

Tremolo Mama

Saturday, May 24, 2003

Language

For me, language, sound, “the word,” comes even before geography. How can you read, understand, or even remember the place names if you can’t read (or understand) some of the language?

Language represents the “sound soul” of the country.

Look at Icelandic. . . .and how similar it is to Old Norse.

Life. . . (and Performance)

Tremolo Jim, Son of Tremolo Ma

This is definitely a new invention – my new invention. Tremolo Ma is calm, steady, even, competent, confident, and composed. This is definitely not the mother I knew. Or the mother I invented in my mind. She was Put-Down Ma, the Ma of repression, the one who diminished and continually tried to stuff out my running wild on the lawn.

Now whether the former Ma existed or not is besides the point. No question I invented and believed in her. And ran my life accordingly.

But a new Tremolo Ma has been born. Along with her comes new self image and a self born of confidence. I’ll call him Tremolo Jim.

Sunday, May 25, 2003

Editing and Organizing

I wonder if this “my life is over” feeling has to do with the massive New Leaf editing job I see ahead of me. I am approaching the end: once that job is finished, “my

life is over.”

This is, after all, a vast “mop-up” operation. All the original, spontaneous, life-giving work has been. Now it is time for the finale: cleaning-up, organizing, putting all my New Leaf creations together.

Editing and organizing: Can there be much fun in that?

Can I find any pleasures, nay, thrills, in editing? Or organizing? I’d like to find some.

Where does my life go from here?

Or am I simply down from the miserable, disappointing, memory-lane “A Mighty Wind” movie we saw last night?

Confronting Idiocies

No, it was the put-down, enraging, put-me-in-a-box “God” comment from B. It brought back all the realizations of how crazy she is, and how I have been trying to fight against and change her craziness so that I can be free.

Sure, I can. But somehow I have to accept her craziness. Or at least make my peace with it. Like the course of the sun across the sky, its direction cannot be changed. I can rail against the sun’s movement, fight its trajectory, but it is useless.

Best is to go past it, do and think something else.

But I am still enraged.

What should I do with this rage? Turn it against myself by saying I am so miserable, that my life is at an end, etc.? Or simply accept my rage, be aware of it, dive into it. . .and move on? No doubt, this approach is best. Especially the be aware and dive into it. The moving on part will then come naturally.

Maybe my new approach, my new neighborhood, gone-public approach should be to question her craziness. Raise questions about her perceptions. Sure it won’t change her. But it is a calm way of publically dealing with it. I don’t have to use the

old neighborhood style of retreating with anger into myself. I can publically confront such idiocy. At least I'll use my rage usefully.

Idiocy, anti-God, anti-Christian, anti-orthodox Judaism, anti-Bush, anti Iraq war, pro-Clinton, pro-democrat, it all goes together. Paranoia, craziness, perpetually victimhood, it all goes with the "What will people say? What will they think?" fears. It is the disguised expression of the terrified soul gone public.

Instead of bottling up my ideas and energy, I can confront such idiocies "for the fun of it." I can say my piece even though it will change no minds at all.

But at least confronting idiocies is good for the universe.

Can one love an idiot? Why not? Besides no one is perfect. That means no one is a total idiot.

Comments on editing my New Leaves:

The more I dump, the freer I feel.

Not for Publication, but for me.

Now I'm seeing my journal as something to keep for me, a memory, really, of what I went through in life. As for others reading it, well, maybe it's not that important to them. But to me, as a record of my existence, trials, and tribulations on earth, to remind myself of myself, it may be quite important.

So maybe I should read and edit my journal as a exercise in self-memory. I'm editing it for me, not for others. I've really published "enough" already. We'll see where this approach leads.

Also, there is the thought: did I throw out too much of my 1998-2000 psychoanalytic experiences? True, I was sick of reading about them. Nevertheless, are they important as reminders? Again, we'll see. . . .

Gates

Passing through the gates:

I am ready to see New Leaf journals as a guidebook to my mind. They also remind me of many self-concepts and approaches to life I have forgotten.

I constantly forget. One important idea I forgot is the constant psychological effect of my mind, my thoughts and feelings, upon my body. How it creates my pains, then reflects them in my physical body.

For example, why do I now have new pains in my left hand especially in the second digital joint of the left ring finger? This has never happened before.

What is happening in my mind? What am I thinking?

Death of old guitar playing, change of guitar playing, end of an era, giving up on guitar playing, on to a new guitar playing? What? And why now?

Oooh, I'm so mad! But what am I mad at? I hope at something. It might be a route to explaining why I ache.

Well, among other things, I'm mad at these aches and pains for ruining my fun! Yoga and running fun of playing with my body, fun-pleasure in feeling my body.

Or are the aches and pains being used by my mind as a means for canceling and denying my body pleasure? In other words, the old lid thing: Success and victories equal a lid which, in turn, equal mentally created body pains. An old story with a new twist.

New "Relaxation Attitude" Birth Pains?

I wonder if all the aches and pains I have been experiencing over the past few days (nay, "weeks") are, in reality, "birth pains." They have to do with, are caused by, the birth of a new attitude:

1. Guitar manifestation: Speed is no longer my guitar goal in "Alhambra," arpeggios, piccado (scale) passages in "Bulerias," etc. Rather it is relaxation. The

relaxed right wrist. . . and the beautiful tone it produces. Psychologically, I am moving towards a new inner freedom, freedom from the domination of speed.

2. More ease in the market. I am less effected by the ups and downs, by my victories and defeats, than I used to be. "Less so" are the key words here. More even mindedness: That is my victory. As such, it is related to relaxation.

3. Running: slow and "relaxed." Aiming for the inner massage run. Micro-running plus. This again is related to relaxation, diving into my body in the here-and-now.

Yet all these positive changes in attitude are accompanied by terrible "over-use, arthritic-type" pains. I wonder why. Again I ask: are they birth pains? And if not, why not?

