

New Form

Friday, June 4, 1999

This New Form is birthing with a tremendous sadness. Like I've lost everything. I don't know why this is. The guts of iron will have been ripped out of me. Now I'm "stuck" with acceptance, forgiveness, and "love." All the wonders of sado-masochistic purpose have been destroyed.

Without it driving me on, pricking me on, I feel lost, empty, and sad. I'm mourning the loss of my prick, and my pricking.

This is definitely a New Form. Except I thought it would start off feeling so much better.

I liked too much to hurt myself. It gave me a bigger prick. It pricked others, too.

Pine needles everywhere. I worshipped the prick of the pine needle, the sado-masochistic purpose of the pine tree. I crucified myself on its branches.

Now the knife of self-awareness has cut it away. I am losing my old self. It is evaporating, fading away. Each stroke of awareness sends it fleeing further into the cave of Hades, banishing it slowly and sadly into the grave. How sad to lose such an important and vital part of me. What will prick me now, stimulate and drive me?

I've lost my S and M mother.

Who will do the dishes?

New Form is not about doing more, but about a new attitude and approach. It is a new paradigm. I don't know who I am anymore. And certainly, I don't know who I will be or become.

Last night as I drove to Rama's Ashtanga Yoga class I felt I was dying; I was slipping out of my sheath. I felt it especially in my neck and shoulders – the “paralyzing neck spasm.”

Is this the physical counterpart of my New Form mental change? Is it the paralysis and destruction of my old self as it “slips out of its sheath?” Good question.

Don't be so naive. A New form is not so easily created. Witness the “new” paralyzing muscle-spasm pain in neck. Isn't this the harbinger of future growth pain, the “pain in the neck” of creating and living in a New Form?

But it won't be as easy. No doubt, I'll find plenty of new pain to contend with in the New Form. We'll see. This feels like a more “realistic” appraisal.

I am no longer flying through the free space of mourning and loss. I am more grounded. Must I thank my new pains for this?

It may take months, even years to put this together.

But it is a beginning. . .

Something has been cut out of my heart, but I don't know what.

I like to beat myself. It gives me stimulation, joy, and purpose. Without it, I fall flat and empty.

Perhaps the sado-masochist approach to life, along with its pine-needle, self-stimulating, goal-producing attitude is the right one for me.

Perhaps Ma was right. I need a good slap on the behind to get me going. It fires me up. I like it, too.

It's embarrassing to say that a grown man needs a slap on the ass to motivate him, to put him on his goal-producing, self-stimulating road. But perhaps I am not a grown man, even though I look like one from the outside. Perhaps the child has never

left.

I've got to think this one over. Is accepting and forgiving and even loving who I am part of the New Form?

Perhaps it is just "part of the fun" to be slapped around and beaten, especially when you do it to yourself and you are in charge.

Maybe crucifixion is just another "fun" way of looking at life.

Perhaps moderation is the key: a moderate approach to slapping and beating. Too much is when trouble begins. Anything overdone can be deadly. Witness eating sweets.

Maybe I've been ashamed of beating myself because I like it! But why should I be ashamed? Because "they" say beating and hitting is bad. Peace is good; war is bad. Do not fight. Be a good boy.

But I like to fight! I like to hit – and get hit, too. . . Moderately.

We say self-flagellation, self-hitting and beating, are bad. They are sick. (Another moral word for "bad.") But why? Only when done in excess, in extremes.

In moderation, they're in the realm of play. Child's play.

So, if I like to beat myself so much, let's start beating myself with some new goals!

"Sticking Out My Neck" In The "All Is One" Fight

The paralyzing muscle spasm in my neck has a psychological origin, too. It symbolizes pulling my neck in, being defensive, not hitting, not fighting, and beating myself or the other. When I straighten my neck, pull it straight up, "stick it out" as it

were, my neck feels better. What is "sticking out my neck" but taking a chance? I'm opening myself up to a beating, to a hitting, to a fight, to a war. I'm preparing and opening myself to challenge and fight the "other." When I hit them, they hit me. And vice versa. But in deepest spiritual terms, since All Is One, hitting the other is really another form of hitting myself. Beating myself is really beating the other. Thus the sado-masochistic game goes on, participated in by all, enjoyed by all, since All Are One.

What is the life struggle but hit and be hit. (It's not called a struggle for nothing!) The idea is to see this struggle as play, cosmic play, a game, a cosmic game. That is the attitude I'd like to see grow in my New Form.

The Heart Of "Finish"

Is my sadness simply that I've finished everything,
mourning the old life before I move on to a fresh start?

How about seeing the old life as a fullness a la tour, ending, Is this possible?

No! Better to look into the heart of "finish." See what monsters and pluses lie in an ending.

The Baltic bill was right. It was my error. I can make it right with my new Fidelity escrow account. This will keep me aware, keep out negative surprises, and give me control. I can start it right away with "new and future" monies.

It will be part of the New Form. How so? The old "consciously" not-paying-attention to money position was another way of keeping me in second place. It was a way of scaring me out-of-control, etc. It cost "\$4000" for this "final" realization.

The paralyzing neck-muscle spasms are the last gasp of my dying old self. (It kept me down low where "it was safe." Head tucked in, etc.

The new self is squirming within me, twisting in my neck and shoulders, trying

to get out.

Saturday, June 5, 1999

The fifth vertebrae is a power source, a power gate. It's closing down as my new self tries to enter in the form of New Form.

Feel the (partially blocked) power moving up my spinal cord, through my fifth vertebrae, down my shoulder, through my right arm, and through my right index finger. The power of New Form breaking through. The last gasps of the dying old self passing through the half-gate of the fifth vertebrae.

The "I" Gate

Go past the "I" (eye) to the spiritual depth of the I (index finger). The I Gate.

Am I letting too much power in through the fifth vertebrae? Even as I ask the question, I know it is true. Power, and its movement through my body, are the source of my fifth vertebrae paralyzing muscle-spasm. All this new power is starting to pour through but I'm not yet ready to take it all in. Yet.

On the one hand, my body is screaming to be stretched, to be expanded; on the other hand, I'm afraid if I stretch (or expand) I'll hurt myself.

So what else is new?

Sunday, June 6, 1999

What Is New Form?

What is New Form?

I lack the old interest in reading. I am scattered in many directions.

The pin-prick of old fear has lessened – and, with it, goal orientation.

Exhilaration in the here-and-now, that is, the God experience, is “all” I have left. This idea does not feel particularly exhilarating this morning. But it feels true, nevertheless.

Maybe this is because the alcoholic is coming off his pin-prick drinking habit.

What does all this mean?

The intra-psychic pressure to master a language for our survival and ego enhancement has largely fallen away. I can more easily sink into each word, of any language, at any time, at any place, and anywhere. Language has thus been universalized through the sound of each word and the sight of its written form. Isn't this the “exhilarating present” experience. I think so. (Except it doesn't feel like it this morning. Not yet.)

Will this exhilarating, here-and-now, inner freedom experience be true for other things as well? Like guitar, and folk dancing? And more?

A good place to begin is today's folk dance teaching job in Darien. A lessened fear and more of a focus on the here-and-now, create-the-dances-and-program on the spot experience.

The exhilarating, here-and-now, God experience may be “all I have left.” But it is a lot.

The more I think of it, the more I believe my “down” or “lack of (old-form) interest in everything is due to the alcoholic's coming off his habit “down.” I am so used to the pin-prick approach, to be prodded and goaded. Without the pin-prick goading strap whipping my back life seems rather pale. I have to “get used to it.”

We'll see how this works in daily life.

Performing: practice displaying myself in all my Glory!

Depression is a form of stimulant, a “second place.”

Why is it attractive and even addictive? It is a “delicious misery.”

I stop myself from having the experience.

The world of letting yourself (myself) have the experience is a totally different world.

Monday, June 7, 1999

The Inner Fight And Struggle Against New Form

My body rebels and resists. I'm very scared about my neck. Paralysis, arms can't function, stiff and tight, frozen, arms tremble with fear.

Is this the physical expression of the psychological terror of expansion? I believe it is. As both arms and forearms collapse, I feel faith in myself collapsing with them.

I thought my eye pinguela was psychological, too. I may be right. . . in the long run. But so far I've been wrong. Is this also true about my neck? Am I wrong? Is it not psychological in origin, but physical? And are the two separate? I could be right. But suppose I am wrong?

Well, even as I say this I know that my collapse of faith is “simply” another form of putting myself back in second place. I'm doing it to myself again. I'm frightening myself back into the hole, back to helplessness under the rock.

It is better for me to fight and function, and yes, even if I have to become paralyzed in the process, than to give up in helpless dismay and thus paralyze myself both physically and mentally. I still have a mind even if my body is falling down; I still have a spirit even if my mind is falling down. I'm opting for the fighting hot spirit, sparks flying down from above burning away the mental anguish, seeing through the paralysis, punching out the falling arms and collapsing neck. Yes, I'll smash them all!

