

Savoring

Saturday, September 25, 1999

Savoring

Is It The Key To Publishing Motivation?

How do I learn to savor my writing experience? Start with the ending of New Form three.

As I sat on my ankles, then knelt down on the living room floor, I focused on the New Form Three writing I had just done. I savored it.

My first and immediate thought was: I want to publish it! I want the world to know how great this is!

If this is my reaction to savoring: publication and screaming out "I want the world to know!" isn't that why I have been avoiding it all of my life? Isn't it also why I am ready to start savoring now?

Is kneeling down, sitting on my ankles, the "savoring" position?

Is savoring my writing the key to publishing motivation? A gigantic hmmm.

Sunday, September 26, 1999

Speaking of watching my moods arise, manifest, and fade, my sadness has not only faded but completely disappeared! Where did the fucker go? I don't know. Nor do I care. It is simply a "riser and fader," like all the others.

How "serious" can this mood be if it is simply a "riser and fader?"

The Practice of Thought Gazing

A physical ache or pain is a thought manifested or “lodged” in the body. Thus, just as in the practice of thought gazing, watch it arise, manifest, and fade.

We have reached a new level. You are my partner in meditation.

Forget about levels and discriminations. Well, I’ll try.

Nevertheless.

If this is so, it can be done long distance as well as up close.

Grasping for progress. Stop doing this.

There is a tendency of mind to label and identify. Thus it discriminates and descends into dualism.

But if I don’t identify and label my sad feeling as sadness what will I do with it? What is it then? Where will it go?

Tulku says that, “although you can feel the thought, see it, and experience it happening, the thought itself is a projection of the “watcher.” The thought is not separate from the “watcher.” This is an amazing and astonishing view.

My need to discriminate means my need to separate one thought or feeling from another.

But if I don’t discriminate, my thoughts and feelings will simply fall into and become part of the flow.

If I let this happen, where will I be?

Will I be in the river of ego dissolution?

I think so.

Do I want this dry, dull, crazy, wet, wild running place? Maybe.

Monday, September 27, 1999

Leaving

Heartache and love sick. Talk about attachment! I'm sick with attachment. I don't see much Witness or feel much like "watching" this morning.

It could be because I'm leaving for a Weekend, then leaving for Greece. I'm leaving all I love behind. I see a vast emptiness until October 18th. It's my first trip "alone."

Also things are piling in on me. I haven't had a moment to breathe since my Mitsubishi transmission broke. I've been drowning in "details" like buying a new car, making name lists and a program for the Weekend, touching up the final packing and organization for Greece. In the process of sustaining these mental annoyances, along with the physical aches and pains from my September psychological burden of "getting used to" living as a confident, powerful, and dynamic "new and wonderful person," I've done almost no yoga, running, Russian, or Arabic. I've hardly had a chance to.

In any case, there is nothing I can do about them. They are the mental detail midgets inhabiting my mind until the end of my Greek tour. Nevertheless, I hate feeling so down, lost, lonely, love sick, missing, empty, alone, and lacking. Why do I have to have these human emotions? Why can't I be a stone? Not as solid as igneous rock or metamorphic, but I'd settle for sedimentary. Sedimentary rocks have a touch of fossil life in them.

I wouldn't mind being a fossil for a while. I hate the pain of these fucking human emotions. Why can't they just go away and leave me alone? Why can't I be a "perfect meditator" like the rest of the fossil saints and yogis I read about? True, they may only be fictional characters – but that's okay. I don't mind leaving reality behind for a while.

Oh, Mama! Abandoned or Being Abandoned?

Perhaps some of the pain is found in the word “leaving.” Isn’t leaving a form of “abandoning?” By going on the Weekend and to Greece am I not abandoning my “home,” my love? Or rather, its opposite: I am being abandoned by them. Isn’t this an old familiar theme?

I hope I’m on the right track here. I’ll do almost anything to avoid these painful feelings. Am I avoiding them by trying so hard to “understand” them? I think so.

Oh, Mama, Mama, Mama, Mama, Mama! The good warm all-embracing love of your warmth! The beautiful folds of your loving arms embrace and enfold me in their rapture. I swim in their delicious ecstasy. I am totally accepted and loved – every part and fiber of my being, the interstices of my mind, my mental adventures, twists and turns, ups and downs, dark corners and lighted alleys, all accepted and loved by you! The heat of your hands touches my body, loving every hanging particle, heating every cold and lonely spot, bringing the rapture of holy light and acceptance to my distant Isle-of-Langerhorn being. My pancreas loves you, and so does my cerebellum.

You caress my insides and my outsides. You love and accept me. And through your loving acceptance of me, I too can learn to love and accept me.

Attached to your heat-filled energy hand is the sun-heat rapture warmth of your loving mind. My inside and outside become one under the touch of your beautiful hand.

Read my mind through the touch of your eyes; touch my body through the reading of your hands. That is what you do to me and for me. How can I live without you?

I cannot. And yet physically, you are gone. (True, I can visit you for a few moments, but these indeed are temporal forms.)

How can I hold you forever?

Somehow I must incorporate your love into my being; somehow I must believe

you are in me, and this forever. How can I suck you in? How can I drink up your being so that your love can be sent to water and make flower all the distant cells of my growing human body?

Ah, I miss you. I want to drink you up.

The Mama Touch

The Mama touch is just over the sound hole of the guitar.
It is soft, loose, relaxed, and full of love.

No wonder the tone it produces is so beautiful.

I can't believe this yet, but even the Mama Touch exists "only" in my mind.

I can't "see" this. I see it in "others" so far outside me.

Hopefully, I am on the road to giving up improvement and trading it in for being.

Tuesday, September 28, 1999

Love expands from the inside and moves out.

I love love.

I wonder if that is why I have (had) that tremendous sadness inside me. I could never fully express love. But I love love. I love to express it. It makes me feel so full, rich, warm, and plentiful. Indeed, it is a new experience.

Is that the "answer" to sadness? Saying "I love you" to the world around me?

It starts with one and moves on out.

Love answers sadness.

Love, pouring out from the inside, drowns the cesspool of sadness in a dung-heap misery of light.

The sad teary cesspool cannot stand before the withering heat-filled gaze of love's blistering boisterous flood of light.

Is the sadness (caused by) the blocking of love?

My love is slowly floating out of me into her. I am in the process of losing it, losing my vision of it. Slowly the sadness is returning. Slowly I am giving up my vision, giving it over to her, handing it over, handing over the power, strength, and beauty of my love vision. In the process, I am becoming sad again.

The love starts in me and radiates out. It has to be that way. When I forget this and give "credit" to another, I forget my center, lose my soul, and drift down into sadness, loss, and abandonment.

But it is so hard to experience this much less remember it.

She is the catalyst and the bridge.

She awakens the love in my soul.

But the soul is mine.

The love is in me.

Try to remember this.

Is love the center of my power?

Probably.

The books say it is. But I don't know this yet.

Wednesday, September 29, 1999

Do I ache because I am losing my sadness and falling into love?

Does my mind no longer have an "escape route," and is this being expressed through the pains in my body?

With the power of love strapped by my side, I have nothing to "hold onto" anymore. To save myself from sinking, I am grinding my heels into the ground, tightening my leg muscles, hanging on for dear life. Falling into the void must be very frightening, especially the void of love.

Part of the idea of my miracle schedule, the routine of it at least, is to get some kind of control over this void. And this, of course, even though the beauty of nature of the void is beyond control. You have to "let go" to enter it. Certainly, as long as I hang on to the discipline, routine, and structure of the miracle schedule I cannot have the "void experience" which is (was), on a lower level, the love experience. I "a-voided" it.

But now I am at the doorway of something new. I have been there since my September return. It started with the rock-solid confidence and power feeling. All was in order; intensity and passion were mounted and manifested in the three-times-a-day rule. Then I plunged into my "return." Back to work after the summer's "vacation." It came up with a vengeance. Now I stand at the borders of doing the Smorgasbord Weekend, going to Greece, publishing New Leaf, a new power and confidence all covered with love, and, while this is happening my body feels like its falling apart. What is going on here?

Yesterday I finished all the work on my desk. I cleared it. Does that mean my September return is complete? Perhaps I am ready to tackle the next leg of this journey and take the next bountiful leap across the field of life.

Somehow I must reclaim my body. But won't it be through my mind?

Tear out the human emotions. Why won't they leave me alone? Doesn't this question point to my core, fundamental feelings, primitive and primal needs that I, in

the deepest of senses, yearn to fill?

What are those needs?

Aren't they love and total acceptance of my being?

Can another human being actually give me these? Is anyone outside of myself capable of fulfilling this herculean task? Only a mother could do it, and my mother is dead. Also, I'd have to return to the two-year-old level.

Dave says that, through psychotherapy, one can become aware of this need on its deepest level; through therapy, it can be partially discovered and met.

Should I look outside of myself for love and total acceptance of my being? Or should I simply look for a bridge, a partner in exploration, someone through whom I can find and express these most profound of feelings.

Perhaps the best I can do is find a partner.

But that's not too bad.

Feeling Good? Part Of Me Says "Never!"

Perhaps my aches and pains in my body are caused by trying to avoid (a-void, a void) feeling good! Hmmm.