I hope they are. I believe they are. (Why not then simply think: they are.) We'll see where this leads.

Devil's Way to Happiness

Just because I continue to have pains in my body does not vitiate my new "relaxation" vision. My body's teaching me, nay, forcing me, to relax, to slow down, to slow down and relax in order to handle the pain.

Is slow-down and relax better? I don't know. But, no question, it is different. And as such, it ushers in a new level, a different place, a new stage of life.

Certainly the pain increases my focus. In the sense that I concentrate on handling and healing my pain.

Remember the dictum: Focus and concentration equals happiness. Well, if pain increases focus, couldn't it, wouldn't it also, eventually, increase happiness?

As such the focus and concentration created by trying to handle and heal the pain would serve as a gateway to happiness.

Is this the devil's way to happiness?

Hmm, indeed. Something deep to think about.

Pleasure is probably a better word than happiness. Thus it would be: "Pain is the devil's way to pleasure."

In guitar, "relaxation" may be an acceptance of playing slowly, going slow. . . and the diving-into-each-note, depth, and maturity that goes with playing in this manner.

No question pain is "forcing" me to play this way. . . the pain of never being able to play tremolos and arpeggios "fast." Which means like Segovia.

Once again pain becomes the teacher. No question I hate my teacher, especially this teacher. But what can I do? He just never gets off my back. I'm stuck with him.

The rewards of relaxation are depth, maturity, and living totally in the present. Going slow helps concentration. Slowing down increases focus.

Rewards of Focused (Slow) Guitar Playing

Somehow I've always associated speed with strength and macho. Thus in the old school of thought, by "slowing down" I am losing my strength and giving up, losing, my macho.

But is this true? No question I am losing something. But is it really strength and macho? Yes, it is part of physical aging to lose some physical strength. But isn't much, nay even most, of strength psychological and mental? Macho, too?

Thus, according to this new, modern, and up to date definition, by going slow I am gaining strength. . . and macho! I could say that, in the past, I didn't have the strength and maturity of focus, to concentration, to relax, to go slow. My mind was a wild horse, uncontrolled, and untamed. It went in all directions. Now I am finally able (through mucho pain, of course: the pain teacher) to rein it in, and control it. By slowing down, by accepting and even embracing the go-slow method, I am taking

control of my mind and with it, my life.

I am putting myself in charge. By giving up on my speedy guitar playing I am taking total command. Segovia and company are no longer running my ship. Depth, focus, concentration, maturity, control, and self-command win the day.

Bordering on Sick

Suppose I do succeed in the stock market, make money, learn how to make money.

Suppose I not only pay off all my debts but am actually ahead. Suppose I really am developing a new skill, the trading skill.

Suppose, suppose. And truly, that is one of my goals.

But suppose I succeed. (And this even though I want to.) What will happen to all my former values, goals, and purposes? What about the outward thrust and drive to make money on my tours, from my performances, even from my folk dancing? Will these purposes dribble away? If I can and do make money, will my desire to promote these arts disappear?

In that case, what will get me out of the house?

These are indeed fears of success. What then?

I thrive and have thrived most, if not all of my life, on wishes. Indeed, even though I strive for their fulfillment, wish fulfillment itself is a kind of downer.

This is indeed a big conflict and contradiction. . . and fear. I wonder if that is why I now feel I'm getting sick. I'm not only waking up with an incipient cold and sore throat, but, of course, my body has been aching over the past few days.

Could it all be due to this fear of success? Fear of money making, and especially fear of making money in the stock market.

Am I also afraid of my developing trading skills? Dare I even say I have trading skills? What if I do? What if I am right? What if I actually make money in the stock market? And what if it continues? What if this is really and actually a change, a total

change in my life?

What do I do with such success? Where do I go from here?

Well, first become aware. Is this really my problem, today's problem? If it is, and in my deepest of hearts I know it is, then dare to look at it.

Yes, in my deepest of hearts, I know I am afraid; I know I am getting sick over this success. I know that the sudden surge of successful, money-making stock trades has stunned me. I stand in awe of them, shocked by their possibilities and hint of possible future success.

Could I possibly have "gotten the hang of it?" Am I actually getting better at trading? Am I actually managing my emotions better?

Deep down I believe I am. But I have so little confidence. I don't want to fool myself, self-aggrandize myself again, as is and has always been my habit in the past. So I am cautious.

Could I call it cautious optimism? Maybe.

The cautious part is the fear part; the optimistic part is the self-confident part. Well, I could call the fear part a self-confidence part, too. After all, recognizing that I am afraid, "owning" my fear, is a plus. Fear itself is an energy packet.

Yet I don't want to get sick over this. In this case, self-awareness can cure me. Now my fear germs in their confusion may be turning on my body. I want to put them back into the self-awareness section of my mind.

Choosing Confidence Over Sickness

I think my biggest threat is that I don't want to admit or face the possibility that I could be successful in the stock market. It flies in the face of all past realities.

First came the Joel phase. That lasted almost twenty years: This ended in complete failure and almost total bankruptcy, terrible for my ego and concept of self-worth.

Second came the giving-up phase. I sold all my stocks and gave up on the market

completely. This phase lasted about six months: from May to November 2003. I realized that being out of the market, just like being out of tours, was simply too depressing. Evidently, I loved and needed the stimulation and excitement of the market as much as I need the stimulation and excitement of running tours. Even though both of them have so many attendant miseries, downs, and frustrations, they also offered tremendous possibilities of uplift, optimism, challenge, conquest, and even ecstasy.

Third came the on-my-own phase. I am still in it. I started on-line trading with my Fidelity account. I began studying books on trading and thinking about learning a new career: stock market trading. This was based on the impossible dream theory. As the Don Quixote of the stock market, I like, nay, love impossible dreams. And that is because part of me believes I can actually achieve them. This is, of course, the hidden confident part of me.

