

Book of Harvesting

Thursday, July 15, 1999

It's all before me, waiting to be done.

The path is very clear.

What is holding me back and making me tremble? Basically, nothing. My debt and desire to make money acts here as a spur, a motivation, even an "inspiration." Some day I might thank them for helping to put me on the path.

But my focus is organized and clear. Priorities are listen on the blue sheet.

Creep back to a schedule. Do it.

9:00 to 11:00: Calls

4:00 to 6:00: Organize program.

This is my business time. The rest is "R and R" in my MS form.

Friday, July 16, 1999

A New Man, Mr. Newman: A New Way Of Being A Man

It's a new way of being a man. A full, rich, satisfied, happy man. And this, even among the misery, and ups and downs of life.

"I've got it!" If I do – and I do, then happiness, joy, strength, passion, and vigor are coming to me.

Shouldn't I smile and feel glorious about this?

Indeed, I should.

I just have to get used to being this way in America. . . and in New Jersey.

Sparkling runchards prick and spiff the rich Reichards.

How will Little Pickadilly pontificate and bend himself backwards among the stalks of these ancient turd birds? How will he twist the frozen dandelions back into place? Stay tuned to find out.

A new man starts today.

Saturday, July 17, 1999

Working Through

On the cusp of a new philosophy. It happened in therapy. Dave said, "Working through is the most important part of therapy."

When I heard that, I crashed. I'd thought becoming aware was the most important part of therapy. I'd thought the "Wow!" and sparkle of new ideas, the dynamic and miraculous flow of fresh visions into my emptied head, were the source and goal of therapy. How I loved those visions! Suddenly, I became so smart, so brilliant. I shone inside and out. I would leave a therapy session flying.

Now it turns out that the visitation of those brilliant ideas, the sparkle and luminescence of riding high, were merely beginnings – small, even tiny, parts of a vast process whose essence was working these ideas through rather than merely having them.

The concept had always been disgusting to me. The very concept of "working" had been nauseating. I always wanted to be above it. I never wanted to do the boring, nitty-gritty, nuts-and-bolts dirty work involved in building things in present and concrete reality. Oh yes, I did them. I had to. But always with resistance. I wanted to ride on visions of inspiration. Fuck the drudgery. Never would I do that. Too much like my father. Let him do the dirty work. I'd stay in my room, play the violin, and soar heavenward on wings of art.

Well, this Riverdale in-room vision has run its course. Although I'm not giving up the "Wow!" experience so fast, I am adding dirty work to it.

Working through. Building my business block by dirty block. Paying off my debts, making money, saving money, getting my writing together, publishing it. Even learning Russian applies here: studying the language forms, case endings, nouns and adjectival endings, learning the verbs forms block by dirty block. As I crawl inch by grimy inch through the mud of learning even the citadel of filthy Russian may fall. All I have to do is get in the trenches, roll up my sleeves, pick up my shovel, start digging through the shit of learning, start groveling and dipping my vacant brain into that fine-smelling fertilizer. Then I can watch the flowers of my business, book publishing, and Russian language grow.

Find the “Wow!” in the dirty work. Aim for both. Goodbye to either/or. Never again! But, of course, even the concepts of my “goodbye” and “never again” have to go. After all, they too are part of my past, part of my history. Yet I do not want to wipe away my history. That would put me in second place. I’ve been doing that all my life. Either/or is also part of my history. Even as I write this, I realize its opposite is also true. Opposites are part of my history as well. I’m adding both to my repertoire. I’ll not throw away or deny my either/or.

This is a major advance.

The wipe-away is the second place phenomenon in terms of personal history.

The Practice of Drudgery

Drudgery, shit-work, nuts-and-bolts. Working (drudging) through.

Examples:

1. Paying bills.
2. Filling out government forms (Boyd Strauss forms, insurance and medical forms, etc.)

Idea: Should I do the lawn?

Reasons:

1. Save money

2. The “satisfaction” of doing drudgery, drudge garden work. The practice of drudgery; the practice of doing drudge work.

Idea: stop lawn maintenance with Blue Grass for this year only. An experiment. It means buying a lawn mower. Or can I refurbish my old hand mower? That would be better. Better exercise and less costly. Next year I might change back to Blue Grass anyway.

Sunday, July 18, 1999

Down a bit. Didn't grab it. But what? Imagine, I actually wanted to be alone. I enjoyed my living room yoga. The heat was good.

The romance drained away.

Is it me?

It is me.

That's because I'm into drudgery. Not only am I into it, I am excited about it. Imagine, excited about drudgery! I'm excited about my ability to do it.

Excited about my ability to do drudgery – and like it.

Working through, the practice of drudgery, wipe out awareness: these are all amazing and good things. They are actually “Wow!” experiences.

“Wow!” for my up-and-coming ability to do drudgery.

“Wow!” for the realization that therapy is 95% about working through and 5% about breakthrough ideas and awareness.

“Wow!” about my new awareness of the wipe out effect.

Three “Wow's!": Drudgery, working through, and wipe out.

I am really talking here about the birth of a new confidence!

Now it is a matter of applying these new truths to and in my life. Concrete application: Working through is the principle in its concrete, in-present, confident form. Wipe-out awareness only serves to heighten this new found ability and emerging

confidence.

But, at this point, it is just talk. I have to actually start!

How? When? Where?

When?

I could start today.

How?

1. Pick up my writing. Return to the past; return to wipe out land; start the practice of drudgery; start the word work through program today.

What else?

2. The building block by block of:

a. The tour business

\ b. Folk dance and weekend business

c. Writing – and recording business.

New Habit:

Reading as “an editing.” Take it back, rewrite it, then return the “worked through,” drudge-practiced, up-wiped out, finished copy.

Monday, July 19, 1999

Writing: How And What to Publish

Slightly down re writing. Sitting under a mountain. But I’m in the fight; I’m handling and “doing” the emotional part.

Working through, practice of drudgery, and wipe out are all being dealt with.

Questions now are more how and what.

How to publish; what to publish.

Two tiers.

1. Publish all of New Leaf, Untitled Life, (and even New Form.). For myself. A posterity, a legacy, etc.

- a. A small issue. Perhaps ten copies.
- b. Ask Barry about cheap publishing again.
- c. Call Terry Rodgers about jacket designs, series covers for many

volumes, etc.

2. Publishing Aimed At A Market And Sales:

- a. Return to themes and subjects. Pick and choose from the massive volumes of pages.

- b. Long range – explore such markets.

3. Go through songs, too. Publish them. Gather them first.

4. Classic Guitar – and other songs, too (foreign, etc.) Gather them, too.

This is a massive project. I've got to do it while I also promote and expand my business. And add the boutique. But it all hangs together as one great expansive effort with movements in many directions. It is the "final" step into the infinity of expansion, the last step into the endless direction of going public.

The big challenge is that now I have to actually do something in the world, and do it fully. That means do it without resistance. Tough stuff. But I'm on the path.

Am I using the "writing-publishing, working-through" directions as my next lid? And this along with song publishing business expansion?

Indeed, I am.

And a good lid it is, too. What a mountain of work! What a great pile of shit to place myself under; what a mountain of drudgery to cover myself with. Yes, these are new lids, indeed. But I'm onto them. Here's where the knife of awareness can cut them off, and shorten their stay.

Supershit Rides Again!

I may be “onto my newest lid,” but nevertheless, it is there. Better to follow its descending road down into the fertilizing blackness. Enter the dark hole. Bobalinks and willows weave among dark pines of whining cesspools, wiggling and wriggling in the mud-worm darkness of the forest primeval. There lives Larry Laryngitis Bunghole Kleinkopf, King of Fertilizers.

King Fertilizer himself! High on a pile of shit he reigns. Dining on white intestinal worms, shaded by clouds of manure-loving flies, he is shielded from light by the film of black filth bandaging his eyes. Larry smiles that grand fecal-masticating, shit-eating smile of the large intestinal hero worm, Pestiphoopolis, grand vizier of the Nile river Rodent-And-Worm Brotherhood

“A mile of Nile makes me smile!” is twentieth century Larry’s slogan for the millennium. Well, with such mental rupture scattering to the whirry catatonic and cataleptic wustering winds, can maiden carrots be far behind?

“Bite the pesty bullet.” shouts Big Larry from his fecund throne. “Stand on gold; grind it to dust. Let manure be your crown. Worship the underworld; you won’t be bothered by a moment of peace. But rid the world of worms and you’ll be bored to death among butterflies.” Larry thumps the hair on his pugnacious pontifical, pontifecal chest. “Thus, a pontiferous poosting on both your houses!”