Why does this pain come now? I may well have neck-smashing “rational” explanations: I hurt myself through too much weed-whacking, followed by ashtanga

yoga overuse. I hurt myself. So what? Well, I hear that old voice: "You hurt yourself? Rest. Sit down, stop, you'll get even more tired, then you'll get really sick. Lie down, rest, don't overexert yourself. You'll get sick, you'll die. Rest." Etc. It is Ma's push-down lid voice of paralysis. Even the call to visit the chiropractor is a reminder of that voice. And yes, even as I talk about this I can feel my neck and arms going limp, collapsing, as I write. It is the voice of immediate doom. It's all there as I expand, grow, and paradigm-shift my life into its New Form.

I can feel the unholy terror in my arms. Punch, punch, punch! Fight, fight, fight! The dark side of my brain is attacking me. I must fight back. If I don't I'll really get paralyzed and die!

The blast from my neck is my old world rising up in resistance to fight against my paradigm shift into New Form. It is indeed a fight to the finish.

It is also a fight against finishing; it is a fight to realize that my fight is forever. It will never be totally won, totally finished. My dark forces can never be totally conquered. The fight will go on forever.

But it will take different forms.

Today's form comes in the shape of paralysis through neck-muscle spasms and drooping arms.

It is sheer naivete to think this fight will ever be totally won. It will go on forever. Only its form will change.

Awe and trembling in the shoulder and neck.

What does my "paralysis" express? Resistance. Resistance to what? To "letting myself have the experience." It even resists letting myself have the experience of paralysis.

The biggest fear in life is fear of the power within.

Tuesday, June 8, 1999

Kosovo

That's the way liberals think: as long as your intentions are good it doesn't matter how many people you kill.

Autonomy

The sadness of autonomy. The aloneness and isolation.

Depression and the downs equal "getting some love" (pleasing the woman ne Mama by putting myself in second place.)

Autonomy and autonomous thinking means – or has meant – getting no love, no nourishment or replenishment. Standing all alone. Dare to be autonomous?! You will stand alone!

But the New Form is autonomous.

Where will this lead?

No question that autonomy goes with freedom – and divorce too.

Where will this all lead?

How can anyone love an autonomous soul? What's in it for them?

How do you start an autonomous life? I hardly know where or how to begin.

No wonder my motivation is down. If there is no love at the end of the tunnel

why bother doing anything? Why bother “improving” through study and practice? Were most (nay, all) of my improvements and goals aimed, finally, in the end, at getting some love? Love in the form of acceptance, appreciation, etc. Any isn’t that why I put myself in second place in the first place? Isn’t that why I “depressed myself,” put myself “down,” brought on the downs, and put on the lid? Isn’t that why I pushed myself towards the grave? All for love.

It was (is) the only way I knew (know).

And now you’re asking me to be autonomous? Why? Even though I seem to be moving irrevocably in that direction, what is in it for me? If I see love only in the down place, why bother elevating myself? Why bother making myself independent and autonomous? Just to “lose” my old motivations?

Even though I know there is no turning back from the autonomy road, the road of intra-psychic freedom, nevertheless, there are many discomforts along the way.

Will I even be able to get a hard-on on the autonomy road of intra-psychic freedom?

We’ll see. Stay tuned.

Yoga

Slicing the roast beef thin. The pain line or/and the pleasure, feel-good line.

The pain line is the second place line; the pleasure, feel-good line is the first place line.

“Thinking” to stop myself from letting myself have the experience is the second place line.

“Not thinking” is the first place line.

First place line is the exhilaration-vibration line.

There is nothing morally bad or wrong about being in second place. It is just different.

There is no morality in the intra-psychic world.

But it is fun to punish myself in yoga. It is energizing and sexy.

What is "pushing myself" but punishing myself in a sexy way.

There is a place where second place and first place blend into the All Place.

Yes, the divisions vanish when you reach the All Place.

I realized this as I went for my morning run. I'd made my peace with first and second place. Suddenly, I stopped in terror and awe: How great I feel!

Learn to live with this one!

Is liberalism a mental disease caused by a massive fear of self-reliance?

Wednesday, June 9, 1999

The Depressant Thought Machine Marches On But Is Revealed

Eating before folk dancing, etc. is a depressant. It calms my excitement by keeping me down. It puts me in second place.

I can't face my exhilaration and running-wild-on-the-lawn feeling. When I do face them, I usually can't stand their "tension." If I "let myself go," enter their essence, I'll get "tired." So I suppress them (with food, sweets etc) in order to "rest" and not "get sick."

Ma is marching on here. But I am aware of her life in my brain.

Let the exhilaration roll!

Has even my concept of God been one of second place?

Thursday, June 10, 1999

Blank.

Huh?

The New Form feels abstract, almost inhuman, as it pushes through my neck and shoulders on its way to becoming a full form.

I've read my writing about it over the past few days; it seems so cold and distant. And yet the feelings I had during that time were so revelatory, dynamic, and hot.

Is being disappointed in my writing, even denigrating its lack of clarity and warmth, a way of putting my New Form in second place? Maybe. After all, it does take time for New Form to take shape.

We'll see.

It's so hard to stay with the experience. To play the arpeggios part of the Prelude Number 4 by Villa-Lobos over and over, twenty times and more, to stay with the experience of the powerful right index finger, letting myself have the experience. As I stay with it the excitement, exhilaration, and tension mount within me and I feel like I'm going to explode!

It is both uncomfortable—I can't stand it!—and exciting beyond bounds. It borders and is (has been) the "I can't stand it!" experience. No wonder I have avoided it so long.

But I am turning away from avoidance. That is one of the essences of the New Form.

I'm daring to cross the Villa-Lobos Prelude Number 4 arpeggio border. Over and over, faster and faster. The tension is driving me crazy. Letting me have the experience. Letting, letting. I'm screaming! But I'm doing it.

I feel it in the shoulders and neck. Tension mounting. Screaming shoulders, screaming neck. No question the neck and shoulders is where the New Form originates. No wonder my pain and paralyzing neck-muscle spasms start there.

The place of excitement, exhilaration, expansion, and letting-me-have-my-experience is a place of trauma.

It is located in my neck (with extensions to my shoulders, arms, hands, and fingers). The throat chakra, the fifth chakra and fifth cervical vertebrae.

My paralyzing neck muscle spasm is the birth spasm of my New Form self.

Muscles often hurt because negative emotions are stored in them.

When excitement meets fear in equal amount, paralysis ensues.

June 11, Friday, 1999

It's always a good idea to bring up a book on God for the first a.m. reading.

Beyond that I am running on empty.

June 12, 1999 Saturday

I know everyone is loving this weekend.

Am I really in a new place? A place of focused calm?

I am indeed. But is this the new place?

This weekend, in a subtle, deep, basic way, has a New Form. It is not in the events themselves. It is in the way I am running them, the way I am thinking about them, the way of my attitude.

In a deep way, this in itself makes the events themselves new. On the surface they appear to be the same as on prior weekends: the program looks the same, we have the same folk dancing, even the "same" folk dances. I say

many of the same things to people I said on previous weekends. But somehow the tone is different. I can feel it; I know it. But I can't quite verbalize it yet.

All I know for now is that, although I have a big crowd, a sense of quiet, steadiness, and firmness is centered in my being. I am concerned but somehow not afraid. I don't even know if I can use the word "concerned." The feeling is so strange and new I don't even have a word for it yet. "Centered" and "focused" is, so far, the best I can do. Nevertheless, a glowing star, a rising sun, a growing sunshine is spreading in my being.

June 13, 1999, Sunday

Could wanting to start off, and even play, classic guitar be another long-time, long-term, concerted attempt to keep myself in second place?

Probably.

No doubt.

Wow! Another twenty-to-forty year old attitude down the drain.

Alhambra. Another second place attempt.

Let my body dictate how to plan my program and how to play guitar.

Serendipity Concert

I have a headache because: it was a (great weekend), a great concert "in spite of itself."

It was a great concert in spite of my desire to play mucho classical guitar.

I ended up playing some anyway, but in the middle of the program.

Years of practicing guitar--and I end up singing. I cannot (could not) make a peace with myself that creating serendipities is my natural talent.

But it is.

Creating the serendipity concert, a concert program "on the spot" is one of my unique talents. It is truly a "have fun" approach.

Monday, June 14, 1999

How do you express the joy of running a great weekend?

By planning the next one. Make it bigger and better. More customers, more program. An expansion.

Is this the proper "expression?" Or is it an escape of the joy feeling? Am I setting up a goal to avoid my excitement?

I don't quite know what I'm feeling after the weekend. But it feels somewhat flat, like I'm avoiding something. But what?

People are beginning to love the new inner box of autonomous me.

Daring to Believe in the Expanding Forces of New Form Me

Do I dare think that I am actually in a new place, that my business will really expand, that I am building a "reliable" base of new, loyal, and repeat customers, that I can continue to get more and more people to come on my weekends, tours, and folk dance classes? In other words, do I dare really believe that my expansion is true and can be carried out in the outside world beyond my room?

When the GROW people asked why I got so many people on the weekend first I pointed to the sky. They said, beside Him or Her, is there any other reason? I went into a long denial of any responsibility. "I wish I knew why," I answered. "I'd like to believe that I am developing some kind of magic magnetic power, and that the vibrations of this inner force are spreading throughout the world, subtly touching people's hearts and subliminally 'forcing' them to register." But, of course, I passed this

off as a joke.

