

Return To Concerts

Sunday, December 19, 1999

First I thought about putting together a lecture on Bulgarian History, Culture, and Folklore. Sounds good. I'd give it in libraries, clubs, etc. Then, upon further consideration, I realized this may not be my form. Better might be to promote my concerts – as formerly planned – and, within them, promote my Bulgarian and Spanish guitar tours, and everything else.

A concert of songs, stories, guitar, and patter is my best vehicles. It's part of my road, my master plan, and perhaps my Master's plan. I'd want to do it.

We'll see where all this leads.

History, culture, language, folklore, it could all be part of my "new" concert program. In other words, I could introduce actual talking about these so-called "serious" subjects. This could be the new "sales and culture" approach to my "new" concerts.

Maybe this was the inner meaning of my call to give a Bulgarian lecture.

Concert/"Lectures"

I could introduce the gaida, play it, then use it to talk about Bulgaria.

Monday, December 20, 1999

Create customers out of nothing. Create them . . . one at a time.

If God can create man by breathing the spirit of life into clay, then why can't I create customers by breathing the spirit of folk dancing, weekends, and touring into their bodies?

“Objective Reality”

I suppose it is an advance, an expansion, to be able to see her as the frightened mouse that she is. Why explain it only through my own self-disgust? There is, after all, an “objective reality” out there. (One I usually hate to see and refuse to face). It goes along with realizing that, although I may have great tours, getting customers (who represent outside, “objective” reality) to sign up for them is not completely up to me. The “objective reality” comes from their ability to make their own decisions irrespective of what my imagination creates and wants.

Interesting: the word “objective” has almost never been used by me. It is almost not part of my vocabulary. Yet it is popping up now.

Will this mean that I’m beginning to look outside myself, that I’ll be able to see the world around me in a clearer light?

We’ll see.

Stay tuned.

It disappoints and saddens me to think there is an “objective reality” both in markets and in women.

But it also brings me a sense of inner peace.

Biography of Jim Gold

Born in Riverdale under the star of Venus, Jim Gold belongs to an ancient slowly-evolving form species: Jimecanthropus Erectus.

His mother, Tanya Pithegynecologicus (ne Goldicus Lifshiticus) and twin sister, Augusta Tekla Gold – “Miki”, claim he showed early vocal promise when screaming for mother’s milk. The three-to-five-year-old period was enhanced by fountain squirting creations of park rivulets, while his forays into the world of red ant killing, at first encouraged by his mother, were finally thwarted when she decided that, at age eight,

he would be better off taking violin lessons.

Jim practiced diligently, scratched through the Vivaldi "Violin Concerto in A minor," and passed the entrance test for the High School of Music and Art. There he conducted orchestra and bathroom breathing seminars.

He is the author of four books, of which he has written three. His essays on the plant and bacterial life growing under folk dancer's feet is must reading in all Bulgarian choreographic schools. An avid player of Spanish classical guitar, he spends mornings sunning himself in his garden under the Alhambra and Leyenda tree.

Wednesday, December 22, 1999

There is a tremendous sense of disappointment that reality exists and I am part of it.

On the brighter side, reality is run by God. "His will be done."

I may not like my narrow vision of reality. But, on the higher level, it is all His reality. Knowing that could soften the blow.

Money and women are my two biggest problem areas.

Could I ever get rid of both?

Am I trying to step out of reality again?

Perhaps I could work out some arrangement with God to accomplish this aim.

Maybe I should settle for the peace of a lobotomy.

Saturday, December 25, 1999

Alone with my mind.

And Anna Freud.

How did she get into this?

Well, yesterday I took her out to lunch. Chinese restaurant, of course.

We both ate pizza.

Then she told me about the Deep Ringworm hidden around her neck and ankle. The prizes for these concentric rings were quite high. After hours of target practice, shooting arrows at his couch, Sigmund himself had won one. Later, after exchanging his bow for a machine gun, he had won another, or, as he expressed it in his Viennese accent, "I von von." Anna complimented him for having one won. This only happened, she explained, because he was a lover of Heavy Chinese, the wonderful, one-ton Chinese soup champion.