“Why did James Joyce go mad?” Larry asks as he enters his newest Dungheap Housing Condo, a planned community of coiled luxury condominiums all built out of solid wastes. They rise in pancreatic splendor above the dunes of the Wasteland where T.S. Eliot is stroking fresh-bred collies. Now, sandwiched among other canine fresh breads, he wastes no time diluting rings of hip-fat, helping dogs diet while singing a Waists Land tune. “We are the hollow men. . . and women, too. Ah, that our bellies would empty. Then we could lose weight and become stuffed with straw.”

Condos built beneath Sacred Sacrum Hill, foothills to Mount Pile On. King of Fertilizer, Super Fecal Condo Larry, hero to livers, intestinal, and pancreatic multitudes alike, charges out of Country Behind with hind hangar lagging.

It's a turd; it's a bane. . . . It's Super Shit!

Supershit rides again!

Tuesday, July 20, 1999

A working strip.

Satisfaction and happiness mowing a strip of lawn. Never mind the whole lawn; do not focus on the big picture. It only overwhelms and depresses me.

Strip Mower Larry

Larry was a strip mower. He was also a lawn stripper.

He was a money lawner, too.

He carved words on the strips.

And he sang.

That's the way he kept the elephants away. Yes, those huge flying jumbos would daily attack him, dropping giant plum bombs of stewed molasses on his nestworm head, clogging his infant molecules of thought even as the fought to breast-feed on tasty morsels of leaking brain bits within.

Yes, Larry loved to suck big luscious bulbous tits. But he couldn't admit it. Oh, no, not him! He was too macho. "I bite nails! I eat bullets!" he'd boast to his macho friends as they sat around the pool hall drinking beer, squashing roaches with their fingers, or stamping on the rats scurrying across the floor. Wearing his hob-nobbed clob-nailed bob-hobbed combat boots, he often stooped to lick the animal blood off his heel, a contortionist feat he developed in the Taiwanese army during the Termite War of Rebellion in the eighteenth century. He was really into fantasy, believing his ears were placed precisely in those spots by the secret service to facilitate their purpose as antenna; more specifically, for spying on Ancient Maggie, his mother of former years.

Maggie had a house on the hill whose mirrored front windows only looked

inward. She saw herself at every turn and bend. She specifically loved her toilet and would daily peer into its contents to find out what she was thinking about and why. Her toilet had a philosophers seat covered with pictures of Plato and Aristotle. Having grown up in a sanitation-minded family, Larry also worshiped at the altar of Higher Seated Ovals while attending classes at the University of Urological Navigation.

That's why he fainted on that fine false day when the landlord came to visit.

Project: One Strip At A Time

Learning How To Function Fully In The World

It's expression:

1. Russian: study one chapter at a time; in its proper (straight) order. One chapter after another; one step at a time; one strip at a time. Master the strip before moving on.

2. Apply "one strip at a time" to debt and publishing.

It is (almost) as if I am unlearning, relearning, and finally learning how to function fully in the world.

Learning how to function in the world of long range.

In filing through my old papers I came across the letterhead of George Dauphinais, a businessman with an interest and love of classical guitar that I met in Springfield, Illinois after I gave a concert there. He ended up flying in for guitar lessons and then began to sell fine classical guitars. I wonder what became of him. It brought back many memories of that college and community concert period of my life.

It's frightening – and beautiful – to think about all the people I have known and influenced over the years.

It's frightening – and beautiful – to think about how important I have been to the people I have known.

Doesn't this point to not only how important it is for me to publish my writing and to publish and record my songs but to put out my boutique, bring out all that in both the basement of my house and the basement of my mind, put it all on the table, get it out there to offer, influence, and effect others. If I am so important then it is vitally important that I be important and offer the important parts of myself to others.

Not only is it important that I get my stuff out there but that I, in my body, mind, and spirit get out there.

Wednesday, July 21, 1999

1. Music and computers. . . and music publishing.
2. Web site design.

See miracle schedule folders: They are about follow through, sticking to the plan, mowing one strip at a time, long range thinking.

Long Range Thinking

Why does my back hurt? Why does everything ache?

I'm learning to do long range thinking. The cells and muscles (mus-cells) of my body are experiencing growing pains. Stretched and pulled in all kinds of new directions, their growth makes my old-habit brain uncomfortable and it rebels by sending out pain to my body.

Long range thinking is, essentially, optimistic thinking. It means that, eventually, I'll do what I want. "Eventually" may mean days, months, years, even life times. But, the end result will nevertheless be success. Thus it is optimistic even though in the short run there will be many low periods, down times, moments where the long range goal is blocked or forgotten.

Short term thinking is second place thinking.

Long range thinking puts me in first place.

Long range thinking means that some day I'll surely pay off my debts and make money; some day I'll surely publish my writing. It means that some day even my stocks may go up! But, of course, regarding my stocks, this may only happen after I am dead. Here we see both the advantages and disadvantages of long range thinking.

Thursday, July 22, 1999

When I thought about returning to Sylvan Woods, my alter ego, I cried. It felt like I'd returned home.

Is that why all my stocks went up this morning? What a daring thought!

I've gone a on a twenty-year Rip Van Winkle adventure. I'm beginning to wake up. I've come home.

Somehow it feels like my crisis and series of crises are over. I've gone through twenty years of hell. Finally, I've "returning home."

Is this naive? Am I exaggerating the moment? Or have I really, in a sense, come home? Has the suffering on the road to the self reached a temporary conclusion? Hard to say. But it has certainly reached a "resting place" that feels like home. I've traveled in a huge twenty-year circle. The place I am now, the Sylvan Woods residence, "feels" like home. But it is indeed a new home, in a new location, a new neighborhood.

We'll see where all this leads.

Friday, July 23, 1999

Sylvan bent towards Linda and whispered in her ear. "When I am with you, I

love me more.”

“That’s because we are the same,” she answered. “All is one.”

Now here we see Linda as a yoga master. Is this possible? Can she have made such a transformation? Can she have moved from a princess of misery creation to a yoga master, or rather, a yoga mistress?

Well, it’s possible. If Sylvan can move so much, be so transformed by his experiences in time, why not Linda? On the other hand, this yoga master could be a totally different character. I don’t know yet.

Saturday, July 24, 1999

Sylvan’s First Visit To Sinai

“Let’s go to Block Island.”

“First, let’s see how we make out in Holland.”

Bango, an over-reaction to a perfectly reasonable statement.

And, on down the road to Old Waltz continues. But it will be a different dance this time. I’ll make sure of that.

I’m just thoroughly disgusted with her. And this whether it’s Sylvan talking or “me.” I’m certainly not going through all of the old bull shit. End of that. Through, finished. I’m not spending the next few days in anger and silence. Oh yes, I may be angry. But it’s of the indignant rage variety. And I’m not shutting up over that one. Oh, no. No more walls of silence for me. I’m out. Leaping tigers jumping over coiled wires. The road may be full of intangibles but that is not stopping this old croaker. Let sleeping tadpoles lie. This frog is moving forward!

Jumping Jehosophat, I’m jumping off the mountain! No net below either. I’m climbing up the rafters, too. Could it be Sylvan Woods incarnate? Could it be the new Sinai mountain climber in wolves’ garb? Indeed, it is.

No commandments down here. At least not yet.

Lions roar. Monkeys are out of the closet. I'll not take a back seat on this one. I can see dromedaries boiling their stew as they prepare to cross the Gobi desert. Then, on to the Sahara and points west! There's no stopping this caravan. Only opening of the earth might do it. An earthquake, tornado, a cyclone or two. But such natural events, these boils of nature in whipsaw jacksnapper clothing, will not stop the nascent soul of the Sylvan Woods-with-his-Ravines from rising. Oh, no. Days of imprisonment in the inferno are over. The dogs of yesterday's meal can be heard yelping. They rise from the distant mountain cavern where last night they dined on caviar, frankfurters, strips of hamburger, fur-of-molasses, along with a generous helping of pork and beans. The ominous sound of their far-away burps fill the wild night air. Their fecal screaming machine is set in motion. It rolls through the night, puffing out deadly clouds of noxious fartophanic gases straight into the upward path of the once pure Milky Way. Heavenly balls of fire can longer remain free from the screaming earth's sores below. Boils, puss, and maverick clams burst asunder. All will be heard! Today, now, this second! Not a moment to waste! Humping and bumping as they go, the dromedaries pounce their eager limbs, lumps, and humps across the vast sea of verbal blankness. Trotting under a molasses sky, toes grinding grains of desert puss, heels crunching migraines of molecule-laden sand, they hurricane their world-wide anger trek onward. Sand-worlds break beneath the pounding of their clawed and hammering feet.

