

Entering The New Land

Tuesday, November 16, 1999

Am I At The End Of My Career?

Am I at the end of my career?

Are folk dance classes, weekends, tours, the whole shebang, coming to an end?

And this not because business stinks – which it does. But rather because something internal is happening to me.

Maybe it is both.

I am not frightened by this. Just puzzled.

Sure I am pissed that business is so dead. No matter how many announcements I make about parties, the New Years Weekend, and my tours, I get absolutely no response. Dead eyes all around. Certainly this is discouraging. But I've been through this kind of discouragement before. In the past, when I reached bottom, I'd always come up with "I'll never give up. I'll die first."

But now, somehow, my feeling now is: if my business is going to die, let it die. I'll do something else.

Again, I don't feel frightened about this, only puzzled. I went through a career change about twenty years ago when I slowly gave up my guitar concert career and went into folk dancing, tours, and weekends. So there is a precedent.

The folk dance business feels so dead. Promoting it seems like beating a dead horse. But does this dead horse really exist "out there" in the market? Or is it inside my mind? Does part of me want to end my career? Or, at least, look at it so differently it feels like an ending?

I never want to go back to worrying about registration, class attendance, and all the other business and financial fears that beset the solo entrepreneur. Some say worries go with the territory. But do they? Can't I live in the territory and not worry?

Who says I have to worry? Why not simply learn to take what comes, focus on the present, whether it be only three in a folk dance class, four on a weekend or five on a tour? This is the territory too. It is I who have decided to worry about who and how many register. I'm ready to give that up. I'm moving on.

Perhaps that is what I mean by "I'm at the end of my career."

But I'm also excited about giving up my career. Imagine, starting over. It is so freeing, so full of hope! It smells of new adventures! Part of me loves it!

What is the first mad, insane, crazy, outrageous thing that comes to mind when I think about starting a new career? Writing!

Selling my writing! Outrageous, indeed. Making money in writing is even more difficult than making money playing guitar, teaching folk dancing, or running tours and weekends. And this, especially if I sell only my own writing.

This idea is so impossibly insane that I absolutely love it!

Could this be a new direction? It might resurrect my success energies which always appear when I am up against the wall: "I'll die first! I'll never give up!"

I'm not leaving my folk dance, weekend, and tour businesses tomorrow. But I could at least begin looking at them differently.

Wednesday, November 17, 1999

Internal Battles

My spirit is being tested. I am fighting many internal battles; the wounds are "expressed" through my the aches and pains pummeling my body.

When will these fuckers ever go away? I'm getting sick of them, but nevertheless, they hang on. Every movement hurts; I feel heavy, burdened by great inner changes. They test my beliefs, torment my body, torture my mind.

The painful battles of mind are felt on the battlefield of body.

Thursday, November 18, 1999

The Pot

Holding Back The Mighty Mad Shoe River

Mad shoes bursting.

A pot with prick holes. The liquid of mad shoes trying, pushing, squeezing to get out. Holding on, my pot strains to keep its walls intact, fighting to restrain its liquid not only from leaking, but from expanding with such power as to crack the container.

Nevertheless, the prick holes grow larger each day.

What will I do if the pot breaks? Nail-scraping, back-tightening, body-aching terror as I cling to my old form. The mighty Mad Shoe river rises. Push, push, push. Out, out. The pain is almost unbearable. Soon it may burst. The pot will break, disintegrate. I'll be washed away. No ego or self will remain. Jim Gold will metamorphose into a raging Mad Shoe river.

How will I introduce myself at parties? "Hello, I am a river."

Do people say such things?

But the pot keeps cracking, opening. Prick holes widen into gush holes.

No wonder my body aches. Holding back a river takes tremendous strength. I need every inch of my back-squeezing, arthritis-clinching, tight-assed might.

I'd love to introduce myself as a Mad Shoe river.

Arthritis is caused by muscles and bones of the mind straining to hold back the mighty energy of the Mad Shoe river! Hate, rage, and anger also symbolize its power; they are energy elements of the river flowing through me.

"Well, Dr. Gold, how can you make such a statement? How do you, a mere layman, know about King Arthritis?"

"Well, Mr. Hercules, I just do."

"I'll need more proof than that."

"Then ask Mr. PE."

“Who’s that?”

“Personal Experience.”

Friday, November 19, 1999

The Mad Shoe “How?” Of the Creative Process

The mad shoe vision is crystalizing further in my heart. It feels more focused, more solid, clearer, even stronger. Amazement at its birth is fading into an acceptance of its existence. Confidence in its staying power is growing.

Since its birth in Kalambaka, Greece, the mad shoe vision has stayed with me. It has broadened and been enhanced. Its power has put my guitar playing, writing, and even my attitude towards business, on a completely different level.

This explains not only why I got sick, and why my body has ached so during the past month, but also why I have “gone on retreat” from the world. I have not wanted to see or hear from anybody. I just wanted to be still and contemplate this vision. I wanted to make sure it not only existed, but stayed and became a permanent part of me. Now I am more certain that it will.

I am ready to return to business. . . slowly and differently.

On Computer Shoulder and Neck Pains

If my physical sitting position at the computer is correct, then the pains in my neck and shoulder must be caused by tension.

That’s what Frank Carbone says. He is probably right.

Each business act I do must be impregnated with mad shoe energy.

This is my daily meditation. Focus on it.

Saturday, November 20, 1999

Writer

Does my desire to write stem from an awakened memory of a past life.

Was I a writer in a former life? I'll never know "for sure." However, the thought itself does point to a growing confidence in myself as a writer.

I have no desire to test my new guitar playing powers in front of an audience. No desire whatever to perform. And this, now that I finally can.

The more I improve, the less it seems I need to perform. What does this mean?

I hate a mess.

At this point, my writing is "a mess." The journal (except for chronology) has no form. Things are scattered all over. I can't even find most of them.

My desire to publish may signify a desire to organize my writings, put them together. It actually has little to do with audience appreciation. It stems from a deep and fundamental desire to organize things.

Alongside my mad shoe desire to run wild on the lawn in a complimentary desire to organize things and put them together.

God had the same problem when he created the world. Witness Bereshit.

Follow Your Dreams

In many ways, my father was my spiritual guide. He taught me positively. But he also taught me negatively. He showed me what not to do, how not to lead my life. Perhaps he sacrificed himself for me. What a beautiful and heartfelt view of Pop. On one level, he gave up his desire to be a writer in order to demonstrate how awful, frustrating, and unfulfilling life can be if you do not follow your dreams.

Throughout my life women have looked over me, guarded, protected, and

taught me. In life after life they came back to me as tender mothers and girlfriends.

Sunday, November 21, 1999

Fatigue and the Mad Shoe Energy Curtain

Much of my fatigue is caused by the curtain that descends over my mad shoe energy.

Part of me likes the curtain: I like returning to the old neighborhood and moping around.

It's an ebb-and-flow thing.

Why am I so tired since I got back from Greece?

I'm holding back mad shoe energy!