Heavy had trained for years in the soup kitchens of famous Chinese restaurants both in New Jersey and Alaska. Just outside of Anchorage, then in Fairfax and Juno, he had worked for days with the famous Jewish tennis star Mudside Pupick, on his backhand Mu Shu Port delivery. Early morning was his best practice time. He did it outside, even in the coldest of winter temperatures, and he always did it with a upright back. Indeed, every time he flipped a pork roll his bearing was straight. Thus his Alaskan nickname, Heavy "Bering Strait" Mu Shu Jones.

Sunday, December 26, 1999

On Going For A Medical Check-Up

In my attempt to go public I must watch out that I do not give up or lose the spiritual center that my "room" provides. That room, the artistic chamber in which I dwelt and dwell, is still my personal center of healing. It is the placebo effect radiating cure from my inner being. It touches and sends out a powerful flow of positive energy that is, for me, the best medicine. Should I go to the doctor for a check-up? Maybe. But deep down I feel that maybe I shouldn't. After all, the doctor may tell me I am sick, that something is wrong with me. I may end up believing him even if he is totally wrong. The wrong belief that he instills in the room of my mind will then send poisons into my body; they will, in turn, create the very disease and pain the "doctor ordered."

Yes, part of me is afraid to go to the doctor for a check-up. I am afraid I might believe him. I also am brazen enough to think: "What can he know I don't know already?" If I am the one to know my mind best, I have the nerve to also think that I know my own body best. Now, of course, Christy and Jonny and all my family gathered at the Christmas dinner table believe, not only that I don't know best, but that the doctor knows best. Through internal examinations and diagnosis through all kinds of high-tech medical instruments, he can find things I would never know about or be able to find. He can make an early diagnosis of incipient cancers in my prostate, polyps in my intestines; he can catch sickness and disease in their early stages, and thus save me from the worse fate of their growth and development.

All this may well be true. Perhaps I cannot know my body so well as the doctor.

But perhaps I can. Aside from the aches in my muscles, joints etc., which I believe are growing pains, I feel well. I call these pains my "personal arthritis callings." I have lots of experience with them. They have always been related to mental states. When mine improves, these pains suddenly and miraculously disappear: If my mind created the pains, my mind can make them go away. Sadly or happily, I believe this. Actually, I happily believe it. So much so that I even stand firmly on my own ground believing it. And this despite all the warnings and dire predictions from doctors of what will happen to me if I don't get a check up.

Do I believe in myself? Do I believe in my own ability to cure myself? Do I believe in the power of my own mind and spirit to not only create disease, but to cure it as well?

I do.

How about a check-up from a medical doctor? Do I believe in it? Well, it wouldn't hurt. But I doubt it would help either. If I am in pain then I am "inspired" to go to the doctor. But since I'm feeling okay, why bother? Of course you say, I should get a check-up for preventive reasons. Again, going for such a reason can't hurt. But I don't believe in it enough to do it. I am not pressed, pushed, or shoved by an

impending fear or pain. How about those “morning wake-up pains” I feel in my shoulders, neck, knees, and etc., those a.m. mental creations? I believe the doctors can’t do anything about them anyway. If I believe they can’t, what use are they?

Plus, I like the challenge of “doing it myself;” I like the adventure of learning to cure myself “on my own.” I am searching to discover if my bottom-line beliefs are really right: Does the mind actually create and destroy the world? Can it not only create disease but also destroy it? I am doing a self-cure experiment on myself trying to find out.

Taking My Own Medicine

Also, if I look deeply into myself, I must admit that I believe yoga and running exercises can and do actually cure me. When coupled with the medicine of my art forms, guitar playing, singing, dancing, writing, the dynamism and independence of being in my own business, etc., I have a dynamite self-cure combination.