These are no ordinary camels. Oh, no. They are Ten-Commandment camels of the latent, potent, and plenipotentiary Sylvan Woods, royal emissary to the stars. Woods drives these herds of large-humped rodents across the desert of his mind. He suffers from a Mosaic brain disease, Sinai-in-the-Cerebellum. Where is Cerebellum? Is it in Sarah Bellum, ancient mother of stars and ringworm?

It was all out once I told her what a shit she was. But my anger did not go away. So I decided not to install the air conditioner for her. Why should I do her a favor if she

treats me so badly? So I chose the "low" road.

This is an example of how anger hurts me more than it hurts her.

If this is the case, shouldn't I dissolve my anger?

How?

By installing the air conditioner for her. By doing the deed for her I hate to do. By doing exactly the opposite of what I am feeling. This doing may counteract the bad-for-me, low-road feeling.

Paradoxically, I am helping myself by helping her. It is I who have the anger, and who am suffering from it. She has her problems but they are hers.

The poison of my anger is eating me up. How can I dispel it? is the question.

Installing the AC, doing the deed, may be the first step.

The A-Why-You of rack and pinion steering sings and hearkens the breast of deemings and noteworthy peepercocks. I can know a fledgling bombersnatche of corkery wiles although not festooned by such folky pummerwhats and cummerquats. Joycean legends marche on, hearkening and peeperplotting the canopied stingerwhats whose dewdrop enterprises never fathomed a lark against time.

Down the bubble hatch! Quill and sing the backward union! Sadness, too, for wasted years of heaving barnasatchings have circumvented and perquewhated with naked fury the dromedaries loosed in cannon wildness. Such snitchers can be my only salvation. Wasted heaves, blankets gone to savage, salvaged lids and cotton candies sitting on Himalayan mountain tops bent backward with lack of appreciation.

Lack of appreciation? By me, of course. See my Himalayan mountain chain, scroffed and hidden deep in the corpse of my naked bottom-being. Its raspberries are too thick. Plus, a cornucopia of latent events spills into Salaspils, the venturian Latvian holocaustic furry-flowering fjordophane. Not a wisk of appreciation. All lathered and latent, pummeled and hidden, suppressed under a wet blanket of my own making. How can I live under such stiflement?

Climbing Mount Sinai is the only answer. I will meet Sinai Sam, the elephant man, whose Semitic nose rings circles around Arab and Jew alike. Swinging side to side, picking up nuts and berries as it trails along.

How could I have let such beauties pass? Well, I did. Suffocating them under a blanket of urine soaked and weighted down with bombastic shit balls. What a splendid cover for my pot. Now boiling over here. What a splendid compression for my compassionate and explosive boils. Well, this road is ending. I'll not keep the wick bent out of shape any longer.

Sunday, July 25, 1999

A First Place Through Long Range Planning

"I'm not doing anything." What does it mean? Life has gone out of me. Drained. I'll never find time to do all the things I have to do. I'll never finish. Overwhelmed. What's the use? Why bother?

But isn't "overwhelmed" the wet blanket, lid, and put down? Indeed, it is.

What about mowing one strip of lawn at a time? Yes, do it. Focus on the strip. When my mind shifts to the whole lawn and the future of my mowing task, I get overwhelmed and slip into second place.

The Why bother? death coming up, being overwhelmed, and feeling second place are all part of the grand wet-blanket scheme. These mental midgets work feverishly to create and constantly re-invent my lid. All are internal, inner-generated efforts to push me back.

They usually appear when I'm about to move forward, rearing their ugly heads when I stand at the edge of Expansion Cliff. "Don't jump into the abyss!" they cry. They try to "protect" me from adventure and daring. They are representatives of the staid, dull, boring, but "safe" life. Look into my mind: I am actually gaining on publishing my journal with its Sylvan Woods voice! Only, like my debt, it will take

time to develop and live with the reappearance of this voice. Time, and long range planning.

I slipped into second place. But I caught myself.

Another realization is that, as I write these words, part of my mind is sitting back observing, giving me some perspective. This part of me is the Sylvan Woods part. As I write, a small voice in me is saying that my journal, even its most personal parts, is being written by Sylvan Woods! Sylvan, or Mr. Woods, or Sylvan Woods, is slowly becoming integrated into my actual writing process. It is he and I.

Perhaps that is the best way to continue. To let Sylvan slowly enter my brain, integrate himself into myself. Maybe he has been sitting there all along during the past six years of journal writing, only I haven't noticed or realized. If he is my alter ego—and he is—then this six-year “background effect” should be so.

In any case, he is appearing now. We'll see where he takes me. We'll see how far we go together.

If the focused energy generated by mowing one strip of lawn at a time is eternal, then, by letting my mind drift into thoughts of the whole lawn and the future of my mowing, I am denying the eternal. Thus, by not thinking long range, I am denying God. This is not a good way to go.

I wonder if the “overwhelmed feeling” stems from an old (ancient) childhood feeling that, no matter what I do or how hard I work, I will never be able to get the love and appreciation (of the real me) that I want and need.

The only way I can “get it” is by doing what others (Ma) want. By entertaining and pleasing them. Getting the love and appreciating of the real me that I want is basically, hopeless.

Monday, July 26, 1999

Seeing God In Russian

If what I write and think about is interesting, then wouldn't writing and thinking about studying Russian be interesting, too? And suppose beyond interesting it would even be important!

Well, well, isn't that something. Let me think about this one. Specifically, since I have no Russian teacher, when a Russian language problem comes up I am forced back into myself. I have to "look to the Little Russian teacher within" to find the answer. I didn't know I had a little Russian teacher within but it turns out I do. How did I find this out? Well, after giving my Russian language problems enough thought, suddenly, to my surprise, the answers appear!

For example, after reading decyat dnei – ten days. I asked myself why the ending of den (in the nominative case) was ei, dnei? I knew something about numbers taking the genitive case. I looked up all case endings but found no confirmation of this thought. Suddenly, I realized that, yes, Russian numbers take the genitive, but up to five they take the genitive singular while after five and up to twenty, they take the genitive plural! Aha! I looked up the plural ending for soft masculine words such as den which end in the soft sign, and voila, it was indeed ei, or dnei.

Another victory for the "little Russian teacher within."

What else am I thinking this morning?

I am thinking that I am not thinking alone. I am still thinking with Sylvan Woods. The lad has entered my brain. His entrance is becoming a daily occurrence. He is slowly becoming an integral part of this journal writing. I am starting to believe he is me and I am he. We are writing it together. I am giving him the words to write with, and he is giving me perspective. We're becoming a team. In one sense, this is too good to be true. I'll have to live with this "unitary dualism" a while longer to see if it is, long-range, true. But it certainly feels true now.

Another thing that "bothers" me – that bothers Sylvan and me – is that I don't

have any desire to read about God. In the past, I'd wake up, make coffee, and while I drank the delicious wake-up brew, I'd read lofty religious works, the bible, books about God, yoga, and nirvana. They'd help elevate me during that first morning hour; I'd fly high on the wings of other people's writings and interpretations and ideas of God. It made me feel purposeful and not alone. But now, it seems, God has so penetrated within, become so much a part of me and I a part of Him, that I no longer need or even want to read about Him. Why read about Him when I am Him? Why read about Him when I can, almost constantly, feel Him within me? What can anyone else say to me that I don't know already? This strange new "inner growth and vision" feeling makes me somewhat frightened, sad, and lonely. But only somewhat. I miss the support the writing of others used to give me. But, truth is, I am at a stage, in a place, a new neighborhood, where I am experiencing God in the little things, in the Russian words I read, in their case endings, in the aspects of their perfective and imperfective verbs, in their other grammatical twists and turns. I am even seeing God in the daily work I do, calling people, trying to convince them to go on tours, weekends, or come to folk dance classes. This, in all, is quite a turn about of events, quite an inner change. I am finding the power, connection, and relationship to God within myself. I no longer seem to need or want outside writing to convince and remind me of His existence.

Where this will lead, I do not know. But it is truly where I am today. I hope I don't "forget" it or descend into hubris. (I am always afraid of hubris. Perhaps my fear of it is simply another form of second place. Yes, I believe it is.)

Tuesday, July 27, 1999

"God, Please Tap Me On The Shoulder"

I don't think I can expect another human being to "understand" or even accept

this “both” concept. Perhaps it is asking too much. But I hate feeling alone in this enterprise. There must be someone who accepts it; there must be someone who accepts the “complete” me, the wild, woolly, uncontrollable, breath-taking, mad-running-on-the-lawn, delightful, strange-thinking me.

