

## Moving On

Wednesday, January, 2 2002

### Growing A New Body To Fit My New Mind

Maybe my body has ached so much and my bones are falling apart because I am going through a total transformation, a complete rebirth, and, in the process, growing a new body to fit my new, gone-public mind-set.

I've gone through the death and dying process; I read the books. I've actually felt pretty dead since October. It was the mental deadness caused by the "suffering and getting used to success" mode. It lasted about three months, from October to December. During the last month of that phase my body ached in every place, my knees fell apart, my ankles collapsed, and everything else physical I can think went down the drain. I moved from mental to physical collapse and dying.

Finally, in January of the new year, my mind discovered East Asia. Seeds were planted when David, Jeannie, Sack, and Zane, along with the Straus family, went to Palisades Park to eat in a Korean restaurant. I said, Here are people I know almost nothing about. I decided to look into the Korean language and culture. Obviously, I was ready. Up to now, during most of my life, I have strangely had absolutely no interest in Asia or any part of the Orient.

I started the study process by going to the Teaneck library yesterday and taking out books on Korean, Chinese, and Japanese language and history. I almost cleaned out their shelves. As I read I thought: My God, I am actually getting interested in something! It seems I haven't been interested in anything outside of myself for years. My own psychotherapy totally consumed my mind. But now it is over. Evidently, after my three-month death-and-dying transition period, I was ready: first for a new mind; then for a new body in which to place the new mind.

Will my old aches and pains go away? As I sit in my rebirth chair, I believe they

will. What choice do they have?

Sure, there may be new pains for my new body, ones that fit with my new mind. But old pains will fade away and disappear. As I say, what choice do they have?

### The Wild Ride Is My Birthright

What has kept me from running-wild-on-the-lawn in public in the past? The sting of rejection. The fear and pain of its inherent trauma pushed down my spirit, killed my energy; its possibility and business reality stopped me dead in my tracks.

Well, now I still get rejected. The difference is: I'll be damned if I let it stop me in my tracks. I'm going to run wild on the lawn and have fun no matter what! It is my life line. No one will ever take it away from me again. I haven't spent thousands of dollars on therapy to now be pushed back into the grave. I am rising, rebirthing, reincarnating, resurrecting. I am and shall become more of: the Fun Spirit! The Wild Ride is my birthright.

### The Meaning of "Fun"

The word "fun" often signifies frivolous fun, meaningless dawdling, lying on the beach, vacations in the sand, visiting Disney World, leaving the heavy and repressive routine behind, escaping, etc.

But I mean fun in the sense of ecstasy! For me "fun" signifies joy, expansion, growth, kabbalistic joy, dancing wild in the streets, ecstatic singing, shouting for joy, and hallelujahs. It ties me to the earth and catapults me into the sky. Paradoxically, it is my bottom line and spiritual high.

Fun is living in a Beethoven symphony; running wild with the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto; it is living in the Spirit of God.

Why would I even want to consider or do anything else? Why would I ever want to settle for less?

Saturday, January 5, 2002

Dare To Be Optimistic

The Optimistic Body

In the new resurrection that is taking place could I be growing a new optimistic body?

Just as I said “optimistic body” the pain in my left knee jumped up substantially.

In other words, my original two-year old trauma is due not so much to bad feelings but rather the repression of good ones, namely the joy of expansion, illumination, and optimism. I have now “graduated from therapy” and beginning to live the joyful, expansive and optimistic life. But living in such a place is hard, nay traumatic, to do. Internal put-down, push-down, processes no longer work. Yet the old attitudes, although slowly dying, are still retained in the primitive spaces of my body. These ancient fears are now “expressed” through aches and pains mostly in my knees.

By releasing these joys, will my body fall apart? Such expansions “threaten” my dancing physical body.

Today something new is happening: optimism. This physical attitude began to stick its head out of the cracked chicken shell yesterday when Bernice yelled about my debt. Old stuff. It rolled off me. No affect or effect: First sign of optimism. The “let’s look internally” part of me is sure I’ll be able to pay it off. If I look closer at that “part” I see that actually I have no doubt that I’ll succeed in paying it off! How can I be so optimistic? I don’t know, but I am.

I believe the outside world will turn in my favor. How can I believe this? I don’t know, but I do. Perhaps it is an interior quality called confidence.

Let’s take another look. . . . Well, part of me believes it. The other part, the pessimistic side, is hurting my body, causing pains in my knees and everywhere else.

Do I dare be completely optimistic?

“Completely” means eliminating the internal, interior pessimistic, put-down, press-down, dying ember push-down side, the one causing my physical pain.

Am I ready to do this?

Why not give it a try?

Yesterday many good things happened: my stocks went up, my book is being launched, the possibility of the high paying Ardsley folk dance group came about, some people called about tours. If I believed in these “signs,” I would be optimistic. Well, if I can believe my pessimistic side, then why can’t I just as easily believe in my optimistic side? I can choose either. Or, if I can’t decide, I can believe in both simultaneously.