Notice the word "back." My lower back pain hasn't gone away. It won't leave until the mad shoe vision has crystalized.

Fatigue created by the curtain holding back my mad shoe energy. Think about this next time bone-shattering exhaustion comes around.

MS

Look at the initial relationship between the energy of mad shoes (MS), miracle schedule (MS), and the ultimate lid, multiple sclerosis (MS).

On one side, line up the great positive MS forces of the mad shoe and miracle schedule; on the other, the great negative MS force of multiple sclerosis. They struggle daily on the battle of my mind.

Study

I'm taking a new look at my miracle schedule.

I see its intimate relationship with mad shoe energy.

Mad shoe energy infuses my writing, guitar, yoga, running, and business. But for studies, it has eluded me. Why?

In the past, I studied books to find answers to life's problems. But these answers are found within. They cannot be found in Barnes and Noble but only in the book of my mind. Yes, outside sources can hint at truths, but only personal experience can strike the target.

I am slowly giving up the external search. When I return to studies, they must be part of the mad shoe energy flow.

Humor and Lightness of Heart

I miss my sense of humor and lightness of heart. Where did my word salads go? What about my crazy stories? They lit up my eyes and lightened my mind.

Hopefully, I stand at their gate again. We'll see.

Exchanging Sad for Mad

Maybe I should give up sad for mad.

After all, it is mad shoes not sad shoes.

I know that sad comes whenever I suppress my energy, cover or lid myself. It comes when I take off my mad shoes. Does this mean a naked foot is a sad foot? Naked, am I exposing myself to lid germs, the noxious fumes of curtains, and suffocation under the put-down blanket diseases? Or is the true nature of a naked foot clothed in the invisible but divine inspiration of mad shoe energy?

Somehow the "mad foot" in my mad shoe connects me to a divine energy source.

Yes, I habitually retreat from expressing or even feeling the so-called negative emotions of angry, rage, and "mad." And I usually give in to the so-called "positive" (at least in my family upbringing) emotions of sad with its lidded give-up and give-in qualities.

That's why "love" is so difficult. It means giving up my mad shoe energy, handing my self with all its beautiful divine qualities over to the one I "love." Could

this be love?

Not at all. It is only giving up in the guise of love. This kind of “love” should go out the window along with sad, lids, put-down mountains, and wet blankets.

Are my windows wide enough? Will these ancient mountains of mental garbage fit when I throw them out? We’ll see.

This view of “mad” unites me with a most visceral and non-public part of my energies.

Monday, November 22, 1999

Hope

Feeling good.

Why?

Running an hour and fifteen minutes paved the way.

But the call from Lee Blaustein really sent me through the roof of happiness.

Eight people might come to the New Years Weekend. That means the Weekend might be alive. This is the first business call I’ve received in a month – six weeks, actually, if you include the Greek tour. Too long. Lack of business has dragged me down. This means that I must get business in order to be happy. But I must also learn to ride the vicissitudes of life.

Maybe I feel better not because of business – which is really a figment of my imagination and doesn’t “really” exist anyway – but because of the rebirth of hope.

Hope is a form of energy. In its mad shoe, motivational form, it is a source of power.

Evidently, hope motivates me. And this, even though it is “merely” a mental structure; there is nothing “concrete” about it. Nothing happens from it or in it. Yet for some reason, it motivates me even though I don’t understand why. This is an important truth.

Since hope is a motivator, and it is up to me whether I hope or not, should I not resurrect its power?

Hope makes me live for the future. It is the direct opposite of a live-in-the-here-and-now, "ohm," and zen philosophy.

Hope for the future connects to the present by creating energy of motivation here-and-now. It motivates by putting zing into the moment.

But isn't hope a fake?

Perhaps not. After all, it can only exist in the present. Hopeful thoughts about the future can only take place in the here-and-now.

Hope is good and true.

It ties future to present by linking, then unleashing, through motivation, the universal mad shoe energy source.

Tuesday, November 23, 1999

Expectation Of Achievement

Expectation of achievement is crippling my left knee and hurting the top of my left foot. It is a left-sided thing.

The expectation of achievement is totally foreign to me. A foreign "body" introduced into my mind. No wonder my knee and foot hurt.

Wednesday, November 24, 1999

If I can eradicate the roots of hopelessness, expectation of achievement will flower.

In the great battle between hopeless and expectation of achievement, the choice of my career is beside the point.

Publicity

Why do I hate doing publicity so much?

I feel forced to do it. Forced: the ultimate Ma word. I must do it. What I want is besides the point. My needs and inner self are completely unrecognized. Old memories return. The lid comes down.

That's what doing publicity means to me. . . so far.

If this hopeless lid was understood and lifted, would I actually like doing publicity? Suppose I did it the mad shoe way?

Thursday, November 25, 1999

Thanksgiving

Body and Computer

My mystic vision has reached a juncture. I'm at the end of a road. And at the beginning of a new one.

Perhaps the new one concerns computers.

What do computers symbolize for me?

I am now looking for something down to earth. Having "done" the mystical, I now want to "apply" its principals to the practical.

Learning the computer symbolizes the modern practical world of the present.

If I go this route, I'll have to teach my body how to survive the computer.

How?

Frequent breaks and exercises. Also, an infusion of enthusiasm wouldn't hurt.

Bob Rappaport once said: "The computer is the kabbalah in action." Mystical sparks brought down to earth.

Friday, November 26, 1999

Meeting the Mad Shoe Monster

Left knee, right back, right shoulder, right neck.

My body is falling apart as my mind strains, pushes, and yearns to burst free.

Mind is ready, and seemingly willing to bust out of its prison. But it also feels totally restrained.

Mind needs a vehicle to claim and proclaim its inheritance. It strains against the fetters of hopelessness and suffocation, and also the rejection of markets.

What is rejection but a "jecting" downwards, a crush-down into nothingness.

What can the mind do to counteract this?

The "jecting" itself is a creation of the mind.

What does the mind do when it is at war with itself?

On one side stand the divine forces of mad shoe energy; on the other, the "jecting," downward-pushing forces of hopelessness. Locked in struggle, they create a double bind. Two equal and opposite forces pushing against each other and getting nowhere.

Why does the mind create this paralyzing battlefield?

Isn't the double bind state another form of hopelessness? Isn't paralysis and the inability to move on another crush-down? Isn't it a subtle form of cave dwelling, in-room, old neighborhood existence?

I think it is.

My mind is so inventive. It simply won't give up its walls. Yes, it gave me my mad shoe energy state, along with October writing and guitar breakthrough freedoms. But it also locked me in prison again, paralyzing me in the viselike battle between Great-Energy-Pouring-Through and Great-Dam-Holding-Back.

I've reached a new level of the old neighborhood squash-back. The only way it can be conquered is through awareness.

My body aches. My mind fights its twisted internal battle to beat itself.

Why am I creating this energy dam? Self-preservation. I have not found the right balance (if there is one) between mad shoe energy and its pathways.