But suppose it were true. Suppose I was developing special powers. No doubt, I am developing them within in my New Form. But suppose these special powers could be projected beyond me; suppose they could be sent subtly but forcefully into the outside world. Suppose they could actually create registrations. Of course, I will never know, can never know, it is beyond my power to know, if this is actually true. But it is within my power to believe it is true. (I can believe anything I want. No one can stop me from that.) No one can tell me my beliefs aren't "true."

Therefore, why not choose to believe I am developing these powers? It can't hurt, right?

But part of me is afraid to believe it. Isn't it hubris to think that I, little Jimmy, could actually effect and affect the outside world in this manner? Could I be a mover and shaker? This is not the withdrawn, retreating, quiet, in-room non-businessman artistic teenage violinist that I used to know, the one I am used to thinking I am.

Who is this new, powerful person, after all? Could it be me? Or is it a beginning, the slow forming and creation of the New Form me?

We'll see.

It is somewhat frightening and strange to actually believe that something real and new is beginning in the outside world. And that I can effect it. This new attitude, view, feeling, and power is expressed, among other things, in my acceptance of my new concert powers. Of course, they are really old. But I always covered them up with the desire and need to prove myself by starting out with classic guitar.

The folk song, group song, wide open approach is so easy and natural for me. It is the best way to open my program.

Do I dare to believe that my thoughts can actually influence the actions of others in the outside world, and that these actions can come back to me in the concrete form of

customer registrations? Registrations would be “proof” that my thoughts do effect the decisions of others, those autonomous inhabitants existing beyond me in the outer world.

This could be the new voice of my autonomous self.

Performing is an experience I have within myself with others.

“Look At Me!”

The “look at me” experience was born as the sun with a mother’s face shining through my open bathrobe into my solar plexus. Both face and solar plexus were one. All is one.

God gets the credit, not me.

But God is within.

Thus, I am God.

So I get the credit.

God is symbolized by the Sun-Mama face shining on my solar plexus.

The Performing God

The performing God is the look-at-me, sun-Mama God shining on and connected to my solar plexus.

Tuesday, June 15, 1999

Patience, Please!

The return of fear. Brief but definite. A hole ahead. I want to fill it with customers.

Do I control my life? Or does God control my life? Is there a difference?

God is within and I am within. We are twins – and partners. In fact, there is no “we.” We and us, I and them, he and she, God and I, all these pronouns are expressions of dualism. But, on the deepest level, there is no dualism. There is only one.

On the deepest level, when I think about customers, I am creating customers. And they shall come.

On the deepest level, when I think about God I am creating God. He is me, and vice versa.

Thus when the GROW people ask why so many people came the Smorgasbord Weekend, I can no longer shrug and point to heaven. I can no longer pass the responsibility on to God. This is really a denial of the God within, the only God I can know, the only solid recognition of the autonomous box of self within. Just as I take responsibility for few or no customers, so I can take responsibility for many customers. They are my creations. True, they are not figments of my imaginations but exist in concrete before my eyes. But they started out as figments of my imagination! Once upon a time I wanted them. Now, days, weeks, months, even years later, they have come. Patience plays a big role here. If I think it, if I want it, I want it now. Such rapid ego satisfaction usually does not exist. If I think it, if I want it, that is merely the first step on the spiritual ladder. These tiny mental energy bubbles need time to expand into physical entities; they need time to develop, grow, and descend into customers. But first, customers must be born in my brain. Just as a child takes nine months to grow in the womb, so customers take many months to grow in my brain.

Turning imaginary customers into concrete paying entities is a long term process. But no question they must first be born in my mind. Sperm and egg must meet and merge in the right side of my brain. Let the fetuses roll!

I write from a deep visceral need to understand myself. This is a daily occurrence.

Before I go back to reading books about God I have to redefine God in the light of New Form and autonomous self.

Ties

Customer creation, the box of autonomous self, God, "look-at-me," open bathrobe, Sun-Mama and my solar plexus, connecting, shining, patience, achieving all-is-one in the concrete customer.

On Kosovo And So-called (Ha!) "Humanitarian War"

My indignant rage flowering:

Liberals feel so useless. Thus they have to save others and save the world in order to avoid facing their own emptiness.

When someone says "I enjoyed the weekend, I loved your concert, I appreciate what you are doing etc." Better than a mere "Thank you," try saying "Thank you for your enthusiasm!"

Fulfilled By The Excitement

A Quiet Within The Fire

Silence And Peace Within The Flame

The Smorgasbord Weekend stunned me. I didn't know how to act. Be depressed because it ended? Elated and excited? Calm and even? Fulfilled?

How about excited, elated and fulfilled?

What is excitement but the glory of God shining.

Fulfilled by the excitement! What does it mean? A silent meditation within the Fire. Peace, quiet, and fulfillment within the Flame.

This is the New Form reaction to success.

On the deepest level, beneath the excitement, there is serenity. That is where

God resides.

Awareness, and the blending of these levels, brings fulfillment.

Excitement becomes the fulfillment.

Then, excitement is fulfillment!

Wednesday, June 16, 1999

“No Fun” Obstacles

Work for the fun of it and for the glory of God.

But it is no fun when the money is not coming in.

It is no fun where there are no checks in the mail.

No fun paying debts, either.

Therefore, my first and top priority is to remove these no fun obstacles from my path.

Wanting money and the recognition of getting a check in the mail, is part of the “Look at me. I’m important!” phenomenon.

Thursday, June 17, 1999

It’s frightening to read my old stuff and see how good it is.

Thankful For Debt

Why should I be thankful for my debt? It has taught me that, although it can, at times, be terrifying, it (along with money) is not the most important thing in my life.

Excitement, expansion, growth, inner spark etc., are.

Each person is an energy source. When I plugged into them, it became too electric, too exciting. So I back off.

But no more.

I am going to live in the excitement!

It is exciting, expansive, and fun getting other people into my events. (It used to be too exciting. That's why I repressed it.)

Smorgasbord Weekend: a new art form.

The weekend weaving of human relationships into a tapestry of events.

I was so tired when I ran. It is probably because I have to develop a new running style to fit my New Form. Start with loose, low, easy shoulders.

Saturday, June 19, 1999

Therapy Graduation: Catching The Lids

A therapy graduation ceremony. I will soon be one of Dave's graduates.

I walked out of the session feeling amazed, happy, and proud of myself. I saw myself walking down the aisle to receive my therapy diploma.

How shall I celebrate? I asked. With Chinese food. I went to the Chinese take-out place, bought chicken with vegetables, went next door to buy a chocolate muffin, then drove to my curbside sitting place and stuffed myself so thoroughly that I soon forgot all about the proud joy of my graduation. I'd created my first lid and second-placer.

I went home and retrieved my phone messages. The first was from Boyd Strauss, my accountant, about taxes. Soon I would owe something I'd "forgotten" about. My financial abyss revisited. I cursed my financial fate and the mess I had created. Indignant rage rose up within me. I'm tired of being pushed around by my bills, disorganization, and even chaos I have created. I hate it! Stop, stop! Enough! I can't stand being pushed around by this mess any longer! True, once I had needed it to keep me in second place. But no longer. It is over, ended, finished!

Never again! I'm heading for a clear-sighed financial New Form. But before I realized all this I had whipped myself back into second place.

Next I faced the phone call from Union Tours. The Russian visa, my passport, air ticket, and vouchers would be arriving a day late. It reminded me of all the headaches of running a tour; it also reminded me that my Baltic tour was coming up in only one week. I began thinking about all tsuras and dino-tsuras, those ancient reptiles who traveled with me on former tours. I began getting worried about the probable upcoming problems that might well take place in the Baltics.

There was my third lid and second-placer.

Lids, lids, lids. Amazing how I unconsciously and so quickly created them. Awe and wonder at the workings of my mind. But finally, at about 5:30 p.m. I caught them.

Yes, I had complimented myself during and after the session with Dave. Compliment myself, and bango! Down came the lids in rapid fire. But I caught them. By catching them I took another step down the aisle towards graduation.

Even this morning, right after getting out of bed, I created a few new lids. But I caught them, too.

Catching them is part of graduation. As awareness grows, so does the strength of my graduate degree.

Disrespect for my money, as expressed through my financial mess, chaos, disorganization, and lack of attention, is another lid and second-placer.

Sunday, June 20, 1999

Functioning In Mode 1

The plop and whirr of maelstrom forms. The dimpled and incessant marmotier mumbling of French geese among trees of pristine beauty in a field of flowering whirballs. The sectioned pullulation of a distant running sire.

Yes, the wild birds have come home. All the aisles are rumbling in full and

festive flower. And this while flours blossom in the bakery, rising full force towards the ceiling of their steaming oven towers. Only a steamship would love such a lad.

Well, the callings have been heard. Far across bakery lands the steamwhat rolls and lulls its bumping and blistering course towards a distant land mine. While Yugos are blown to bits the cossacked Kosovars tramble home. Can a dent ever be made in the pussbrained stew of international diplomacy? Or must Klin tons weighty brainless, the all-dull, half-wit, reverse-named, Mad A Lane Al-bright mess up the world order with her high heels?

Such shocking Bonaventure! The stews of yesterdays porridge march sideways.