I do that now.

But isn’t such belief dualism? And isn’t dualism idolatry? Better to worship one God: The One of Effort, trying, striving, energy, doing my best. This kind of worship is well within my grasp. Ultimately, it is what will heal me in both mind and body. And it will eliminate my aches, and the pains in my knees.

Dare to be optimistic! Give it a try.

Burping, bad stomach, nausea, and bad knees, too. Perhaps due to anger that I’m holding back (out of some fear.)

Optimistic body – and mind.

Give it my all. My All!

Monday, January 7, 2002

### Seize The Freedom!

I wonder if my “arthritic” knee pains could be caused by sheer and utter rage! Rage at women, rage at their (Bernice’s) complaints, sickness, etc. Beyond that, rage at their sheer lack of understanding and sympathy for my needs or point of view.

On one level, I hate to talk about this again. It is all so “old hat.” It feels like I’ve been through it all before; I know about anger and its effects on my body. Is this rage I’m talking about new? Is it even worth talking about again?

I once liked rage. I haven't felt it for a long time. Perhaps since I am Starting Over and Moving On I ought to take a new look at it.

I believe in the power and dignity of indignant rage. But even this seems so "old" and even "boring." Isn't there a new way of looking at this emotion and its pain-filled effects on my knees and body?

The best new rage idea is: I am stifled by the sleeping inhibitory thoughts in my own head. Projections of my rage upon Bernice or anyone else is simply "secondary." I can attain an inner freedom. But I have to want it. Then I have to decide to take it!

I can do most of what I want regardless of what anyone else says. However, I have to know and be aware of the problem.

The problem is my own inner walls. Truly, no outside woman is pushing me into the corner. Sure, they may complain or try. But it is I who decide whether to "agree" to be pushed down or not. Their subtle or forceful words or demands are simply "suggestions." I don't have to agree.

So, look within. Seize the freedom! That may be the total answer to my knee pains.

### Glorious Heroic Phrases

It's a new week. I'm onto a different year.

What are my priorities?

A healthy, good-feeling body is first. Strengthen and clean the building in order to house its pure spirit.

I have not yet figured out yet how to combine intensive calli-yoga practice with running.

How to do I do both? Can I? Is it too much? Is there a way of building up to it? Can I combine one intensity with another? Should I use alternate days?

There is also the fear that I will hurt myself if I do too much; that too much intensity, over-doing it, will injure my body.

Is it true? Is this fear justified? Will I hurt myself if I push myself too hard and do too much? Or am I simply afraid of the joy and its concomitant victorious feeling of accomplishment that it will release?

Will the endorphins protect me from injury? Or will I have a heart attack and die in the over-doing it process? Is "over-doing it" really the right phrase? Would "challenge, struggle, try, give it your best effort" be better?

Am I afraid to experience and ride on my inner glory? Should I think and believe in the glorious heroic phrases: "Do not give in to pain, fear, or death. Give it my all!"

Release the angel endorphins. Let them carry you upwards.

Tuesday, January 8, 2002

### Losing The Farm And My Knees

After I went to the vault yesterday to pick up the deed to the farm, life and energy slowly drained out of me. I felt so empty and down.

It had to do with selling my share of the farm. I feel I am betraying my past. In my mind's eye, I see my mother saying "How could you? How could you sell your violin? How could you sell the farm? How could you give up your heritage, throw away your past? How dare you!"

How dare I indeed? But I dare. The past and heritage I am giving up is not in a piece of land, a farm which we only visit once or twice a year for a weekend. Truth is, even if I sell it, I can still go there in the same manner. My sister and brother will certainly let, allow, even want me to.

The drama of giving up the farm is all within. Sadness, stiffness, and loss are in my own mind. What am I losing? What am I giving up?

The home of my center and soul as expressed in "running wild on the lawn." My childhood, youth, dreams of sunny bright blue peerless skies, walking blissfully through fields of timothy, running down to the sparkling brook, catching fish by hand

under banks of sod. . . and peering into the cool brook waters where, deep at the bottom of a small pond lie the ingredients of my horrible, traumatic, nightmare: the sucker fish, eels, snails, snakes, and bottom feeders!

Yes, in giving up my farm childhood, I am giving up both dreams and nightmares. The consistent truth here is the “giving up” part. I am losing my old neighborhood, and, in the process, reconciling myself to the present. Obviously, this is a growth, an expansion, an acceptance of going public. However, I first feel it as sadness and loss.

At first I was not aware of how deep this pain went. It remained largely unconscious.

I’m wondering, since it started out as unconscious, could the pain be first “expressed,” that is, felt physically, in my left knee? Didn’t it start to hurt around the same time I decided to give up the farm? If this is so, isn’t this giving up, this “betrayal” of my childhood, a crippling event, “cutting off my legs,” and leaving me abandoned and helpless?