These are “off-the-wall, crazy” beliefs. How dare you believe in yourself! Yet, in spite of this warning, I still believe it deep in my heart. But it wasn’t expressed at the Christmas party. I didn’t “explain” myself. I was too thrown off and shocked by the attack from the “supportive” family members sitting around me. Every one of them disagreed with me. And with a vengeance! Such heresy! Imagine, not going to the doctor, not going for a check-up, not believing in the medical model and its system! What’s the matter with you? You stupid or sometin’? Eh?

I actually believe that I can and do cure myself through my exercise, art, and business forms. Imagine that, an actual belief!

There must be something wrong if everyone agrees with it. What kind of attitude is this? Is it based solely on being contrary? Or is it based on the intuition that “total agreement” is missing something. An edge of gray, a subtle difference, etc.

I believe the latter.

Monday, December 27, 1999

Going To The Movies

The Green Mile with Tom Hanks and Michael something Dunbar lasted three hours. It was powerful, sad, grim, depressing, strong, mighty. Afterwards, I went to sleep with sad nightmares. And this was a good movie! Too powerful, too sad, too grim. I always end up living in the movie characters; it takes me hours, sometimes days, to recover. I lose my identity in these giant screen images, and as I do, I go down. But I sink in sadness, grimness, misery, and human suffering. Call this entertainment? Where is my uplift? Where is my inspiration and desire to attack life anew? Well, it ain't coming from this movie. If it takes me hours to recover, to get back on my feet, to remember my goodness and my godliness, why should I subject myself to the overwhelming power of movie images?

This is the twentieth century life we live in. Perhaps it is impossible to escape all the suffering of life. Maybe I must learn more about suffering and how to handle it. That is my personal purpose in going to such a movie.

Tuesday, December 28, 1999

Vulnerability

I do believe I am invulnerable in my inner life.

I do believe I cannot be touched or hurt in the room of my mind.

I do believe I can and will live there forever.

It is my castle, my savior, my protector; it is the source of my power and strength.

In there I cannot be touched. In there I am safe and strong, creative and artistic. In there the eternal spirit abides.

But what happens when I come outside?

I am beaten, squashed, put down, hurled back. The outside world, ruled by “objective reality” hurts me. It crushes me. . . almost. Then I retreat into my room for sustenance. I feel so weak, so vulnerable, almost defenseless in the outside world. And yet I am hurled into it. I must face it.

How sad, hopeless, and miserable for me.

My inner world is bountiful, safe, and beautiful; the sun shines there forever. I can live in it with an eternal smile.

Wanting from the outside world, the cruel land of “objective reality” is truly the source of my unhappiness.

I believe all the vitamins, minerals, supplements, and best food are grown in my inner life. They come from the garden of my mind, the artistic chamber of my soul.

What can the outside world offer me? Tzuris. And yet I have to deal with it.

Is there any way out of this dilemma?

All the above may mean I am opening up the doors to my room; I am starting to knock down the walls. And all the poisons from the outside world are rushing in. I am losing confidence in myself. The powers of my inner life are being overrun by the hard, cruel, evil, metallic forces of the mechanical, relentless, and unfeeling outside world. I am allowing this shit into the pure world of my inner sanctum.

No wonder I’m feeling so miserable. Yes, you could say this is the beginning of a new strength. I now have enough confidence to let down my guard, open the windows, permit the world in. But I’m afraid if I do, the world will crush, then kill, me.

And yet part of me feels I have no choice but to be crushed. I am ready for the crucifixion. I no longer have a guarantee that a future redemption will come. Guarantees only exist in my inner room.

I am giving up such a wonderful treasure.

Can I survive in such a world? Do I even want to?

Pretty grim, if you ask me.

I can only fall down on my knees and ask, nay beg, for help.

And who would I ask for help?

People in the outside world.

How awful this feels.

That's why I'm crying so much. These protective walls are breaking down and I can't seem to do a thing about it. I'm so vulnerable, naked, open, and raw. The slightest germ can crush me now. Who will protect me as I lie naked and open in the field?

Who will protect me as I lie in the open field? Only others. If they don't, I am dead. In the outside world of "objective reality" I am totally dependent upon them.