Witness my immediate reaction to my Agnico gold stock rise. It has moved from a low of 2 ½ to this morning's high of 8. And I have 3000 shares! This is really great news. What was my reaction to it? First, look at this – even though my stock has gone up and with it all my finances, it really doesn't affect my life. What good is money, anyway? My mind is in other places, etc. In other words, I denied the expansion of gold just as I so often deny most good feelings of expansion.

Certainly, I am in a September mode of expansion. Aren't my aches and pains a subtle form of lid created by my mind and expressed by pushing my body into the Aches-And-Pains pit?

Gold is soaring; Agnico is soaring. Jim Gold is soaring. I should be beating my chest with victory!

Perhaps the biggest move is the transfer of love from others into my own soul. It radiates outward from me rather than vice versa (from them to me.) Thus my love is no longer (not) based on their acceptance or rejection of me.

After my session with Dave:

Number one! Admiration!

The trauma of knowing the ultimate truth: I am number one! The warm glow of self-admiration is the center of my world.

Glittering gold. Trauma equals worms among the gold.

Thursday, September 30, 1999

Death Rattle

or "Out You Go, Along With The Garbage!"

The pains in my body are the death rattle of my old self.
They are its last hurrah.

When I look into my mind I find things are straight and in order. There's no escape, no way out of this okay state; no way to convince myself I'm not okay. Only my body is left. There the dying embers of "You're not okay" are held, reflected, and "expressed."

But you can't fool me anymore, you old fucker. You're going out with the garbage.

Today is newspaper day. We put the old newspapers on the curbside, and the garbage men pick them up to cart them away. Well, old self, you're old news. You're going out with the newspapers. We're putting you on the curbside to cart you away.

Out you go, along with the garbage! It just may take awhile to collect all your

lost parts.

Friday, October 1, 1999

Psychotherapy As Meditation

Psychotherapy is my meditation. It is a complement and supplement to writing.

To realize this makes my life quite full and rich. Since I spend a great deal of time focusing on the thoughts, feelings, and emotions experienced during the psychotherapy process, and since such focus is one of the essentials of meditation, then during the day when I am focusing in this manner, I am a meditator.

This makes meditation much less foreign and much more personal.

Wednesday, October 6, 1999

Diarrhea Diary

Inner warmth transforms into wisdom (and power), then into compassion.

I get the inner warmth from reading my writing. Thus inner warmth is a form of Self-Admiration and Number One.

The diarrhea diary: It is wishing to help. I wish to help but I lack the wisdom and power to do it. Yet wishing to help is a beginning.

Compassion

The pinguela in my eye busted on the wisdom and power thought. . . and its drift into compassion.

Maybe my diarrhea diary, its thinking of others, wishing to help, is my next and new direction. It could be my bottom-line Greek tour thought.

October 6-12, 1999

Quote from Greek woman at the Athens airport on our way to Ioannina:

"When we dance we look at the face and heart, not the feet."

Tsamikos: I want to live but I am going out to die for my freedom.

"You can only attract people to the best in yourself."

Joan

Posthumous Tours

Our motto: "If you go, you've gone already.

You still 'em; we chill 'em. Cryogenics at its best.

Qualifications: must be dead five years to register.

Suzuki: Japanese violinist; Bouzouki: Greek instrument; Souvlaki: Suzuki playing bouzouki.

October 13, 1999 Wednesday

Making The Effort!

Diarrhea and my pinguela eye: both long term "incurables."

Are they really incurable?

Or are they so long term they appear to be incurable?

They give me a perfect reason to create a put-down lid. Watch out.

And the notion they're incurable could also serve as another put-down lid.

Watch out.

And yet, what do they mean? Why now? Why are they so intractable?

Are they beyond my control? Are they only in the hands of God? But God is within. Thus they are in my hands. But I just don't understand them yet. To understand them may take years; or I may never, in this lifetime, reach the point.

Never mind the diarrhea. Mine is the pinguela. Why, why, why? I hate it so!

Something is wrestling inside me, screaming to get out! But what? It is popping out of

my eye in pinguela form. It is so embarrassing. What will others think of me? What is wrong with this guy, they'll say. I hate it, hate it! But I am its prisoner. I can do nothing about it.

Or can I?

Perhaps I need a dedication to understanding my pinguela. I'll fight it by learning about it; fighting it will be my cure. I may not succeed, but at least I can try.

By the way, is it even something to be "cured?" Perhaps it has a higher meaning.

Trying, giving it my best effort, is the best I can do. And should do. It may not cure my pinguela, but the effort itself will cure me. I am not leaving it up to time, change, an "outer" God, any external form, or anyone or anything else.

I am taking my pinguela into my own hands. I am "hand-ling" it.

Watch out for the "give up" attitude, The "I'll have this for the rest of my life" attitude. True, I may have it for the rest of my life. But that is not the point. The point is not to give up the fight. Try, learn, struggle, conquer through the fight to understand. I may lose the fight, but I will never lose the glory and magnificence, the fire passion and energy in the fulfillment of the effort.

Attitudinal Change

The Klepht of the Pinguela Dancing the Tsamkikos

When I look in the mirror at my pinguela growing out of control and I feel hatred, self-disgust, and even panic, I am looking at my own helplessness. But the feeling of helplessness is an attitude. I could just as well see a reason to fight. I could see a fighter!

The Klephts were fighters in Epirus and the Zagori; they fought for Greek freedom.

I could become a Klepht of my Pinguela. Instead of helplessness, my pinguela could now become the symbol for the fighter, my fighting spirit, a Pindus mountain man fighting for freedom, dancing the Pinguela Tsamikos! "What is my life without

freedom? I am preparing, going out to fight and die. It is Freedom Or Death. Kazantzakis was right. I am now the Klepht of the Pinguela. Tsamikos dances in my eye. This is the attitudinal change of my tour.

When?

"Give up" means give in, surrender, submit. Not always a bad thing. Plus, it can't be avoided. Nor should it be. It is only a question of judgement: When? When to fight? When to submit?

Submit with the same depth and passion with which I fight for control.

How about changing the name of my company to Mad Shoe Tours.

My web site would be Madshoes.com.

Wow, I like it. Do I dare do it? Should I? Mad Shoes is my personal symbol of freedom, creativity, and passion. It is also my universal symbol for inclusiveness. All branches of knowledge fall under its expansive wing and do all people. Passion, freedom, and creativity unite. I no longer would be "hedged in" by the feeling--and the "promise" to my customers that I have to folk dancing and a lot of it on my tours. Under the Mad Shoe auspices, folk dancing would simply be another branch of the shining, another form or tree consumed, resumed, and subsumed under the brilliant sun casting down its sunlight rays of passion.

Wouldn't this be a radical change and development? Think about this one!

October 14, 1999 Thursday

I want to feel miserable. I'm looking for a reason to feel down but I can't find one.

In fact, having a pinguela in the originator and creator of a company called Mad Shoe Tours with a website madshoes.com perhaps should have a pinguela in his eye. It distinguishes him from his competitors. Also, such a mad shoe mark is fitting for a mad shoe person.

Mad Shoe Tours motto: Give us your brain and we'll expand it; give us your sole and we'll fillet it.

Or: Mad Shoe Tours: We've got a lot of sole.

Friday, October 15, 1999

Which is better: to push on when you're tired and your concentration is lagging, in the hope of breaking through to a higher level, or, to stop pushing when you're tired with the hope of learning to follow the rhythms of your relaxation?

Or does "feeling tired" simply mean it is time to vary, to change your exercise?

It's breaking through to the passion! It can't be done the same way every day; it can't be routinized or scheduled.

You have to give up everything, all thoughts, hopes, and plans to center yourself in the passion.

Monday, October 18, 1999

Departing.

I hurt my back last night.

1. Overuse of the yoga leg-over-the-head exercise?

2. Or "end of tour" angry trick. I think not, but it's possible. For the first time at the end of a tour I'm not angry or sad. I am not used to such positive "end of the tour" reactions. Thus I tricked myself into an injury. I put myself "back" (by hurting my "back"); by putting myself down through my

body (since my mind can't find a reason to do it anymore).

Why now? An old habit? It makes "sense." In a Mad Shoe way, of course.

Here's the conversation between myself and a man from Texas on line at the airlines counter:

Me: "So you went to Israel, then to Greece?"

"Yup."

"What did you see in Athens?"

"Well, we saw some broken down old buildings, and climbed some hills."

So much for the Acropolis.

His wife:

She: "Where are you from?"

Me: "Teaneck, NJ."

"I've got a friend in New Jersey. She lives in Palmyra, just outside of Pittsburgh."

Wednesday, October 20, 1999

I came back from Greece completely destroyed.

Bad back, sore throat, cold, fever, bad stomach. It all hit at once. I haven't been so sick for years.

What happened? Could it have been food poisoning from the Olympic Airlines food?

Or is there an inner cause? I hope there is. I hate to be a victim of outside forces. It'd feel better if I did this to myself, if I knew I opened myself up to injury and to every germ in the book. I would like to say part of me "wanted" this sickness, "wanted" to hurt my back. I wanted to destroy myself, wanted to push me down, push me back. There must be a reason for my physical misery.

My mind can no longer find reason to push me down. But I am so used to the push-down pattern. Thus, even though my mind believes things are okay, my body, still living in its primitive, primordial, and primal past, pushes me back to “where I belong,” or at least to where I once belonged.