Are physical pains in my left knee (now sometimes right, too), and even in my ankle tops, basically psychological? Could be. The body reflects the mind. Doesn’t my mind take its rarified thoughts, crystalize, concretize, and “en-gross” (make more gross) them into physical body pains?

In the title of this piece I use “Losing.” A trauma of abandonment indeed.

### China Plans

I’m thinking about planning a tour to China. That’s the only way I’ll really “know” where it is.

But I’m not planning it with much enthusiasm. It’s more in the mode of: I’ve got nothing else to do. I want an adventure; I need one.

My original tour business, 1984 and Hungary, started with fear, daring, wanting to prove myself, mucho to learn, etc. Now all that is “over.” I’m empty and somewhat

drained. I need a new adventure to fill me up. My “legs have been cut off.” The old neighborhood with its old life has ended. I’m ready to move on – as witness by the title of these Leaves.

But this moving on is accompanied by sadness, loss, emptiness, drainage, etc. A mourning for the old; the loss of farm life, childhood running wild on the lawn, contemporary D, V, and F, too.

I’ve never been interested in the orient before. Now I am getting “interested.” Well, actually, as I say, it is more based on the “I’ve got nothing (better) to do” feeling.

We’ll see where all this leads.

But it certainly feels like the beginning (New Year) of a new blank start.

No legs left in the old world.

What choice is there but to find new ones in the new?

Begin by mourning away.

Wednesday, January 9, 2002

### Victory!

Drained and empty. I do not let myself get excited. I am mildly down. My writing is askew as well.

It may be the result of going public.

I cannot get too excited about the publishing of my book either. If I do, it may push me over the top. I don’t believe in “over the top” anymore.

Well, most of the above morning writing may be bullshit. Something is missing from my life but I can’t figure out what it is. Indeed, I’ve given up the inner farm, lost and “betrayed” my childhood past. Still, that doesn’t feel right. . . .

I want to get excited, but I can’t. Is it because I won’t let myself? Or, perhaps I actually am excited but won’t recognize it! Aha, I’m onto something. That is precisely it! I am in the process of achieving victories and Great Victory. These are victories over myself. Slowly I am metamorphosizing into a new man. My wife’s complaints, yells,



and screams roll off me; going public is slowly becoming a part of me. Since yesterday's recognition of my running-wild-on-the-lawn, inner childhood farm loss and its relationship to my hurting knee even those pains are subsiding.

Another great expression of going public is the publishing of my book. Now I am thinking about how to sell it. Imagine that! I am raising marketing questions: who is my target audience, what agents and/or publishers will I send it to. As for concerts, I'm giving "An Evening With Jim Gold" folk dance and guitar program for the Cosmo Club in Montclair this Saturday night. I'm hardly giving it a thought. I'm relaxed about it because I have accepted and know I can start the guitar part by singing "Irene, Goodnight" and a sing along. This opening is easy, no effort at all. No nervousness. It even relaxes me. Amazing, indeed. Another victory. And it only took thirty (or more) years.

Thus if I look at myself closely, or not even too closely, I am full of victories. Naturally, they remind me of old traumas and I retreat into sleepiness, downs, boredom, and lower energy forms. But that old method of handling victory is fading, too. Last night when I arrived at the JCC in Paramus to teach folk dancing, I again felt this incredible fatigue. I practically stopped breathing and only wanted to fall asleep. This is my usual prelude to a folk dance evening or even a concert. It is, of course, the way I face (or used to face) most going public traumas. But awareness of this reaction is changing me. I no longer "believe" in the pre-performance fatigue. I realize it can turn around in one minute or even a few seconds. It is, indeed, a psychological fatigue. A new idea can change it in an instant. And my new idea is: plug into the excitement of teaching folk dancing, how I love it and the people who come, how I love the scene of all of us dancing together. How privileged I am to run, organize, and lead such a beautiful event, how lucky I am to be a part of it; before my eyes I see public and private merging into a victorious oneness.

Even in the way I handle my emotions and reactions to screaming, angry women, is, I have to admit, totally victorious. I am calm. I deal with each situation

evenly. I don't even take the yelling personally.

Thus my spirit, mind, and body are becoming more comfortable in the victory mode. This is exciting!

Victory is also so much fun!

### Tuning Into The Energy Of Victory!

The sleepiness and down I feel after this (above) writing could be because I'm tired and drained.

But it also could be the old traumatic push-down reaction to the victory of accomplishment.

If it is the latter – and I have a strong suspicion that it is – then I do not have to rest but can instead simply continue on to the next event and take the next step forward in my miracle schedule morning.

It is a question of facing and tuning into the energy of victory!

I stagger at the thought. Breathtaking!

This is, indeed, jumping right into the trauma a killing it.

The realization of the Energy of Victory is such a victory in itself. I scratch my back in delight!

I may be victorious in the “going public” field but I have yet to make any money with it. Yet I feel that money is coming, that it is somehow “up ahead.”