It terrifies me. Perhaps it is terror that lies beneath my sadness. And why not? If my life in the outside world is totally dependent upon others, and they decide not to help me, I will die.

Is it "easier" to cry and be sad than to be terrified? Probably.

By holding on to my stocks I have been holding on to my inner chamber.

Now that the walls are breaking perhaps I can look outside, see how miserable my stocks are – and this in "objective reality" – and act by selling them.

Perhaps I have also been holding onto Joel as guardian of my inner room. If I give him up, then I'll have to give up the belief in my inner room.

Yes, my room is invulnerable – but only on the inside. On the outside, in the workings of "objective reality" what happens in my inner room, means almost nothing.

We'll see where this leads.

My stocks stink today. Shouldn't I act on them today while they stink? True, tomorrow they may get better. They may not stink. On the other hand, they may stink even more. Worrying about what may happen tomorrow will definitely paralyze my ability to act today.

Perhaps I should to act today. Perhaps I am ready to sell them while they stink. I'll handle tomorrow when it comes.

This is a totally new approach, not only to stocks, but to everything. (It is happening only because my walls broke down.)

Let's see where it leads.

All my life I have surrounded myself with walls to protect my treasure. Now I am opening up the walls, letting the outside in. I am also letting the inside out.

Now wonder I'm feeling inside out, or outside in.

Has it really been "all my life?" Does it really take so long? (Again the "What's the matter with you?" voice. "How come you're so stupid that it takes so long?")

Or did all this really begin in early childhood, infancy really? Was there once a time I was without walls and completely open? Did I let the outside in and the inside out?

Did I "learn" this behavior and way of thinking in order to protect myself? Did I learn to divide the world into inside and out?

Was there ever a time of oneness?

Wednesday, December 29, 1999

Dear Ma,

Where am I on your birthday? Practically in a panic. Where are you? Where are my saviors, helpers, and protectors? Nowhere. Finances keep crashing on my head. Yesterday Birmingham Steel collapsed. Another blow. How much of this can I take? No relief in sight. I am crashing to the bottom. And God wants it that way! He wants me to crash, suffer, and almost die. And there is nothing I can do about it. Oh sure, I

can work and put in the effort. But the results are up to God, and He says "No!" No results for you, Jim Gold. Only effort. I've carried you long enough. Now you're on your own.

Maybe He's trying to teach me I can make it on my own. . . Or how to make it on my own. But so far I'm not. And things keep getting worse. Expenses keep rising; I keep sinking; and no new money is coming in. There is no lifeboat or land in sight. But God won't let me drown. I just keep suffering as I sink into the shit morass of thirteenth ring purgatory.

What is the fucking purpose of all this suffering?

Abandonment Returns

I feel so discouraged. It is unlike me to admit discouragement either to myself or others. I almost never use the word. I'm usually afraid that saying it will make me feel even worse. Well, it's true. I do feel worse.

I feel totally abandoned by God and my customers. My financial support system has fled. No one is calling or registering. Even my stock support system has disintegrated.

I am re-experiencing abandonment, but this time on a financial level.

Is it brave to open the door, to feel and admit such discouragement?

Is this what happens when my walls fall down and I let people and the world into my room? Is their first trampling visit one of total discouragement?

I am so open, raw, and wounded by everything.

I looked at the stock pages. Birmingham Steel came back. Talk about being mentally whipsawed and teetering in the wind.

Maybe the rise of Birmingham Steel is an optimistic symbol that, along with the poisons, good things will also come into my room. When the walls fall, both supporters and detractors rush in to fill the empty floor space.

I am naked before the world. All my hidden places are showing.

Friday, December 30-Jan. 2, 2000

Wednesday, January 5, 2000

Crying For Joy

I sit in the Paramus JCC playing guitar. The Alhambra pours out of me. Then I play Farruca and Zapateado and even Leyenda with a perfect tremelo.

I start to cry and cry. Why? I'm having one success after another. Maybe I'm crying for all the years I suffered, all the years it took to get there, all the years it took to reach Alhambra Land.