I am off and the inner distancing between stomach, pancreas, and ulcerate laryngeal foliates cannot be punctured by nary an wigwart. The hound of blackness in mean and snorting this morning. A breakthrough, breakout, and breakdown is on its way but only the clowns can hear it.

Sounding the clowns! Bring them on, dancing, laughing, and prancing down the airpit runway of Laternine Airlines. Yes, we're flying off to Lithuania with nary a parry in stock. Each one of our customers is wearing a full-suit of goose wings. Indeed, we are flying the air bus of our choice. Blue-green hemispheres straddle each seat. Window seat, indeed. But who wants an aisle? And who needs one when windows march down the aisle just as the aisles march out the windows? It is a strange plane, indeed. But what do I know about Lithuanians, anyway? Almost nothing. Now that is a strange thins to say. I am traveling to the land of Baltic madness with not a brain thought in sight. My head is totally empty for this one. Where in my Estonian landing, or Latvian sandwich, or Lithuanian spinach nightmare, or even my St.

Petersburg/Russian caviar poopertpill?

Nowhere in sight, that's where. Strange. Indeed, it is strange. Strange, indeed. Indeed, strange. Indeed, and out of deed, too.

What is the purpose of this trip, anyway? To face blankness. Yes, nothingness and emptiness seem to be the highest purposes of this tour into the dark northern

snowlands hidden south and beneath the subterranean mountains of Lapland where reindeer dwell in perpetuity, and hidden suns, fucking and whirling, mount the helpless stars from behind. Talk about creations of new universi?

In any case, I am off to Estonia among others. What is Estonia? Could it be a stone in my eye? Or a Yiddish munching of rock? Ess Tonia, ess! I can hear my Yiddish Tallin mother saying it into my Baltic ear right now.

Monday, June 21, 1999

Birth Of The Book Of Money

Almost every thought I have about money is a second placer.

Book Of Money is basically about how to work my way out of second place spiritually, mentally, physically, and materially. It is an attack on my second place financial status; it is simultaneously, an attack on my second place mental and spiritual states as well. Change my world and I change the world.

How and what do I do are the questions.

First is obviously to earn more money.

Second though, is awareness. How to heighten awareness of where and how every dollar is spent. An awareness of expenses. Awareness of other aspects of my life has freed my mind from second place. Why shouldn't it free my mind from financial second place? Why shouldn't it start me on the spiritual, mental, and material path to financial first place, that is, to financial freedom?

The Book Of Money will be mostly a book of expenses—and what they mean. It is to handle and remove my fear of bills. Is is to gain control over my mind and my money.

I'll start the Book Of Money as a folder.

The psychological and material (financial) trip out of second place.

1. Write down each expense – and its meaning. Do this as I pay each bill.

Start a separate computer book (folder)?

This is a book not (so much) about sales but about awareness. A book of financial awareness.

In the past, I have set up my finances so that money could act as a lid. I wanted this lid. Perhaps I even needed it. But no more. The Book Of Money constitutes a new beginning, the turning over of a new leaf.

It is the financial aspect and expression of the New Form.

Total Failure

I now see the financial aspects of my past business as a total failure. Is this a harsh assessment, a form of put down? No. It is simply the truth. But this definite statement also symbolizes a turning point. It is a type of “Never Again!” It is the end of a road – and the beginning of a new one.

Morning Downs Revisited

I’ve just done something every good for myself.

I usually do something good for myself every morning. Then I go down. Why? Could pushing myself back, shoving myself down into the grave, be my “reward” for accomplishing something good? Probably. It is my habit of returning to second place to get some old strokes, rewards, acceptances, and love. It’s “what I’m used to.” Accomplishing something good is never enough. It will never bring me the love and acceptance I so desperately need. Only by denying it, tossing it, throwing my first place creations into the gutter, and then returning to my second place “home” will I receive the nurturing and fill-er-up love and acceptance that I crave. It is such an old habit I am

hardly even aware of it. But I am becoming more aware. It is hard to believe I do this to myself, but I do.

Isn't this an explanation of my morning "downs"? It feels like it is.

Doing The Yoga Cobra

Just did the cobra. Such energy, power and confidence surging from my gonads through my body. Such power in the lower chakras, the ass and gonad region.

I have been so afraid of this power. Isn't that why I on snapped the lid on it. I am afraid to look at it, even to realize it. Isn't that why I worship the ass, and love it so? The power, confidence, energy all symbolized by that lower region. And the cut off, the lid. Isn't that why I beat down my power?

It is all so amazing. I can't believe I had an original trauma. Am I even "worthy" of an original trauma? Was it "merely" a slap on the right forearm from Mama? It seems so pale, so measly and small. Couldn't I have had something more dramatic like a death or some kind of tremendous "obvious" loss. But a mere slap on the forearm? Couldn't I have done better than that? Why couldn't I have had a massive trauma like other normal neurotics? Why was mine so small?

Yet I must have had one. Otherwise why would I have created so many protective lids? Doesn't everyone do this in some way? How can you get through life without some protective lids of your own? Isn't this the human condition?

Tuesday, June 22, 1999

Resisting "I've Got It!"

Is my body expressing resistance to "I've got it!" by hurting me? Is it resisting "I have arrived" by creating left knee pain as a roadblock on my path?

If the physical is an expression of the mental, then my body is certainly expressing unconscious resistance to my New Form in both my left knee and my neck and shoulders. My left knee crippled my dancing last night; it made me restrain myself and hold back. I was afraid I'd create even more pain and make my knee even worse.

Did I say "Hold back?" Indeed, I did. On one level, it expresses wise caution. On another, it is a lid. But ah, this lid is so subtle. How can you question a physical ailment? I grew up believing that physical and mental are separate realms; no connection between them. And yet, through my intuition I know that somehow my knee pain and mental state are connected. It has something to do with my unconscious resistance to entering the New Land of "I've Got It!" Part of me does not want to, or is simply not ready, to arrive.

At the moment, this analysis of my left knee is merely an intellectual phenomenon. It is "reasonable" and "makes sense." But it has yet to descend to the emotional level. I don't realize it yet in my gut. And, until I do, my knee pain, as well as my shoulder and neck pains, will not go away.

This deep realization process cannot be rushed. I might as well go and read the New York Times.

Paying Off My Debts

I've accomplished by tours goals, artistic goals, even my psychological "therapy" goals. Does that mean my main goal is now to pay off all my debts? To become financially solvent? To "pay back" those I owe for the privilege of fulfilling my artistic, touristic, and other lesser goals?

If this is the case, the means to paying off my debts will be my tour creations, weekend and folk dance creations; it may be my guitar playing creation; it may even be my writing!

A big hmmm.

Will the creations I spent the last twenty or more years forming now become the

means of paying off my debts?

Am I coming to a new stage in my life? Is this the New Form it will take?

This new idea is still hazy. I'm onto something but I don't quite know what. It is taking the form of: my primary goal is to pay off my debts.

This would make it a three-to-five year goal.

The means are guitar, writing, tours, folk dancing, weekends, etc.

The psychological base is: "I've Got It!"

By looking at and handling my financial debts am I asking a larger question, namely, what do I owe others for my existence?

Or is this question a subtle way of sneaking back into second place? Somehow I don't think so. Rather, it is a new direction of some sort. The second place feeling was simply because the idea of looking at debt in a larger way is such a good one. (Thus, "naturally," after doing something good, I must push myself back.)

Wednesday, June 23, 1999

Thursday, June 24, 1999

When I die, no one will know or care about my debt. What does that say?
Nothing.

My struggle now is to pay it off.

But how?

Where do concerts fit in – if at all?

What about my miracle schedule?

What changes will be made?

Changes

1. 9-11 a.m. Dedicated to callings, mailings, etc.

a. Establish a network of contacts, or "callers."

Instead of sales, I'll call it: Callings. The word is more visceral – and meaningful, too.

My skills will all become tools to make money. They are ready. This is the concerted effort!

I wondered where concerts fit in. That's where: in the concerted effort!

I've also accomplished many of my main goals:

1. On being an artist: no problem. I am one.
2. On playing guitar: I've got it!
3. On confidence and power of the inner self: It's developing, growing, and "I've-got-it! being gotten used to," in the New Form.

Thus, what is left but to use all these new skills to make money and get out of debt. Truth is, there is nothing left. Most of my old problems have been dealt with and solved. It is time to move on.

Daily 9-11 a.m. "Callings" is the business expression of my New Form. It may not be an addition to my miracle schedule but it is definitely a change in schedule. And perhaps, in some mysterious way, in the cosmic plan, it is a part of my miracle schedule. I just don't see it yet.

Completing the All-Is-One Process

Actually, money, "callings," business, the new 9-11 a.m. calling schedule, etc. is the New Form vehicle to get me "out of my room." It is the perfect business expression of the "new neighborhood."

Thus, on a spiritual level, it completes the unity process, attaching (putting) the final link on the All-Is-One chain.

I am ready.

Where does excitement fit into this?

It fits into my morning yoga salutes to the sun.

I'm losing interest in reading my books on religion and spirituality.

Does that mean I've given up my search for God?

Does it mean I've found Him?

The search within bears the best fruit.

Friday, June 25, 1999

I cannot "postpone" my miracle schedule until I have paid off my debts and made some money. I have to do both.