Am I right?

### Make It Fun!

Life is full of suffering.

But if we suffer, we can also feel joy.

If you're Jewish, you can do both by enjoying your suffering.

You can love to complain: There's nothing like a good hearty, "Oy vey, vat a pain!"

I did deep knee bends and thought about Ann Diamond's bad knees. Then I came up with a powerful image, a powerful healing, anti-pain mediation. When your knee, or any other part of your body, hurts, picture the pain as the opening of a gateway pouring hot healing blood into the area.

I did it. It worked. I am always amazed at the power of the mind to both heal and hurt.

Friday, January 11, 2002

### Living In The Victory State

Why did I feel so down and empty last night?

Well, part of it may be: I pushed myself down to prevent myself from being, and staying, up. The excitement was too great; I couldn't stand it. Therefore, I cut it by pushing myself down. The downs work. Believe it or not, they serve a healthful purpose: they calm me.

That's why falling Kabbalah sparks of brilliance are so "dangerous." Too exciting. They can blow your mind. Too much excitement can be painful. I can't stand it. To calm myself, put things back into perspective, a "relaxant" is necessary. Such a self-imposed drug is depression or downs.

Let's face it: I am very excited about the publishing and direction of my New Leaf. Slowly it is all coming together.

Can I stand it?

Yes.

It's the "all my dreams are coming true" feeling. My life's work is coming together in book form. Such a victory is new to me. Living in this victory state will take

getting used to.

### The Transcendental Jump

My private vision is best expressed in my New Leaf Journal. By passing the publishing milestone, going public with it, and getting ready to sell and promote it, I am saying that I am ready to bring the deepest part of my private vision to the public. Thus can I redefine business. For in this is a major, even transcendental, jump.

The transcendent aspect is seen in my New Leaf subtitle: Infinite Possibilities: Living the Creative Life.

Sunday, January 13, 2002

### Accepting The Pains Of Transition: A New Concert Beginning

#### I Love It!

Perhaps pains in my knees and ankle tops are simply part of my present life, my present transition. They may last until my transition to a new life is completed. This may takes months. Maybe there's not much I can do about it but give in to the process, accept them, keep living, and move on.

Didn't the pains, especially in my left knee (which now drifts to my right as well as my ankle tops), begin with my late- November long run followed by my "farm loss?" Didn't the pains not "end" last night with my fabulous, comfortable and satisfying program at the Cosmo Club? I began the program with "Irene, Goodnight." Starting-Over and Moving-On with "Irene, Goodnight."

Last night's Cosmo Club concert was the christening of a new concert program beginning: The "'Irene, Goodnight' beginning." My December Xmas Eve Temple Sinai program in Leonia was a prelude to this beginning, since I started it with folk dancing, then gave my concert (starting with "Irene, Goodnight"), and concluded by moving back to folk dancing. But at the Cosmo Club I started with my concert and I started my concert with "Irene, Goodnight." Thus it was the true beginning of a new concert

career.

This kind of new programing gives me so much freedom and latitude to talk, relax, and be my wonderful off-the-wall, wacky, zany self in public. I love it!

The “Irene, Goodnight” style opener is a wonderful way to introduce my gift of gab, my blarney ability, my socializing at cocktails and sales table skills; it’s a way to talk and invent a program “on the spot.”

An old way closed down and ended.

A new path has opened and is beginning.

I wonder what will happened to my knees and ankles now.

They could remain the same, get better, or get worse.

Somehow I don’t see them as getting worse. I see them as getting better. There is no longer a mental “reason” for them to hurt. With my transition completed, my body and mind have changed. I am in a new place. Only my lack of confidence in being there should cause me continued pain.

Do I lack the confidence? Partly. But by living in this new place I’ll slowly get used to it. Thus confidence will increase.

These are “jumping the gun” sentences. Is it arrogant to predict the future in such a way? Will I be “punished” for trying?

Or will I, in a return to childhood and mother, be punished for having confidence? Probably the latter.

These thoughts are all occurring in my imagination. Of course, that’s where my life takes place anyway. What else is there?

Monday, January 14, 2002

### I Need To Study: Chinese Is Here

I have a need to study something. The process itself raises me up.

I now have a new desire to study Chinese culture, history, art, and language. Why Chinese? Why is the Far East coming into view along with Korea and Japan? I have no idea. But, for whatever reason, it is there standing in front of me, calling, and staring me in the face. Do it; study it.

I need to study. It doesn't even seem to matter what I study (although an "elevating" subject seems better.)

Chinese, for some reason, is here. Take it.

I need the study process to raise me up.

### Breaking The Daily Barriers

"Improvement" is the means, the bridge to reach the endomorphin high, the high-energy, joyful, tingle-and-jingle, fun state of metaphysical oneness.