Who is it? God?

Perhaps God can accept it. Perhaps He can still love me even when I stand up for myself and my strange, Sylvan Woods concept of “both.”

That is why this morning I have a sudden urge to read about Him again. And this after I “gave it up” yesterday. Have I lost faith? Not exactly. But a little reminder would be nice. I have advanced forward by being truthful, by explaining and standing up for myself and the strange way my brain works. After every expansion, I usually fall backwards; after every spurt of inner growth is usually followed by a step back into old well of self-doubt and misery. It is not strong this time, but nevertheless, a whiff of it is there. Thus, a little support from God at this time wouldn’t hurt.

God, even though I know you are there, please tap me on the shoulder to remind me. It’s just one of those mornings.

But Ah, A Nominative!

Can I love a nominative case? Hey, why not? It’s as good as an accusative.

What does an accusative case do but accuse you all day. Whereas a nominative really names you. It stands up for you.

Sure, you have to learn to live with an accusative. The world is full of them. What else can you do?

But ah, a nominative. . . . They are the great accepting mothers!

Part Of Me Said

Part of me said, "Oh, I'm so sorry I have to stand up for myself. I know I'll be punished for this. I know you'll leave me. I'm so sorry I hurt you (by standing up for myself.)"

But part of me didn't. It said, "Yes, I am sorry I hurt you. But it will hurt even more if I don't stand up for myself. Ultimately, it will even hurt you more. Aha! How dare I have such a thought? How dare I express or even think about how you will feel? Who am I to assume I can get inside your head, know your thoughts, and say that ultimately something I think is good for you, too? But if such personal honesty is the best policy (even if I often have to keep it to myself), then the very notion that I can dare express it openly to you, shows both confidence and trust. Perhaps, ultimately, I trust that you will understand. Perhaps, ultimately I hope you will not only understand, but still love and accept me.

From my point of view, my love for you, and adoration, has not and has never changed. That's just the way it is.

Wednesday, July 28, 1999

Every expansion is fraught with fear. Why? Because it opens up the wounds of the original trauma.

What is that trauma?

If I state publically and openly what I want, I will lose the one (and ones) I love. If I put my desires above the desires of others, if I stop "trying to please them and make them happy," then they (Ma in the original trauma) will abandon me.

Who is saying all this? Why Sylvan, of course.

Thursday, July 29, 1999

“Take off your clothes!” Sylvan commanded. “Into bed with you!”

“Yes,” nodded Linda, meekly. . . but happily. “Command, oh master, and I shall obey.”

Yes, things had changed a lot since the garbage dump.

On my sales calling work: Dr. Mitzvah visits the sick by phone.

Friday, July 30, 1999

Starting the “Book Of Money”

A change of behavior is in order. Things must start coming in instead of going out. Money must start coming in instead of going out.

(Almost) everything in my house is for sale.

Start with my boutique.

My writing is for sale.

My guitar playing etc. is for sale.

All “products” of my miracle schedule are for sale.

It’s out with me. Going out.

Sales are my self going public in the biggest of ways.

My inner life is going public; the heart and soul of my miracle schedule is going public. Even telling people about my awe and wonder God is going public. It is for sale.

Getting money, sales equals going public, getting out.

This is a long term, long range, lifetime project. It starts today.

I am also starting the Book of Money. In it I will list not only the item I purchase and amount I spend on it, but, more important, most important, why I’m spending it. I

will carry this notebook with me at all times.

If I have to write out why I am spending money, why I am buying something each time I do it, then this will definitely slow me down and make me think. A lot. It's quite an effort to write down the item and amount of everything I buy. It's even more of an effort to stop and think why I am buying it.

This is a radical change of approach and behavior.

I just sent Barry a check for my writing class. Now, it's true, this expense is for "yesterday's thoughts"; it's for my old way of life. But let's look at it anyway. Let's start with writing.

Why will or should I sign up for writing class again in the fall? Why should I pay for it? In terms of sales, out going, going public, making money or its opposite, not spending money, why should I take my writing class again?

If I ask this question in terms of making money, in terms of how will or can I sell my writing, I cannot yet find a positive answer. Perhaps it is pointing out that it is time to go off on my own. What does that mean? I love Barry's readings of my work, I love his editings. But do I need them? Although they definitely clean up my writings and put they eye of an expert on and over them, do they help me sell it? The answer, of course, is no. I have to be personally ready for such a move and no amount of writing class will do it. So, in this sense, whether I take writing class or not is besides the point.

My debt has gotten way out of hand. It's time to concretely do something about it; it's time to act. That, of course, is the bottom line about why I am questioning my writing class attendance and its expense. My spending patterns and habits have to change. At least until I get this debt and money making in general under control. True, this may take the rest of my life, but hey, what else do I have to do? Actually, I "done everything else in my life." My life feels complete and full. I feel like I've fulfilled all of my dreams. Strange, isn't it: I feel personally fulfilled. And this even though my debt is rising and my money situation stinks so much. It feels like I've got nothing left to do in my life but pay off my debts and perhaps, on the side, make some left-over money. I

have no more problem with sales calls, making sales, pushing all my art stuff, selling my talents, skills, and the “products” of my heart-and-soul miracle schedule. Perhaps that is why I’m in debt in the first place, why money is coming in so strong at this stage of my life. My desire and even ability to go out and get it, to search for it, and this without rancor, symbolizes some kind of inner fulfillment.

In any case, moving back to the concrete Barry expense of future writing classes, perhaps I should stop taking classes for awhile: a year, six-months, a semester, or twelve weeks.

Or perhaps there is a different way of working. Monthly meetings, periodic private conferences, other? I don’t know yet. (Barry, as my mentor, what do you think?)

Oh Mama, please love me for what I do!

New Dream Forming:

New Form Dream

Is what I said before true? Am I really fulfilled? Have I actually fulfilled all my dreams? Or is it just for today? Can I really live without dreams? Can a Jew do such a thing? What about miracles? Can I live without dreams but without believing in miracles?

Maybe I am in the process of forming a new dream. This sounds a better, and more “realistic.” After all, I didn’t get depressed after writing this morning’s Starting The “Book Of Money” for nothing. Give up my dreams? Imagine that? Why would I bother living if I did that? Life would be intolerable.

So I got it wrong. I may have fulfilled parts or even all of my old dreams. Big deal. Who cares about that? I don’t live on old dreams that have grown stale and moldy but on new dynamic, ones. I’m forming a new dream now. It is something to do with sales, going public, inner freedom, paying off debts, and becoming financially

solvent. I don't quite understand this new dream yet. It is in the formation stage, New Form Dream.

My new dream does have a miracle element. It is: I will be counting only on myself. (With God as a silent partner, of course.)

I'm giving up my soul for money. Watch out for this kind of death trap.

Some "adjustments" wouldn't hurt. But watch out that the "adjustments" are no so severe that they kill the soul.

Saturday, July 31, 1999

Plough a Russian strip. One chapter at a time. From the beginning. It keeps me out of second place. Slow, steady, exact knowledge gives me confidence and puts me in first place.

The Economy Awareness Game Can Be Fun!

I started my Book Of Money yesterday, my What And Why Of Money.

Results so far: I bought \$9.50 worth of gas at Exxon from a Mexican youth. He looked at me blankly when I said "Tessekkur ederim," (Turkish for thank you.)

"You're not Turkish?" I said.

"No, I'm from Mexico." Then he said the others at the station were from San Salvador, not Turkey.

Why did I buy gas? Fuel for my car; fuel for my business. I drove away thinking: this economizing and money awareness game could be fun! A game, a challenge. See how little I can spend. . . and survive!

I wrote down these thoughts while driving in my car across the George Washington Bridge. With my eyes fixed on the road ahead of me I felt the writing paper on the seat to my right and felt my pen moving across the pages as I formed the

words. This may well turn out to be a new type of “blind” writing: the “writing while driving” technique. Develop it. Why not? It gives me something to do when traffic slows down. It may even make me look forward to traffic slowing down, and even to traffic jams and stops! I could combine traffic “blind writing” with Russian language, or any other language study, while driving. Carry my writing book and Russian book on my person at all times!

Also write in Russian in my notebook. It’s good practice to speak and write the language I’m learning, even if I only speak it to myself. After all, I have a good and permanent listener. Also, writing it is beautiful.

Let’s face it: Russian is a beautiful language. No wonder I love it so.

How about the excitement of building a business!

How does economizing awareness fit in? Instead of spending that dollar on a doughnut, use it for a (mailing list) phone call.

What about God? What about my search and relationship to Him?