What have I just said? I have a hidden confident part. That means its only "problem" is that it is hidden. Why not bring this confident part out into the open? Why not admit, not only that I have it, but that it can be applied to the stock market? In other words, part of me believes I could learn to be a successful trader.

Yes, I am getting sick over this. But it is true, nevertheless.

Maybe I should face this fact, face my strength, instead of backing away from it and getting sick. In fact, there is no question that I should! The time has come. Self-awareness has struck again. It chooses confidence over sickness.

Just finished editing all my New Leaves! Wow!

Combine this with the above stock market trading revelations and. . . what happened? My body aches and pains went away! Amazing, astonishing!

I can't believe how right I am about myself. I just knew my physical pains were caused by some kind of mental anguish; the physical world reflects the mental world (which, of course, reflects the spiritual.) Knowing this, however, did not stop the pains; it hardly even diminished them.

Yet it is true, nevertheless.

You go through your changes, feeling all the new growing pains. Then, on the other side, once you have passed through and the growth has been completed, you realize, once again, this eternal truth.

Getting the Feel of the Crowd

Can artistic personality and arts skills be used in service of the market? Can I “get a feel” for stock movements. . . just the way I “get a feel” for the crowd when I teach folk dancing or perform before an audience?

Aren’t stock movements, swings, etc. really movements of crowds? But they come in the form of stock screens, charts, numbers, etc.?

Is this the beginning of a wise thought or not?

Unlike performing or teaching folk dancing where I see the people in front of me, can directly feel their immediate vibrations, make judgements on the spur of the moment, and shift my perspective accordingly, in the market I am dealing with an “invisible” crowd. I need new tools in order to see it. These would be stock market tools.

Am I not dealing with the psychology of crowds . . . but in a new way?

As a performer and folk dance teacher, I have skills in front of a crowd. I know how to handle, and deal with, people in particular and the public in general. Can these skills be applied to dealing with the investing and speculating crowd?

In other words, are they transferable skills?

Well. . . why not?

By looking at the fluctuations of stock market prices I am really looking at the collective thoughts of many unseen people, of the “invisible” crowd.

Yes, they are more inchoate, and, unlike folk dancers or a guitar audience, totally uncontrollable. I cannot impose my views, or any views, upon them. My only hope for

understanding and dealing with them is to find their flow and go with them.

Find their flow and flow with them.

Wednesday, June 4, 2003

Pain in the Ass!

What the fuck is going on in my mind? It is really falling apart.

Is this "just" another cycle? Well, of course.

What is it up to? What's happening?

The results of my transformation is that everything is falling apart.

All goals and happiness has fled. I'm returning to the complaints of yesteryear.

I'm even using some of the same language. Down, depressed, lost, whatever you want to call it. Sounds like repeat mode. But really, every "repeat" is a repeat in a new mode, a different repeat in a different cycle.

Yet it is a repeat and cycle nevertheless.

Evidently, once again I must go through the similar emotions as if I learned nothing from my old experiences.

Completely mindless of the past, the downs and ups, depressions and elations, lost and found, simply come and go.

The stock market is another reflection of this constant emotional, mental, physical, metaphysical, natural, and even supernatural cycle.

Where does all this leave me? Nowhere and everywhere simultaneously.

Knowing these are cycles should give me a little perspective. Yet, in spite of this "perspective," pains persist. Perhaps they are part of the perspective.

For example, yesterday I had an ache in my left elbow! Now I can "explain" my right elbow pain as caused by computer mouse overuse, mouse overuse syndrome (MOS syndrome). Why my left? A year ago, when these mysterious elbow pains emerged for the first time in my life, they began in my left elbow. I "explained" this phenomenon as caused by practicing too much yoga lotus posture, lotus overuse

syndrome (LOS syndrome). Yet soon, for no apparent reason, these pains “jumped” or were “transferred” to my right elbow. That’s where they stayed for about a year.

They’re still there; they get worse, better, or remain stabilized. But they have not left.

Pains, pains, pains: Through these materialized mental states I psychoanalyze myself. They are my guides.

This is all well, good, and an “easy explanation” of how my mind and body work. But truth is, every morning is so different that my so-called “guides” hardly work. What help are they if every day I strike out on a new path?

This morning I woke up with a slight pain in my left wrist. Now there’s a new one. True, even though it is minimal, I immediately felt a threat to my guitar career.

Where is all this leading? Who knows?

What a fucking, ache-drenched, gripe-filled, pain-infested puzzle this life is!

Mafia Psychiatric Services

Now I must admit, in all fairness to myself, during the past week or two I have radically diminished most of my disciplines, the ones that keep my mind together. And this almost to the point of giving them up. They had been replaced by stock trading, editing of New Leaf journals, and, at the beginning of the month, selling my Norway/Sweden/Iceland tour.

My early stock market successes threw me, and my New Leaf editing haunted me. Both temporarily knocked me off the path. (Actually, they’re probably part of the path, but I didn’t recognize them.)

So the result is: I had “given up” guitar practice, yoga, and running. Giving up my loves in this radical manner, even for a short time, always wreaks havoc on my body.

If I get back to my disciplines, I believe things will improve both in mind and body.

Somehow I’ve got to incorporate New Leaf editing and stock market trading

with the miracle schedule disciplines of my life.

Back to disciplines. . . especially guitar, yoga, and running.

Incredible how as soon as this return-to-discipline “cure” idea appeared I got a sudden pain, like a pulled muscle, in my upper back, somewhere beneath the right shoulder blade. This has never happened while typing on the keyboard.

Doesn't it confirm the mental origins of pain, the psychic trauma of receiving an idea? Yes. But it is so extraordinary that the mind could work this way. Who would believe it?

These pains must work to protect me from the trauma of my ideas. Amazing.