Perhaps by doing both I can learn to make them one.

On the "PC muscle" of my Leyenda-bar right shoulder: Training a muscle to "think" a certain way means training the brain to think a certain way.

June 26, 1999, Saturday

We arrived in Vilnius, took a tour of the city, had lunch, had a walk, had a nap, had coffee. I'm dead. But alive, too.

Actually, I don't know how I am. Nor do I care. Bowel movement has been good, and that is really what's important. Yes, it's good to know yourself and why you go on tour to visit exotic foreign countries: it is to have a good bowel movement in them.

Well, of course I'm kidding. I'm just trying to get warmed up. I'm rethinking my life, and Vilnius is as good a place as any to do it.

Of course, the surreptitious ramblings of a no-good apparachnik in wolverine clothing cannot percumnabulate or even pesticulate the proper pornographics of an undressed Lapland skin. But more of this later.

June 27, 1999, Sunday

In Terms Of Learning: Thanks To The Grand V of Vilnius

My own personal gaon. But am I giving the Grand V too much credit? Shouldn't I give myself some? After all, it is I who have accepted these ideas. Also I said I am afraid of who I am. I tried being afraid. But, truth was, I was not afraid. Truth is, I am not afraid. I wanted to get back to who I once was. The Afraid Person. But I am not longer afraid; I am no longer that person. So who am I? Good question.

I am living on the bridge of transformation. Who is this person who is not afraid? Beats me. But I'd like to get to know him.

Now, onwards and sideways. What did I learn? What new and upcoming things are being sketched on the horizon?

1. Emotional Yoga:

The yoga of emotions. Each postures represents and stimulates an emotion. Forward bending postures: submission and giving in to the higher forces. Cobra: heart and courage. Etc.

2. Love: Giving and receiving; I am master and power versus I give in, yield, submit completely. Two sides of love. A beautiful and true approach.

3. Touring: A beautiful life, a learning and expansion. Touring as the "not" business. But how? Think not in terms of making money but rather of how to break even. And learn. Touring and tours thus become an expansion and inspiration for learning history, languages, etc.

I can start by thinking about a February tour to Egypt. Aim for ten people. Price it accordingly. Maybe \$2,700. Paul thought that was a good price.

If these three new approaches are all I get out of this Baltic tour, they are enough.

June 28, 1999, Monday

Gushing Into A New World

The old words don't seem right; they no longer feel fresh on my lips.

Yes, I am gushing into a new world. It feels so strange, different. How can I explain it to myself? Do I even need to? Probably not. It is an experiential world, mystical and brilliant in its illumination. "Explaining it" to myself might bring it down. It also may be impossible. The very nature and essence of this world might be beyond explanation.

I sit at the door of a new intestine.

The dark stratosphere of ancient, hemispheric clouds is passing. I am drifting, singing, passing through the vaginal gate. Ushered, buffered, buffed, and buttressed, I slip through the virginal Vilnius of a new vaginal world. The purr and roar of distant illumination shines straight into my roaring face. Who would think Lithuania could be so lithe, fat, juicy, pearly, and nice? But it is, after all, Lith-o-ania.

The Limbo Of Illumination

I want to feel down--but I don't.

I want to do something with my mind--but I can't.

There is no escape from this new place.

I want to escape--but I don't.

Yes, I know I should "just experience it."

But I can't. But I also can.

Could this be the limbo of illumination?

I wish I could be sad--but I'm not.

At least I knew what sad was. I felt so "comfortable" in the sewer or wallowing in the mud of sagging, soggy pull-down swamps; I loved to bask in the dull sun of Quagmire Beach. Where, oh where are my downs this morning? They have fled into the sewers of Vilnius. I visited my mother's birthplace in Kaunas yesterday. My downs

have also fled into the sewers of Kaunas. Oh Mama, how can I live without you? How can I live without your steely hand in my face? I can't say I miss your vaginal stiff rod ramming me down the sink. And yet the nascent love in your rigid hand was the only love I knew. Is a released prisoner really happy? Perhaps when the prison gates are opened the fresh suited stripe has merely an opportunity to learn about a new life, the "happy" life. But that doesn't make things any better, even though it does.

I am at the bottom of a well looking up. But at least I am looking up. I am no longer looking down. But it feels so strange, so uncomfortably comfortable. I'm conflicted about it even as I am not in conflict. What a strange state. And this even as I admit to myself it is not strange.

I'm doing anything I can, running as fast as I can to avoid the emptiness of this full happiness experience. Yes, it is all paradox. At least on a mental level. Well, stop it, Jim. Cut the running and the bullshit. It is time to just sit there. Accept the fucking fact that you have made it. Ugh, how can I live with such a thought? But somehow, I must learn to. There is no where else to go. Plus, I am there already.

What can I do in this new land? Just sit around and glow? Maybe that's all you're supposed to do. After all, what is illumination? Isn't it when the lights are on all the time?

Is everything I'm saying true? But where else is there to go? Even though it doesn't feel bad, shouldn't it feel better than this? I'd like to mourn, but I don't feel sad. But at least I know what mourning is. Please, oh Lord, give me a good cry. At least then I'll know who I am. Or remember who I was. But remembering the past will not open up the folder to my present self. I suppose only the courage and hope of the cobra can do that. Thank God for Hiawatha yoga.

Even the reaching for courage and hope feels like an old place. Reaching means I am not accepting who I am. The Orpheus of the new me is walking through the gate. If

I am to enter the New Land with Euridice, I can no longer look back. If I do, she will turn to stone as she drifts back into Hades.

I still have some unfinished mourning to do.

What a paradox! I miss my old life. Miserable as it was at least I knew what is was, and how I thought about things. Now I am like a free man who misses his slavery. But notice: I say I miss my old life. I realize it is an old life which is slowly fleeing. There is no hope of return. Nor would I ever want to. Nevertheless, I still miss it. An old, familiar, pain-in-the-ass friend is dead. I'll miss her even as I kick her ass out the door.

Maybe that is what this Baltic tour is about: passing through the door.

Even as I think this I ask myself "What's in it for her? Will she accept me in this new state?" The old world returns ever so briefly.

Anchorless and Lost in a Sea of Happiness and Fun

Here I sit in the lovely Centrum Hotel in Vilnius, far from my desk at home. I don't have any of my old fears of money and debt to push me down. Thus I am anchorless and lost in a sea of happiness and fun.

Not explaining or even talking about it, but rather experiencing it is what the new form world is about.

June 29, 1999 Tuesday

Serpent In My Garden

A beautiful and brilliant awareness here. Open to the orient of beauty. But open

to the power of the second place snake. Yes, she is my serpent in my garden of Eden. I have introduced a third woman. Why my serpent is female I do not know. But who cares. She is. Leave it at that. In any case, the constant return of second-place serpent beguiles and wretches me. Sneaky, suspicious, and enervating, she sneaks into my room often when I am least aware, stripping me of my latent and supra-latent powers, dribbling me into a corner, then crushing me under the weight of her mighty and heavy invisible arms. Squeeze, squeeze, crunch, crunch, munch, munch. She is over-eating again. And I am her lunch.

But such is life, mine at least. What can I do? She is my serpent. I have created her. My only in-charge place is to be aware of her powers.

Sneaky bitch! How dare you back me into a corner! Well, truth is, you do dare. I'd just better watch out for you. You thrive in dark, moist places. Only light makes you scatter and run in all directions. That's because, at heart, you are a coward. But you are my coward. I'm stuck with you. But your legs are weakening, stalwart bitch! And your cunt is drying up in my molasses mouth. Luncheons on your twat are becoming more meager every day.

Still there is room for an occasional visit.

Perhaps the serpent of second place rose through the success of the gushing "Saturday night party" dinner effect. She fought against love.

Suppose I looked at my pinguela eye as a macho symbol, a kind of devil's encroachment (in the sense of devilish and Devil's Museum). I could look at my other physical imperfections, hammer toe, bunions, etc., in the same macho way.

But most threatening to the devil and serpent is the gushing, expansive, "Saturday night party," tourist dinner love.

June 30, 1999, Wednesday

Every morning I must sit down, write, and relocate my brain.

Approaching Freedom

Wouldn't it be wonderful if the illusion was passing. (This means that it is.) And I am free!

The illusion of otherness, second place, down, and bottom.

When I say "wouldn't it be wonderful if" it means I am approaching the end of "if." Subjunctive is in the process of becoming the present, then the past. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if" turns into "Isn't it great that. . ." and then into "I'm so glad that. . ."

But this finalizing process may take days, months, years, even a lifetime. Maybe even more. But it is a beginning. Nevertheless, I am approaching freedom – the end of an illusion. I am just not there yet. True, I may never be there completely – but I will get closer. Thank God for approaching, approachings, and approachingsments.

This is a fine tour. A fine group and fine program. I am profiting in many ways. (Only not financially.) But imagine if my final profit was freedom! Imagine if I got freedom out of this tour! Now that's a tour! The freedom tour. Reaching for the sky driving in a bus.

Not Bad For A Former Worm

The words "second place" are beginning to feel dry and empty on my lips.

Does this mean I am coming to the end of second place? Or does it simply mean I need new words to describe the condition? Or both?