But you must push through daily created barriers to get there. That's where the words such as "improvement," "make the effort," "give it your best," "try harder," etc. come from. They imply the existence of these daily barriers which must be broken daily, in each practice session, in order to reach the high energy transcendent state.

Arthritis, heel spurs, knee and back pains, other physical or mental problems, etc.: What are they but newly created daily barriers which must be broken?

The crust settles. You must cut through it to reach the sweet fruit in the pie.

### Making Money In And Through My Art: A Major Shift

Enron just got delisted. Another stock I own turned to shit.

Every stock I buy seems, ultimately, to turn to shit. I'm constantly getting battered by the market. I have no luck or skill in it. Long run, I only seem to lose money.

When will I learn? Will I ever? What is there to learn from this?

Am I constantly being hit over the head to teach me (remind me) that my skill is not in the market, that I should get out of it once and for all?

Is it to show me I am an artist, period, and the stock market is simply not a place for me? I only make money when I work: Is that the ultimate lesson?

If it is, then my money should only go into supporting my artistic (and business) habits: it should only go into me! Of course, this is the way I started out twenty-five years ago. I wanted to learn about investing (in the market) so I could eventually be free to support my artistic desires. Well, I've done that.

Wouldn't it be ironic if I discovered that fulfilling my artistic desires is, ultimately, the only (and best) way for me to make money!

Is that the lesson I'm supposed to learn?

If this is true, (and I hope it isn't) then I should get out of the market completely. If this is true, the market is a total waste of time. . . and money. A partial solution might be to get out of the market partly. . . or mostly. But I hate half-way solutions. I go for the apocalypse. If I'm going to make a mistake, I'd like to make a big one, a significant error, so that, deep down, I really feel it! I seem to aim for big success or big failure. Mediocre success or failure just doesn't seem to do much for me.

Are the years I've spent in the market a learning blunder? Have I been simply treading water for the last twenty-five years, waiting until I got enough confidence in my art (really my writing) to both find security and make a living in it?

Good questions, indeed.

### The Road To Confidence

This would mean that the stock market, my stock market experience, was my walls to fight against, my "negative means" of achieving confidence in myself.

The negative is I lost all (most) of my money.

The positive is I now have complete confidence in myself.

I could write it all off as simply “paying for college.” But it is so sad to lose all my money. It is even more sad to give up the hope of making money, lots of money. And the stock market ultimately signified hope: Hope that someone (Mama or Pappa) would give me something for nothing, give me something simply because they loved me.

Well, once again, I have their inner love now. (And this, whether they give it me my way or not.)

Does this mean my long and losing stock market venture has come to a close? Basically, does it mean it is lost its purpose?

Does it mean I should exchange hope to make money in the stock market for the hope (and better possibility) of making money through my art?

#### Always Better To Look At The Positive Side

It is always better to look at the positive side.

Optimists live longer even though pessimists may be right.

Rather than the negative: “giving up of hope in the stock market,” focus on the positive: making money in and through my art!

#### Gigantic Attitude Change

Guitar: if slow, relaxed, and lingering is the way to go, well, I’ve always played or rather “practiced” that way. Except that before I was aiming to get somewhere, hoping through slow, relaxed, easy practice to improve and eventually reach the guitar peak among the Segovia stars.

Now, through lingering, resting, and relaxation I realize I am there. I’m playing the way I always have; doing what I know and what is easy. But my attitude towards it has changed.

Now I know this method brings out the best in me. It is my best. It is me. There is no other place to go.



My attitude has changed from going somewhere to being there already!

Well, that's a gigantic attitude change!

Saturday, January 19, 2002

### I Want And Need Problems!

I want a problem; I need a problem. I yearn for problems. If I don't have or find one, I make one up.

I create problems.

They are motivating and interesting. They are fundamental exploration factors. Curiosity is at their base.

Problems create the motivating questions: "How will I solve this? How will I get out of this one?"

When my guitar playing is "perfect," I make it worse. I push beyond perfection, trying to create a new problem to solve. Without problems, guitar playing – and life – would be too stultifying, too boring. Who can stand such a life? Answer: no one. Oh sure, a few moments, hours, or even days of peace are okay. But on a long-range basis one needs problems.

Even though we complain and often hate our problems, we'd never give them up or live without them.

A problem-free existence: Who needs it? The creative life is the problem-filled life. The only difference is: true artists realize they are the creators, the ones creating their problems so they can paint new pictures every day.

That's why I've held onto the Alhambra problem so long. If I could finally play it, then why would I bother practicing the guitar? I'd lose my motivation. Therefore, I created a situation where I could never play it

But this Alhambra view has run out of gas. Now I can play it. But I still need a problem.

So I'll create new Alhambra problems, new some folks call them "challenges" for

myself. My curious and exploratory mind will not stop. It always wants more!

One way of getting more is by creating more problems.

Some problems make you sad, others excite you, make you happy, curious, interested, etc. But the fundamental truth here is: No matter what personal feelings your problems may create, you are the one who created them. You are the master creator, the inventor of your problems.