The overwhelming force of an unrestrained mad shoe energy burst can kill me. I hold back, unconsciously realizing both its beauty and danger. It can slaughter me even as it opens doorways to rebirth. I am torn between the fear of life and the fear of death.

Stuck in the middle of this battlefield I end up aching and “doing nothing.”

But aching is “doing something.” It is part of the process of becoming aware. Awareness can guide me beyond the battle; it can lead me to the flowing river where expectation of achievement rides the wild horses.

This expectation state, also a creation of my mind, may still be too threatening. (Witness how my shoulder just ached when I wrote this.)

Yet I stand at the edge. The wild stream flows before me. How do I jump in? After all, it is a mad shoe stream. Will swimming in it drive me mad?

Stay tuned to find out.

Desire for Recognition

Perhaps desire for recognition masks, hides, and protects me from that awful hopeless squash-down feeling. It blocks and cuts off my mad shoe energy supply.

I've accomplished so many of my goals. Writing, guitar, tours.

I need a new goal, a new purpose. The Berlin wall of internal communism has finally fallen. Now what?

How about mad shoe advertising? How about advertising as a good-in-itself?

Saturday, November 27, 1999

Fun and Play Emerge Victorious!

Business as fun? The concept is utterly foreign to me.

Sales, calling, mailing, advertising, PR, as fun?

How about money and debt as fun?

Yet, the only way I want to go back into business is with this attitude.

Fun and play are something I believe in, one of my ultimate values – and conquests. If I can be playful and have fun doing something, it means I have conquered all my fears in that area. I am a victorious lion roaring on the plains of fun. I romp on the playful prairies, a wild horse horsing around and having a great time.

This is ultimate victory! Winning, conquering, I stand triumphant. Yes! A wide, ball-screaming, bottom-shouting, yap-yelping yes!

It is victory over all my lids. It is blasting away every put-down mountain, ripping to shreds every wet blanket. Lids are off! Power is up! I win. Fun and play emerge victorious!

Indeed, this is a direction: my direction. In my opinion, it is the only one worth following.

It is the ultimate victory and expression of the Mad Shoe.

The only question now is: How do I start doing it in daily life?

Fun and play: The “sophisticated adult” words for them are “artistic” and “creative.”

I’m a fun person means I’m an artistic person.

I’m a playful person means I’m a creative person.

That’s why artistic creative people are and have always been such heroes to me. They retain and live the child’s play life of fun and wonder.

Could I look at my aches and pains in the same way? Can I play and have fun with my pain? Why not? What a wonderful, funny, and heroic effort that would be!

Lids are off! Fun and play win!

Fun and play are the next (and final) step in the expression of the mad shoe vision.

Forgetting is a Necessary Part of the Remembering Process

Fun and play is such a wonderful attitude and way of life. How can I remember it?

Don't even try. It's okay to forget it. Forgetting is a necessary part of the remembering process. It forces you to remember and re-remember. You regurgitate what you want to remember over and over again in different forms until it slowly becomes an integral part of your being.

Forgetting helps you crystalize the attitude you want to remember.

Last night I made my first Mad Shoe Greek tour ad. This morning I worked on it again. I got up chuckling, laughing. I haven't laughed for a month. With mad shoe fun and play I must be on the right track!

Mad Shoe Tours Does It Again!

October, '99 Greek tour

leaves them spell as  as Prometheus bound.

Jim Gold tourist group dancing Greek syrto
in Athens on a dark night.

(Jim is on the far right signing autographs.)

Mystery of tour is captured in Sarah Burnart photo below!

Being positive takes more courage than being negative.

A fun and playful attitude towards life is indeed the most courageous and heroic approach.

The Vibrational Sales Method!

While no method can guarantee no sales, this book comes close.

CALLING METHODS:

Method 1:

Salesman telephones customer. The phone rings: Salesman calls customer.

Customer picks up his phone: C "Hello."

Salesman hangs up.

This is the vibrational sales approach. Caveat: salesman must precede phone call

by thinking hard about making a sale.

Method 2:

Salesman calls customer. Customer picks up his phone:

Customer: "Hello."

Salesman: "Aaaaaaooooooooommmmm."

This is the yogic sales method. Salesman must precede phone call thinking hare about bliss of customer after purchase of product or service.

Method 3:

Salesman calls customer. Customer picks up phone.

Customer: "Hello."

Salesman: "Hello. This is Mr. Smith, your local Greek folk dance salesman. How are you this morning? Etc....."

Traditional method. Although extremely boring, it is often effective. Also it may cause immediate hang ups, since it informs customer only about the form of the salesman but nothing about his substance.

God is a bag of fun.

Humor releases you from Serious Prison. Sometimes you get parole, sometimes complete freedom.

Sunday, November 28, 1999

It was all a dream.

But I rode high on the dream. I accomplished many things.

Making lots of money was the dream. It never happened. Instead I lost mucho. Creative indicators went up; financial indicators went down.

Can money and finance be creative ideas? Probably. But I just wasn't "ready" for it. (Will I ever be?) I debt-financed my college of life.

Now I have graduated. My wisdom and creative parts are healthy, and bumping along "on their own."

But the money part hasn't budged an inch. Again, it is the sense of no matter what I do, nothing seems to work. I am paralyzed, bound, and helpless before money. Hmm. Is this another "mother" thing?

What is really here? Am I, in reality, so helpless? Or is it an attitude? Or is it an attitude that creates the reality? I hope it is the latter. If it is, then by changing my attitude, difficult as this is, I can change my reality.

Can an attitude change, really change, reality? This is a fundamental question. Its answer will lead to either hopefulness or hopelessness.

On one level, I will never know whether attitude changes reality unless I try it. But I do know that my attitude is the only thing I have control over. Therefore, I might as well choose the positive answer.

Thinking differently, having a positive hopeful attitude will make my daily life more pleasant. And more fun and playful. Aye, there's the mad shoe rub!

"Criminals make the best saints."

Bhagavad Jimta

Fun and Play in the Alhambra

The fun is in the index finger.

Playful doesn't always have to have a smile on it; nor does it have to be laughing and funny. It can also be filled wrought with beauty.

Alhambra: the playfulness is in the beauty.

I discover fun and play in the Alhambra. Memories of Ma rise to ruin it. But I

won't let them. My awareness will slowly dissipate them.

Leyenda

Fun in the index finger remains.

Playfulness is found in the excitement.

Thus playfulness can be found in beauty and excitement. Fun is the ramming, pushing power, the "wow!" in "I love to fuck 'em!" power.

Fun, finger, fuck: F,f,f all the way!

Zane's Brain

What's in Zane's brain?

Yesterday I had a chance to examine it with my magnificence microscope. Here's what I saw:

There is a giant fire burning on the right side of Zane's Brain. It must be over a hundred feet high; maybe it's a thousand, or a million miles high shooting flames into the sky and burning up much of the planets, the Milky Way, and several galaxies beyond. It's hard to say exactly how big the fire is. Let's just say it's awfully large.

