with just "leaving them" in the computer. They must, ultimately, be perfected, and published. And this, if only for my own personal satisfaction, to give myself a sense of closure.

I am moving inexorably in this quantity direction. And this because quantity ultimately breeds quality! Who will edit them? What will I do with them? Well, perhaps these questions are for the future. Right now my instincts say just do it. We'll worry about the results later.

Meeting Mr. and Mrs. Sails

My priorities have changed, shifted. Writing and business are moving to the fore. Both contain running-wild-on-the-lawn elements: writing always has. Business now has the added sails element. This is to practice and remember. (I might also add concerts to business, sailing through concerts.)

But there is a wedding taking place: the marriage of business and writing. The new name of the couple will be Mr. and Mrs. Sails.

A new business could be concert sails.

Mr. Business is my going public.

Mrs. Writing is my inner private artistic chamber.

Now they are getting married.

Editing could be my post-breakfast – and post-meal – work.

Sell (sail) concerts and tours.

These are all life time works.

Tuesday, November 28, 2000

Land of Pain Free

Life without pain: inconceivable.

We're talking psychic, self-created pain. (Well, maybe that is all pain.) We're talking put down pain, push-down, mountain-bashing, self-immolating pain.

Yes, it is, was, always created in the service of a higher goal. Reaching the stars. It crept into all of my miracle schedule. Why not? It is totally ingrained in my psyche. Becoming "better:" a better guitarist, a famous immortal writer, running faster, stretching my yoga body further, studying harder to know more. Speak, read, and write better Arabic, Hebrew, Bulgarian, Russian, Czech, Slovak, Hungarian, Greek, Romanian, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Armenian, and more; know more about religion and spiritual practice and thus become even closer to God. It goes on and on.

"Getting better" seeped in, dominated, and controlled almost every direction and aspect of my life. (Notice the use of past tense here.) It is grain and parcel, pillar and stanchion of the old-neighborhood. It is the wine and grine, the salt and fire, the onion and bunion that drove my old neighborhood life. Another way of thinking would be totally unimaginable.

But now I am thinking it.

Perhaps it is a stage of life, perhaps I have simply run out of gas and options, perhaps old-attitude fatigue has just driven me to my final old-neighborhood resting place. Whatever it is, I am ready to move on. Not only am I ready, I have already, and thus am all ready. I am moving on.

Smack into the new neighborhood. True, in the beginning, I didn't know quite what the new neighborhood meant, or even how to live in it. But these veils are slowly being stripped away.

The first revelation (reveal-ation) is a pain-free life. Again, this is pain the

psychic, self-imposed way. Actually, I don't even know yet quite how to describe what I mean by pain. But eventually I will. Meanwhile, it doesn't matter. I just have to keep moving, keep groping, feeling out my way along this new attitudinal direction, pain-free road.

In the beginning, I can't say it felt good. I can't say it felt bad either. I simply lived in the transitional land, a combination of first awe, then blah. Yes, the order of countries I crossed seems to be: first, Awe and Wonder Land, governed by "Wow, how did I get here?" Then came the Land of Blah, governed by a seeming government, a land dominated by lack of motivation. A "Where the fuck did my pain go? What about my higher causes? Without pain, worry, misery, and disaster pinching and pushing me, without higher causes leading me on and rationalizing my need for pain, why bother doing anything?"

Finally, today I finished my crossing of Transition Land and handed my passport to the customs official in the New Neighborhood, the Land of Pain Free.

I can't even say "We'll see how life turns out here."

Although I know intellectual that nothing lasts. Nevertheless, here feels like my final resting place.

Celestial Endorphins

Sometimes it hurts when I run, or follow other aspects of the miracle schedule.

But upon reflection, I can see it hurts more when I don't run; it hurts more when I don't follow the miracle schedule.

Thus, if we're measuring things in terms of pain, this means it is better (less painful) to follow the miracle schedule than not. The initial pains I experience while following it are transient. They last until the transcendent highs, those celestial endorphins of the miracle schedule, kick in.