I'd like to feel I'm coming to the end of second place. True, as I mentioned before, the Empire of Second Place may take a while longer to die. Like the Roman Empire, it doesn't collapse in a day. Or in a month, year, or century. It took centuries for the Roman Empire to die. First, it declined, slowly, inexorably. Then one day it finally expired. Or rather, it was metamorphosed into the Roman Catholic Church,

with all its bureaucracy, medieval enlightenment, Latin learning, and fundamentals of the parchese set. Yes, the Roman prelates really did their duty on the sands of boisterous prevailing Black Sea winds, They fought against the Constantinople orthodoxy.

But what does this have to do with freedom? Am I getting too close for comfort? Or is the very comfort, nay, exultation of freedom wine-sotting my brain, turning old thought patterns into mush right before my naked eyes, sending the puss of verbal freedom and pristine inspiration from my enlightened brain through my fingers and straight into the keyboard?

I think the latter. The burst of freedom flashing burns my eyes, lathers my tongue, bursts my pinguela, lifts the rotary deck from my nascent oxygenated nostrils. My lungs are filled with the swellings of Riga restaurant where guitar fingers fly. Indeed, I am singing in the rain. And this on a cloudless day! Not bad for a former worm.

July 1, 1999, Thursday

By Motivating Others, I Motivate Myself

Three crunchies and a high panter.

Victories at a quickened pace.

1. Reading at the breakfast table with Audrey. I dared to open up myself to the public by presenting my quiet, pensive, reflective reading side.

2. Horsing at the table. Asked by Lillian how I found this Latvian performing group in Riga's Zem Abeles restaurant, I first pointed heavenward. Then I said, "Besides Him or Her, what do I offer?" I offer my desire to run this tour; I offer an I'll die first attitude: I won't give up my dream; I'll die first. I offer my high-panting philosophy of Enthusiasm First. After enthusiasm comes more enthusiasm. Along with that I offer divine madness. If you're not full of God, who cares what else you're full of?

Last night at the supper table I actually told people about my deepest feelings,

my innermost philosophy. They flowed out easily, effortlessly, with humor and substance. It is an amazing and wonderful going-public development.

On the future thought processes: Paul said his voice is losing power with age. I asked myself: Will I lose my own voice and breathing power with age? I feel it happening already. But I always attributed it to either a cold, fatigue, or simply lack of practice. Perhaps I'm right. In any case, it raises the question: how to maintain not only my singing powers but powers in other areas as well. It is a reason to practice singing? Is it time to add Kalambhaka as well? It is also a reason to practice in other areas I used to perform in. I never thought about losing my singing power. Singing comes so easily and naturally. But I also realize that part of me likes the idea of losing my power. Why is that? Because the fear of losing my power might push, motivate, even inspire me to start singing again! I like to sing even though I hardly ever do it. I want the fear of losing my power to raise me up, and inspire me to start practicing. And all this because I love practicing. The fear I am creating is really another way of looking for an inspiration. I am looking for a way to sandwich in another activity that I love into my busy miracle schedule of loves.

Thank God for fear. It's a real pusher. True, it's often unpleasant. But too bad. It's not that pleasant to sit and vegetate either. Besides, what do pleasure and pain have to do with fun and fulfillment? On the deepest level, not much.

I wonder what other skills and talents I am losing through disuse. Certainly my running has fallen off. And what of publishing or even recording. Once upon a time I made records and published books. Once upon a time I ran fast, ran marathons, and "easily" did a two hour run on Sundays. Once upon a time I did lots of fast Romanian folk dances and got exhilarated in the process. Now I mostly hold back. It's true that many people sit down when I teach a fast dance. That is a downer. It discourages me from pushing my group; it discourages me from elevating them. Perhaps it is its own built in second placer. Isn't it time to change or at least reevaluate my approach to folk dance teaching? No doubt it would be good for my group to learn fast dances. They

should be pushed, elevated, motivated, inspired. they should be stretched even though it may be on the rack of fast folk dances. Such subtle torture is good for them. It is certainly good for me. Does that mean it is also good for them? Probably. But really, it's hard to know what's good for them. Only they can decide that. In fact, it is presumptuous for me to even assume I know what's good for them. I can only say what's good for me. And, truth is, it would be good for me to start pushing my dancers; in elevating them I elevate myself. Or vice versa.

So my dancers, I thank you for existing. Thank you for being my vehicle; thank you for allowing me to ride you on the pathway into heaven; thank you for helping me travel upward into the stratosphere to elevate myself.

By motivating you, I motivate myself.

July 2, 1999 Friday

Mama, I Love You!

Entrance to Mama Land, to the land of love.

"Mommy, I love you!"

"Mama, I love you!"

It makes me cry and tremble to utter those words. Through the aching penis of right arm they come. Pregnant with sperm and deep meaning. Love! Imagine that. And for a one-year old, too!

One, twenty-one, forty-one, sixty-one, sixty-two. What's the difference? None whatsoever. Love is love at any age. And so is Mama. It is so gushy and warm to be in her arms or her cunt. Cunt, arms, what's the difference? None whatsoever! It's all part of those heavy, thick, loving arms that surround me. Ah, how I love those heavy thick folds of flesh! And why not? Fold of melding, delicious, wonderful flesh! They hang on me and surround me with love .

Love Changes Everything

Love changes everything. I don't know where to begin.

It changes things from the bottom up.

It changes my shitting pattern. I will defecate in deference to love. Why push when there is love?

It changes my urinating pattern in public and private urinals. Why push or rush when there is love?

Yes, it changes everything and turns my worlds upside down. I still don't know where to begin.

Love is the very essence of my New Form.

This seems to be what I have been searching for all along.

The intellect rushes to judgement and accomplishment. It is the home of impatience. "let it go", "Leave it alone". "Let the process roll." These are the homes of spirit.

The process may take days, months, years, lifetimes, even centuries. Nevertheless, leave it alone. But if you'd like to participate in some way, the best way is simply to sit back and watch.

The important development here is not that Mama loves me, although that would be nice, but rather that I love her. This puts me in charge, in "control" of my love.

It does not matter what others think. This love is mine. It is my creation. I can have it forever or, I can have it as long as I like. Whichever takes longer. But since love is eternal and the center, essence, and core of the cosmos, I'll probably choose forever.

July 3, 1999 Saturday

The Former Adventures Of Mr. Worm

I'm so mad! I succumbed, degenerated, retreated, went back to past mumblings of being embarrassed, confused, and lost (of second place. But it was second place in parenthesis. No more shall it dominate; no more shall it live a life of its own beyond parenthesis. And I hope to, nay expect to, drop the parenthesis as well.

The day before yesterday I hit love on the head. Yesterday I retreated from this beautiful hot and heavenly spot. Today I'm mad as hell at myself for retreated. I won't take it anymore! I even woke up with a slight headache! This will not do! This is not the new form me. No, no, no! Never, never, never! Down with this shithead form! I will rise and conquer. This kind of old form retreat cannot be. You fucking stupid shithead! This kind of thinking and behavior simply cannot stand! Down with it!

I am burning and bungling with rage. Fuck me, fuck me for doing this! You say I'm being hard on myself, not being understanding and sympathetic to poor me? Well, you're damn right! Not only am I not sympathetic, I am downright hostile. Fuck this behavior! Fuck this kind of thinking! I am so fucking sick of it I cannot even talk about it. I can hardly say the words "second place," anymore. They cough, barf, stifle. They stick in my mouth. Ugh, ugh, ugh! I absolutely hate it! Could that have been me? That crumbling, meek, weak, asshole shithead crawling in the dirt, rolling in a thousand mountains of the manure, rubbing my face in shit while my asshole rises high and mighty behind me? True, it is anatomically best if my asshole stays behind me. Nevertheless, to raise it so high and offer it to the world in place of my true self is, to say the least, fucking asshole stupid. Beyond that it is disgusting, nauseating, and repulsive. Otherwise it is all right. A finely raised asshole represents the worm in me. Worms have rights just like anyone else. I once even belonged to the Worm Union. Our meetings were held in basements, garbage dumps, and underneath the coffins of cemeteries. I used to even enjoy these meetings. They were all quite calm. All us worms would do is crawl around the room and drink beer. Then came the crawling

contests where we would compete to see who could crawl lowest on the floor. These were followed by the grand prize contest to see who could dig themselves deepest into a hole and thus descend the lowest. I won many of those contests. I was even proud of myself at the time. Imagine that! I was such a good worm, competent, efficient, even heroic in my ability to descend. I gave my descents my best effort. Other worms admired me. Once my name even came up for president of the Worm Society of America. I might have won the elections, too except that just before the balloting, I dug myself so deep in a hole that no one could find me. So Larry Pride-of-Worm won by default.

In any case, my worm days are fast dwindling. I am crawling to the surface. I suppose I could say that just recalling them is a kind of acceptance of the former joys of wormhood. Now that I have given up life underground I am looking forward to the adventure of living it above the earth.