Are ideas really that powerful? Can the mind really affect and overwhelm the body with such ease? Are its products so strong and dangerous that the body must throw up a defensive screen of pain in order to protect me from them? Or to at least ease their entry?

Amazing, indeed.

Isn't this proof of the power of mind over body? If this is so, what of the power of spirit over mind? Truly, I have just grazed the center of Power. If I ever looked straight into it, the fire would probably kill me. If you're human you live in a frail body. You need defenses. You need protection from the Power and the Knowledge.

That's why we are opening Mafia Psychiatric Services. We sell protection. . . .from ideas.

Thursday, June 12, 2003

Interest in the meaning of Anglo-Saxon names like Hrothgar, Hygd, Hygelac, and Thryth, or the meaning of the name Moldavia is slowly being replaced by a love of my grandchildren.

Also an interest in maintaining my falling-apart body.

What is the meaning of these changes? What new stage am I entering?

The passions of knowing history, languages, and etymology are fading. What is

this new interest and love of “contemporary” people?

Am I fooling myself? Or is this the grandfather stage of life?

As my physical powers decrease, my mental, spiritual, and psychic powers increase.

It this really true? If it is, is there a correlation? Or am I simply moving, on, and these psychic growth changes are being reflected in my physical body?

I hate to “lose” my old passions and loves.

Perhaps, in some way my, old interest and love of history, languages, words, and names can be combined with the love of my grandchildren.

No question my old body is being “replaced.” What will be its new form?

As the old wrists, elbows, thumbs, insteps, shoulders, etc. ache, pain, fall apart, and die, what will be reborn in their place? How will they function? Will they function at all?

And why is this happening now?

However, in order to function in this world on a mental, spiritual, psychic, and psychological level, I will need a body. So, while I’m here, I’d better learn to take care of it.

The temple must be cleansed, cared for, and loved. Otherwise spirit will have no home.

Interesting: As I practiced the tremolo fast in its new slow manner (or slow in its new fast manner) I did not get sleepy.

Does that not mean that by focusing on “fast-slow as one” I passed into my energy center? I believe so.

A step through the doorway. An accomplishment, indeed.

I happen to have a talent for organization. (Based on an instinct for survival.)

That's why I can organize not only tours, weekends, folk dance classes, my businesses, etc., but also my daily disciplines, the schedule and hours of my daily routines.

I also happen to have a talent for spontaneity. This is seen in my ability to "on-the-spot" organize a room of bar mitzvah participants into a folk dance circle or grab a serendipitous tour event. This ability is based on a deep desire to throw away all organization, and, in an orgy of carpe diem seize the moment and run wild on the lawn.

Perhaps the center (the Center) is where the ability to organize and the desire to run wild meet.

David introduced me to and gave me The Templars and the Assassins by James Wasserman. What a book! Wow! Medieval history and mysticism.

By growing up in our household, seeing how I thought, I influenced David; I "started him off" with my own interest in history and mysticism. Now he's picking it up and throwing his interests to me.

I am expanding through my children.

This is the beauty in the chain of tradition.

Lost in Post-Transition Land

I'd love a summer project or/and summer projects. But what is it? What would it be?

Lost in the morning rain.

It's a lost day, lost period.

And since I have nothing "new" to do—I've traced out my interests for life in my miracle schedule, etc.—I have to find myself, my roots, center, and happiness by returning to the "old."

I have many wonderful "olds" to return to. But I am returning in a new form, the post-transitional grandpa power form.

What does this mean and how will it effect everything I do?

First, there is connection everything to the people-connection, the newly developed gone public aspect. Part of this is sales. Thus:

1. Guitar and song connects to giving concerts. Concert sales, etc. Will I ever get to do this, return to this old route? I don't know. Yet my guitar Tremolo Ma practice has to mentally aim in that direction. Public and sales, indeed.

These concerts would have a new purpose. They would no longer be to make money (although they will have to do that), promote my ego, or even present and develop my art. They have another purpose, one "beyond" those former reasons. But I either don't know what it is yet or I cannot yet verbalize it. But no question, if I ever go back to concerts, it will be for a completely new and different reason.

The same might be said of tours as well.

But I don't have the reason yet. I just know the old is dead, the transition has been passed through, gone public has happened, and grandpa power has arrived.

In the past, my concert and tour sales activities (and others as well) were based on the need for money, power, recognition, and ego. Now, although it would be nice to get all these, I no longer need them in the same primal motivational way.

Fun?

Could it be that I have been reduced to the final goal: that of having fun! In the miracle schedule and all etc. things I do.

Can it be done without "external" goals and directions?

Can I lead my life without them?

How do you have fun?

Is this the final question?

Have I arrived at the door, nay, in the land, of this final question?

Aren't fear and greed based on purpose?

Without purpose, does one still suffer from fear and greed?

Perhaps not to the same extent.

And what about fear and greed as motivators? Isn't it "fun" to be motivated? If purpose creates fear and greed, and vice versa, if I lose my purpose, goals, and directions, and thus my fear, greed, and motivation, where does that put my life?

Do I simply sit around as a sage vibrating in fun?

Maybe.

"As sage does not rush, even for a bus." So said Alan Watts.

Thursday, June 19, 2003

Finding New Reasons for the Tour Business

I can't say I love travel but I can certainly say I love study. Study projects, too.

The study of places is often more interesting than the places themselves. Why is this so? Study touches and opens my imagination; getting and being there concretizes my imagination. It removes much of the soaring.

But travel may be necessary to create goals of study. Maybe not. I don't know.

I'd like to want to travel though I'm not sure I do. But there is no question, I like, want, and love the study aspect; I love to touch, pinch, stimulate, and take flights in my imagination.

Perhaps in the upcoming months of study I will find a new reason to travel. In the beginning, its prime reason was first to make money, second to give myself confidence in folk dance choreography.