Let’s face it: The Greek trip was great and this on all levels. I handled things beautifully; I was on top of every event and incident. I was calm, unfazed by problems; I gave of myself completely. The people loved it, and so did I. The trip, in my opinion, was a complete success!

I can find no reason in my mind to counter this view.

Yet changing neighborhoods is not so easy. There are many slips and slides along the way. Evidently, all of me will not accept my success. Thus I had to destroy myself to return to the ancient, familiar, formerly comfortable patterns of my old neighborhood and my second place existence.

How did I do it? First, I hurt my back doing yoga. Not right away, of course, but it happened. A killer it was! I could hardly walk. Nevertheless, I managed to rise to the occasion and handle it; I carried the luggage and sent the people off on their Greek Island cruise. I was actually feeling okay when I got to the plane. The plane ride was okay, too, as was the car ride home with Chris. I was still handling things well. It was only when I entered the house and finished unpacking that it hit. Actually, it hit hardest when Bernice came home. Aha, talk about remembering and returning to the old neighborhood! Everything in my body collapsed. Sore throat, cold, fever, back pains, stomach pains, chills. I fell apart then fell into my basement bed. I had slept above ground for two Greek weeks. Now I was in the basement again. Talk about memories of second place!

So perhaps my disease is a slap in the face from memory, the old neighborhood falling fully and completely on my head in an attempt to push me back into the past and deny my Greek success.

This all sounds right. But I don’t feel it. . . yet. It’s still a mental, intellectual

explanation. It hasn't descended into my blood, bones, guts, stomach, back, throat, and sinews. But it does "sound" right.

Perhaps I should make a courageous mental leap as say it is right! Ha, why wait? I know myself. Certainly, I know this put down pattern aspect of myself. The reaction to my success is so "typical."

Thus why would I open myself up to back injury and feverish disease? Because part of me is still attracted to the old neighborhood. But I'm leaving it. . .right now!

This fever and sore throat are coming to an end! So is my back pain! I command it! Hey, pucker, I'm in charge here. I'm the boss, the captain both of my tour and of my person with its sundry body parts.

Good bye, back pain and disease. You can go to hell! Get out of my face. I have no use for you anymore!

Also, if the physical is a reflection of the mental is a reflection of the spiritual – and I believe it is – then the above explanation of my disease has to be true.

Thursday, October 21, 1999

I wonder if it is possible to write myself into health.

Just as that 92-year-old woman cured herself of cancer by creating an imaginary war between the leucocytes and erythrocytes, with the leucocytes or "good cells" winning, so, through the act of writing I could create my own war and fight off the demons attacking me.

Why not? Give it a shot.

And there are many puckers bugging me. First of all, there's Mr. Back, the monster from another planet who lodged himself inside my spinal column, attacked my colon when I wasn't looking, and finally twisted my muscles into squeeze position. He is a pucker of the premier order. I should shoot him with a penis rifle, but he's probably too smart for that. Knowing the wiles and twists of this metamorphic moon-

stronsity from the cosmic connection in the Island of Delos whose connection to Mikonos only the stock brokers from Paros would know about, I cannot afford to bump this pisser in the shooting manner. Better probably to sit on him, twist his tail off, then throttle him with a razor blade up the back side. Sure, he's a Greek back, a shooting island aimed at the stars, lodging in my interior to escape, no doubt, from the even greater monster: Mother Sarcophagus!

Yes, Mother Sarcophagus descends from her pristine home on Mount Olympus. A goddess unknown to most Greeks her true home is in Astoria delicatessens and souvlaki parlors along the Aegean sea. I can see her seamy lips twisting and writhing like a hundred eels shimmering in the primeval Kastoria seas, a research project for any future tanner.

This Olympian mother lives in a box. Her greatest pleasure is putting others in boxes. In crow form, she flies down from the snow-capped peaks of Mount Olympus shouting "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Well, so far this writing hasn't helped my health much. But perhaps I am just getting warmed up.

Mad Shoe Land

My body collapsed and fell apart upon my reentry into the United States. This destruction is the sacrifice of my body on the Mad Shoe altar. I cannot enter Mad Shoe Land with my old body (or mind or spirit either, for that matter.) Therefore, the old body must be destroyed before the new one, the Mad Shoe body, can take its place; it must be a stronger body in order to handle the powerful rays of heat and light generated by the sun in Mad Shoe land.

Friday, October 22, 1999

Cautiously, cautiously, I return to health and a new life.

Cautiously, slowly, I am born anew.

Don't jump.

Be patient.

Let the process roll.

But, deep in my gut, I feel the first rising bubble of the seizures of happiness.

This overwhelming gushing of love is growing within me. Actually, since the Mad Shoe vision in Kalambaka (Metora, Greece), it has never left me. Only it keeps growing, expanding, covering new areas and filling in more empty spaces (holes) in my universe.

On playing Mad Shoe Alard:

Tears of joy stream down my cheeks. I've worked so hard for so many years, and to think I could finally, during my lifetime, reach such a place! I fall down on my knees in gratitude and thankfulness.

I hate to say it but I will: There is absolutely no question that I am there. I have crossed the borders and entered the Mad Shoe land. Madshoe Land. Madshoeland.

More on Alard: It's actually easier playing it faster. Letting it flow. What has prevented me from doing this in the past? My own self-created blocks, no doubt. Hard to believe but true, nevertheless.

But this only took twenty years to realize. Or was it more than that? Perhaps it took merely a lifetime. Luckily I've got many more to go.

A better word than faster is flowing. It's the Mad Shoe guitar flow pouring out of a newly scintillated body.

This means that for years I have been standing fully and forcefully in my own way.

Saturday, October 23, 1999

Opened Up the Confidence: The Positive Results of Getting Sick

That I know best about my own health is an amazing bit of knowledge. Me, little me? Imagine that! That I know more about my own health and how to care of myself than all the doctors, health specialists, dietitians, mothers, vegetable eaters, pill-popping vitamin believers is an astonishing discovery.

But, if I know my own mind better than anyone else why shouldn't I know my body better than anyone else? After all, it is my body. I've lived in it day and night for years. Others may know something about, around, on the side, or even through it but I know about living in it.

Yes, if I know my own mind better than anyone else why shouldn't I know my own body – a reflection of mind – better than anyone else? It all seems so "reasonable," and makes so much "sense." All I needed was the confidence to admit it.

My post-Greek sickness, with the help of Dave's session, has opened up the confidence. It is the positive result of getting sick.

I can know myself. Or, if I don't know who I am, I am the only one who can find out. No one else knows. Oh, sure, they can have theories, ideas, beliefs, and convictions. Many even truly think they "know" and claim they know me better than I do. Let them suffer on with their illusions. It is only important that I do not suffer from

the same illusion. And that I know and remember that it is I who ultimately knows what is good, bad, or indifferent for my own mind and body. This is a great freedom-releasing, energy-loving, flow-churning insight. It is in fitting with the gate-opening Mad shoe vision.

I feel so wonderful to have discovered this. I'm gushing with love!

Helpless before the Awe and Wonder experience.

A part of me loves being helpless so much it turns the Awe and Wonder experience into one of helplessness. I submit totally and utterly to the onslaught of wonder. I stand there in shimmering awe-inspired helplessness.

This is not bad.

But, on the other hand, I could also consider that the growing experience of awe and wonder is process being worked through. Patience and living with it will help make it more "permanently" real.

Also, although I experience awe and wonder at special times, it itself is an always experience. Awe and wonder is always there: in all ways. Miracles are always right in front of my face. I may be just too self-absorbed to see them. When I am ready, part of me bows down before them, submits in helplessness before their wonder. But the "helpless" part is my own contribution. It is not necessary to the experience of the miracle. It only feeds my psyche's love of helplessness.

By the way, helplessness and submission are not bad things. But it is good to be aware of my psychological love, desire, and need for helplessness.

Yes, it is often pleasant and restorative to give up and give in. But this only after a real good fight!

What does "Give up" mean? It doesn't necessarily mean giving in to an outside force. Perhaps it means giving in to the inner relaxation.

Guitar

On flowing, faster, easier, etc.

It's really scary to see how easy playing this way is. It is actually "easier" playing with flow.

Nevertheless, part of me not only does not believe it; it does not want to believe it.

But it will last. There is no other way. I've tried all the others. It's more just "getting used to it."

Why thank the Lord Above? Isn't He an outside force?

Better to thank the Lord Within.

Indeed, I will.

It's vintage Bernice. She's blaming me because she's getting a cold.

Late that evening after a deep four-hour post-Bar Mitzvah sleep:

Yielding, Submitting

Yielding to the Greek, Tsamiko Power within

Submitting to the Mad Shoe Power within.

I ask the powers within, above, and beyond: Please, give my ego the power to yield, to submit to the Eagle of Delphi flying over the precipitous mountains and deep Delphic valleys of the power within.

Give my ego the power to step aside and let the Eagle fly through my canyons and across my mountains.

Sunday, October 24, 1999

I used to believe in equality but now I've given it up for benign dictatorship based on higher knowledge.

Sleep

Recognize the great curative powers of sleep.

Why go on vacation when I can go to sleep instead?

It is the great restorative.

Many of my lows may simply be based on my refusal to "give in" to sleep.