Tears. . . of joy? I'm finally free. . . I can play. . . at last!

I cry again this morning as the Alhambra pours out of me. Perhaps the pain in my right shoulder is because that is where I held the pain for so many years.

I'm not used to thinking of myself as a sufferer. But perhaps that is not true. Perhaps I have accepted my public personality as my "true" personality. But, deep down, I have always felt both suffering and joy. Perhaps joy is part of the suffering. I experience tears of pain and tears of ecstasy. But often, on the down side, I usually feel fear and even panic. Although I do cry on the down side, it is not that often. Could it be that most of my crying is really related to tears of joy?

Something to think about.

I've Made It

I have to admit I've made it.

I have reached the realm of transcendent confidence. Proof is: I can play Alhambra, Leyenda, and other tremolo pieces in public. I have conquered the tyranny of women.

Friday, January 7, 2000

I am just getting very disgusted and pissed. And this at myself for being such a wimp. And this at myself for not accepting, for having trouble accepting my TC vision. I'm sick of questioning it.

Disgusted and pissed are signs that I'm "coming back," that my energy rising.

However, I don't believe in energy surges anymore.

In other words, I don't believe in anything that goes up and down. I can see its transience.

Is this another "expression" of TC?

Monday, January 10, 2000

Soleares

Pour the Soleares right into their hearts. I cry at the image, thought, and direction.

I am cold and trembling and crying. There is nothing left but to do this.

This is a complete collapse of all former boundaries. I can't take it anymore. I'm going backwards. . . for awhile.

Pour Soleares into their hearts means, in a more general and larger way, pour myself into the hearts of others. Any this, not only in guitar performance, but in all things.

I can't take this total collapse anymore. I'm gettin' outta here!

Tuesday, January 11, 2000

Daring to Dream

Daring to dream the business dream in the fullness of my splendor.

Daring to dream it on the couch where inner and outer have disappeared.

Daring to dream it lying on my back with the power of God's radiance pouring into my wall-less mind.

Daring to dream it with all barriers down.

Daring to dream it with outer crossing inner, and inner drifting into outer.

Daring to dream it under the transcendental confidence light.

Daring to turn my private room into God's Chamber.

Daring to dream it with my beloved customers in mind.

Daring to pour my hearts contents into their mixed and mingled blood.

Daring to make them part of my dream, to include them in the vast washing ocean of Inner and Outer with its waves pounding down on sandy beaches, grinding the ocean bottom into the sifting powder of union.

Daring to take words, turn them into people, and eat them all up.

I shed a tear for the beauty of this transformation, the magnificent union of this idea.

I am at the doorway of a new Expansion, one whose future, based in concrete reality, I could never even conceive of in my dreams.

Wednesday, January 12, 2000

Loving Customer Sales Mode

Such resistance to writing. I'm in such an outgoing sales mode. I spent five hours on the phone yesterday, and with success. The tours are rallying. Much interest

in Tunisia and Bulgaria, along with some possible customers. But the intensity of it all—of calling all day: I couldn't stop; I couldn't relax; I couldn't get it out of my head.

Really, I have no words for this “new” experience. Actually, it is not new at all. It is old. On one level, it is so exciting I can't stand it. And this is true on the second level as well. Probably the third and fourth, too.

“So exciting I can't stand it.” Where have I heard this one before? Everywhere, that's where.

In any case, this loving customer sales mode is where I'm at. Calling, sales, customers: I love it!

The Ache of Excitement

Is the heaviness and aching in my body due to resistance to my loving it? Possibly. I felt it last night before folk dancing. Everything ached in a new and strange way. Then it dawned on me. I was lidding the great day of phone calls and sales that I just had; I was closing it down, covering it up because I couldn't stand the excitement of what I had just done. All those phone calls! The high of working so hard. The intensity and passion of struggling, trying, fighting, and functioning in the “real,” “outside,” workaday world was too much for my old in-room mind. I couldn't fit such an experience into my brain plan. So I shut it down. I clamped down on all the flowing juices of excitement, forcing them back into place. And lowering the sluices created my pre-folk dance class aches and pains.