On the left side of Zane's Brain is a great lake. It must be hundreds, thousands, even perhaps a million miles wide. It is very peaceful and beautiful, and it just sits there quietly absorbing the sun. Like all other lakes, this lake is full of water.

Well, one day, the Fire on the right side of Zane's brain had an idea. "I'm dynamic, creative, innovative, adventurous, curious, expansive, and smart," it said. "I like to experiment and try out new things. I think today I'll try something different. I'm going to make some money." Fire scratched its hot head thoughtfully. "Should I steal it or borrow it?" it asked. "Well, borrowing is just plain boring. I'm going to steal it! That's exciting and fun (especially if I don't get caught.) I'll start off by stealing a dollar.

I'll get a slice of pizza with it. Then I'll steal \$10, then \$20, \$100, \$1000. . .one million dollars! I'll soon be the richest fire in the world! I'll steal more and more until I steal the whole world. And what will I do with the world once I steal it? I'll burn it, of course. "Ha, ha, ha! That's what fires do!"

Fire laughed diabolically for fourteen days. Then it stopped and thought: "Wait a minute. I'm part of the world. If I destroy the world by burning it up, I'll destroy myself! That's not a good idea. I like to have fun, but I don't want to die! Maybe this isn't such a good idea after all."

And Fire sat down on a hot stump to think it over.

Meanwhile Lake heard about how Fire wanted to try stealing, and how his uncontrolled desire would eventually destroy the world. "That hothead!" said Lake. "I'm part of the world, too. I don't want to be destroyed. I don't want to die. I know Fire gets carried away with himself sometimes. He often doesn't know what to do with all that extra energy he carries around. I'd better stop him before it's too late."

So, beneath his calm surface, Lake started making waves. "I'm going to take my water and dump it on his stupid fire-filled head! I'm going to dampen him real good! I won't let him destroy me!"

So Lake dumped 50 million buckets of water on Fire. SSSSSS, Soon Fire's desire to steal a million dollars fizzed down to \$1000, \$100, \$20, \$10, \$1, and finally to none. Fire's flames relaxed.

"Thanks, Lake," he said. "I'm feeling much better. I don't know what came over me. I just got too hot, I suppose."

Then Fire took Lake by the hand, and the two of them went out for pizza.

Wow, Look At That!

Once upon a time there was a little girl who always said, "Wow, look at that!" (She was full of awe and wonder.) When she went outside and saw

the sidewalk she'd point down and shout: "Wow, look at that!" When she saw a car pass by or an airplane over head, she'd point to it and say: "Wow, look at that!" When she saw a bird, mouse, dog, or cat, a flower, tree, or pony, a man, woman, child, she'd shout: "Wow, look at that!"

One day a bad fairy came to her house and said: "You're a stupid moron! What's the matter with you, anyway? Don't you know that it is not only impolite to shout: 'Wow, look at that!?' Worse, it is wrong. The things you are pointing at are not only ugly and bad, but you are completely silly to think they aren't. You should be suspicious of what you see. Things are not the way they seem. Dogs rot, cats die, chickens get roasted, flowers fade, children age, old men and women die and leave you, cars break down, planes get rusty, mice get run over by cars and rot on the street. The world is full of misery. Remember it next time you want to say 'wow, look at that!'

The girl now felt terrible. How could she have been so wrong? She began looking at the world differently. She soon said nothing when she left the house. The smile quickly faded from her face. Her eyes grew dead. Her face soon looked like a pancake after it has been run over by a bus.

She got sadder and sadder. But she couldn't even cry because now she thought that smart, sophisticated little girls didn't do that sort of thing. One day she finally hit bottom. She lay down on her living room floor and fell asleep. A distant dream reminded her that once upon a time the world had been filled with awe and wonder. What had happened?

Suddenly, a good fair appeared. "Hello," it said. "I'm the good fairy. The bad fairy and I work together, teaching little girls about life. We're really the same fairy, but we wear disguises and try to fool you by looking different. The bad fairy teaches you so feel sad, and finally to hit the bottom. Why? So that when you finally wakes up you know for sure that the best and frankly, the true, real, and only way to go out the door of your house is with the words: 'Wow, look at that!'

Monday, November 29, 1999

Thoughts About Alzheimers

What about Alzheimer? Well, maybe it has been misjudged, misinterpreted, and misunderstood. Perhaps people with Alzheimer's want to forget. They have simply become weary remembering all the miserable details of material and bodily survival in this world. They yearn to meditate on the One. But how can they when their mind is cluttered up with so many details like shopping, finding the store, paying bills, remembering your children's names, how to drive etc. Wouldn't it all be simpler if you simply stepped out with an "excuse" like "I can't remember a thing." And to frame it all as a disease, an Alzheimer, forces others not to admit that you are a burden to them but rather to make them sympathetic to your plight.

But is it a plight? Only on the material, worldly level. On the spiritual level, it may well be a door opening into long-term meditation on the One. After all, who has ever interviewed Alzheimer's patients? Who knows what they are really thinking? They always say they forget. Thus, even if they do say something, we discount it by saying these are words from a "sick" person.

Saying, "How wonderful! How great! What a breakthrough! How beautiful! Etc. is a way of stepping away from the experience of excitement! (Witness Ma's "How beautiful!" Instead of stepping into the enthusiasm, I step away by saying, "Wow, what a great experience!"

No child says "How wonderful!" They just do it.

Tuesday, November 30, 1999

Wild Business!

Abandoned, forgotten – and getting sick of it.

September was collapse month. Until October 18th was Greek tour/mad shoe half-

month. . . with its ensuing mad shoe consolidation sickness. October 18 through November was mad shoe sickness recovery, and the consolidation of Mad Shoes into Fun and Playfulness.

While the divine energy of mad shoes was spreading throughout my body, causing old poisons to flee and making me sick in the “healing” process, and while Fun and Playfulness were being consolidated in most of my activities, my business collapsed. Well, “collapsed” is an exaggeration. Rather, let’s say it slowed to a backwards crawl.

Positive thoughts are often more frightening than negative ones.

Thus, getting used to positive thoughts can be a real drag.

It’s frightening to see how much energy I waste avoiding my divine mission.

What is my mission?

Riding the crazy horse of my imagination.

Riding the Wild Horse of my Imagination

Riding the wild horse of my imagination is probably the scariest and most exciting thing I can do. Worries about abandonment, business vicissitudes, Bernice acting like an asshole about Zach’s staying with us during the summer are all distractions from the main event. However, this main event is so fraught with perils, unfathomable ocean depths, infinite spaces, falling panoramas, mountain peaks, deep valleys, cliffs, and more, that often I can’t or can hardly handle the main event. So I distract myself with the release and “relief” of the side show.

Wednesday, December 1, 1999

Entering the Land of Wild Business

There is a sadness about me. Perhaps it is because I am dropping old neighborhoods like crazy; I am doing a “rapid mourning” their loss.

Should I raise my folk dance party prices to \$10?

Should I raise all my folk dance classes and parties to \$10?