July 4, 1999 Sunday

Looking At My Practical, Reasonable, And Organizational Side

I'm running out of space in the gastro-intestinal world. Quiet, calm, and basically feeling good. Somewhat dull, too. So far the food and dining experiences have been the highlights of this tour. Otherwise, I'm sad to say, little in Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia touches my heart. The music is pleasant and moderate; the folk dancing in pleasant and moderate, the folk costumes are lovely but pleasant and moderate too, the people are handsome and beautiful, and pleasant and moderate. Our Lithuanian guide, Eimute, was pleasant and moderate although somewhat stiff. Our Estonian guide, Endrik, is much more closed down, although he has a fine sense of humor. The guiding highlight so far was our Latvian guide, Aija. It would be worth returning to Latvia simply for her guidance. I might even consider doing the Riga Festival in 2001 simply to have her as our guide. One other highlight was the Estonian sweater patterns and designs. The handicrafts in Tallinn are beautiful; they gave me a

short, sparking moment.

I am glad I made this trip. It has been a true learning experience. I am looking for a personal reason to return to the Baltics. I keep thinking I'm missing something. What is hidden within these cultures that I do not see? So far, except for that brief Estonian sweater-design moment of inspiration, I haven't found the necessary spark to return. Nevertheless, it is still early. I've been hit by many new phenomena. Perhaps I will still find a reason. Or perhaps this will give me the incentive to continue exploring these northern regions. Finland now looks interesting, and if Finland, why not add Sweden and Norway--and even Iceland. A Scandinavian tour for 2000? We'll see.

This tour has been beautifully run. Union Tours is a fine company. It has lots of class, and so does its president, Stephanie Horton. I'm working with good people here. That in itself is a big plus.

Nevertheless, I feel this dullness of moderation and calm. And this despite the incredible pageantry of the Estonian Folk Festival. Something about its largeness overwhelms me. It is hard to "get personal" with eight thousand dancers dancing in a football stadium. Nonetheless, seeing thousands participating, whether dancing on a football field or singing in an outdoor theater, has its own special meaning. I don't know what to make of it. I'd like to like it, but so far nothing it has touched my soul. Am I missing something? It may be touching part of me but I don't realize it yet. Perhaps it is the quiet, orderly, moderate, calm, reasonable, practical, organizational part of me. I usually consider these areas necessary but dull. How excited can you get about reasonable, practical, or organizational things, anyway? I've always considered them first steps in preparing oneself to experience the magical, essential spark that illuminates all of life in crashing, dynamic, brilliant, serendipitous mystical moment. Yet there is a strong practical and reasonable part of me. I am a good organizer, too. So good, in fact, that I hardly ever give it a second thought. From finding my way in a strange town to straightening up a messy room, I have a natural inner organizing ability. It is simply one of those faculties, one of those things that comes easily to me

like singing and ad libbing at my concerts. I hardly pay attention to it because it is so easy. Rather I focus on improving my classical guitar which is so hard.

Is my Baltic tour experience then a subtle reminder that I have put my organizing talents, along with my practical and reasonable side, in second place? What a way to look at it! It would certainly make this tour meaningful. It might even give me a reason to do it again.

Perhaps learning to appreciate the qualities of practical, reasonable, and my organizational ability might contain the "deeper mystical meaning" of why I am running of this tour. Wouldn't that be something! Once again, through the writing process, the process of discovering myself, and explaining myself to myself, I am on the brink of finding a deeper personal meaning in the running this tour. And perhaps even a reason to run it again.

Monday, July 5, 1999

Leaving Estonia.

What is the meaning of this? My computer suddenly crashed. Stopped dead. Momentary panic, disgust, and sadness. How will I last without my computer? How will I survive without writing on it for one week? Of course, I could write by hand. But there is so much work ahead when I have to copy my hand-written work into the computer.

Perhaps someone in Tallinn or St. Petersburg can fix it. That would be a miracle. Another example of being up to God. Suppose my hard drive has collapsed. But it seems to have something to do with the power connection.

Why is this happening now? Where will "no computer for a week" lead? What is the cosmic reason for this incredible annoyance?

Worst is that I'll have a weeks worth of recopying when I get home. Plus I won't have the pleasure of flying across the keys as I write on my computer.

Could this be my punishment for not loving the Baltic countries? Stay tuned to find out.

Tuesday, July 6, 1999

Arrived in St. Petersburg.

The Ultimate Meaning Of Computer Breakdown

Rewriting, Copying. . . and Publishing

No computer. Broken. Caput. I am so upset. Worst is we have seven more days. That means seven more hours of writing, then seven more hours of copying at home. Can I handle seven hours of drudge copying even though I hate it? Is that all that is bothering me? Or is it that I am losing my ability to fly?

I can fly on the computer. My fingers sing as they zoom across the keys.

Can I fly writing by hand? Long ago I used to. So why not now? Well, these are all good rational explanations. But, truth I feel just awful about the crashing of my computer. Perhaps it means more to me that I realized. Perhaps it symbolizes something else.

Once I eliminate the hours of pain-in-the-ass rewriting at home it symbolizes the loss of flying. And this because I see that the more I fly by writing by hand, the more drudge rewriting I will create for myself. Thus, as I give to myself with one hand, I take away with the other. With each foot or mile upward I fly I add an extra weight to my feet; I pull myself down by creating more work at home.

That's it. That's my main problem, fear, and annoyance. How do I handle the drudgery of rewriting, and of merely copying?

Drudge work, ugh work. Mere mechanical drudge copying. I hate it! It will drag me down.

But I do not want to be dragged down!

I want to rise, shine, star, expand, multiply, grow, and connect to the universe. I cannot let a “little thing” like a computer crash stop me; I cannot let it drag me down.

But it does.

How can I cut the drag-down of computer breakdown?

The way I cut all other drag-downs, put-downs, break-downs, and second-placers. Through awareness.

Awareness of what is bothering me. Computer breakdown.

Why? Fear it will impede my flying. How? By creating a new lid – the lid of burdensome copy and rewrite work.

Is rewriting really such a lid?

Is copying really such a lid?

Is repetitive work really such a lid?

Why should they be?

Perhaps they don't have to be.

My computer breakdown has been created by God to teach me how to handle these problems. Why is He doing this now? Perhaps it is because I am ready to learn. (After all, I've had this computer for five years and it has never broken down before. Wh now?

Indeed, it is a question I must ask. And why does it upset me so? It must be because the creation of my computer breakdown is presenting me with the next set of problems: I am getting ready to face rewriting and copying, the so-called drudgery work.

What does rewriting and copying really signify to me? Ultimately? It signifies, means, and leads to “publishing!”

Of course, once the problem is solved, the illness goes away. Won't it be ironic if now that I have understood the meaning of computer breakdown, that somehow my computer will get fixed.

But I also sense that facing rewriting, copying and ultimately, publishing is such

a major change it may well take a week to face, handle, and adjust to it. I may need more time to turn myself around. We'll see.

Consolidation Period

I am moving towards a consolidation period in my life where all the roads start to come together. Symbolized by publishing. The next ten years.

Wednesday, July 7, 1999

Needed: A Fresh Vision Of Russia

I feel somewhat sad and disappointed this morning. And this after visiting the Hermitage yesterday, then seeing a fabulous Russian folk group, the Volga People's Chorus, from Samara.

They were simply sensational—a la Moiseyev. And yet something in me keeps saying "I've been through all this before." The edge is off. I'm somewhere else.

But where?

I'm trying to escape from the present; I'm escaping into hope for of a future inspiration or idea.

In any case, technically and tour-wise this continues to be a great tour. Our guide, Antonina, is excellent. A real plus.

There is no question this "problem" is within myself. And this morning it has nothing to do with my computer breakdown. I've reconciled myself to that.

What is it then?

I am ready to move on to a new level. The old Russia, the old tourism, the old view of travel, my old travel business, and I myself, are dead. I need new reasons for visiting St. Petersburg. Truth is, I am here now; the feeling of inner deadness I feel is now; I sit at my window in the St. Petersburg hotel overlooking the Neva River, and the lack of interest I feel in everything around me is now. I am in the now time.

It is time for rebirth in Russia.

It is time for a new interest and enthusiasm to be born. It has to be born now.

What can it be?

I want to go back to America with a new inspiration.

But in what?

Perhaps I am looking too hard. Perhaps I should just face my inner deadness, live in it. Surely it will lead me I somewhere.

I also realize I am resisting Russia. A good part of me is living in the past, living in pre-conceived notions. But this has been true for most of this tour. First, in the Baltic countries of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia, I kept thinking they were Bulgaria and comparing the music and dance to Bulgarian music and dance. But of course, they are different. I only “realized” this in my heart on the ninth day of the tour.

Living in the past with its pre-conceived notions is also happening to me in St. Petersburg. I have past notions of 1987, a meeting with Moiseyev, walking the streets of Leningrad, thrilling to Russian music, language learning, and dance, and to the fight for survival in handling the communist “Nyet, nyet” bureaucracy so well.

I was fired with newness, learning, and also an incredible inner fear.

Now these are all gone.

Where do I go from here?

How can I build on an empty mountain?

No fear, indeed. . . but no learning either.

I’m glad to say goodbye to my old fear. I can do without it.

What is left? Newness and learning. Actually they go together. They are based on a fresh vision of St. Petersburg and Russia.

But at the moment I have no fresh vision.

We’ll see where this leads.

The past is dead. That is the inner deadness I feel.