I guess I'll have to learn to live with the excitement of functioning in the non-addictive workaday world. It doesn't have the extreme highs and lows of my “old” in-room experience. But its goodies are growing. I just don't know quite what to make of all this.

Land of the Bland

If and when I sell my stocks, I am selling (and giving up, losing) my addictive

high of hope.

Of course, I would also be giving up its addictive lows.

But then I would have to “settle” for the bland, the road of “objective reality” with its truncated ups and downs, its mild, bland, and balanced reality.

The addictive high of hope gave me a false shot of adrenalin.

But it was once “healthy” and protective to live within the addictive highs of hope. It protected me, gave me sustenance, carried me through all the downs. Its existence and the hope of its appearance, enabled me to go on.

How will life be without it? Can I give up the vision of shooting stars, stocks soaring, and unheard of, undreamed of riches miraculously falling into my lap? Can I replace it with the mere interest payments of bonds, money markets, treasuries, or CD's? They are truly boring, dull, and hope-less. But, of course, they are “real.”

Can one find TC (transcendent confidence) in a bond? Would such a “dull” life ever satisfy me?

And yet, even as I ask the question, I “know” the answer. I’ve gone the addictive high route. Been there, done that. It simply hasn’t worked. Plus, its illusion has been unmasked. That is the main thing. I can no longer be “fooled” into believing it. Thus, once again, I am in the position where I “have no choice” but to start exploring the State of Dull in the Land of the Bland.

Is there a way of keeping the “addictive high” and staying in the “real” world?

Thursday, January 13, 2000

Misionera

Change the music to fit my technique, or improve my technique to fit the music.

Saturday, January 15, 2000

It's hard to be optimistic when I'm selling all my stocks because with them, I'm selling all my hope.

Hope for what? First, financial security. Why do I (did I) want financial security? In order to be an artist; in order to write. But I am writing, (and have always been writing even while I was and am financially insecure). Perhaps the whole idea and hope of writing in financial security was an illusion. Perhaps, for me, the whole idea of security was an illusion.

The only time in my life I made money was when I as "one my own." Once I got into the stock market (with its false hopes of incredible financial gains) I started losing money. And this for years and years. In other words, the illusion, the hope of financial security through the hidden helping hand of an invisible stock market god, lasted for years. And even though it never worked, I kept believing that some day it would. But that is over now. God (if He still exists for me) is showing me that the illusory hopes of incredible financial gains and personal security through the magnetic rising of stocks is simply not my way.

Too bad. What a hard and painful lesson to learn. I'll have to stand on my own two feet whether I like it or not.

On Playing the Arpeggios in Prelude Number 4 by Villa-Lobos

Crossing the Barrier into the Land Of Too Hot: A good title for my next leaf.

Monday, January 17, 2000

I'm loving my customers. And I'm loving their response to me. I'm loving their calls and attendance at my folk dance classes.

I guess the key here is that I am acknowledging how much I love it. It is now becoming a totally unblocked love.

Monday, January 17, 2000

I wonder if my aches and pains are my way of destroying the good. Certainly, being overwhelmed is.

They are my put and push downs.

1. Overwhelmed: the frantic running from right to left, forward and back.

2. Back, shoulder, neck, knee, and ankle top aches. Each pain relates to a specific attempt to destroy the good emanating from its area.

A. Right shoulder: gains on the computer.

B. Also general fatigue and disgust with not running, not pursuing the good.

But it all started after my glorious Saturday feeling: Great brochure. It is mine! My writing, my personality etc. Plus folk dance success in Bloomfield (and this after folk dance success in Darien!) Plus tours, moving, mailing done and excellent, calls moving and okay. All good stuff.

Then I came home and down, down, down. Watched TV until 1:00 a.m. Rock and roll. And this instead of appreciating and wahooing it! A temporary retreat from the Land of Too Hot. This led to my overwhelmed on Sunday, the semi-demi Bernice debacle, tiredness etc.