Would this be part of Wild Business? By raising prices I am also saying I'm ready to put in a different kind of effort. Also, especially in the parties, it will "inspire" me to keep them going despite small attendance. Thus again, it is to the folk dancers advantage for me to raise prices. If I don't, there may be no parties (and classes?) at all.

I feel like I'm losing everyone I love. Everyone is abandoning me.

Is this really the result of expansion? Am I really mourning the losses of so many old neighborhoods? Or do I suffer from abandonment deficit disorder (ADD)?

Thursday, December 2, 1999

The Time for Transition is Now!

I'll never know why folk dancing, weekends, and tours all seem to be dying. I'll never know exactly where all my customers went. Perhaps they're on the beach in Spain. Or lost in the Sahara near Morocco. Maybe they'll suddenly come back in a flurry. But whatever, their whereabouts and decisions about what to do with their life is beyond my control. I only know that most seem to have disappeared.

I've done all I can, want to, and will to attract them and get them back or forward. I'll still continue to put in a small, even minimal effort. But I am finally ready to change my main direction: By January (February, certainly by April) I'll know what to do about my folk dance parties. Either continue them or throw them into the ocean. Monday and Tuesday night classes I'll keep going. Weekends, three at GROW, are set for 2000. So are tours. I'll pimple and punch along on Tunisia, Bulgaria, and maybe even Spain. A few calls here and there will keep me entertained. And, of course, I'll do a "final" mailing to all my "former" customers in January. After that, we'll see who still survives—including me.

Meanwhile, and now, my direction and energies will go into:

1. Guitar
 - a. Lessons,
 - b. Bookings
2. Folk dance and guitar
 - a. Club dates, bar mitzvahs, etc.
3. Writings
 - a. Organize and sell my writing.

I wonder if the cosmic reason for the dying of my business is to push, nay force me into trying to make money through my writing and guitar.

My business may have naturally run its course. It may have served its purpose, fulfilled its mission. Perhaps it is simply be ready to be over.

It feels somewhat sad, but it certainly would be part of the new neighborhood.

Desire for Money

Money-wise, for the past twenty years, I have been chasing the impossible dream, the big financial prize. Although it worked as a motivational force, this way of thinking ultimately failed miserably.

Thus, the desire of money worked as one of the great creative motivators. Perhaps it will work again, only differently.

We're not talking about fear of financial failure (negative), but desire for money (desire as a positive).

Friday, December 3, 1999

Beyond the Folk Dancers

Is there a beyond? Or is this about using my folk dancers and my folk dance base differently?

Folk dancers, my customers, are my “extended family.” As I expand, I let them in to see more of me.

Saturday, December 4, 1999

Surrender and Death

Surrender is death. Holding on is life.

I hold on for dear life so I won't fall into the pit of death.

All old stuff.

How do I get past it?

How can I learn that surrender is not death, and that holding on is not life?

Psychological surrender versus psychological holding on; psychological death versus psychological life.

This is all a mental exercise, a mental game. Thus, as a game, it somehow must relate to fun and playfulness.

But it feels like such a deadly game. And oh, so serious!

How do I get out of Serious Prison on this one, is the question. I doubt if I can do it through humor – at least not yet.

How to apply fun and playfulness along with my mad shoe vision?

Let's focus on fun and playfulness, since it is the application of the mad shoe vision.

How can I get fun and playfulness into surrender and death?

How can I even get it into its opposite – holding on for dear life?

I don't know. It's still too early to tell. Let it cook for awhile.

How do surrender and death, and their converse, holding on to dear life, affect and apply to business?

Joining Together

My joints hurt. They will probably continue hurting until I learn how to join together the various aspects of my mad shoe life and my fun and playfulness vision.

I'd call this "metaphoric aching."

The Dying of the Dragon: Surrendering to the Flow

The hissing dragon that will kill me when I fall into the abyss is getting so weak. I even feel bad about it. Poor dragon. It used to seem so powerful. Now it is slowly crumbling into a mass of broken bones, bent skin, and the bad breath of illusion. It doesn't even have the strength to eat me up anymore. All it can do is hiss out ineffective accusations, curse me, or call me names.

But it is collapsing in the abyss like a bag of emptying wind.

I used to depend on that dragon to "break my fall." Now I'll have to learn to "fall free," down, down, down into the fathomless abyss. But isn't that part of surrendering to the flow.

Sunday, December 5, 1999

I experience most psychological (and perhaps physical) anguish to avoid the Mad Shoe vision. I get involved in the scraps of home arguments to avoid that same vision.

Do I have the right to focus only on my Mad Shoe vision? And this to the exclusion-to-a-footnote of everything else?

Of course I do. It would be the best thing I could do with my life.

Suffering may not be pleasant but it certainly makes you wise.

Now the bible speaks to me personally. Look at Lech Lecha.

Who is Abraham but my own ego. Who is Adonai but Mad Shoe me, the God living in my innermost sanctum. When Adonai says, Leave your home and go to a new land, He talking about leaving my old neighborhood and heading towards the new.

Monday, December 6, 1999

“Alhambra Jim”

Square one. Upset.

But why?

She says it’s Italy all over again. I say I’m standing up for myself, not taking her abuse.

Maybe I’m upset because I’ve broken through. I’m there. “Alhambra Jim” has arrived. The Mad Shoe has opened; its feet are out! The way I stood up to Bernice is just another example.

Although it may feel like it’s back to square one with her, it is not. I’m on another level, a scary, not-used-to, broken through level.

It’s scary because being there means the bottom can fall out at any moment – and it has. I’m falling, hurtling through space, heading downward into the abyss and upwards into the infinity of heaven. And this both at the same time. Whipsawed and torn, scary and free. This is what diving into a Mad Shoe feels like today.

The borders are gone. I’m standing in the New Land whirling.

That’s what it is: I’m terrified that I’m there!

She’s yelling at me, screaming at me, throwing every kind of accusation, criticism, and name calling in my face. And I’m doing a great job of handling and deflecting it all.

Here is the perfect example of potential abandonment and death. It is the fear I have faced most of my life: To surrender to her is to die.

But I am not surrendering. I am standing up. Through terror and trembling, I am not only not budging an inch as I explain myself one issue at a time. I am magnificent in

this I-shall-not-be-budged position; I am even open to reasonable compromise. In my view, I am doing everything right. Yet it is my first experience in the New Land, my first breath of being there. Scary and free: but that is how a Mad Shoe walks.

Blanket terror has consumed me. I am standing up to the monster.

I'm shaking, trembling in my arms, shoulders, and neck. Is fear, with its shield of anger, the reason for these upper body pains?

I know she is weak and fearful and will probably collapse on every issue. Yet I am still trembling. I am confronting the monster aspect of my inner mother.

Part of me must still expect the house to fall on my head because I stood up.

Maybe abandonment is death. It's the "How can I survive without Mommy?" phenomenon.

Yet if I surrender to this fear, my inner mad shoe will be stepped on and crushed.

Why won't she love me, why won't she love me? I start to cry.