Live in the deadness. It is the only place in which the new and fresh vision can be born.

Perhaps that is the symbolism of my hurting left knee. I am limping along on an old vision. It is stale and dead; it needs to be exorcized before a fresh new knee vision can take its place.

It is a matter of giving up the past and living in the present.

That is what this whole tour has been about. That is why it has kind of a sadness to it, a mourning mixed with deadness.

Thursday, July 8, 1999

I'm up again. New plans. I passed through the bottom level. I'm into the next level.

I entered the deadness, removed the obstacles, created a vacuum, and, voila—a flood of new ideas rushed in to fill it. Rebirth in St. Petersburg.

"Don't give up your passion," she said. "It is your best quality." Ha, never! But it is so nice to hear. Also caring for eighty-one-year-old Lillian. Nice to hear, too.

Friday, July 9, 1999

The Laughing Penis Meets The Smiling Vagina

If learning how to live fully in the present moment is my goal then certainly thoughts and worries about paying off my debt and making money put me far from my goal.

Just do it!

The same applies to my tours.

Let's face it: living fully in the present moment is just plain fun! It is not only

fulfilling, it is fun-filling.

Thus, learn Russian and have fun!

The laughing penis meets the smiling vagina.

I would say the last twenty years or so I have been searching for God. Thus my study of religion, Hebrew, Jewish roots, the bible, etc.

Now the question is: now that I have found Him, what do I do? What do we do together? What do we do as One?

Have fun in the present moment, of course.

Meditation

Concentration on the emotion. Follow it, see it as it bobs and weaves and changes.

Yoga: use imagination in the postures. Imagination is my form of concentration.

Saturday, July 10, 1999

Legacy

Making Money Through My Legacy

Arrived in Finland yesterday. Helsinki – nice city. Very comfortable especially after Russia. Expensive. One thing about Russia: you're never glad to visit but always glad to leave. "Glad" is just not a word you use for the Russian Soviet experience. Yet it is a country you must visit. So different.

(Soviet security guard after studying with an American management team. Stiff-face: "Have a nice day!")

In any case, back to my mental interior.

Says Val, perhaps I accumulated my debt to learn that most important to me is

not money but my art. My legacy.

The legacy I want to leave is my writing.

This is a focused “Wow!” statement. During the past twenty even thirty years my money and my art have been moving in parallel lines. But I’ve always known, in the background and foreground of my mind, that money and the making of money was only to support my art habit though; using the word “habit” is somewhat of a put down of my struggle.

Well, put down days are done. Although I have made a disaster out of my financial life I have made a success out of my artistic life.

Disaster and success, finance ‘versus’ art, money “versus” writing. The game of winning, of accumulating money through the stock market and various other business plans, has basically thrown me off course.

My real course, my true calling has always been my art. And this primarily through writing with music as its base.

I have been “dabbling in money;” I have been a dilettante of finance. But art is too serious to dabble or fool around with. It has always been thus.

So, in terms of legacy and art: it is in my writing. My writing is what I want to leave behind. In this life, that is.

The word “legacy” has such a finality to it. Though there are reincarnation and future lives for me, nevertheless, in order to fulfill and complete this life, I must fulfill and complete my art calling. And this can only be done through writing. My other work, my other vibrations – tours, guitar playing, concerts, weekends, etc. – are rings, extensions of my writing core center.

(As I write this, I realize that the word “concerts” may not fit into this category. Perhaps concerts have a legacy feel to them too; perhaps they are similar to writing. Something to think about.)

The legacy then must be writing.

It must be publishing my writing.

It must be promoting and pushing my writing.

1. Writing
2. Publishing my writing
3. Promoting and pushing my writing.

This is the trinity upon which I stand. It is my direction and center when I return to America. I am creating my legacy.

I got into debt to learn and finalize this lesson. I do not yet know how I will get out of debt, pay my bills, or make money.

But, on the deepest level, on the level of legacy, money and debt although they remain a major annoyance, are, beyond that, not too important. Necessary but secondary indeed.

Remember, the top priority is to create a legacy.

There is also the outlandish idea that I might even be able to make money by selling my writing – and my guitar tapes, songs etc. Also, by selling my writing, I would also be selling and promoting my tours, weekends, dance classes, bookings, etc. as well. Now this is truly an incredible and outlandish financial idea. It is so outlandish that I love it! Imagine: selling my writing, guitar tapes, my art – and making money!

Now this is something to think about!

Making money through my legacy.

Sunday, July 11, 1999

Compassion

No other way I could think of doing it.

We were both “right.”

I saved myself from a headache by fleeing for a solitary fast walk. I tried holding on, sticking with her, but just couldn't.

I hurt another human being in the process.

What happens when two “rights” clash? Perhaps both get hurt. Hurt is part of the human currency.

I’d like to do something about it, chance my behavior, be more aware, anything to make this event “worthwhile.” I’d even like to repent but I don’t know from what.

In hindsight, perhaps I needed more guts to speak up for my needs sooner and more clearly. This is fine – but it is hindsight. In the actual situation it was survival of the fittest. I chose self-survival without a headache. From my perspective it was the best thing to do. One cannot “plan” one’s awareness.

But I hurt her in the process.

Given that human beings are imperfect, is there another way?

The way of forgiveness, the way of love.

Can I forgive myself for fulfilling my needs in a clumsy, awkward way? I saw no other way to do it. An extreme example is the soldier who has to kill another in order to survive. It’s the “him or me” philosophy. His survival wins but he feels terrible about the process. Why must he kill in order to survive? Isn’t there another way?

When you get down to the nitty-gritty, the “him or me,” there is a basic, fundamental choice to make.

No wonder some veterans feel such guilt and confusion.

But I do not feel any guilt or confusion. I just wish there was another choice, another way. I wish there was a third way.

Perhaps the third way is the way of compassion.

Yes, I will lose her – or him; yes, I will feel terrible about it; yes, I will be alone in the world. But once these fears are surmounted perhaps compassion can arise.

Compassion for me.

Compassion for her.

Compassion for him.

Compassion as I lose the world.

Perhaps by painfully losing, by giving up (all) attachments, compassion can rush

in to fill the vacuum.

Monday, July 13, 1999

Not Bad For One Tour
or The Baltic Bomb Has Burst

Leaving Helsinki today. A great tour is almost over.

I'm somewhat sad.

Yet fulfilled and expanded.

Let the richness ride!

I cried yesterday when I told the story of Joseph and his brothers. Why? What are these deep tears? Do I remember my father? Or is it the beauty of the story?

It is the beauty.

Another project: read and study the bible. Learn the order of the stories cold. Then tell them. Even write them in my own child-loving way.

Thus my projects upon returning to America are wide, deep, and many.

Languages: Russian, Arabic, Hebrew (learn to order of the bible stories), and French (some of it.)

Writing: publish – and sell.

Guitar: record – and sell.

Songs: a. Learn Russian songs, and others. (Hebrew, Spanish, etc.)

b. Record – and sell.

Promote folk dance, tours, weekends, etc. through the sales of my writing, guitar, songs etc.

All this adds up to a total expansion, a total going public. The division between business and art has ended. Business and art are one. They are combined in the business of art and the art of business. Better, they are combined in a total expansion, a total going public.

Both have come together on this tour. My miracle schedule has added business

and thus become one. Combine all this with love.

Not bad for one tour.

The Baltic bomb has burst.

I could start selling my books right now: Sell the ones I have. Tapes, too. Make and sell them. Add others.

A new business.

A new branch or division of the Jim Gold International business.

Concentration

Concentration magnifies calm, and heightens consciousness.

Thus the focused life feels eternal.

Timelessness

Our body, when it is born, is the vessel in which our timelessness momentarily resides.

Why Rush?

I am timeless. It is my real nature. That is why I never really believe I will ever die. Of course, I know intellectually that some day my body will disappear. But in my emotional heart, beyond fear, I know I am endless and timeless.

Thus, why rush? I have all day. And all night, too.

Life lasts a full moment. Then it dies and we move on to the next moment.

Getting Some M and C

Sending out waves of mercy and compassion to myself. Fuck the others. If I can get some M and C for myself, others will get it immediately as a by-product. They'll

shine too, in its reflected light.

Wednesday, July 14, 1999

Earning. . . Harvesting

Meditation and Focus on Debt and Money

Money and debt are my big meditation this year. I cannot rest until my debt is paid off. It is my major project. All my compulsions, efforts, and focus are and will be in this direction.

Focus on debt and money means that all my efforts will be made towards earning money.

The focus is on earning.

My focus is no longer on women, sex, or finding myself; it is no longer on mother, father, fears of abandonment, examinations of self-worth, put downs, or how to stand up for myself. (These are a "done deal.") Now it is solely and exclusively on earning money.

What does earning mean? Do you realize it is a word I have never looked up!

I looked it up in the dictionary. Earning means "to harvest." It comes from the Latin annona (annual), a year's proceeds.

I am now harvesting my years of therapy, guitar practicing, writing, touring, folk dance teaching, weekends, etc. I am now harvesting my years of inner growth.

Harvesting is my focus.

Harvesting is the essential outward characteristic of my New Form. It feels like my first book of New Form is harvested. I am at an ending. . . and a new harvesting beginning.