Sleep is a great medicine. And it's free!

Mad Shoe Victory

I got sick to protect myself from the devastating emptiness that accompanied the incredible Mad Shoe breakthrough and flow success I experienced on my tour.

Although my mind may have believed it, my body was not yet ready to accept such a herculean victory.

There is no beautiful mother waiting for me, to hold, caress, and kiss me after I jump through the hoop of victory. I fly through the air, stinging in frenzy, only to land alone, empty and bereft, at the bottom of a deep Delphic canyon. There, stranded on the rocks, I taste the devastating emptiness and abandonment of my victory.

If this is my reaction to winning, who wants victory? Who would want success if that is the price to pay? But, truth is, part of me wants it in spite of the price. Well, I got it. And I paid for it with a descent into a feverish, virus-filled, back-breaking, bone-chilling hell accompanied by total black-out of my mind's fertile-field, Mad Shoe vision.

For me it is hard, nay devastating, to accept victory. But I search for it nevertheless, because, at the core of my being, I know that health and shining are victory's deepest inner truth.

Monday, October 25, 1999

She Is Love

She is Love.

When I bow down before her, I bow down to the best in me.

When I want to yield to her, I want to submit to the highest in me.

Devotion to her is devotion to my highest principle.

Adoration of her being is adoration of the Love shining within me.

She represents my inner light.

She is in me.

She is me.

That is why I can't stop thinking about her.

That is why I love her so.

I am learning to love an aspect of myself through her.

"Devotion. . . expresses the aspirations and ideals of our inner mind." Tarthang
Tulku

Patience and the Working Out ProcessImpatience as a Second Place Position

I can't stand the intensity of my revelations. Therefore, as soon as I have them, write them down, I do not continue to contemplate them. Rather, I run away from them. I feel, once they are written down, they'll "be there for the future," and "I can always come back to them later." Truth is, once they are realized and written down, I do slowly, over the next few days or weeks, absorb them into my being. Nevertheless, my immediate reaction is to run away from them. Too hot!

Is it possible to avoid this? Is this what patience, on its deepest level, means? A realization of the working-out process, with time as its main ingredient.

I hate the admonition: Be patient! Fuck that! Who wants to be patient? Why should I wait? I want it, I want it all, and I want it now! Who cares if I can't get it? Who cares if I have to wait? I want to wanting; I don't want to give up the wanting to want, the churning and desire for immediate gratification and results. True, "reality" doesn't work that way. But who cares? Fuck reality! If I paid that much attention to it, I'd hardly ever see the sun; I might not even bother living. Dreams run the world. Reality is just the downer that keeps the pot of dreams from spilling over.

Nevertheless, the working through process is part of reality. "Patience" is its general name. I might think about how its effect could smooth my road.

Perhaps I also run away from my revelations because part of me feels they have to be implemented right away. Not only does this put tremendous pressure on me, but, part of me realizes that it is impossible, and that it can only be truly accomplished under the auspices of time and the working through process.

Thus my impatient part, the "Do it right away!" is at war with my patient part, the "working through process," part. I'd like the patient part to win. The internal "Do it right away!" command is definitely a second place position.

On The Protective and Necessary Nature Of Put Downs

Many of my ideas and revelations really are too hot!

If they are, I may need my put down mechanism to keep me balanced!

That would explain their positive nature, their inner intelligence and defending role: it would explain why it is, has been—and even will be—so important for me to retain aspects of second place.

This is certainly a new look at second place. A certain amount of put down is safe, protective, good, and healthy.

Let me rethink the nature and purposes of my mind's desire, nay need, for its

puts down and second place. Perhaps it is the very reason I can stand experiencing such hot revelations. Without the cooling nature of my put downs, these visions might simply incinerate me, burn me away.

Awareness of put-downs is a good thing. But if put-downs are the waters that cool my engine, thus enabling it to function and carry me on the road of life, then why would I want to ever give them up? Better to focus on trying to keep a balance between revelation and put down, between cold and hot.

On Making Yourself Sick and "Getting Sick"

How do I know that I don't make myself sick in order to protect myself from something worse?

I think I do.

Suppose people make themselves sick (called "getting sick") in order to secretly protect themselves from facing something they envision as far worse?

With this view, "getting sick" is not so bad when compared to the alternatives.

This speaks to the "inner wisdom" of getting sick.

Why shouldn't my body need protection from my ideas? After all, it is a frail vehicle compared to the overwhelming force of an idea backed by spiritual power.

My mind has figured out a way to calm me. The negative word for this calming is "put down;" the positive word is "calming device or mechanism."

On My Imagination

My run-away imagination is very strong.

Give it an idea, and it will expand it in hundreds of possible and impossible ways.

Such imagination is my strength. But I also need protection from its excesses. Thus the need and survival importance of my “calming mechanisms,” my self-created, inner-imposed put-down mountains, wet blankets, second place creations, etc. Although they often feel miserable in themselves, they protect me from the over-excitement and excessive stimuli my imagination feeds into my mind; they protect me from the fire.

My job is always to find a balance, between the fiery ideas and stormy revelations of imagination, and the calming, wet- blanket, downward wind of my metaphors, my former castle cast of second places.

Thursday, October 28, 1999

Tears of joy?

Only you can know if you have them.

The ego breaks down when the mountain of heavenly beauty sits on it.

Tears of joy.

Mad Shoe Advertising

This is the opening of a new world of advertising for me: the zany, mad shoe, “anything goes” world. I’ve always hated my old style and concept of advertising. But this zany, mad shoe, anything goes world I could easily learn to love!

If my advertising doesn’t work, what’s the worst that can happen? My business will collapse and I’ll lose all my customers. That’s all.

Calming Mechanism

I just busted through on advertising. Excitement, expansion, over-excitement; amazing, wow! Stars sparkling, shining, bursting, shooting; dizzying possibilities. My mind, fueled by my imagination, starts going haywire.

Then, the calming mechanism kicks in with a “loneliness and missing” downer. It “protects” me from burning up in the haywire world of over-excitement.

That’s how the mechanism works. I just want to fine tune it through awareness of its role.

I’ve moved from the weight of put-down mountains and wet blankets to “calming mechanisms.”

Maybe I am (was) right to be afraid of my imagination. It is a wild horse, and although it should not be “stable-ized” it must, in order to be useful, be, to a certain extent, controlled and “tamed.”

Some people take medication to calm themselves, to subdue and save them from experiencing too much excitement. I’ve invented my own mental medication: “downers” to “stable-ize” the wild horses of my imagination.

It’s a question of modulating and controlling my energy.

Just as I fill my life with mechanisms to excite me – witness my miracle schedule – so I also fill my life with mechanisms to calm me – witness my “former” put-downs, lids, depressants, etc.

I navigate and mediate between these two avenues of energy.

On The Best Approach To Therapy

Dave’s great contribution is that he does not assume to know me. But he does

assume that I can know myself, and that only I can know myself.

A great power is knocking within you: the power of the kitten. And this as the monkey scurries into the corner.

I need to raise interest rates on my mind in order to control run away imagination inflation.

Friday, October 29, 1999

Leyenda, Alard.

Just as I have located slow playing guitar within, now I must locate the "fast" (guitar playing) within.

Luxuriate in the fast!

Music

Music has always been the center of my wheel.

It has always been the central vibration from which the spokes grow.

In the past, I have had many blocks preventing me from realizing this on the deepest of levels, and also from realizing it on the more superficial "performance" level.

I am on a new road now.

Saturday, October 30, 1999

Publishing for others. . . and for ego gratification: not good enough. It will not motivate me. I need another purpose. Perhaps to learn something about myself.

Back to both: chronology and topics.

It's almost as if my twenty years of being a businessman, and learning how to become a businessman are over. I'm "fading out" of my business phase.

On Publishing

Does my writing have a "public purpose" beyond publishing?

Perhaps it has no public purpose. Yet I heard: "What a shame to let it sit there."

It is my mother's voice: "What a shame to let the violin sit in the closet. What a shame you don't play it anymore. What a shame it is no longer used."

I stand up in arrogant rebellion: "I won't publish! Never! It's mine all mine. You can't touch it! No one has the right to see it! Never, never, never! I'll never let them!"

My in-room writing stuff is so personal. It's also the very best of me. No one can have it!

Everything else is drained out of my by the public. But not this. Oh, no. You can't have it. It is my essence!

I resist giving this. And I will resist it to the end. Never, never, never!

On The Origins Of My Cough

Whenever I touch my essence, reach it, think about it, I camouflage it, cover it up with phlegm. I refuse to "cough it up."

I refuse to publish! I refuse to give up my essence and make it (just) "another public thing."

It's not that I am afraid of the work (editing, reviewing, publishing, etc). Rather, it's what the work represents.

Phlegmenco Guitar

I cough and thus cover my essence up with phlegm.

Is this an example of "plegm-enco guitar playing?"

Maybe I feel this periodic nausea because of the nauseating life I'm leading with its sloth, sickness, vacuousness, emptiness, lack of energy and inspiration.

Sunday, October 31, 1999

Misery just doesn't seem To work its Old Magic anymore

Last night's folk dancing at Montclair was such a fucking loser. Where the hell where the people? I won't pay the rent this way. How about making a living? Is folk dancing at the bottom? Am I down there with it? Has the whole business gone through the drain? Business moves in cycles. Am I at the nadir of the folk dance cycle? And is this my permanent place?