Find God in each phone call, in each Russian word. See Him in the “little things,” the particulars. Mowing one strip of lawn at a time. First place over second place: finding and living it.

One strip of lawn at a time is the way to mow. . . . And there is God, right there in every strip!

Sunday, August 1, 1999

Excitement is the rush of God’s energy coursing through me.

The excitement of building a business; the excitement of learning – and mastering – a language. . . . The excitement of writing with exclamation points!

Building a business, learning a language, block by block, one mowed strip at a time. This, along with the “excitement” of fighting discouragement and the downs.

Monday, August 2, 1999

I just read Snow In August by Pete Hamil; then I started Magister Ludi (The Bead Game) by Herman Hesse.

Ah, don't I love this! To be carried away on wings of words! Riding the dragon across the parched and endless sky. Floating and singing.

Flying without my weighty bags of second place misery. But without this former stimulant, where will I go?

Unassailed and unchased by the demons of "Second-place-Why-bother?- You'll soon-be-dead." Endlessly flying through eternity, across clear skies wrapped in serenity.

The Miracle Of Writing Revisited

Later in the afternoon: I'm wondering why I've been down since Sunday. Since Saturday night, actually. It's an old "familiar" down. I thought it was due to the all-woman folk dance turn-out Saturday night. But, oh no. It started after I finished reading Snow In August. And now I know why. It just hit me.

I have not been writing. This sadness, low, depression, really, shows that writing is even more important than music, more important than playing guitar. Finally, the question of what is most important to the health of my guts, mind, and spirit: it is writing!

I have my sadness to remind me of it. Thank God for my downs! They are my reminders. Without them, where would I be? Who would remind me? My mother? Women? Men? My fans? My detractors? My teachers? The answer is: no one. They might suggest or hint that I should sit down and write—if they were smart enough. But even if they were, I still wouldn't do it. I need much more of a push than a mere verbal nudge given by impotent others. For indeed, they are impotent over the working of my inner mind; they have no say whatsoever over my core. That is why I need my inner blue—whatever you want to call the miseries that visit me periodically during my

strange interlude in unperturbed voyage across this planet. They are my proddings. And they arrest me with such a bang, such a powerful wavelike thrust of emotion, that it is impossible for me to go on, impossible to continue my life, unless I answer their call.

Writing words on paper is that call. The love of language, flying high across the sausage sky, is their secret kabbalistic ingredient, the only cure for the ancient writer's disease.

It flares up on when he or she does not write. But again, who cares when, whether, or even if ideas come. They serve an indelible need, a cosmic purpose: they remind me not only of my destiny, focus, and place on earth, they remind me and put me in touch with the supreme forces of the universe. When I release them, spilling and running like wet Cambembert cheese across the page, I am made whole again.

Why Publish? Publishing for me. And for Me.

Whether it is Sylvan, me, or both of us, when the question comes up: Why should I bother publishing? The answer is starting to come in loud and clear. And selfishly. I am publishing only for me!

How can I say such a thing? Shouldn't I publish so the world can know not only about my talents and skills, but about the struggles, truth, and beauty of the inner me? Shouldn't they know about me?

Well, I hate to say this but, even though it would be nice if they knew – or maybe not so nice – whatever it is, publishing for “them” is not enough to motivate me to publish at all. I need a deeper, gutsier reason. Evidently, I need to think that, even if I publish, no one in the world will ever read it. And I'll have to feel not only not bad about this, I'll have to feel good about it!

Why then would I publish? For my own sense of fulfillment and satisfaction. Period! I am that solitary, but not lonely, voice meditating in the cave high on the hill. I'm sending out vibrations to the world, and, whether they consciously listen or not,

these vibrations are subtly, slowly, and inexorably laying the foundation stones for the future of the world. Yes, no one may hear me; no one may listen. And that is just fine. Yes, it is amazing; that is just fine with me. I am not writing for them; I am not publishing for them.

I am writing to daily discover and represent the grand me; and I am publishing for exactly the same reason.

Why should I care what others think? Why should I care about eternity and the lasting-forever of my name, whether future generations sing paeans in praise of my efforts or find them disgusting, boring, or empty, or never hear about them ever in their life? So what? These goals, sandwiched, sliced, and squeezed into little goo-balls by time's daily watch-hammer, are all so boring, so unmotivating.

No, the only reason to publish is for me. And for Me.

I wrote down to call Terry Rodgers. I'm going to publish all these volumes in their own chronological order.

Oh God, I'm going to do it! Oh, no! And I started to cry.

Tuesday, August 3, 1999

Sylvan's Further Entrance Into The New Form

My body is speaking again to me in gigantic aches. My shoulders are killing me; all the muscles are bunched up and tight. It is true of my neck as well. Knees hurt, and even lower back once in awhile.

What is happening here? Why is my body falling apart?

No doubt, it is following my mind. Then why is my mind falling apart? In other words, where am I at this fucking juncture in my life?

The first problem seems to be that everything is going well.

But before I explore the misery of this “going well” phenomenon, let me say that it seemed to start after the Saturday night folk dance party in Bloomfield. Even though that part was, on many counts, a “success,” I experienced it as a misery and a down. No new dancers, no men, no excitement in the dancing like Golden Bridge on Friday night. Only one sale on the boutique. And I worked so hard setting the whole thing up! No doubt, my expectations for the evening were high; no wonder, with such high expectations, I crashed.

Well, these are all good “rational” explanations for my down. But I don’t believe them. Seems like something more. And there is – something even beyond the fact that I slowed down my writing, yoga practice, running, and guitar playing. Yes, I partially dropped my miracle schedule. This, in the past, and present, is enough of a reason to bring me down. But again, somehow there is something new here as well.

It seems to be centered around the idea that things are “going well.” Of course, in actuality, on the surface, things have hardly changed at all. I’m still hardly making any money and my debt has temporarily increased. This alone is depressing. So why am I “feeling better?”

First, because I’m dedicating myself totally to business, calling, making a dedicated go and push of all my business and artistic loves. I’ve turned the “pushing” corner; I’m totally out there in the fight. And I like it!

Aha! Perhaps there is the problem: I like it! By liking what I am doing, even the business aspect, I have “lost” my escape hatch of misery. Yes, it’s true, feeling depressed, going down, sinking into the abyss, which, although it looks miserable on the surface, actually is a feeding place for me. Or it was. I sucked at the breast of misery and depression. Strangely, it made me feel “good.” It nourished me, feed me, filled me up. And when my depressive bouts ended, I emerged with a renewed energy often fueled by anger and disgust.

Aha! again. I’ve also lost most of my anger and disgust. I’ve lost my feeding holes. I can no longer “believe” in my old

miseries, my old depressions and downs; I can no longer even believe in my old anger and disgust. Even the great beast of self-loathing has stopped visiting my gates. True, part of me always wanted to lose those feeding spots. But the other part of me needed and even loved them. They were my Misery Friends. They kept me company and paradoxically built me up by knocking me down.

But they are mostly gone now. Who will replace them? What will now feed me and build me up? There is nothing left to do but go public with all my private places, to leave my house to tell others about the private art center in my mind, to sell its products, to promote my own brand of craziness. “Worst” of all – best of all in the new form model – I’m loving it.

This, I feel, is my conflict. It is why my body is aching so much. I am trying to coordinate the new vision, the new view into my life. I am asking: how can I lead it without believing in my own misery? What kind of life is that, anyway? No self-loathing, no anger, no hatred of others? No fears of abandonment and failure? What kind of life is that? Where is the pepper? Where are the stimulants? Where will the fire in the belly come from? If I am not fueled by the old petroleum products, if I do not have my old depressive miseries to keep me warm, what will bring balm and peace to my body?

These old miseries were the way I gave myself love. If I can no longer count on them, what will I give myself in their place? Of course, I know what I will give myself. It is the fire and joy of going public with my private places. But this is a new phenomenon for me. I hardly know where to begin. I’m just not used to it.

Is it really as “simple” as that? Am I really down because I am up? I can’t think of another reason. This feels right even though it is so strange.

It wouldn’t hurt to start re-introducing yoga, guitar, running, and writing back into my life. And “integrating” them into my Business/Artistic New Form.

Maybe I was down because I cracked the code!

Maybe I was down in order to crack the code. The New Leaf code in the New Form.

War!

I took a long walk. Now I know why my body is aching; now I know where I am going.

My body is preparing itself for its new purpose. Old cells are being destroyed; new cells are being created. I feel that process as pain.

What is this new purpose? War!

Yes, a war not only for survival but for excellence! (Actually, survival is excellence, for without striving for excellence why would I bother trying to survive? Only excellence brings the sparks and the shining; it shines divine light into the living room of my mind.)