Thus, I am punishing (hurting) myself by not following my miracle schedule. (It

may even be a subtle form of put down, a last gasp from the old neighborhood.)

The New Singing Voice

Aha, what is this new thought? I'm afraid to let out my true singing voice in public! I'm embarrassed, shy, hesitant, afraid someone will see me "really feeling," afraid I'll expose my true soul, the depth of my emotions, the crying beauty deep in my personal canto jondo. I'll make a fool of myself; people will laugh at me.

The raw emotionalism of singing. Will this be my new entry, my new voice, my "new" singing style? Pure emotionalism, letting it all out. Now that I am there, will I dare?

Now that I am there, I dare.

If I do not dare, then I am not there.

The definition of being there is that I dare.

Again, I do not have to "practice" this voice. I "only" have to free it.

This is a new voice. . . literally.

Perhaps I should call the next journal: On My Own: New Voice.

Perhaps that has been the big fear of the Gutin, Augusta, Georgia, booking: fear of discovering, fostering, and releasing my new voice, my New Voice.

No wonder I'm afraid to sing. . . in public. I break down and cry so often for the sheer beauty of it. The songs are so emotional, so close and dear to my heart. They are the essence of my protected in-room beauty experience. I would never dare present such raw beauty, such pristine, fragile, and frightening ecstasy to the public.

Well, maybe now I'll dare.

The power of the early Israeli songs! "Mi Barechev," "Yamin U Smol." I would never have dared express such power in public. And hardly ever even in private.

Well, now I'll dare.

Let's face it: I feel good. These wacko blows (from B. and C.) fell on essentially deaf ears.

Thursday, November 30, 2000

I woke up this morning at 2:00 a. m. I thought it was 4:30 or even 6:00. I looked at the clock. 2:00 a.m.! And I'm thoroughly rested and raring to go. But I'd better turn over and go back to sleep.

I did.

Next thing I knew it was 4:15 a.m. Time to get up. I was even more thoroughly rested. And, get this, I was eager, in the best sense of the word, to face the day! Yes, I wanted to get up early because I wanted to face the world, and start my new life, On My Own!

I'm also, get this, looking forward to going to Georgia! It seems this trip is the culmination of something; it somehow symbolizes a new putting of my life together.

Here are my future plans. I'll start them when I return.

1. Print the Morocco fliers
2. Set up a Canary Island tour (for February, the "just in case Egypt doesn't go" tour. I could also use the knowledge and itinerary for future winter tours.)

3. Get this one: Start my On My Own journal! No, this one is not called New Leaf anymore. Yes, it incorporates the concept of new leaf, that is, turn over a new leaf every day. But now, that concept is so embedded in my psyche and body that I no longer have to, want to, call my journal by that name. It is time to move on: to a new title and new life.

This means, another big thing and get this: Barry will no longer be reading or

involved in this On My Own journal. I'll be doing my own editing, rereading, judgements, etc. Eventually, in a few years, when Barry and I finish editing the publishing the last five years of journals, perhaps then we'll start rereading, editing, and publishing On My Own. But that is a long way off. Nevertheless, even then, if and when he gets involved, I'll still be On My Own.

This new journal probably means many things I don't understand or haven't experienced yet. However, the Columbus starting point is: On My Own. I'll be standing tall, in front of my sails table, facing the world, sailing On My Own.

Thus this aspect of my journal and personal development, the survival, function, and birth of Mad Shoe Fun Center has reached its end. It has fulfilled its purpose. The Mad Shoe Fun Center has been found! It is located in the Land of No Pain.

My new journal, On My Own, will be an exploration of life in this new land.

So ends my New Leaf.

So end all of my New Leaves.

Goodbye to my old New Leaf self.

This seven-year chapter is coming to a close.

Today I am not only turning over a new leaf.

I am starting a new tree!

The On My Own tree.