I'm disgusted and discouraged.

It feels good to complain. . . .But not that good. Actually, even as I say the words "disgusted and discouraged," I know that, deep in my heart, I am not. I just don't believe in them anymore. As soon as the words come out of my mouth their strength starts diminishing. I can't even work up a fucking good misery, anymore. What the hell is the matter with me? Can't I fall into a good pit? I used to get some "pleasure" out of my descents into hell. Now their illusion has so dissipated they're hardly worth the trouble talking about. I'm writing in old molds, using old habit words; I'm trying to stoke the fires of inner discontent but with hardly any success.

I used to be such a good angry writer. Rage could rumble my stomach, squeeze my pancreas, ignite my intestine. And if not rage, at least depression. I was real good

at depression. The sliding descent into the lowlands and from there into the bottomless valleys of scum, slime, noxious fumes with rivers of garbage flowing all around me used to somehow thrill my porcupine-punctured being in a down-swirling whirlwind of self-disgust, sadness, and pity. I used to “enjoy” wallowing in all that rich mud, the good dirt of self-burial preceded by a few tasty beatings with the whip of self-flagellation.

But these transient pleasures seem to have fled. Certainly, they have lost their bite. And this mainly because I don’t believe them anymore. Sure, last night felt like shit; sure, hardly anyone showed up; sure the ones who did show up were decrepit old bags who could hardly move; sure, we had a few lively younger ones show up later but by then it was too late. But the strange thing about all this was that I enjoy teaching old bags; I enjoyed seeing their smiling faces even as their slow-moving, inexperienced feet move in all directions; I enjoy working with such a group of aging bodies, and this because even though only a few show up, they are, nevertheless, a group of souls. I enjoy teaching souls. Can I help it if they are encased in decrepit bodies? Is it their fault they are old, arthritic, falling apart, can’t move fast—or even slow for that matter? Part of me doesn’t even care. Deep in my heart, I realize sometimes God sends me large crowds, sometimes small ones; and sometimes He sends me a total vacuum. But I even enjoy teaching when no one shows up. After all, I can always teach myself. That’s who I’m teaching anyway even if there is a crowd. On the deepest level, who are my students anyway but an extension of me.

But this is all philosophy. Truth is, self-misery has lost its stranglehold and power over me. I don’t know what I’ll do for entertainment from now on.

Mad Shoe Direction

I didn’t get sick to end up doing the same things over again.

From now on everything I do has got to be completely different!— From anything I have ever done!

This is my direction,
The Mad Shoe direction.

The Mad Shoe vision received during supper at the Antoniades Hotel in Kalambaka, Greece, just below the cliff monasteries of Meteora, followed by the self-destroying sickness of my return, has made me feel like I've been hit by a bomb. It has blasted all my old directions out of the sky.

I am so tired. Why? What is going on here?

My body is tired. But not my mind.

Although I feel no energy in my body when I talk to myself about it my mind can find no reason for this. My mind is riding on its Mad Shoe vision and can't understand the needs or fatigue of my body.

Maybe my body is still filled with ancient resistences which refuse to give in to the illuminating, free, running-wild- on-the-lawn changes in my mad shoe mind.

Perhaps it will take awhile for it to "catch up" to my mind.

I am struggling through some kind of rebirth.

As a scorpion in the scorpion asana?

Monday, November 1, 1999

My only real interests now seem to be playing guitar, some yoga, and a vague feeling of wanting to create a new body that will be able to walk, run, dance, and play in the mad shoe mode.

At the moment, I have absolutely no interest in business, tours, money, or any of the old ways of doing things. I am being "cleaned" out. Even my bowel movement shows it. Not whole strong powerful chunky healthy shits but rather a vague kind of

diarrhea. Not a drip or flow but a looseness. Cleansing. Something is happening in there. An intestinal purification of my internal being.

One thing at a time. I have, at last, arrived at the "Age Of Guitar." Its suns are ripping through my flesh. My fingers are running in mad shoes.

Let her rip, let her roll!

On The Dangers Of Over-Excitement To My Psyche

Certainly over-excitement has been dangerous for me. It has led me over the cliff many times. It let my imagination run wild and leads to all kinds of exaggerations. Examples that come immediately to mind: one person registers for a tour and I immediately built it into a group; two or three persons register in a row and my over-excitement immediately builds it into one of the most successful tours I've ever run.

Actually, when I am not strong enough to handle the excitement and it turns into what I call over-excitement, I then clamp down the calming mechanism lid to quite myself and gain some kind of inner control.

The fires of excitement have simply become too hot. That is why I constantly need to build a new body and mind to handle the increasing levels of excitement that are pouring into my mad shoe person.

Riding On The Nausea River

I have led most of my public life without my mad shoes on. Realizing this, no wonder I feel nauseous.

Never, never, never will I go back into life without them!

I am thoroughly nauseated by my old existence. A purge is needed. Lots of shit has to come out.

The mad shoe life is the only life worth leading for me. All the other options are truly nauseating.

I'm thoroughly nauseated with the way Bernice treats me, too. (Vitamins—she knows best. She gets sick and accuses me of making her sick, etc.) More nauseating is that I took it all those years.

Yes, I'm totally disgusted with my past life and how long I "took it." I held down the phlegm instead of "coughing it up."

Ugh, ugh, ugh. Sell out! No wonder I "Never, never, never!" Long live Mad Shoes!

I blame myself for this. Sure, I didn't "know" any better. Nevertheless, I blame myself. Ugh! Nauseating! I let everyone down, and surely myself, too.

Perhaps even the thought of coming home from Greece to this disgusting, nauseating, wimpish, non-fighting life got me sick.

I am also truly disgusted with her. Ugh, ugh, ugh! All her nibbling fears, foisted and blamed on me etc.

Maybe my energy has been lost and buried under a mountain of disgust, hidden under a river of nausea.

Indignant rage has been seething under the coughing stones.

Maybe I'm also nauseous because I now have to bring my mad shoe vision to the world. I have to sully it, compromise it, let it face rejection and be besmirched by all the dirt of the material existence.

The mad shoe vision thrives in darkness and the secret land of dreams. Bring it public, and the light may kill it.

Really the bottom of the line here. I've sunk to the very bottom. No energy, no desire, no nothing. The pits. Here I lie ready to die and feeling like death. Nothing can resurrect me. Down, down, down into the nitty-gritty bottom. A crawler in the night.

Tuesday, November 2, 1999

Has my marriage served its purpose?

Do I have to get used to the idea of being – not divorced, that’s too harsh a word – but rather, being unmarried?

Is that what the last stage of my life, the sanyasin stage, is all about? Going down my alone, but not lonely, road into the Indian night “attached” only to the mad shoe divine source?

Wednesday, November 3, 1999

If my powerful mind believes it very intensely, it will instantly come to pass. I will draw the person, thing, or event towards me.

Is this really true?

If I truly believe money will come, will it come? Try it. It’s better than working. Plus it would be a good experiment.

Learn to let it happen rather than make it happen.

The Three Hermits

I’m crying for myself and the Three Hermits.

I had it all along but I lost it. I spent years trying to find, to regain, what I had all along. Distracted by too many experts, I got lost in the fields and forests; too many trees pointed me in the wrong direction.

I was the tree. I had it in my heart all along. It’s no doubt been there from the day of my birth. But I lost it on the path to adulthood, twisting and turning through the false promises of the blind and ignorant “seers” around me. They told me what was right, and I, naive and lost among the clouds of self-ignorance, believed them. How sad to have lost such a treasure!

Well, actually, I never lost it. It was simple buried under piles of “advice debris.”

But now, like the Three Hermits, I’m starting to walk on water again.

Just as in playing Alhambra, where for years I took my concentration away from the bass notes, plucked by the powerful thumb, in order to focus on the treble, played by flighty fingers, so in life I gave up my treasured center to concentrate on the details around me.

I gave up the root to focus on the trees.

As one barrier after another falls, my sadness increases.

I am leaving old worlds behind.

Guitar world: Now I can play. Writing world: Now I’m editing. Joel world: Now I’m thinking of going to a discount brokerage.

Where the fuck are my clients? Why the fuck doesn’t the phone ring? Why don’t I get a registration in the mail? Where the fuck is everybody? I’m getting a headache in rage and frustration. Bang, bang, bang! So goes my sense of calm. And I’ll throw all the fucking meditators out the window, too. Who cares about nirvana, samadhi, or chop suey if the fucking phone doesn’t ring?

Where the hell are they? Why has my phone died? Shit, shit, shit! I just spent most of my savings and I’m back to square one.

Yell, yell, yell. Maybe my headache will be silenced. Maybe I’ll carve my brain up for stew and see where it leads.

Thursday, November 4, 1999

Mad Shoe Sales Campaign: Focus on the (Mad Shoe) One

Keep your eye on the shoe!

What about customers?

I need a grand campaign: Calls, mailings, ads, internet links, etc.

Where is the Mad Shoe manifested in such a campaign? How do I keep my eye on the shoe?

1. Call people one by one. Follow through with a mailing. Each person is a personal "PR team." A mad shoe atom of God shines in each individual. Build my atoms; create a nuclear power plant; one by one.