I am fighting on two fronts: First, to publish my book. Books, actually. For it is a series I am writing. Many volumes. A lifetime of work, no doubt. A lifetime of war to get them out of my mind, off my body, out of my living room, and into the world. My second front is to pay off my debts. Another lifetime struggle. It may take weeks, months, years, the rest of my life, or longer. Who knows? It is another part of my war.

I am marshaling all my forces. I am lining them up, steadying and readying them, getting them in tip-top shape for the battles ahead.

What are my forces I shall use against this unseen enemy? They are fully arrayed in my miracle schedule. I must have an excellent body to fight this war. Running, yoga, and my calliyoga exercises will train my body and keep it in shape for the struggle.

What other weapons do I have? Where are my spears, guns, and bombs? They are my writing, guitar playing, folk dancing, and even calligraphy. These art forms are my weapons, the warriors I am hurling into battle.

Added to this arsenal are my tours, weekends, folk dance classes, and club date bookings. The powder to explode these machines of war is in my telephone calls, brochures, publicity, fliers, and letters.

I should go to the library to study about war. I should peruse the shelves, take out the best books, and study the fighting game. From here on in, my life is war. Even though my body is cracking, my finances are down the drain with all my resources strained to the breaking point, my audience may be dying and disappearing, my customers have mostly vanished into the night, social security and medicare won't help, and everything I can think of is stacked against me, I am nevertheless, like Don Quixote, going out to fight my windmills. Illusion or reality, who cares? War is war. I'm ready for action.

I am alone in this war. No worldly person has the power to fight or finish my war. No one can help me. It is, after all, my war.

All I have is God on my side.

Not a bad One to have when it feels like everything and everyone else is against you.

But, it does not feel like everyone and everything else is against me. Nor does it feel like they are for me. Actually, it feels somewhat like they are besides the point. For some kabbalistic, mysterious, Godly, unearthly reason I have arrived at this strange warrior place. Here I am, a peaceful, peace-loving person, and I expect to devote the rest of my life to war! And I have only thirty to sixty years left in my life to do it.

The fight starts today. Armageddon is up ahead. The forces of good and evil are arrayed against each other: Good in the form of survival and excellence; evil in the form of the countless obstacles in my path. Marshal the arts! Gather the weapons of business! Array all the forces!

The war begins!

Wednesday, August 4, 1999

I'm on the right road. Let time do its work. Otherwise I'll be back in second place.

Part of time is God. Let time do its work. Let God do His work.

On Gutin's Greek Tour Cancellation

Beatings from the vicissitudes of life can be viewed as an (S and M) stimulant!

Thus, the pain of cancellations, rejections, and no's can be viewed as a ("pleasant" pain/pleasure) stimulant!

Pain, in general – yoga, running, folk dancing etc – as a stimulant. Financial and business pain as a stimulant, etc.

Thursday, August 5, 1999

(The) Little Mother Within

I am finding, discovering, making contact with the "little mother within" who will love me even if I miss a guitar note.

Next is to find the "little mother within" who will love me even if I have a debt.

Will you love all this power I have?

How could you do this to me? How could you cut the cord? How could you throw me out of your womb? What is wrong with me? Why did you throw me out? Am I so bad?

What is wrong with me? Why would you reject me so? I was so safe and warm and loved. Why did you push me out and cut the cord? My belly button aches for you, aches for your love.

Naturally, I punish myself. I am bad, wrong, and evil. If I weren't, why would you have pushed me out? Why would you have rejected me, thrown me into the street, dumped me on the garbage table with only a lost white-aproned doctor to guide me? I am bad, evil, and wrong. Otherwise why would such a great love, my greatest love, you, reject me?

It must be me. You are all-knowing, good, and wonderful. Your wombly roomy place of eternal endless rest was so blue-skied, floating, peaceful, watery, and wonderful. You had it all, and you gave it all to me. Ah, how I loved that peaceful, beautiful, oceanic, celestial place, that oceanic home in the waters of your womb.

And then you threw me out! How could you? How dare you? I'm better than that. I don't deserve such treatment. Yet you did it anyway. What kind of a love is that? Frankly, it sucks!

Who Knew Italian?

Instead of crying when I came out of the room, I should have done it "Italian style." When I first saw the doctor and he slapped me on the back, instead of crying I should have shouted: "Hey, whatta da fuck you doing? Hey, fucka you! Putta me back!

Putta me back right now or I'll killa you! Bang, bang! I shoota you dead! Putta me back, you lousy fuck!"

That's what a baby really wants to say. That's what I should have said. But who knew Italian?

Maybe making contact with the "little mother within" will turn my flatness around.

Friday, August 6, 1999

Reading Russian and Greek Aloud

A strange, nice, and steady linguistic development: Naturally, suddenly, and easily, I have “slipped into” reading Russian and Greek aloud. I find the sound of it relaxing and quietly stimulating.

I am no longer in a rush to conquer Russian and Greek.

Is there a connection between my right guitar index finger, my belly button, and “telling all to my the inner mother”? Confessing to her all the sins of my wrong notes?

Is my inner mother the Inner Mother?

Will she still accept and love me with my mistakes?

Total rest, total acceptance, total love from the inner mother.

Like a genie, I can conjure her up by rubbing my belly button.

After cutting the cord, running, rushing, entering the world of struggle and strife to fight my fights, I return to her restful bosom for solace and peace.

Could this be so bad?

It is important not to confuse the inner mother with the outer mothers. They are “merely” flesh and blood. Although beautiful, they are subject to all the earthly afflictions of physical and mental temporal existence. But the inner mother is affected by none of this. She is sublime spirit and pure oceanic bliss.

Inner mother running. . . focus on the oceanic experience.

Inner mother yoga. . . focus on the oceanic experience.

Saturday, August 7, 1999

I’m reading Elsa Walsh’s Divided Lives. On the surface, a fluff. But the power of the narrative: It’s very visceral. This “bothers” me. It “bothers” me that I am held,

captivated, gripped by such “fluff.” Perhaps she is onto something I am not aware of yet.

Is it the visceral power of the narrative? A narrative?

I forgot the last step of Zborenka last night. I have to look it up in my old notebook. But I can't find my old notebook. I'll have to go through all my folk dance stuff to find it.

Is this a “gathering” like my book?

A harvesting?

I am in the harvesting stage of life. Could this be my folk dance harvesting time, too? Is that what “forgetting” the Zborenka last step is (cabbalistically) leading me to?

What is the difference between excellence and perfection? I don't know yet but I know there is a difference.

Strive for excellence, not perfection.

Sunday, August 8, 1999

“Working through,” in Russian, of nouns, case endings, and grammar.

Orgasm is such a mystery.

God is withholding the ultimate prize from me until I learn what I have to learn.

But what does this mean? What do I have to learn? Does it mean that He has to “give” it to me? Or, does it mean that I have to take it myself?

Is this the ultimate “waiting” for it to happen, “waiting” for an outside force to

do it for me? Does it still mean it is not my right?

Or is my taking it His form of "giving" it to me?

Maybe it has to do with quiet, and going deep into myself, and not "asking."

Are my noises cries of asking? Pleading and begging? Are they the last vestiges of the old form?

The (public) acceptance of myself on the deepest of levels.

Tuesday, August 10, 1999

Drill, drill. Knock the genitive in. Look up those Russian noun endings, those case endings, over and over. Knock them into my head. I want to fall back into their loving arms; I want to look them up. I want to scurry back into the arms of mother Russia, mother Grammar, the secure, didactic, structured, over-and-over again home.

I like the womb of mother Russia. Her palatalizing sounds make me feel warm and secure. I love her soft palate on my cheek, the rolling of those beautiful Russian sounds around on my tongue, pressing so softly against my cheek and palate, making me round and secure in this fuzzy and sharply pointed world.

Thursday, August 12, 1999

Sitting In The Well

Headache, angry, battered. But at what?

Give up? That's a joke. "Just" an overreaction to frustration and impatience. A temper tantrum. Now I'm thankful for what I've got.

But it's something else. It has something to do with my belly button and the

inner mother. Somehow, meditation on these subjects, the vision of floating peacefully in the oceanic bliss of the womb, has taken away my power.

I remember thinking in anger and frustration: "I quit! I give up!" Such thinking is always a recipe for future anger headaches.