That's also probably why I got into debt: I wanted to create an interesting problem.

True, sometimes my problems cause panic and feel overwhelming. Nevertheless, they are still my problems: I have created them. They're just run away a bit, run off on their own. Since they are mine, and I own them, it is my job now to "bring them back." The decision to control them creates new problems for me. Still, they are all my problems, my creations, my children.

Fascinating, indeed.

My job is to hold onto my bliss while the sea around me is boiling.

It's a hard job but not as hard as it used to be.

Sunday, January 20, 2002

### Machine Life

Amazing, this machine state is very pleasant. It is almost as if I am moving beyond my body, standing outside, or rather, sitting outside. Watching. I am no longer "responsible" for my playing, for what my body does. I am simply an observer, a kind observer, a pleasant, peaceful, and happy observer. I sit outside my body calmly smiling as I watch the fingers move precisely and automatically over the guitar strings. I, personally, have nothing to do with it. But I like watching.

I'm onto something here but I don't quite know yet what it is.

I wonder if this pleasant machine feeling is really the Land Beyond Trauma in disguise.

My want to acquire money, and the post-forty wanting to become a millionaire phase, etc. was similar to my early desire to become a physicist.

After graduating high school I wanted to become a physicist. Why? So I would know all about the physical world, which meant the entire universe; then, once I knew about the universe, had the knowledge, then I could “get it over with” and do what I really liked, namely music.

I always wanted to be an artist. But I didn’t have the confidence back then.

Then, post-forty, I wanted to become rich. Why? Simply so that I could become an artist “without always worrying about money.” Certainly, that twenty-five-year trip was a financial failure. But in every other way it was a success. I now have the confidence to be me; I have the confidence to be an artist!

Was it worth it? What a question. Do I even have “choice” in my life adventure? Anyway, looking back I have to say it was. I can walk straight, proud, and happy with what I really am. I can face my true inner self, the excited self filled with radiant joy, shouting in ecstasy from my sun-filled, Riverdale, violin-practicing room: Free at last! I am an artist! Yes!

What price can you put on such glory? Can you even put a price on it? Absolutely not. It is priceless.

That is my achievement. Fuck the money, or, do not fuck it. Actually, the money, on the deepest level, is besides the point. It is the leaves falling from the tree on the road to adventure, the turbulent, glorious road into the self.

What is my career? I don’t have a career. I don’t even give a fuck about a career. I only want to create; I want to be an artist. I want to line myself up with the Creator Himself, work together with Him on all levels, at all times, in every way.

Basically, on the deepest of levels, that is all I care about.

Goodbye, Fuckers!

In my former traumatic life and my life built on trauma “slow” mean “being

slow," that is, stupid. Slow was equated with stupid as in "You're so slow! You're too slow! Etc" implying always that you're so stupid, too stupid, etc. To compensate and avoid being called stupid or slow, I would move fast, play fast, admire fast equating it with competence, power, and "smart" and all ultimately meaning good and that because I was good I would be loved.

Bad equaled slow and stupid and no love.

Good equaled fast and smart and being loved.

Well, those traumatic days along with their traumatic attitudes are breaking through floor, falling out the window, and rolling down the street. Goodbye, fuckers!

### Publishing Questions

By publishing, am I driving the dream away?

Or am I expanding it to include the outside world otherwise known as "reality?"

Can this so-called "reality" be included in a dream? Should it be? Am I semi-wiped out and down because I am partly giving up my dream when I explore the sales aspects of book publishing through the rethinking of the back cover, table of contents, biography etc?

Or am I, once again, simply facing my going public trauma?

How does all this, if at all, reflect on my semi-crippling right knee pain?

Good questions, indeed.

### Excitement Trauma Revisited. . . Through Publication

Or am I simply not facing the excitement of going public? After all, my trauma is in refusing to face, deal, handle my excitement. I retreat in my private room, the artistic chamber of my mind, and handle, deal, love, luxuriate, linger on it there. But to handle it in public, to deal, love, linger, and luxuriate on the glory and even the fun of doing all my private glory things in public may be too difficult, too traumatic for me. Or at least it used to be.

Now I am onto such retreats and retreating. No more. I refuse to be cowed. I shall have my glory and fun in public! I just want to be aware of the personal pitfalls, the revisiting traumas of the past.

Well, yesterday, by dealing with my table of contents, back cover, subtitles, etc, I had a revisit. But I'm looking the fucker straight in the face, straight in the eye. And I'm saying "no way" will I live under your roof or return to your claws.

### Possible Knee Pain Explanation

Hit a terrible depression. (Everything not working, tours, stocks, etc. The bottom is falling out; I'm falling through the floor with no net beneath. I gave up. What could I do but accept it. Somehow falling through the floor, although horrible, felt somewhat peaceful. I had given up and given in; I'd accept whatever happened. I gave myself over to the hands of God.