Keep my eye on the shoe by focusing on each customer. A customer of one. Focus on their Mad Shoe: the One in them.

Mad Shoes, symbol of the divine energy within.

Guitar: The Thumb Spot

It's a different spot. It's the thumb spot.

What does it mean? (I coughed when I asked this question.)

The thumb spot is the root spot.

Learn to live in the thumb spot, the Mad Shoe spot.

Where was my guitar index spot? You know, I can hardly remember. In fact, I can't remember! That's progress.

One mad shoe phone call a day is good.

I'm coughing at the thought of it.

Does coughing cover up the One? Hmm.

On a superficial level, I'm touching the string with a different part of my thumb tip. From there is "ascends" to the thumb spot.

From thumb-touch to thumb-spot.

I'm getting very nervous. Maybe it is because I'm getting ready to make my entrance!

I'm ready! I'm dying to charge forward!

Suddenly, I am confused and nervous. The way is not so clear anymore. A dark cloud is descending.

Oh, I'm so embarrassed, I'm so embarrassed. To relax my thumb in public! To open up those hypothenar muscles and let the public in!

But when I do it is such a beautiful feeling!

Let the Alhambra flow!

Friday, November 5, 1999

My Body

Total destruction of my body since I've returned from Greece. It has not been built up yet.

So many "news" since my Kalambaka Mad Shoe vision. Guitar playing, writing organizing; Mad Shoe sales vision. . . just starting. Thus many new mind sets are in place. But my body still sits there with its aches, pains, and out-of-shapeness.

I am waiting for a new visceral, a la guitar and writing, Mad Shoe vision calling for the reconstruction of my body. It has not yet come. I'd like it to be somehow connected to the old forms of yoga, running, push-ups, sit-ups, squats, the old calliyoga forms. That was a great program. It's just that somehow it has stopped. Sure, on the surface, the "reason" is that I got sick. And on the deeper metaphysical level I got sick to destroy my old body and mind set, and, like a phoenix rising, to create a new one, a new "fleshy temple" on the ashes of the old. Yes, I know rebuilding takes time, and living in the process. I'm doing all that. The time of my body is approaching. We'll see

where all this leads.

Guitar

There are slight, imperceptible shifts in my right hand thumb technique. But they make all the difference.

A stronger, freer, non-touching of the lower strings thumb.
I play "at the tip." Get the point?

Mistakes on the guitar in the form of unclear notes as in Recuerdos de Seville go on for years until one day you finally decide to deal with them.

By glossing over them they simply never get better. And you stay trapped in the insecurity of deep-down knowing that you don't know it, knowing you don't have it right. Thus it pays to painfully flush out, go over, relearn, and root out each mistake.

Later: I wrench my back. Excruciating pain. I even think about canceling my Darien dance class. Of course, I don't. But the pain is that bad. As I hobbled around the church dance floor in Darien, these revelations about the difficulties of accepting my power came to me:

Wrenched Back: I Incapacitate Myself So I Won't Be Strong

I am incapacitating myself so I won't be strong. I have been doing it since I returned from Greece. First came my cold, then my cough with its phlegm "covering," making me "phlegmatic" and causing me to play "phlegmenco" guitar, and finally, wrenching my back.

It is all about preventing me from realizing my strong, powerful mad shoe vision.

Better to wrench my back than face the early childhood trauma of the murder of

my soul. "Kill, kill, kill!" She killed my spirit; she murdered my soul. Now I'll kill her back.

But I really don't want to kill her. If I did, it wouldn't do any good anyway. I just want my strength back.

I want to be strong, to stand up and be me. I want my soul back.

But how can little me be strong when you, my giant mother, are so weak? If I stand up to you with my full, childlike, masculine mad shoe strength, you'll surely faint, fade away, and die. Therefore, I must "protect" you by being less than me.

Either I'm up and you're down, or you're up and I'm down. Evidently, we can't both be on the same level.

But this see-saw won't give me back (note the word) my strength. I must find it within, beyond the see saw, beyond the "Kill, kill, kill!" Whether I kill you or kill me, it's all the same. We are one in my psychic mind. Killing you won't give me life; killing me won't give me life.

I want to hurt you. But I'm also afraid to hurt you. No wonder I have a bad back. It incapacitates me, paralyzes me, makes me helpless. I can't move. I'm stuck.

What an "advanced" form of lid. Actually, it is a prison box.

I incapacitate myself so I won't be strong.

I'm so embarrassed. I stood up to you. I got strong. I'm a bad boy. I could have killed you. If I'm strong, I know you can't take it. It will kill you. Then I'll be a killer. I killed you by being strong. No, no, Mommy. I don't want to be strong. I don't want you to die. I don't want to kill you. I promise I won't stand up to you, won't oppose you. I'll shut down, stand in a corner, hide in my room, murder my soul. I'll do anything so you won't die. I love you, I love you. I don't want to hurt you in any way. So I'll kill myself instead. I'll murder my own soul. Who cares? It's worth it to preserve you.

But I'm so sad I have to do it. And so mad, too. Why do I have to kill myself to

save you? Why can't you accept me and my mad shoe strength? Why can't we at least live together as equals?

But I'm helpless, trapped, caught between my fear of hurting and my desire to hurt, fear of my killing rage and a desire to sire my own strength.

Killing is my metaphor for strength and power. I don't care about your body. It's your psychic soul I want to destroy, just as you destroyed mine.

I want to get back at you.

But I really don't.

I just want my strength back. I want to be my own person.

Will the Mad Shoe me please stand up.

It's about being strong in the presence of a woman.

Saturday, November 6, 1999

Hard to believe I would hurt myself so. . . but I would.

Who else is doing it? I don't see anyone around. Therefore, it must be me.

It is I who am hurting my back. And this to defend myself against something much more painful and horrible: the complete psychic destruction of my inner life!

My Original Trauma

That is my original trauma: the psychic destruction and murder of my soul!

It happened around age four after I was running wild on the lawn. And I learned to "live with it" for the rest of my life. It is what haunts me every morning when I experience my downs. This vision of death to my soul follows me in the shadows everywhere. It is ever lurking deep in the recesses of my mind. Psychic murder! Now I know what the term means. It is so frightening, so terrifying, that I would rather incapacitate myself and be experiencing the most excruciating back pain than face its mother-faced, industrial, iron-jawed destructive capacity.

I am amazed at how deep this fear is. How difficult it is to solve my most deep-rooted of problems. Even when you try to face them they go on for years.

If this is true for me, what does it say about everyone else?

And remember, I would rather have excruciating back pain than face their even more excruciating horrors.

It is my unconscious choice.

Soul Murder!

That is what I have been defending against all my life: soul murder. That is why my shoulders crunch up, creating an armor of protection and, ultimately, painful paralyzing cramps down my neck, shoulders, and arms. Yes, I would rather paralyze myself that re-experience the childhood murder of my innermost self, the psychic destruction of my soul.

Crossing The Moat

Truth is, I resisted that extinction by retreating into my room. It was a wise thing to do, and the only means of protecting myself. I refused to be murdered, to give in. I stood up for myself by retreating, by disappearing behind closed doors. There, within those protective walls, I build up the beautiful, serene, shining, running wild, mad shoe visionary life of my mind.

I was a wise child. A dope would have given in, given up, both outwardly and inwardly. I gave up – but only outwardly. Inwardly I protected my castle and created a world no one could smash and destroy. The flowers in my garden grew in secret; the forest rose in darkness. But it rose nevertheless, and I am alive today to talk about it.

But what a horror crossing the moat!

That is what my “Never, never, never!” means. They can take everything away

from in the outside world, but they will never, never kill my soul!

All this back pain will help me get “back” to my true self.

Sunday, November 7, 1999

Riding The Wild Bull Of Mad Shoe Energy

or With My Thoughts

Hard to believe I am hurting myself with my thoughts.

They’re like barbs pricking me.

I want to change my thoughts so they will support, sustain, nourish, encourage, and inspire me rather than smash, hurt, and lid me through their creation of back aches, colds, and coughs.

I want positive financial thoughts running through my brain, not the constant negative flow of financial worry.

First is to remember and realize that, even though my finances stink and business is really slow, I am still alive! I am still working, pecking away daily to make a dent in the financial and business world. And I will be doing this for the rest of my life! Through good times and bad. Now is a bad time. So what else is new?

But the main thing here is: I create my worries. I create my physical lids, my back aches, colds, and coughs. They are really the aches and pains of my heart, radiating and spreading, like little poisons, throughout my body, traveling along the blood stream and sending their miseries into distant happy capillary corners. Zingers and stingers from the aorta, pummels and bummers from the ventricle. These whoppers of truculent, hypodermic pain savagery originate in the passions of my heart, and, with the help of it powerful ally, my brain, send out their miserable baggage of worry and sickness on the Orient Express prison train to Siberia.

Brain and heart working together as a team to —believe it or not— shield, lid, wall me in, and protect me from even greater traumas!

Yes, my sickness, aches, pains, colds, and coughs are forms of protection from the wild flow of startling divine, mad shoe energy that can course through my veins at any moment, overwhelm and flood my being, and thus, through its uncontrolled abundance, annihilate me.