Now I have the choreographic confidence; I also know I don't make that much money in travel. I make some but I would probably do as well if not better if I simply pushed and promoted my guitar and folk dance bookings.

So, the old reason for travel have mostly gone by the boards. Why should I now continue to travel? Why should I stay in the tours business? Indeed, I need to find a new reason or reasons.

Money is no longer the motivation. Nor is folk dance choreography. What, if anything, will the new reason be?

Somehow I think I'll have to somehow connect my known love of study with travel. They will have to get married and go together. I can start thinking about such a "practice" with our upcoming Norway/Sweden/Iceland tour.

Forget the money. It's over. It must be a study.

Jews love to study. It's a tradition.

Customers, Study, and Leadership

I Like to Lead

Well, this indeed would give me a brand new, whole new, very new reason for running, organizing, leading, going on, exploring, and doing tours.

Also for finding tourists to join me.

I need a few. I can't do it alone. But I don't need many either. This somehow changes my search for customers. But I don't yet know how.

But they will always remain customers. And thus separated, and at a certain distance from me. I will always have to "take care of them."

Well, that's okay. I like taking care of people.

Taking care of others is different from, but also part of and belongs to, my love of study.

I like to lead.

Taking care of others is part of leadership.

Meaning of Performance

I must expand the notion of performance to include, not only guitar and folk song concerts, but everything I do in public. Folk dance teaching, tours, bookings,

weekends, even writing. . . my entire business.

But for now, let's not vitiate it. Concentrate rather on one particular: guitar and singing. Here I need to give (scary) concerts; I need to perform; I need the public to inspire, energize, and even guide me towards my star.

What a new way of looking at the public!

This means my years of (artistic and other) practice, training, and preparation were and are being done to offer my skills, to "sacrifice" my talents on the altar of public giving. I cannot subsist, or even exist, without the infusion of energy from others. I must suck at the public tit, drink its life-giving milk. Without the public breast, the daily birth of my infant creative self will die.

Saturday, June 21, 2003

Become a "Student" Again

During my post-college "first" phase, when I lived in Greenwich Village, my attitude and goals centered around becoming an artist. After I got married, my goals were to become an artist and make a living. Post-forty, I continued the post-marriage goals, and added intense study and learning about business, entrepreneurship, as well as starting my writing program. Thus an intensification of the post-marriage artist/entrepreneur idea, attitude, and goal.

I am now, evidently, at a new stage in my life. Based on acquired confidence, I now know and have accepted the fact that I am an artist; and I know that somehow I will materially survive in the world with my entrepreneurial skills. Entrepreneur and businessman are still secondary to artist, but I nevertheless, have confidence in both.

So, I am ready for something new.

Could it be "going back to college?" My college, my university, the Jim Gold infinite study program. As formerly that last member of my miracle schedule it is something good to do for the rest of my life.

The only difference is that now it will be first. A complete miracle schedule reversal. . . in attitude and substance: The last shall be first. Very biblical, indeed.

Again, we'll see where this leads.

We can start with a three-month summer experimental student program.

It would mean, among other things, back to the books to study all aspects of my miracle schedule, to read about guitar, music, history, notes, harmony. . . exercise, etc.

Now I'm going to practice my morning guitar. . . as a student.

This means I would become a student of: guitar, singing, running, exercise, yoga, music, dancing, and even money! Economics, stock market, politics, history: a student.

Even writing and language might fall into this.

All.

"Student" would be a total attitudinal shift.

Record and Song Book

CD's and Electronic Print

I need to add something new. How about recordings? How about writing down my songs, recording my songs, making CD's etc. and selling them along with my books?

Perfecting myself and performing talents through recordings.

Could recording be the new performing direction, the new direction I crave?

It would reflect the twenty-five years of maturation, Alhambra and arpeggio practice. The culmination of Tremolo Ma.

Record and Song Book, CD's and Electronic Print: Is that what the summer and next year is and will be all about? Indeed, it would be a growth and expansion. My belly is starting to move. Recording, with its exactness, would make me "nervous."

Certainly, it coordinates with the editing, compilation, and publication of New

Leaf.

It was part of the long range plan. Has the time come? Am I finally ready? Am I at the "there-is-no-choice" state?

Recording means (calls for) a deepening and new exactness. Indeed, a form of growth and expansion.

New way of practicing:

As I play guitar, think recording;

As I sing, think recording.

Distant idea: Would this recording idea ever extend to a folk dance video. A deepening and exactness of my folk dance skills. Maybe.

How about yoga postures. . . and even exercise warm-ups, calliyoga, etc.?

Bottom line, what am I looking for?

Inspiration.

Inspiration comes through growth and expansion.

Recording my art represents (calls for) a *deepening through a new exactness*.

Monday, June 23, 2003

Like my violin, the whole world of classic guitar and folk song seems to be passing into the realm of "sideline." I can't see any public use for it. I'm only doing one Weekend a year; I'm not promoting assembly programs or concert bookings (I have only limited sales energy and it is going into tours). Thus, "sadly," it seems these wonderful skills of mine will be relegated to the background. They'll take their place

along with yoga, running, and perhaps even writing as miracle schedule “sidelines.” Only personal fun, if any, will come from them.

Indeed, I feel sad about this “loss of former career.” I always had the background hope that someday I would go back into performing. And I’d like to. But, like any other business, if I want to perform, most of my time will be spent selling my performances, trying to get bookings. For this I have a limited amount of mental space and energy.

Once upon a time I considered performances as a means of selling my folk dance and tour programs. That was “using” my performances. Plus it hardly worked.

No, the best way to sell my tours and anything else is through time-consuming personal telephone calls. Sure, I put ads in journals and send out mailings. But bottom-line sales for me are done with the personal touch on the phone.