But why this sudden and deep depression? I am no longer used to them. Nor do I completely believe them anymore. But why did it happen?

Could it have something to do with the excitement and the masking of excitement understanding and breakthrough above? Possibly, indeed. And if yes, wow! What an understanding!

The vast valley of sunlit excitement opens before me. How do I react? With a terrible depression. Talk about trauma revisited. Think about that one.

Did I slam my excitement? I did.

Wow!

Will this "depression," but really, the revelation of my excitement, bring about a rebirth of enthusiasm and commitment in everything I do? Wow!

Friday, January 25, 2002

The Mystery of the Index Finger

The Dark Power Hidden (In) Behind The Index Finger

Guitar: "Reaching" index finger. Reaching with the index finger feels (so) strangely good.

What is the attraction and good feeling that comes from reaching with the index finger? I seem to be reaching all the way back into my potential.

I seem to be reaching back into a dark power, a sexual energy type of power. Very dark and mysterious and somewhat frightening. A tinge of awe. I am attracted by the mystery but also frightened by it.

Sunday, January 27, 2002

### The Four Plan

#### Floor Plan and Life Plan

This is the first day of my four plan. I could also call it my floor plan since it is a foundation, so fundamental, in energizing growth and learning. This feels like a life plan, something I can do for the rest of my life.

It means learning four words a day. For now, the next few months until my May tour of Spain, these words will be in Spanish. But, of course, they can ultimately, eventually, even now, cover any language.

We'll see where and how large this four plan goes, how it effects my life at large—for example, if it floods into my sales or rather connecting plan: by calling four people a day.

It is distantly related to four pages a day of writing. Somehow, the number four is important here. I don't know why. Well, maybe I do. Four is hard but not too hard, pushes the envelope slightly but not too much. It is doable. Three would be too little, five too much. Four may be just right to create the energizing growth of the flow state.

Calling four persons a day—for the rest of my life—is a doable number.

Learning four words a day—for the rest of my life—is a doable, too. (I review these words for one week—that will make 28 words a week—then move on.)

This is actually more than a Starting Over; it is even more than a Moving On.

It is a fresh beginning.

Is it time for a New Leaf?

### A New Level

A new level of Zambra index relaxation. ("Relax": from Latin laxus: roomy, wide, loose.)

The hard hitting "x" or "ks" sound in relax is to whack you on the head, to remind you to focus on it, to do it.

Monday, January 28, 2002

### Naily versus Sweet Tone; Ego versus Beauty (and Love)

The naily index is concerned with power and ego.

The "sweet tone" index is concerned with beauty.

Which is stronger, more powerful? Does it matter?

Is love more powerful than ego? Probably.

Is beauty stronger than self? Probably.

Difference: one is uncontrolled, loose, and "wild; other controlled, focused, beautiful tone.

Could the former be part of the old neighborhood, or rather, the door out of the old neighborhood. As the door it is still part of the old neighborhood. But it (uncontrolled, loose, and "wild") represents a step towards the exit.

Beauty, control, and focus is definitely a step into, a part of, the new neighborhood.

Definitely another new leaf. Turning over a New Leaf.

### The Hardest Thing In The World

In this world, the hardest thing to hold is a thought.

Tuesday, January 29, 2002

I woke up somewhat sad this morning. Why? Everything is going well. Not only well, very well. Not only very well, too well. Not quite. I don't believe in the "too" anymore. Well is good enough. But, there are two levels here: first, getting used to this new neighborhood of doing and feeling well; second: What does "well" mean in the first place? Am I acting in a new fashion, doing anything different? Finally, during the past week people are calling. My Spanish and Croatian tours are a go; I even got some club date bookings.

But there is more to it than that.

It all began a week ago when I heard flamencan guitar on the radio. I cried as I remembered the beauty of last year's tour to Andalusia. Wonderful experiences, wonderful job, what wonderful things I'm doing by organizing and leading such tours. How sad, that now, due to lack of registration, I'm not running any tours. Well, right then and there, thinking those thoughts sitting on my very car seat as tears were streaming down my face, I decided that, despite possible money loss and low-to-no registration, I would go to northern Spain anyway. These tours are just too exciting not to go on. They are good for my physical and mental health, and they are certainly good for my soul. They must never be abandoned simply because business stinks, there are no registrants, and "the market" does not support them. Winds of business blow hot and cold, vicissitudes of life blow the same. Yes, we all know this. But personal valor and commitment are beyond these fickle movements of fate. Can faith conquer fate? Maybe, maybe not. But it can at least come close. And, since we never really know what our fate is anyway, at least we can have put confidence, personal attitude, and belief in our faith. We even have some control over whether we should have faith or not. Also there is always the possibility our faith can affect fate. Does it? Who knows? But at least, through faith and confidence in inner self and vision, you will be in charge. Your attitude can rule your mind even as vicissitudes from the outside world crash down upon it.