Imagine that! My mad shoe energy can annihilate me! At least, that is my fear. Or rather was my fear. Now I am facing it, looking it square in the teeth, jumping through its mangled jaw straight past its wild undulating uvula. I'm grabbing you, mad shoe energy. I'm holding you by your wild bull horns, and I'm not letting go! You can buck, kick, and scream all you like. You can smash and hit me with back aches, colds, coughs, financial worries, and more, but I will never loosen my grip on you. You will be tamed, or I will die in the process. Or rather, I will munch and digest your infinite energy; I will drink your blood and infuse myself with your power. I will harness and control you even if it kills me. For my life is not worth living unless I can ride high on your horns.

This mother I am talking about is a psychic creation. She is a main character in my intra-psychic mansion. Thus when I talk about my her I am really talking about a character I have created who lives in and often dominates that abode. Of course, when she does, I let her, just as, when she is weak, I let her be weak. Such is character creation.

Since my mother is weak, by being strong I will annihilate her.

But I, as a child, a four-year-old or even younger, am intimately connected to my mother. I cannot live without her. If I "am myself," if am strong and stand up for myself, I am afraid I will annihilate her. But, I identify with my mother, I see myself through her eyes. In a sense, she is me. Thus, by being strong, by putting forth and standing up for my true self, I annihilate me.

Who is my true self? It is my mad shoe self, the running-wild-on-the-lawn self. This is the self I squash, lid, and put down in favor of my mother's lidding demands

and requests.

From the powerful mother who will actively abandon me if I stand up to her, to the weak mother who will wither, fade, and die if I stand up to her, to the realization that it is I who will abandon me, who will wither, fade, and die if I give in to my true mad shoe energy self.

Thus I am not afraid I will hurt or kill the woman. Rather I am afraid I will hurt and kill me!

Monday, November 8, 1999

Getting "Back" To The Fight

For whatever psychological reasons my back gave out, broke, it is nevertheless still a muscle. It is now in the basic, bottom-line muscle spasm and inflammation stage.

Basically, when all is said and done, my muscle hurts! Therefore, my focus, concentration, and mental efforts should be solely towards curing my muscle.

Relaxing it, pouring focused blood into it, mentally sending images of rescuers and fire fighters to its besieged ramparts, funneling helpers down into the marrow of my bones, into the muscle mountain hideaways of these gangsters that have attacked my castle. Destroy them all with light, heat, and action!

It is now a mental muscle trip to the Muscle Mental.

Focus not so much on the gangsters of pain rebellion but rather on the bearers of light and heat. The pain barons and their clan of lugubrious followers will wither away by themselves. They cannot stand the attack by the King Of Light with his torch-carrying battalions and legions attacking with their powers of warmth, heat, and light.

No, they'll soon be out of here under this assault.

The war is on. The larger "I" will win. There is no turning "back." Only words, you say. True. But words are my banner. Behind them the conquering army marches. Slowly they will capture the ground. Gangster by gangster will be eliminated. It may

take months, weeks, days, hours, or even minutes. I'm hoping for minutes. But I'll "settle" for hours. I certainly don't want days or weeks. But whatever, time is not the question here. Only patience along with a constant frontal (or back-al) attack.

Supplement my fight with:

1. Cobra-like exercises six to eight times a day.
2. Mental imaging: all day long and forever until I win!
3. Start now!

Realize it is a big enemy but I can kill him.

Use the patient-pecking method. Never give up until I win!

The Pain Goes Along With The Territory

What can I do to make myself feel better when I have to make difficult choices and decisions?

All I can do is admire my courage at making the decision, at standing up for myself and what "is right" (for me). And this, in spite of hurting anyone else.

The pain of hurting others – and hurting myself in the process – goes along with the territory.

Is there a difference between "inner money" and "outer money?"

On the deepest level, probably not.

Am I also afraid to believe in my power to make money!?

Tuesday, November 9, 1999

Peacefully Buried Alive

Being able to live in the grave, buried alive in a coffin, underground, but comfortable within myself.

Rather than staying attached to the yo-yo string, propping up the weak mother

like a puppet, giving her extra strength so she won't drop me in the cesspool, into the infinite darkness of the abyss. Cut the string and I'll lose my connection.

But I'm calm lying in my pine coffin underground. I'm not screaming or scratching at my lid. I'm not trying to get out. I'm okay lying here in my grave alone. Quiet, peaceful, comfortable, self-sufficient. Why leave? I feel okay within myself.

This signals the end of claustrophobia.

Wednesday, November 10, 1999

The "Mad," Fury and Furious in Mad Shoes

The Next Phase: Put it in the Public Arena

The nadir.

Back returns. Body pains return. Even the "old" Alhambra playing returns.

Back sliding.

The ebb and flow.

Things were okay yesterday. When and where did these new whacks start?

Sunday I ran in spite of my back. At night we went to Paula's. By then my back was killing me. Monday I did the exercises and miraculously my back returned to just about normal! Tuesday it was okay, too. I even ran. Actually, I was okay until I arrived at the JCC. Then I got furious at all those kids taking over my room! I couldn't warm-up or meditate. They frustrated me totally. Furious! Then my downhill back sliding began.

I'm also furious at my low attendance. No phone calls either, no mail, no checks, no business, no nothing. I'm completely shut out. Furious, indeed! But my fury didn't rise while I was sick. My cold, cough, and fluish feelings kept me at bay. But once I got "better," then I was ready to hurt my back. When and why? Weak women. Friday night I handled it along with kill and death. My back got better.

But Tuesday night I back slid. Why?

I'm facing fury at low attendance, the "Where the fuck are the people? fury" Saturday night St. Matthews party: hardly a soul; Saturday night Ner Tamid party: hardly a soul; Monday night Englewood class: hardly a soul. Three weeks post Greek tour: no calls, no business, no nothing.

No wonder I'm frustrated and furious.

Where does "mad" and this fury of shut-out rejection fit into Mad Shoes?

I don't know. But it is time to find out!

Fury is the rising of my energy; it is my center reaching out to, fighting to impose the Mad Shoe vision on an outside world. The divine energy in the "Mad" is also expressed in wrath! The insane wild fury of "Kill, kill, kill!" But now it is "Kill those recalcitrant customers!" Kill those who reject and shut me out by not showing up for classes or registering for weekends or tours.

Yes, my bad back does express something. It is total rage, anger, fury, and frustration at the miserable attendance I've been getting. I have not yet seen or faced this aspect of Mad Shoes. It is the "I want, but I'm not getting!" fury.

Recognize this rage. Use it.

Take it out of my back and put it in the public arena.

Perhaps this is the "next phase" of my Greek Mad Shoe vision.

Just because I think it—and say it—doesn't mean it will happen right away. But thinking it—and saying it—is often the prelude to it happening.

After saying all this about my frustration, anger, fury, and rage over lack of attendance, I realize I'm not really that angry about it. I am. . . .but I'm also not. My energy seems to be on a different level. I've verbalizing my "old" anger at lack of attendance. But something new is happening: my energy seems to be moving on a lower, deeper level.

No, “sad to admit,” I am not enraged about my lack of attendance. The old anger of rejection born in the old neighborhood is gone. Now it is more on the level of “an annoyance.” This new “perspective” (an old word – I can’t find a new one to fit this new mode yet) is a new place for me.

Thursday, November 11, 1999

My Newest Search: How To Be Motivated When I Am Successful?

No lids – but no motivation either.

Am I not angry about this? Isn’t it anger that is lodged in my lower back?

Lids were my source of motivation. Now I have lost them.

Of course, I am not going back to them; I couldn’t even if I wanted to. Their illusory nature has been revealed; they have lost their power over me.

But trying to come out from under them has been a prime source of motivation. What will motivate me now?

Fear of finances forced me to do business; fear of guitar failure forced me to practice; hope for public approval forced me to write and especially to publish; even a partial fear of losing my physical prowess combined with the hope of public approval forced me into yoga and running.

Fear and hope: my two greatest lids. Now they have been dissolved, flooded by the waters of Mad Shoes.

Yes, I’m happy to break through, to embrace the divine Mad Shoe energy. But I’m also angry about losing my source of motivation. Otherwise, why would my back keep hurting? Rage is sitting down there somewhere near my coccyx, but I can’t get it out. I refuse to admit I’m mad about losing my lids. How could I be, after I’ve worked so hard to lose them!

Yes, I’ve been successful! What happens after success? Down, down, down. That’s why I can’t stand success. And here I stand: Successful!

What a paradox and strange conflict!

Somehow I have to get used to success. I have to learn to live with it. And, on top of that, I have to find a new source, some reason to be motivated.

Thus my newest search is: How to be motivated when I am successful?

Why I Got Sick?

This is why I got sick after Greece. Sensing the impending loss of all my motivating lids, I struggled to hold onto them, thus creating a cold, cough, and finally hurting my back. Anything to “keep a lid on.” How could I face the “downs of success” and the subsequent Mad Shoe destruction of all my former motivational sources? Truth is, I couldn’t. Too hot, too hard. So I got sick to slow down the process.

It’s even hard to believe how I have figured this out. Imagine, totally knowing why I make myself sick, totally understanding the creative and protective nature of why I make myself sick. Hard to admit I know myself so well and am so smart.

I’ve got a major success right there!

The Greek Mad Shoe vision was the “final” psychic blow to my old neighborhood self. It knocked the motivational underpinning out from under me. I paid my final respects by getting sick. I gave the lids my last gasp, my last hurrah.