Well, I'm not giving up anymore. Frankly, I don't even know why thought about it I did in the first place. Maybe it's just a revisit, an old reaction to not getting what I want, an old impatient reaction to frustration. Big problems take so long to solve, sometimes years. Look at my in-room attitudes and my fears of going public; look at the reversal in my attitudes towards business, in my view of guitar playing, in my conquest of "Alhambra," and even in the touching of my belly button. These are long-term, even lifetimes "hangups." And I've dealt with them, and even "solved" them on the most basic of levels. Certainly, this is cause for long term optimism on all my problems. But I need patience, long-term thinking, the mowing of one strip at a time, as I sit thinking, cogitating, ruminating, and meditating, deep in the darkness of my inner well.

Thus, result: there is much cause for optimism. Just keep mowing, keep going, and keep your eye on patience and the long term.

Where Else Can I Go But Up?

I have been so completely off the last few days. I really slipped back into the "old neighborhood," handling frustration with impatience, giving up, and a hearty "I quit!"

No wonder I'm so disgusted with myself this morning. No wonder I'm angry, and have a headache. This is miserable stuff. It is not the material of mental marble from which the the new form me is constructed. I don't want any part of such ancient thinking. Yet it came up. Luckily, I was finally able to realize what was happening in that strange inner place I call my mind. Now I definitely quit on those old concepts of giving up, throwing in the towel, retreating to my room, and yes, even retreating to my

womb!

Aha, that may be the problem! The view through my belly button to my inner mother, to the peace and beauty of floating in the oceanic bliss of my inner womb, may have been a partial excuse or reason to retreat once again from going public. Partial, I say. But partial is what I am dealing with. I interpreted this amazing “touching of the belly button” breakthrough, this amazing expansion, in the “old” way. That is, basically, by retreating. Yes, first I expanded, then I retreated; first I “went public,” then I “went private.” I returned to my room, closed the door, and hid from the wonder and amazement of my belly button and inner womb vision expansion. This is a common way of handling my expansions. I usually, nay even “always,” have handled them by first retreating from them, then returning, looking at them again, and finally, slowly, making my peace with them, and incorporating them into my being.

This is probably the same thing that is slowly happening with my belly button, oceanic inner womb bliss, and inner mother experience.

Anyway, I’m onto it now. We’ll see where this leads. But I’m optimistic, hopeful, even definite, that it will lead upwards, to bigger and better expansions.

Besides, I’ve already done the down scene. Where else can I go but up?

Yes, belly button and inner mother are tremendous expansions. That’s why I reacted to them so strongly, why I retreated from them.

But such is the life of realizations.

Friday, August 13, 1999

I Need Both

I’ve lost my desire to write.

I’ve lost my desire for “other things,” as well.

It has something to do with inner mother, the bliss of my in-womb experience, and my belly button.

It has to do with the completely safe, secure, and protected feeling of the oceanic in-womb bliss experience. This has somehow removed my desire and drive. I do not feel too bad about this. But I am puzzled. And slightly worried. Where will this “retreat” into oceanic bliss lead?

Have I exchanged my room for a womb?

Have I expanded my room into a womb?

Have I moved from the brooks-running-into-lakes, in-room experience to the larger oceanic bliss experience?

Safety and security have been expanded. But with it comes a kind of deadness. Aha, deadness, eh? It is both blissful and dead. What can someone stuck in the womb do anyway but float around feeling totally safe and secure? There’s not much dynamism in that.

Dynamism, eh? So I want dynamism too.

Just as I enjoy, nay love, the in-womb bliss experience, so I am beginning to be puzzled by its lack of dynamism.

In-womb is the ultimate safe, secure, and protected mother experience. Inner mother and belly button come to fore.

But where is father? Where is the dynamic masculine experience?

Outside the womb. Beyond the vaginal channel exit. In the chamber of life, that mostly empty auditorium with the blue seats into which I was born.

Yes, the in-womb bliss experience lacks the masculine element. It lacks guts, courage, energy, and love.

Love? What kind of love am I talking about here? It is the love felt and expressed in the outside world, the beyond-the-womb world.

Oceanic in-womb bliss is the total feminine experience, the ultimate experience of safety, security, and protection.

But it is only half of what I need – and evidently want. I also need – and want, the total masculine experience.

What is it? Where will I find it?

In the outside world, life and existence beyond the room of my womb. It is found in the going public experiences I am having every day.

Going public and in-womb bliss, masculine and feminine: I need both.

Both take place in my head. No one outside can “give” me these experiences. I have to have and “take them” myself. I need both of them. I am both of them.

Heightened and perfected in intensity. I rise another rung on the ladder of expansion.

Remembering, imagining, and picturing the bliss of the in-womb experience is the “answer” to all fears.

Saturday, August 14, 1999

Accepting My Own Helplessness

Is going to the debt consolidation place the first step in accepting my own helplessness? I'd like to think so. (Otherwise, I'd view it as a defeat. I'd like to think positively about this one.)

The receptionist there had a nice phone voice. Sympathetic. She will help me (because) I am help-less.

There is a certain beauty in accepting my own helplessness. It is found somewhere in the safety, peace, and security of the embryonic oceanic in-womb bliss. Realizing this made me cry.

Somehow crying gives it a reality even beyond words.

Part of being a man, part of being manly and macho, is being able to accept my total helplessness. This is an amazing realization.

Helplessness As "My Own"

The Ultimate Art (Aesthetic) Experience

The embryonic, blissful, in-womb vision I have, of beautifully floating in the safe, secure, and peaceful environment of the oceanic inner womb is my own experience of the greatest inner beauty. In the past, my greatest fear has been that I would become helpless, that I would be helpless. And yet, part of me has always been attracted to helplessness (although I would never admit this). I can see it though in the sado-masochism of tying women down, and even of beating them into submission. In these visions, these fantasies, I am actually tying down and beating an inner part of myself. Part of me wants to be tied down and helpless, and I am beating down that part of me that fights against it. I am saying, "Be helpless, you prick! Don't fight me. How dare you fight me! I am your master. I want you to lie helpless before me. And I want you to like it. Even more than that, I want you to love it!

And, truth is, part of me does. But again, I would never admit this, at least publically. It would be too embarrassing; it would contradict all my images of manhood and macho-hood. It would mean total submission to the "other," to the mother woman outside my head. But now I have an inner mother; I have seen and experienced my inner mother; I have seen and experienced my own in-womb bliss, my own personal and owned experience of the deepest kind of inner safety, security, protection, peace, and bliss. It is mine; the vision is mine!

I no longer have to fear my vision of helplessness. I can connect it directly to the experience of beauty, my art experience, the awe and wonder experience, the union with God experience. God is the ultimate protector. Now I have a direct vision and experience of Him in His feminine form. He is inside me as my inner mother. He is my in-womb experience. He will soon also be my out-womb going public experience. But not yet. In fact, I shouldn't make predictions, even though I "know" this one will be true. And this because where else can I go? After the womb comes the birth canal and

then the blue-seated auditorium of the outer public world. I have to navigate back and forth between these worlds. Now I can accept both of them.

There is that word “both” again. It has so many meanings to me.

Helplessness also means giving up control. No wonder I have been so scared of it.

But I also love it so.

To play guitar and give up control. Imagine that!

This is what part of me has wanted all along: to give up the struggle, to lie there helplessly and enjoy every minute of it.

I feel sick. I’ve lost all my fight and drive. There must be a way of keeping it along with my helplessness.

Both. Here is that “both” word again.

Later that afternoon as I sit in the Coach House eating my chocolate chip cookie, drinking coffee, and reading The Tale Of The Ring: A Kaddish by Frank Stiffel:

I am so fucking mad! At whom? At me? At my confused, puzzled, helpless state. I’m so thrown off. On the one hand, I have this beautiful embryonic blissful vision; on the other, I feel I will be criticized for having it. “You are all alone in your room, etc.” She said only that. But I perceive it as criticism. She may well not have meant it to be. Nevertheless, I see in that way.

What is wrong with me that I have to retreat into my in-womb experience, that part of me that likes to feel helpless, etc? A return with a vengeance to the “What is wrong with me?” idea.

And yet, I know that nothing is wrong with me.

I’ve just had a beautiful experience; I’m in the process of envisioning a beautiful

vision. True, it is an in-womb vision. But so what?

Yes, I don't want to tell anyone about it. Too early. I only want to experience it and re-experience it over and over again until it become part of me and its deeper meaning unfolds and grows clear.

I cannot "share" this with anyone, even my beloved. That's the way it goes. But it's okay to have it alone. Alone is not selfish, bad, or wrong. Alone is alone. That's all.

I realize I am not mad at me any longer. I am mad at the imaginary – and real – "others" who criticize me for having this beautiful inner experience alone.

Indignant rage is in order here.

This must be an expansion – and a big one. Otherwise, why would I feel so bad? Why would I be so mad and in retreat? Why would I be castigating myself with the old "What's wrong with me?" question?