This takes time and mucho mental energy. And although I have to spend time at it, I don’t want to spend that much. Even making CDs and recording will eventually lead to sales. These sales go with my book sales, that is, mucho effort for little money.

So, this morning, until I see another way to go, my guitar world becomes a “sideline.” How sad. I hate to lose it and give it up. Is there a better way, another way? I see none at the moment.

“Alhambra” tremolo failure kept me going, kept me practicing all these years. I hoped that some day I would “get it.” Then I could return triumphant to concert performances. Now that I’ve “got it,” I have sadly lost interest.

No wonder I am afraid of success. Look at the losses it incurs.

All that talent, skill, love, therapy, and years of practice down the drain.

Isn’t there some way of motivating myself to revive my desire, to return to performing?

Somehow performing-tour-folkdance-writing sales connection has to be made. I haven’t made it yet.

Truly, part of me thinks: Why bother practicing if I'll never perform? Perhaps all along, during those many guitar practicing years, distant public performances were always my motivating dream.

Am I truly, in my deepest and secret gut, a public person? I know the existence of people excites me. When I see them in front of me, I get excited. That's why my first inclination is to talk to them. I have a natural empathy, interest, and movement towards them. But the threat of crushing my in-room imagination, the artistic chamber of my soul, always prevented me from totally approaching them; my natural inclination to smile, laugh, and totally enjoy the dancing of their existence, of totally opening up and expressing my excitement about their presence was too much of a threat.

But those days are over. I am stronger now. No one can or will ever crush my in-room chamber of imagination, the artistic dream-chamber of my soul.

With this new reality in mind, I again ask myself the question: Where do sales (of everything I do) now fit in?

Sales are public offerings of my private soul. As my post-transformational self enters the world, how and where do they fit in?

I need connection to others to make myself whole.

Sales are my people connection. They can unify my many selves and make me whole.

Truth is, every one of my talents and skills is ready to go public. The days of preparation are over. Although one can always improve, my skills are as polished now as they'll ever need to be. The direction of my growth now can only be in bringing myself public, in presenting (and displaying) my self and my wares to the public. There is nothing else left.

My only direction is a public direction.

In order for my skills to grow and expand they must now be presented in public,

be done in public, given to the public.

(*Nu, vat* else is new? Vill dis get me into sales?)

Tuesday, June 24, 2003

Another Stock Market Juncture

I realize I will never use the money I make (or lose) in the stock market to support myself. If I make money, it will simply go back into the market; if I lose money, well, hopefully I won't lose too much. Still, even my losses will not effect my life style. They will "stay" in the market.

Thus the stock market is a speculative trading game I like (or hate) to play, a fascination.

Where does it fit into my life? Is it part of the miracle schedule? I doubt it. Is it part of "business?" No. Or I doubt it.

What is it? I like the challenge, risk, and adventure of playing it. When I win, I love it; when I lose, I hate it. But win or lose it remains an interest.

Still, I have to ask: Why do I bother with it? Why spend so much time and effort and mental energy on this up and down "meaningless" game? Wouldn't I be better off spending my time developing aspects of my miracle schedule?

Originally, I got into the market because I wanted to make money, get rich, and ultimately, free myself from financial fears so I could be and practice my arts in peace. Well, I am practicing my arts in peace. On that I have succeeded. Yet I remain in the market. And it is not even to make money for my real life.

I am in the market mainly to win; I would like to "conquer" it. I measure my wins by the amount of money I make; I measure my loses by the amount of money I lose.

But ultimately, am I not wasting my time?

May was a great month. I made money. I won. June has been a terrible month.

I lost money. I lost. Today when I add up my gains and losses, I see I have lost more money than I have made. Thus the results of all my trading effort so far have moved from zero to minus zero. I have, in a sense, gone nowhere.

Maybe I've learned something about myself psychologically.

In any case, I'm at another stock market juncture. Again I ask: What is its place in my life? Is it worth so much mental time and effort?

Or should it drift to the bottom and become something I do to "relax," a sideline fascination and interest?

Gnostic Guitar

Thinking through the guitar, on the spot, in the moment, in the here and now, is gnostic experience. It is "the direct, tangible, personal experience of God within my human body in the here and now." (James Wasserman) Could I do such a thing in public? Probably.

But would I?

Good question. But what a gift to the audience! To show them, to present before their eyes, a thought process in motion. Making up notes, sounds, and musical phrasing on the spot. Such a radical new interpretation of Leyendas, Alhambras, and whatever as to be just about unrecognizable. These pieces would become merely forms through which the soul of the performing artist, namely me, is expressed.

What a radical new approach!

True, it would take courage to perform this way. But also true: there is no other way to go.

Wednesday, June 25, 2003

End of an era. (And a New Leaf as well.)

End of the Age of Money.

I am totally disgusted, discouraged, and disillusioned. On the surface, it's about the material forms of money and the stock market. At the foundation, it's about self-stimulation.

It's about how and from where do I get my more?

Remember the true purpose of money: It is, was, and always has been to give me a sense of support, security and inner peace as I pursue the loves in my miracle schedule. Period. It really has (almost) no other function. I was put on earth to follow my miracle schedule. Period. End of discussion.

However, the true purpose of money has been fogged over in my mind, lost, forgotten; it has disappeared down the drain and somehow become an end in itself. This, to me, is utterly absurd. Yes, I need security to follow my desires. But that security has little to do with money. How did I get so lost in the turmoil of following the dollar trail? It must have something to do with the overpowering emotions of fear and greed. Although it is possible to have enough money to survive, possible to "satisfy" once and for all the money problem, it is impossible to uproot the emotions of fear and greed. All can do is recognize and be aware off; then I must constantly deal with them accordingly.

Up until now, dating actually from the time I got married, I the arena of finance and money has been where I have dealt with them. But again, I am once again reminded: Money is a means to an end, not an end in itself.