I sense a new arrogance and cockiness in public. Is this another form of “Admire my power and masculinity, Ma. Look at me. I’m wonderful.”

First Sparks of a New Life

A spiritual life is fine, and so is a mental one. But, truth is, without my body neither of those lives will be lived. Plus, if my body is weak or sick, I’ll spend most of mental energies focusing on it and won’t be able to fully focus on the spiritual aspects of my life.

Working on the body, the temple of the soul, is, in any case, if properly viewed, a spiritual exercise in itself.

After my bout of post-Greek colds, coughs, sickness, and back ache, I have decided it is definitely worth spending mucho time taking care of the body.

Three hours a day on my body. Back to the '50's.
Russian squats and Greek Tsamikos step practice. Also add jumps for the Tsamiko scissor step.

Running and more. The stops are out. I will work to cleanse and strengthen my temple.

Friday, November 12, 1999

Strength and confidence Disguised as Arrogance and Chutzpah

I am right! I know!

Ebb and flow.

Loss of faith.

Why?

Woke up again with body aches. Will these ever go away? Am I condemned to an aching body for the rest of my life? How will I ever enjoy folk dancing or running again? Hopeless feeling.

Does my body really reflect my mind? Do its aches and pains really reflect my mental currents?

I have been back-sliding ever since I returned from Greece. I've lost a bit of faith in my mind-body connection.

But much as my body gets pushed around with aches and pains, I know I am right! I know that my body reflects my mind!

"Imagination is the door through which disease as well as healing enters" says

Yuktswar. I agree.

I know this is true!

What arrogance and chutzpah! How dare I know! And this for sure! I am being punished; I am being hit with an aching body for knowing I am right! For standing up for myself and my inner truth.

It is the psychic smashing of my mad shoe, inner strength and confidence. These emerging powers come out “awkwardly” as arrogance and chutzpah. I am right! I know!

Origin of Computer Neck and Shoulder Pain

So much of my strength and confidence is discovered and expressed through writing – on the computer.

Could my neck and shoulder “computer” pains be part of the psychic smashing process? Am I hurting myself on purpose?

Am I creating these body pains as another form of lid?

One-Step Down Computer Thinking

I started learning the computer several years ago. I started not in a one-step-down but rather in a twenty-step-down position. “I don’t know the computer; I can’t do the computer; I am no good in technology, etc.”

But now, I must admit, I am pretty good at the computer. But my computer mind still thinks in the “old neighborhood” one-step down position. These lids and inner put-downs are, I believe, reflected in my shoulder and neck pain.

This is an amazing thought and discovery. If it is true, and I believe it is, my neck and shoulder pains should go away!

So should my mad shoe back ache.

So should my leg fatigue and running knee pain.

And my cough.

The divine energy of the Great Sun within heals all.

The endless, daily question is: How do you access it?

Constant remembrance and imagination.

Imagine remembering it.

Remember to imagine it.

See it coursing through your veins. Feel it vibrating in your body. Always.

Mad Shoes symbolize the passion coursing through your veins, the energy of the Inner Sun shining, pulsating, and vibrating through your body.

First take off your restraints and inhibitions.

Then put on your mad shoes and let your dance of inner expansion begin! Feel the awe and wonder of your universe!

Saturday, November 13, 1999

Fear, in its "awe" sense, will always be part of Mad Shoes.

I'd like to coin a new word for fear which contains its awe aspects. Some possibilities: Awe-filled, awe-ful, awe-fear, awfear, or awefear.

Fear And Power Are Partners

I must be furious at losing my lids.

What a paradox!

Perhaps I am also mad at folk dancing. After all, I had to keep teaching my Bedford class last night in spite of the pain in my back. Or am I mad at low attendance? No, it is none of these things. It is, rather, an old fear:

I am afraid of my strength. This fear, pure and simple, has pushed me over the top.

Perhaps this fear is a plus. After all, isn't awe a form of fear? I am in awe (in "fear") of my strength. It is awe-some.

Fear and strength would go well together. They are energy partners.

Thus I do not conquer my fears. Rather, I incorporate them.
I incorporate them into my power.

Therapy and self-analysis may help make me aware of my fears. But awareness, although it makes me see and understand my fears differently, will not make them go away.

Nor should it. My fears are her to stay along with my awe. They are partners with my power.

Consider the partnership of fear (“stage fright”) and power (awe and power) in performance.

Fear Here I Come!

As my Mad Shoe vision deepens, I am beginning to understand what I have been “mad” about all along: somehow I have believed that, simply because my Mad Shoe vision has opened the flow, the flood, of divine energy through my being, somehow I would now lose all my fears. Since many of my fears (in their “old neighborhood” form of lids) were sources of motivation, I was, by accepting my Mad Shoe vision, losing my motivation. Motivation is certainly something I do not want to lose. Yet in my limited Mad Shoe vision, I thought I could and should now learn to live without fear.

Now I see that the Mad Shoe must not only contain the dynamic, running-wild-on-the-lawn, limitless flow of energy, a flood of power through the widening open gates of my being, but it must also contain fear. (Abraham Joshua Heschel’s “awe and wonder” aspect.)

I am “going back to fear.”

I will reexamine it under a new Mad Shoe light.

It will take its rightful place in my Mad Shoe vision.

Fear, here I come. I don’t love you, but I certainly don’t hate you either. I can almost say that by facing and incorporating you I am not afraid of you. But that would

be a paradox, an impossibility, really, because by your very nature, in order to experience you, I should be afraid of you.

Thus I should be afraid of (in awe of) my power.

Fears are an important part of my energy.

Thus rather than trying to conquer my fears, learn to incorporate them into my being.

Yes, I am afraid of my power. And rightly so!

Do not see this fear as a lid. Rather, see it as an energy source!

Avenues of Hidden Power

Somehow I have managed to develop the philosophy that fear is a sign of weakness. Where did I ever get such a stupid notion?

Fears are a sign of energy rising. By facing them, dealing with them, and finally incorporating them into your being, they become sources of tremendous strength.

Fears are hidden avenues of inner power.

How could I ever have thought otherwise?

Although sometimes it is ugly, fear is nevertheless, another form of divine energy.

Fear and power are like two legs: When coordinated and working together, you can develop a powerful stride and walk quite fast.

Sunday, November 14, 1999

Fear of my Power in Sunday Morning Dress
Deadness, Passionlessness, Lack of Motivation

Have I forgotten?

Am I completely lost in the New Land?

Do I like the idea of being lost in the New Land? But this lost does not feel like a downer.

Yes, I am lost in the New Land. But it feels like the beginning of a new lost-in-the-New-Land adventure.

Nothing from the old country seems to hold in the New Land. I seem to be drifting, floating, and without much motivation. I seem to have retreated from my friends, family, and human contact. I am going deep into myself. I am in retreat and on retreat.

Fear of my power? That was yesterday's subject. Today it is probably still true but it nevertheless, seems distant. Yesterday is so far away. . . .

Part of me wishes I could love and fear again. I am almost "passionless." And this on the heels of a Mad Shoe vision! Well, maybe I am not passionless. But I am certainly puzzled. This morning I cannot even believe in my fears. They seem like a false method of self-motivation. And yet they did so stimulate me and turn me on! Perhaps I am putting a blanket over them, covering the "fear of my power" just like I did in Dave's office on Friday.

Yes, this feels right. The deadness and lack of motivation feeling, even the lost-in-the-New-Land feeling may well be the disguise that covering up my power wears. It is the fear of my power in Sunday morning dress.

As I approached the "fear of my power blanketing" idea, I felt a sharp pain in my computer shoulder. Is this a physical manifestation of blanketing, covering up, lidding? Does this "prove" my physical pains are reflections of mental movements? I believe it

does.

The fear of my own spiritual and mental power generates physical aches and pains. Evidently, my power is too threatening. To “protect” myself I substitute pain in its place. Then I focus on my pain rather than my power.

Evidently pain, miserable as it is, is less threatening than the avalanche of my power.

Yet fear of my power is a turn-on. I should try to “get back to it.”

I am approaching the end of this New Leaf. Why do I say “New Leaf” when these folders are entitled “New Form?”

Perhaps my New Form has been formed.

I am ready to go back to my New Leaf.

Perhaps a better expression than fear of my power would be awe of my power.

I'd love to believe in somebody. That's why I cried over Gandhi's “always forgive.” I'd love to believe in him, read and learn his philosophy, study and follow him. I yearn for an inner direction. I can't stand this loneliness, aloneness, and inner turmoil of believing only in myself.

And this even as I realize there is no escape. Gandhi cannot save me. No one can. I am on the right road even though I have just experienced another miserable moment.

Why do I have a sudden interest in Gandhi? Is it because I beginning to look for a political and philosophical framework for my Mad Shoe vision?

Possibly.

The best advertising I can do for my folk dance class is to simply show up.
And this is something I gladly and willingly do!

I prefer to advertise (my folk dance classes and parties) through silent vibration.
This method is much more difficult and subtle than the traditional print, media,
and even “word of mouth” methods.
But, long range, it may work just as well.

The amalgam of fear and power is producing great guitar playing: A powerful
Alhambra!

It may produce great folk dance teaching as well.

So ends a New Form. . . or a New Leaf.