It is an expansion. And a beautiful vision! How could a vision of complete safety, security, protection, inner peace, and bliss not be? I simply have not yet been able to put it together with the rest of my life.

Enjoy it, and grow with it while it's hot. One day even this belly-button, embryonic vision of bliss will be thoroughly incorporated into my being, and become a "thing of the past."

Enjoy my gold stock while it's rising. One day at a time. Live in its moments of glory.

This vision is one of total independence. Is that so bad?
It could be the beginning of a total rebirth.

Maybe it makes others feel left out, as if they are not needed. Well, indeed, for this in-womb vision, they are not needed. But they are certainly needed for the activities beyond the womb.

Promise me you won't leave me if I am this way. If I am totally dependent and helpless, promise me you'll still love me and you won't leave me.

I wonder if I am actually going through, "re-experiencing," the feelings I had both before and at my birth. Am I really going back that far? Is it possible? I am really asking if I have enough faith in myself to believe the experience I am actually having.

Well, I do. This is definitely a re-experiencing of my pre-birth, my birth pangs, and the pangs beyond my birth. I' way back there now. Amazing, frightening, and beautiful!

Sunday, August 15, 1999

The Futile Attempt To Control Others Through Your Own Anger

I've been furious at Bernice since Wednesday night, when she asked me to copy the relaxation tape for Phoebe. Here's what happened: Phoebe and Bernice went to Tanglewood and visited Kripala. Phoebe found a Relaxation tape in the store, which she liked. Bernice said she had the tape at home. Phoebe said, "Would you copy your tape for me so I don't have to buy it?" Bernice, like the idiot she sometimes is, agreed. "I'll ask Jim to do it."

So she asked me. I refused. Why? First of all, Let's face it, Phoebe is a cheap shit. She may have other good qualities but her "teacher's mentality" money attitude, always try to save a buck, I absolutely can't stand. Secondly, by "saving money" in this manner, she is kicking the small business person in the teeth. Since I am pro-business, especially small business, I hate the quality, too. Third of all, and indeed, last, copying someone's else's tape is illegal. By "copying" you are, basically, stealing the other person's intellectual property.

Thus on all three counts I was against it. But stupid Bernice was for it! Then, of all the nerve, when I told her I wouldn't do it, she was mad at me! Me! Imagine that.

And I'm the one who's right! Certainly, on a legal and moral level I am right. Stealing is wrong. On an emotional level I am right: she is hurting the small businessman by stealing his property. The only thing Phoebe is "right" on is her right to be a cheap shit. Which she is.

After Bernice agreed with Phoebe, siding with her against me, I became furious. My indignant rage kicked in. I told her I thought Phoebe was a cheap shit, that she was stealing intellectual property, was hurting the small businessman, and that, if someone ever came to my boutique, looked at one of my tapes, and did what Phoebe did, I'd curse them and take them off the mailing list immediately. Who wants these creeps, anyway?

But after I said all this, venting and expressing my indignant rage, Bernice was unmoved. She didn't think she was wrong. She still thought I was wrong, that I was being anti-social, unfriendly, hurting her best friend, selfish, hypocritical, etc. This was absolutely insane. Here I was, right, and she was telling me I was wrong. How can I stand such a person!

My indignant rage was totally expressed, but Bernice did not change one iota. I stayed mad at her for days. What is wrong? I thought. Why am I still mad? I've vented my indignant rage, done everything I could, expressed all my feelings and thoughts, done everything in my power, and, not only has Bernice not changed, but worse, I am still mad! At her!

Suddenly, when I went running this morning, the essence of the situation popped up. I was staying mad at Bernice because somehow I thought my anger at her could control her. By staying angry at her, somehow, magically, I thought I could change her mind, change her behavior, make her come around to my point of view. I'd make her apologize, and that would be that. It is similar to what happened when I grew up. If I ever stood up to my mother, she would usually get mad at me. But if I stayed angry, had an inner temper tantrum, fumed, hissed, or moped around, she would eventually say, "I'm sorry. I was wrong. I never want to hurt you, etc." She

would keep apologizing profusely until I couldn't stand it. Soon wished I had never stood up against her. Her apology was worse than her anger.

This is what is happening with Bernice. Subtly, I am hoping, deep within the wild imagination of my mind, that my anger will control her, force her to change, and, finally, bring her around to my point of view.

But now I realize that indignant rage is the best – and only – thing I can do. I can express my moral and personal indignation. But anger, as defined here, is my attempt to control someone else's thoughts and behavior.

This kind of anger is totally futile, stupid, useless, and a waste of time. You can never control people. The best you can do is to tell them what you think, give them a piece of your indignant rage, express yourself to the full extent of your capacity and limitations, then move on.

All you can have is your fury. It is the limit of your power.

I feel like I'm coming under the thumb of all women again.
This helpless thing is probably getting to me. I'm thrown by it. We'll see where it leads.

Monday, August 16, 1999

When I saw "I wonder if" it usually means "I know that."
Thus, I know that my in-womb vision is the symbolic birth of my New Form.

Power comes with out-of-the-womb, and the masculine manifestation, the birth of a penis.

Tuesday, August 17, 1999

I'm not used to being down anymore. And when I am, I now think: isn't this due to some kind of expansion?

Well, I've been (unusually) down since yesterday morning. Let look at possible

(expansive) reasons.

1. Bernice is leaving me; she says she is getting an apartment whether I like it or not, whether I want to move or not.

2. I'm fatigued from my long run on Sunday, the culmination of the embryo experience, and finishing of all my business projects (I've written most of my fliers, finished my schedule etc.).

I could look at these possible downs as expansions in reverse. For example, Bernice is leaving: So what? My embryo experience is an incredible inner expansion. My long run and the "feeling so good" afterwards – the "I'm in training" feeling is a definite expansive experience. In finishing all my projects I can, just like at the end of a tour, look back on the fulfillment rather than the lose.

All these I can view as expansions. Or, at least, I'd like to see them that way. My desire to see things as expansions, this attitude alone, is itself an expansion.

When I expand, I am used to feeling that I will lose the one(s) I love; I'll lose my Mama love. Isn't that what I have just done again? The old patterns return with a visible vengeance. Happily, their return will be a brief one.

Another expansion: The Russian case endings are slowly sinking. . . in! Today is the first day this has happened. It took a month of daily hammering.

I still feel I'm going to lose everybody by doing this. But knowing it, being aware of why I go down, is a good first step.

And this, even though learning this step may take years.

One of the essences of my embryo experience is the feeling of total independence! This is an amazing expansion. Another "reason" why I relapsed into Downsville. (My old country school, my old neighborhood country home.)

Wednesday, August 18, 1999

Aiming At Mastery

To really get the Russian genitive down, to master it, to feel it really sinking down into my bones, is a good and godly feeling.

Perhaps aiming for mastery is a good way to combat the downs, the abandonment and loss I'm feeling.

I've gone from helpless to mastery in the last few days. This is quite a jump. No wonder I'm feeling battered, abandoned, and at a loss.

Mastering my relations with women, mastering my debt, mastering my life—is this a good way to go?

This means, of course, mastering life outside of the womb.

I've moved from embryo to mastery of life outside the womb. Talk about being whip-sawed! No wonder I've been so confused, down, and thrown; no wonder I've felt so battered and beaten.

If mastery is my "new goal," where will this lead?

Part of me has always liked mastery.

Perhaps I am being (have been) reborn in order to pursue a new level of mastery. Perhaps that is the "meaning and purpose" of this rebirth experience.

But in pursuing mastery do not forget the beauty of my helpless side.

Learn to accept it as part of my constellation.

I am torn between mastery and helplessness. It is probably my life struggle. It is

probably the life struggle.

Mastery is the realm of control, dominance, seizing, taking over, and power.

Helplessness is the realm of letting go, submitting, and giving in to the higher forces. It is the realm of aesthetic beauty and an appreciation, nay adoration, of Beauty. In my view, it is the realm of the embryo and in-womb experience.

It is also the realm submission to the higher forces, the infinite realm of God.

Thus helplessness is a very important experience.

But so is mastery.

Helplessness is also giving in and letting the ocean roll over you. It is both so sad and so beautiful.

I want to understand myself. I want to master my life. I want the security and power of knowing. Often, after a morning's writing, I say: "Yes, now I've got it! Finally, I understand Life!"

But no sooner do I say "I've got it!" than Life runs away again.

Then I went to the bathroom and sat on the toilet reading my Russian genitives. Back to mastery. It was a good feeling. Godly, too.

So ends a New Form.