Following the path of the miracle schedule is an end in itself.

These are basic truths which I have forgotten as I get lost on the foggy path of life.

So where am I this morning? I am sad because I am losing my source of stimulation based on money and the stock market. I mourn the loss. (Even debt has been, was – and I think no longer will be – part of this self-stimulation.)

I need a new source of self-stimulation. What, in the miracle schedule, can (and

will) replace the market mania?

My deepest peace-creating love and ever present, ongoing challenge has always been learning languages.

The study of languages (history, too) has always been beyond fear and greed.

Should I look again into areas of study beyond fear and greed? Should I now try getting more (my more) from these intellectually and emotionally rich, miracle schedule processes?

The study of history. . . along with (side by side with) language to enrich history and give it color.

Is the purpose of this most recent stock market debacle to enlighten me? What teaching does it present? Paradoxically, is it to free me from never-ending, post-marriage financial fears, to liberate me from the mental shackles of money?

Perhaps the purpose (and path) of my post-transitional, self-confident development to move beyond the fear-and-greed mode.

If I ever "get back into the stock market" I must do it in a beyond-fear-and-greed mode. Am I capable of doing this? Would it be "interesting?" Do I even want to?

Or should I make it a distant "sideline" as I pursue the richer and more fertile fields of language, history, and the miracle schedule?

Friday, June 27, 2003

Politics and the Divine

How do political leaders fit into God's plan? Are they "chosen" by God. Often they use religion to empower and rationalize their reigns. Nevertheless, just because they use the name of power of God in vain does not mean that God has not chosen

them. Someone has to run a country just as someone has to run the universe. And since God is the Big Guy, wouldn't He chosen "smaller potentates" to run his worldly fiefdoms? Why not?

Prophets, wise men, and mystics often believe that God's plans are revealed to the special few through revelations. Why wouldn't some of these revelations be political? Why shouldn't their power be tied to political power?

Yes, politics and the divine are related. Only I am not yet sure how.

Dynasties rise and fall. They exist in the material world and are thus subject to the vicissitudes of life. But daily changes in the dream of this material world are all connected to the great Unchanging.

Material life is a dream but the infinite, eternal, and unchanging Truth is a Reality.

No doubt, miserable and slimy as it often is, politics is connected to the divine.

People are outwardly, secretly or even unbeknownst to them, looking for their God connection. Often they place it in other humans, so-called "leaders."

When they mistake their leaders for gods, they commit idolatry.

When they realize their leaders are symbols, means, bridges to the divine, but not the divine itself, they are closer to enlightenment and true divinity.

The process of looking for a leader in yourself, but making the mayic (illusionary) mistake of looking outside yourself, "finding" it in someone else, a so-called "leader," goes on throughout history. It continues until self-realization.

On a secret level, the political leader who will someday come has many names in many languages. In English he is often called the Messiah. He will create peace on earth. Mystically, this means he will create peace in the warring human soul. Indeed, a difficult task.

The human soul is ever at war with itself. These wars are reflected and “expressed” in the political battles and military wars in the theater of ever-changing history.

Defeats Increase Resolve

Why won't I give up even though I am again losing money?

Perhaps learning to play the market is my biggest challenge at the moment.

Yes, winning creates fun. But losing creates first fear, then anger and resolve!

Perhaps the “purpose” of these defeats, these money loses, is not to give up, but rather: turn my wobbly fears into iron; increase my resolve to study the Game and learn to play it well.

Notice I have put a capital “G” in the stock market Game. This increases its function, purpose, and importance. . . and my perspective, by putting it on a celestial plane.

My businesses I have “mastered” in the sense that I know them so well. There I am looking for a rebirth of energy.

In stock market I am a beginner; I know very little. It is a new challenge.

My choice is to give up the challenge, or face it. Whatever my choice, either way, I will expand and grow.

But the stock market is fresh, new, scary, and exciting. In a way, my feelings about it are similar to the creation and beginnings of my tour business.

I know the ropes in the tour business. In the stock market, the ropes are still around my neck and partially strangling me. The key word here is “partially.” I still have a fighting chance. My only decision is whether to give up or accept the challenge; depart or stay and fight.

Or rather, perhaps I hear old voices (and present ones) saying the stock market is evil and dangerous; you will only lose money; defeat is the only thing you can expect.

Part of me believes all this. But part of me wants to stay on the battlefield and fight. Is this good?

(Call Bob Gutin on this one?)

I sense that, win or lose, I will go down with the ship. But I refuse to be defeated. What is this quality in me?

Sure it is what enables me to survive in my own business. I also sense I need a gut-wrenching challenge to "keep me awake."

Succeeding in the tour business was once my challenge. Could it now be the stock market? Do I dare do and face such an evil thing?

As I faced the challenges and learned the tour business game, some years I made money, some years I lost. Eventually, I did "all" I had to do. My fascination and interest in the tour business "ran its course." My need for it was drained. Now I am looking for rebirth of tour business energy.

Is this a necessary prelude to the stock market, too? Will I have to play it in spite of gains and losses until my fascination, need, and interest in it "runs its course?"

Probably.

I was in the tour business to learn something about myself.

No doubt I am in the stock market for the same reason.

In the tour business, I wanted to learn about the creative process of folk dance improvisation. In this I succeeded.

Certainly, losses make you question your purpose.

What is my purpose in the stock market? What do I want to learn from it?

What is its "higher" purpose in my psyche?

Can I accept the idea that now that I have found myself, am comfortable with my, am confident in myself, that the market is my new and biggest challenge?

Or is it study? Well, history and language are interesting and fun to study; but market is a gut-wrenching study.

Perhaps I am in the market to study my gut. . . and my guts.

Perhaps I am in it to learn about my deepest “base” emotions: fear and greed.