I can stand on my head, dance around in a whirling storm, shake my chest in all my four-year-old bony-mad masculinity, and she still doesn't notice. Can't she see me? Why won't she love e for who I am? I break down in tears.

This is a total revisit of the old neighborhood and its fears.

Nevertheless, I am revisiting on a new level.

Most likely I am revisiting to contrast it with my new being there Alhambra Jim personality.

A Mad Shoe leap is a leap into the unknown. No wonder, it is both terrifying and glorious.

No wonder, I back away from its terrors by putting lids on.

But after I do, I miss its glory and wonder. So I return, once again, to its thrilling abode.

I just want to hear a kind, loving voice this morning.

I am facing the potential bust-up of my marriage. I should accept this possibility. See where it goes.

I am nauseated by all the time I am "wasting" over this. How it has brought me down, drained me of my higher vision. I'm sick of it!

Remember Alhambra Jim!

Tuesday, December 7, 1999

Bernice is acting like a spoiled brat having temper tantrum.

She doesn't appreciate what she has and she is ruining what she's got.

But, of course, that is how a spoiled brat acts, and why it has a temper tantrum.

Becoming a media person. No question I need it. But can I stand the "ugh!?" Yes, I can.

Do it mad shoe style!

That is the entire difference in my comeback. To create my comeback has not only cost thousands of dollars but has also put me in debt. Like a recent graduate of medical school, I have a huge "college loan" to pay off.

But now I have graduated and am out in the world. Coming back mad shoe style is my ticket to infinity within the confines of the material world.

My challenge is to hold onto my mad shoe style (How could I give it up without dying?) as I deal with the outside world.

The focus of my attack now is through and in business.

Another book: Enduring Words (for folk dancers, guitarists, etc.) Quotes from my journal. One liner "inspirational."

"Laziness?" I doubt it. Actually, the true me believes that when I am ready "it" will "go by itself."

But the word is a creative new negative to feed into my old neighborhood desire for a new lid.

Is masturbation an attempt to free myself from old lids or to create new ones.

Is it both?

Or is it just fun?

Adult temper tantrums can be dangerous. I still worry that she could come hit me, throw things, or start breaking some of my valuables: guitar, computer etc.

Such actions by her would be unlikely. . . but possible.

Isn't this the fear of death returning? If I stand up to her she will kill me. Yes, it certainly is my four-year-old fear. But it is also possible (although improbable) in the present.

So what is real here? Probably a bit of both.

But it is terrifying. What a trauma. Fear of death is the trauma! Perhaps I am replaying and revisiting my original trauma. No wonder I hid in my room so long.

Yes, I fear standing up to her. She may kill me! I see this insane rage on her face. No doubt it reminds me of my mother's rage. Was that rage insane, too? Probably.

My mother could so easily kill the infant or four-year-old me. Just a few swats and a squash.

I am on the cusp of experiencing the original trauma. It is the fear of being killed!

If I surrender, I save my body but lose my mad shoe soul. It is psychic murder, the killing of my soul.

If I don't surrender, if I stand up for myself, I lose my body (it is slain), but save my soul.

No wonder I am in a world of either/or, the terrain of "both."

I have a dilemma: life versus death. Which do I choose? Is there a compromise? Can I have both? Must I compromise? Can't I have life and stand up for myself?

I think I can. But it's really tough.

Another Look at Abandonment

Maybe my greatest fear as a child, as a four-year-old, was the threat of physical death. My only protection was to retreat into the mental chambers of my room. Thus, I protected myself from my mother by "abandoning" her. Perhaps my fear of abandonment is secondary. It may not even be a fear but rather, a protection from fear. My own creative defense wall. My primary fear, the original trauma, was of death. My protection against it was abandonment (by retreating into "my room.") I defended myself even further by projecting this abandonment onto my mother, by saying it was she who abandoned me, rather than I who, in self-defense, abandoned her.

Terror can often defeat rage, but rage is one of the few antidotes to terror.

Especially indignant adult rage!

When I am enraged, what am I fighting for?

The dignity and very life of my mad shoe soul!

My stocks and my debt are shitting on me as much as Bernice.
How much longer should I take this abuse? Until April, 2000?
End it now? End part of it now? Consider other choices?

Maybe this is all about not taking any more abuse! But I'm taking it to a new mad shoe level.

Maybe this is the fury I am unleashing, the one that will end my aches and pains, the final, end-of-abuse, maddest of mad shoe furies!

Finally, I'm mad. Finally, I'm enraged. At last I'm furious! Thank God! It's about time. I haven't felt it since October 18th. Seething anger, blast-through fury, and unadulterated indignant rage should be part of the mad shoe experience. A most important part!

No more abuse!

From women, stocks, and debt. I can start with them.
Then move quickly on to lack of customers, no phone calls, no and checks in the mail, no business: all forms of abuse.

No more abuse!

Indignant rage is the adult form of a child's anger.

It is amazing to me how I am beginning to use the word abuse. This was a word I always hated, one totally abused by the Abuse Industry. And here I am using it with a vengeance!

Perhaps it is a case of hating what I secretly love, or at least, am secretly deeply attracted to. After all, I have fantasies of abuse, self-abuse and others-abuse. I also have a history of such "reversals." I once hated the stock market with its capitalist pigs. Then, of course, I dove in headlong. Fascination, love, and study of it consumed me for years.

This may well be true of my own personal abuse industry. We'll see.

Indignant rage may well be the "new" gasoline to fuel my business. It has more urgency, bite, and apparent power than fun and playfulness. Actually, it may be the underside, the backside, the twin sister (or brother), of fun and playfulness. Whatever it is, I have it.

Looking at not only women, stocks, and my debt in their abuse form, but at sagging sales, no-to-low registration, few customers, calls, or checks in the mail as a form of abuse may well motivate me through the indignant rage that it engenders. Not bad to remember this.

Thursday, December 9, 1999

"Realism"

My heart is broken. Love and passion are gone. . . but not from me.

Maybe I should fight to bring it back.

Sure a spiritual friendship sounds good. It is good. Who could complain about that? Well, maybe me.

What has ended is the dream.

On one level, nothing has changed; on another, everything has.

Is this true? Or am I living in another illusion?

She said she is realistic. But at heart, I am a romantic. I hate realism.

You may need realism to survive. If I was more "realistic," would I be in debt? I have both a romantic and realistic debt.

A shot of realism, even though I absolutely hate it, wouldn't hurt me. And this,

even though it hurts like crazy.

But this realism stuff really gets me down. Perhaps I can't live with it, in it, or around it. Is realism poison to my system? Can I take it? Better, should I take it?

Does realism survive over a dream? Yes, you should give it its due, but how much is it due? Wouldn't I rather die on the wings of a dream than in the cold concrete of "reality?"

What is dying here? What has been smothered?

It is the dream of love.

Well, I won't let it happen. I won't be smothered or suffocated. I will never, never, never let this dream die!

Fuck it all! I will continue to love in the mad shoe way in spite of unbending, heartless "reality."