Well, here's what happened: Once I decided to take my fate into my own hands by committing myself to the Spanish tour (by saying I'm going there no matter what), miraculous things began to happen. When I got home I found a letter from Ann Dini of California in my mail box. It had two deposits for my Spanish tour! (After she told me the tour cost too much money I had done a great sales job with her. I had said: My tours are not for everyone. Some dislike them, others love them. Some have gone on all of them. On this Spanish tour there is one man, Paul Kerlee, who has gone on all of my first tours. Since you don't know me and have never been on one of these trips, I'd like to offer you a first-time reduction of \$100 to \$200 per person. Then you can judge for yourself if you'll become a fan of this kind of tour. Ann said her husband was the one who was balking – this could have just been her excuse. She said she'd discuss it with him. I decided I had done all I could, hung up the phone, and mentally crossed her off. Then, to my utter amazement and pleasure, she registered! Naturally, she also asked for the \$200 per person reduction which, of course, I gave her.)

One hour later, the phone rang. It was June Morse from Florida. Both she and her husband decided they now wanted to go to Spain, too and would send me a deposit! (We'll see if it comes.) Nevertheless, as far as I was concerned, this felt like an almost certain yes! Instant happiness! Suddenly, my tour was on!

In fact, I was over the top. An hour ago, I said I would go with just two people. Now I had five! Plus, since the tour was now alive I could get on the phone and tell all my former tour participants! I was back in the fight, back in business!

Next day Edith and Kjell Ring E-mailed me. They wanted to go to Croatia and will send a deposit. That Monday night, Gene and Nina Katz gave me deposits for Croatia! I called Audrey Sheilds and Robie Ancona. They're considering Spain, too. My travel world was lighting up again!

As I had sat in my car silently crying, I had committed myself to my Spanish tour. My vow had been based on love and faith. Did my attitude affect the outside world? Love, coupled with desperation, can send out powerful vibrations. Had mind's

waves, subtly but forcefully affected the workings of God's universe? I'll never know for sure, but it certainly would be nice to think so.

### Importance of Four-A-Day

In what areas does too exciting with its concomitant push-down come into play?

One is certainly the aches and pains in my body generated by my new Thursday night, Ardsley folk dance class. My fear manifests itself in such push-downs questions as "Can my body take it? So much teaching, so many nights, etc.? But this fear masks my excitement which says: "Wow, a new class! How exciting! New people, expansion, they love me, they hired me, they want me, I'm wonderful, I can't wait to meet them all, a new situation, how fantastic and exciting." Thus, over-excitement upon getting the job (also it has great pay) is quickly subdued with the old trauma covering of negatives.

Fascinating, amazing, how my mind works. It is truly an over-excitement problem, the old love of running-wild-on-the-lawn along with its concomitant slap-down. A lifetime attitude. But it is ending now.

Over-excitement fear: could it be related to my guitar fear and "inability" to play fast? Too exciting? Hmm.

Even as I say this, I know it's true.

Looked at in this new way, this over-excitement problem (and playing "fast," i.e., "excitly") has little to nothing to do with my fingers (index finger, etc). Yes, my muscles tighten, but that is because of fear, of trauma. And no amount of practicing seems to have been able to cure it. Only awareness of the running-wild-on-the-(guitar)lawn trauma and its slow unraveling can help. And it is doing just that. The unraveling is taking place.

One manifestation of this trauma is a total physical break-down of my body.

I just tried playing Alhambra “fast,” and my whole right hand, arm, and finger structure collapsed; it stiffened into the “tightening up, paralyzing” trauma where I could hardly play at all.

Does this also manifest itself in my “foot and leg collapses” over “Ardsley and more” folk dance fears? Probably. My foot (leg, knee, other) pain problems are to folk dancing what my index finger problems are to guitar.

These over-excitement realizations came from my new four-a-day commitment and the happiness it brought, plus the sudden outward success of so many tour registrations. But deep down beneath it all, it came from the sudden appreciation of who I am and what I’m doing, the goodness of my tours, which took place in the breakdown crying realization in my car as I listened to flamencan music and remember how good was my tour to Andalusia, and how good are my tours in general. How internally good I am, how good is what I am doing, and how proud and happy I am that I am doing it.

A basic appreciation of myself. Out of this, somehow, magically and miraculously, came four-a-day along with outside tour registrations. A little push by God to coincide with an internal revelation by me.

Saturday, February 2, 2002

### Stand Up for Something

Every morning, every day I should stand up for something; every morning, every day I should fight my enemies.

Who are my enemies?

Most are within. My feet, my knees, sometimes my back, even dizziness and other body parts: these are reflections of my enemies. My real enemies are discouragement, hopelessness, giving up, giving in, bowing before my fears.

It’s important to remember that my enemies are also my friends. By fighting

against them I learn about myself, expand, grow, and climb the spiritual ladder.

So ends a New Leaf.