Wasn't I also “studying” these in my tour business, concert business, etc.? Yes, but I had the fulfillment of my inner sense of artistic beauty to inspire and guide me. To become and succeed as an artist was, in my eyes, my highest attainment.

I have no such feeling about the stock market. I do not feel it is artistic, beautiful, or a high attainment. The goals of making lots of money may be fun, but basically, deep within my soul, I don't believe it is that important.

Making enough to survive as an artist: that was and is important. Making money in the stock market is a mere game. It has no effect on my artistic life. And yet, it is occupying my mind. . . and sometimes in a big way. Why is this? Why do I even bother?

I even know I'll make more money if I put all my energy into my Jim Gold international business.

So the market is not even about money. In the arts, where art is a good-in-itself, the marker for winning was (is) the actual creation of artistic works. Earning money is something you do “on the side” to support your artistic creation habit.

In the market, the marker for winning is making money.

There is absolutely no doubt or question in my mind that creating works of art is a good thing, a totally worthy cause.

As for the game of the stock market, and making money in it, I have mostly mixed emotions. And, as I say, I cannot understand why I do it or what is its purpose in my life?

And yet I do it. Why?

Why do I even question it?

Competitive Self

Why am I in the market? What battle am I fighting?

Suppose it is not to make money; suppose the making of money is a “sideline.” Suppose its real purpose is to handle and deal with other emotions. Like jealousy, envy, and competition. (How do I feel and deal with my competitive self?)

If yes, isn't this a very expensive and time consuming way to deal with them?

Would there be a better way?

Or is this simply a process I must go through, follow until it has run its course?

Maybe there are no answers to these questions; maybe I simply have to be with the market until my interest in it “runs its course.” And try not to lose too much money in the process.

No question, the market acts as a source of stimulation. Can I find a different source, a better one? Good question. I don't know. Perhaps there is no better one. . . for this time in my life.

The Dream of Riches is a Dream of the More

The human psyche ever craves more. Even the desire for quiet, quiescence, poverty, nothing, as expressed and delineated in some religions, is an expression of craving more: one wants more “nothing.”

God is the ultimate More. The desire to cleave to Him is a form and expression of wanting more.

When Jews want to climb Jacob's ladder to heaven, they express their desire for growth towards HaShem and inward exploration and expansion by cleaving to Him, the ultimate More.

The dream of riches, the desire for material wealth is a form and expression of wanting more.

Thus my desire to succeed in the stock market, to attain riches, to win at the game of wealth, is a form of growth, an expression of expansion, an ever wanting of the more.

Are my values confused? Am I not running around like a chicken with its head cut off about the stock market? Really, what am I doing in it in the first place? What are my goals? What do I really want?

Have I, unconsciously and secretly, imbibed values from the cultural surroundings that don't even belong to me?

Is this a question, even a budding crisis, of values? What, after all, am I striving for?

What do I truly believe in? What is the good? And what is it for me?

What was I put on earth to do?

And once I know, wouldn't I be best off spending all or most of my time doing it?

I know what I was put on earth to do. And it is not to buy and sell stocks. Much of my stock interest is probably due to a hold over from my early marriage days and my fears about money, earning it, and supporting a family. Supporting myself, too. These fears just have not gone away.

But I mention supporting myself. I always felt and still feel that I can support myself. In a minimal way, I'll always get along. As long as I keep my dream of being an artist held ahead of me, I can do and survive just about anything. But kill that dream and I am dead, too. That is, has been, always was, and probably always will be, my enduring dream.

What does the stock market have to do with it? Nothing.

Again, it is simply a question of how I will stay married, keep my house, follow my dream, and financially support the whole thing. Ever that final fear: how will I support it?

Maybe instead of the stock market, I should figure out the answer to that question.

What minimum per year do I need to sustain myself in order to follow the dreams of artistic fulfillment? That is the first and perhaps final question.

Is There Divinity in Leadership?

Is there divinity in tour leadership?

Well, why not?

If political leaders are (often quite subtly) connected to the divine, why not leaders in general? Why not folk dance or tour leaders? Why not me?

This certainly is an inspiring new way to look at tours and tourism. It would place my role in a new light as well as give a healthy, needed "divine lift" to my concept of tour leadership, and my tour business.

Let's change this question into a statement: There is divinity in leadership, any and all kinds of leadership. The ability to lead is a gift, a talent. Such an ability (as all abilities) derives from higher consciousness and ultimately, from the Highest Consciousness.

I move from question to taking it for granted. Now the new question and quest is how to find and stay in touch with this divinity as much as possible. . . and ever hoping for permanent contact and connection.

Divinity is present and appears in a concert performance, reading, folk dance leading, tour leadership, event organizing ("pre-leadership") and more.

It appears in private life. . . only less strongly. Private life with its private practice is really a preparation for public life with its public practice. The public has more energy vibrations thus giving the possibility for a more energetic connection with divinity. Look at the energy an audience contains; each person in it is a packet of vibrating molecules and energy emanation.

Remembering and staying in touch with this higher form of energy is the key.

Creating poor leaders with lower levels of divine energy (and often having

apparently “none at all”) is also part of God’s teaching plan.

A lesson in misery is part of the learning process.

Let Them Suffer:

Let Others Live and Deal with Their Own Creations

Through their attitudes, people create most, if not all, of their own suffering. They do this (secretly) in order to learn about the nature of life and the meaning of their existence here on earth.

Since this is so, why should others work so hard to remove it? Why try to relieve their suffering and pain? Suffering is their creation. Isn’t it arrogant and mean to take their creations away? Why not let them suffer and learn in peace?

Of course, if they ask for your assistance, that is another story. But most of the time people don’t want or even ask for your help. Usually they suffer silently and “in peace.” Subtly and secretly they know this is how to deal with, handle, and figure out the solution to their problems.

So just let them suffer. Why take this vital and important source of learning away?

So end a New Leaf