If my dream dies, I die with it.

I will never let my dream die. That is my choice.

Too much reality is like poison. Guard against its insidious powers.

The mystery of the dream survives within the reality. It is the spiritual core, warm and alive, within the material cloak.

I feel like I'm losing on every level. Even my stocks are down.

Friday, December 10, 1999

I keep crying through the morass. My emotions are running wild. Abandonment flourishes. So do anger and fear. The dragons are loose. Monsters are running the sanitarium.

Is this a good place for a Jewish boy to be? Have I run on the emotional lawn too far and too long?

Isn't it time for some "controls?"

I hate the word “control.” Yet it has popped up in my mind. Just like “abuse” did. Words I hated and never wanted to use are rising like pancakes in my mind. Why is this?

Perhaps I am ready to turn a corner, start a new page, turn over a New Leaf. Perhaps I have solved some of my problems and am ready to move on.

What problems have I solved?

First, whether or not I am an artist. Finding and expressing my artistic soul has been one of the roots of this long-time therapeutic search. It unearthed a deep aspect of the true me, the running-wild-on-the-lawn me, the mad-shoe, freedom-loving me. In order to find this I let my imagination run wild. This in turn released my emotions, which also ran wild. In fact, running wild has been not only my desire and love but also my modus operandi for, if not the past twenty years at least the past few years. It brought me both herculean pain along with a wild freedom. I wanted it that way. I’m glad I took the adventure.

The only down side of this that I can think of has been the accumulation of my debt. Perhaps, nay, no doubt, even this is part of my emotional running wild. For awhile I also loved running up a debt. So much fun. All this money just flowing in. An “endless” supply. And, through the gift of my fertile imagination, I just “knew” I’d made it back with successful tours. So I kept running more, stayed generous with my tips. In my mind I thought like a rich person. Money was “no problem.” Soon I’d not only get it back, but soon I’d be rich! It was only a matter of time. Soon these tours would take off. How could they not? They were so great!

That was, it turns out, my imagination running wild. Yes, the tours were great and are great. I love them! But for the public it is another matter. They either don’t know about them—lack of publicity, another fault of mine: I believed wild imagination was enough, enough to sell all my tours double—or they knew but decided not to go anyway.

Through all this I was running wild. I practiced my four-year-old, mad shoe,

running-wild-on-the-lawn vision.

Later I did it with other deep and wild emotional issue. I ran wild with abandonment, anger, fury, rage, sadness, joy, love, possessiveness, dropping all boundaries, and more. Even my journal is an example of running wild. It just keeps pouring out, endlessly on and on, running wild on the pages. I never put controls on the flow. I never look back, never edit or organize it. I just want to run, run, run, endlessly, across the infinite

pastures of lawns, diving and spreading my wings, flying through the universe, unstoppable and never stopping. I dreamed of and tried to live in the realm of an imagination totally unleashed.

And, in spite of hard reality, I largely did.

Now, for some reason, I have come to a wall. Or at least an ending of sorts. It feels like a chapter has finished. I've run wild as far as I can run. I've "done" it. I've proven to myself that I can do it. And this both to my detriment and credit.

The horse has galloped out of the barn; it has traced its running borders on the New Land. The borders extend far and wide. The horse finally feels it has gone far enough. It is, if not satisfied, at least sated.

Putting It All Together Means "Taking Charge"

I wonder if the next chapter of my New Form will be the "taking charge" phase.

Yet, although I use the words "taking charge," it doesn't feel like I'm taking charge of anything. Rather it feels like I have "worked through" a phase. I've exhausted all the possibilities and the need to experience and experiment with running wild. As I say, "I've proved myself." I'm ready to move on. Putting it all together is the next phase. Perhaps that is what I mean by "taking charge."

Self-Abuse and the Stock Market

Is being in the stock market, for me, a form of self-abuse?

What a thought! Perhaps I should get out of the stock market completely! It has

been and continues to be too abusive. I have only lost money over the years. My stocks continue to go nowhere (except down). Joel has been terrible as a broker. Why do I stay? Is it a form of self-abuse? Is it part of the second-place neighborhood?

I promised myself: No more abuse!

Does that mean getting out of the stock market completely?

(Or at least putting the money in an index fund?)

But will I feel abused if, after I sell the stocks start going up? Of course I will. But that is simply another side of self-abuse.

I will feel abused if they go up (when I no longer own them: "I sold too early! What a schmuck! Why couldn't you hold them longer? Etc.) or if they go down (and I hold them. What a schmuck! Why didn't you sell them? Etc.)

What is common in both scenarios? The stocks are abusing me. Or, I am choosing to abuse myself by playing the stock market game.

Since no one is actually abandoning me, I have to ask: Is my focus on abandonment another form of imaginative self-abuse?

Is deciding to stay in debt and wait (for the stocks to go up. Ha!) another form of self-abuse? Or am I "wise" to stick with my decision to wait until April, 2000, before I act?

The refusal to take any more abuse gives me a totally new way to look at the stock market.

Stock Market

Every morning I torture myself by looking at the stock pages. True, if my stocks have gone up I feel elated. But what is that elation but a "pleasant" kind of torture? It makes my happiness completely dependent on an outside event. Placing happiness outside myself is a subtle form of self-abuse.

Playing the stock market may actually be no good for me.

Like most others, greed and fear are the main emotions I feel in the stock market. I am not in it for serenity, artistic fulfillment, or the experience of transcendence. The best I could ever hope for is financial security by making lots of money. But this I never do. My original reason for getting into the market was to find financial security so that I could be an artist.

But I am an artist. And I have become one despite all the financial insecurity I always experience.

So why am I still in the stock market?

Hasn't it "served its purpose?"

Abandonment and Self-Killing

Isn't fear of abandonment the "killing myself" fear?

I'm abusing myself because I'm no good. Why, after all, if I am good, would anyone leave me? Only if "I am no good, and unworthy. I have "lost my enchantment" in their eyes, I am no longer desirable. If I am so miserable, disgusting, dirty, bad, and unworthy, isn't that a good reason to beat, abuse myself, and "kill" myself? Others who find me unworthy are really "killing" me. They are forms of Ma pounding me, beating me to death. She'll kill me, kill me! That's what they are doing when they reject me by telling me I am no longer enchanting to them, and that I am unworthy. They are killing me! My infant terror of physical four-year-old death returns.

I can't stand the rejection, the disgrace to my inner person. I can't stand facing or seeing it. No, no, no! I beat myself, "kill" myself instead. It's "easier."

What is one of the fancier ways of killing myself? By thinking that others I love will and are abandoning me. But by imagining this, even seeing it (for what is seeing but another form or imagination?), am I not rejecting and abandoning myself? Is this not another form of beating myself to death, of self-killing through self-abandonment?

Could the stock market have been (get this past tense form!) a form of addiction?

Saturday, December 11, 1999

The Tortured Mind

Are my folk dance parties another form of self-abuse? Yes, if I continue to run them.

But look what happened last night. I expected a small to no attendance at the folk dance party. I was right. We had only eight paying people. But they were great dancers, and I had a great time! Naturally, that doesn't mean I can still run these parties at a loss. However, I ended up promoting the Bulgarian tour. Two of the people seemed interested. Now, of course interest is not registration. But it precedes registration.

The original reason for running my parties was to expand my tour and weekend base. If one person registers for a tour, that makes all the years parties I run at a loss worthwhile. Only one registration is all I need.

Remember my purpose. Also remember how I can pay off all my debts and even make some extra money. I can only do it through my tours. They are the potential big money makers. They always have been. But, except for a couple of years, they have never paid off. I always spent more than I made. It is amazing that these wonderful tours, winners in so many aspects, tours I totally believe in and, despite all their difficulties, love to run, have not paid off. And this after eighteen years of running them. I remember a few years ago things were so bad I decided to give them up. I got so depressed at this thought that I soon returned to their money-losing maw.

I've solved my Alhambra guitar playing problem and even my writing organization and editing problems. This is a major personal achievement. But it is not a business accomplishment and perhaps it never will be. These were personal quests which took years to fulfill. They never had anything to do with money. Playing the Alhambra well will make absolutely no difference when and if I give my next concert. Perhaps I should think of my guitar playing now solely as a Marghabandu form of meditation. Writing, too.

I'm sure these skill will affect my business indirectly. Nevertheless, the only way I

will directly make enough money to pay off my debts and even someday put aside a bit, is through my tours.

Therefore, in some way, I must succeed in promoting them. That is now my business quest. Perhaps it is also my personal quest. I cannot stand the fact so few people are registering. My beautiful tour birds are dying in the sky. Why the fuck can't they rise like a phoenix from the flames? Why must they stay in the grave, lost and lonely, underneath the earth? They are too beautiful, too good. What is God's purpose in giving me the skills to create these thrilling tours and then take away all of my customers? Well, He doesn't take them away all, only most of them. In any case, since He is the master teacher and His residence is inside my head and heart, I'm sure there must be a lesson here somewhere. Perhaps it is learning to live in the flames of debt and money worries without constantly beating myself. Perhaps it is learning to stand up to suffering with a smiling face. Perhaps it is learning to dispel the ghosts and illusions of fear and panic.

Whatever it is, I'm going back into the fire. My beautiful tour bird may burn in the flames every day but, like the phoenix, my creative mission is to make it rise from the ashes.

Inner and Outer Reality

Part of the reason I don't leave my wife has nothing to do with her. It is rather my belief that changing my outer reality doesn't really mean that much. What difference do outer changes make if internal ones haven't taken place? Thus, changing "locations" is almost besides the point.

My quest is to change my inner reality. Once that is done, the outer reality will change "by itself."

Maybe love and marriage don't necessarily go together. Maybe they have a different purpose.

Marriage is a social institution.

Love is a spiritual state.

Sunday, December 12, 1999

Soul Killing

Overwhelming myself is a form of self-beating.

Part of me "likes" to beat myself up even though it feels so miserable. Soul killing is a turn-on as well as a turn-off. By overwhelming myself, I both push myself to greater heights and squelch my desire to reach those heights. This paradox scares, overwhelms, throttles, and inhibits me from doing "too much."

Overwhelming myself belong to the self-beating and killing family. It is my psychic protection against the memorable threat of infant me being killed by Mama's great slapping, smashing hand. mother slapping hand.

But when I feel safe and protected, I can enjoy "killing" others.

Killing comes in all forms. Slaying the physical body is illegal. Most people won't risk it. Killing with words is more popular. Starting in their primitive feeling form, these killing words can be turned on yourself or others. If they do not destroy the physical body, certainly they do great damage to the soul.

This is the essence of soul killing. Such murder is safe, efficient, and can be used on just about anybody.

I feel somewhat ashamed of myself for wanting to beat or kill others while shouting: "Kill, kill, kill!" But I feel no shame whatsoever about wanting to beat or "kill" myself.

Is wanting to kill others "natural?" Or is it simply a self-protective reaction against the fear of being killed?

Monday, December 13, 1999

SEVEN-YEAR JIM GOLD PERSONAL TRANSFORMATION PLAN.

Alone in my down room. All cats have fled. Only a spider remains.

Concrete descends, shutting out the heat. I have exchanged fire for mild.

Where did the fire of passion go? How about the "I don't give a damn!" freedom philosophy and its concomitant plunge into the maw of life?

My mind has created a "given up, given in" scenario. It has given up passion and ice, spark and daring. My fire is dying. I am going out.

Although it was pleasant going into the city, and later, seeing Bud Chapler's play in the Tenafly JCC, I still "lost" the day. I should have stayed home dreaming about expansion; I could have practiced mail merge, too; I could have been creating new business plans, and working to get new customers.

So many things on my business plate yet no one is eating them.

This morning is a true downer. I have given up my passion.

From anger to sadness to love, round and round the circle of emotion flies. What about my mad shoe vision and its passion to study, learn, and take a chance on the tour business? Now I feel so squeezed by debt, bills, and a mere trickle of customers that worries are pushing my face into the gutter. My brave heart and daring soul have dribbled away. In their place, I am crawling in the mud, whimpering and crying out not to be crushed. The only remaining link to passion is my struggle for survival. I won't die (oh no, that would be too good for me). Rather, I'll weep to my empty bank account, mourning the loss of "guajira" passion, guts, and daring.

Once I had hope. Now it has fled on all tour fronts.

Now I have only faith.

Perhaps losing hope is not so bad. It burns logs of the future, sets you up for elation or disappointment. But faith tells me that "Somehow I'll make it although I don't know how."

I'm at the faith stage.

I am both disgusted and amazed at how fast my customers have disappeared. The vicissitudes of the business cycle are slapping me in the face.

They say takes seven years for a total transformation. Perhaps this is all part of the seven-year Jim Gold personal transformation plan.

Abandonment

What is abandonment?

It is a form of self-beating.

What is self-beating?

A "softer" form of self-killing.

Why do I want to beat and even "murder" myself?

To defend myself from my deepest fear: getting killed.

Instead of killing me, why can't "they" love me?

I want to be embraced, loved, held. Instead "they," my stupid customers, do not notice me, throw me into the cold, reject and abandon me. What is lack of registration but a financial form of neglect?

Experiencing Fear of Death On A Daily Basis

Fear of death is my primal trauma. I have to go back to infancy in order to re-experience it.

But I also experience it every day. Let's take the fear of bankruptcy and poverty as a starter: When registrations disappear and no money comes in I see a future scenario of homelessness, starvation, and ultimately, death.

Since I experience fear of dying on a daily basis, it is no wonder my imagination conjures up daily self-beatings and killings, the beating and killing of others; they are all various forms of abandonment. I do it to protect myself against my primal fear of death.

Although physical death is not the end of the world, it's still not so great.

I am just not used to living without my body.

This is the end of New Form 5: Entering the New Land.