But all this because I was so up!

Let's call it all a "slip." I'm continuing my way up today. But first, I must face and re-enter the Land of Too Hot.

My aches and pains must be reinterpreted as signs of how my mind destroys (it also creates) my goodness. It is the struggle between good and evil within.

I must reinterpret them so that I won't be frightened, discouraged, or upset by them. I might even be grateful and appreciative of them. Hey, why not? After all, they are my personal early warning signals, antennas in the night. They tell me the evil forces are approaching, marching to fight and destroy my goodness.

The evil inclination; the good inclination. Lovely and balanced Hebrew

concepts.

January 18, 2000

For years I have been afraid to look at the stock pages.

Out of control: push down (if the stocks were down); unreal elation (if the stocks were up). But always that out of control feeling. "Someone else" (God, etc.) is running the stock market and my stocks. Not me.

Now, dissolving and pushing aside the put-down aspect (I'm wrong or right), I can run it!

I can run the stock market. I can run my own stocks.

A major control decision.

It's a feeling of being dissolved and not even remembering who I am.

This is rather disconcerting, but true.

I just don't recognize it; I don't recognize myself. I don't recognize my playing. I don't recognize who I am.

My old personality and persona is dissolving in a dizzying liquid solution.

Wednesday, January 19, 2000

The Deal

Tours have always lost money – or at least I've spent more than I've earned. Only Bulgaria in 1995 and Budapest a year later were the good ones. Maybe there were a few others. But I've been in debt two times through tours.

Only the hope and the dream to make money kept me alive.

Same thing in the stock market. Except for a few stocks, I've never made any money. A few good stocks for a few years. That's it. All else was the hope and dream of making money.

Weekends and folk dance classes have always made money. Not much, but some. So, of course, did bookings and guitar lessons.

How did I get into this hope and dream mess?

I had a deal. It was: stay in my room, the creative chamber of my imagination, and someone outside will direct and take care of my life. My mother, an angel, a person with magical powers who will magically make my stocks rise and people register for my events. This, of course, never happened. But I hoped it would. Actually, I “knew” it would. It was part of the deal.

The other part of the deal was: if I leave my room, the creative chamber of my imagination, and I go out on my own into the outside world, my guardian angel will no longer take care of me. (Not that she ever really did. I just hoped she would.) All this, of course, is intrapsychic. But intrapsychic certainly effects outside reality.

If I leave my room and go out on my own, I lose the protection of my guardian angel. True, in her place I may get the “real” thing, God Himself. But God is not going to magically protect me the way my imaginary angel did. That’s because God is too real. If I’m standing with Him, I’ll have to stand on my own two feet. If I walk with Him, I’ll have to walk on my own two feet. Like Noah and Abraham.

The new deal is: I’m out of my room, creating on my own. I’ve lost my guardian angel. In her place, I’ve found a real, tough-as-nails God. Sure He’ll help me perceive my inner core. But He won’t get me tour registrants or make my stocks go up. I’ll have to do that on my own. How I’ll do it, I don’t know.

If I can do it, I don’t know. Is it even “realistic” to think I can do it? Oh sure, I can do a little. But the mammoth, shooting star, exploding gains I had hoped for, nay expected, are fading out of the picture fast.

Is their loss what is causing not only the (computer) pain in my neck and shoulders, but other aches and pains as well? It is my “good right arm,” after all, that I am “losing.”

By the way, part of me still doesn’t believe this is happening. But I’m believing it more and more.

Part of me also doesn’t believe I have this (computer) pain in my neck and

shoulder. Can I really believe in my intuition and inner vision so much that I can not only create these pains but dissolve them, too?

Are they really related to the computer? Or are they something “bigger?”

Money is both my torture and my teacher.

Could my shoulder pains be money pains in disguise? Hey, why not?

Originally, I got into the stock market so that I could stay in my room and support myself.

It didn't work.

I supported myself anyway. And this in spite of the stock market. But I always secretly, and not so secretly, wanted to stay in the creative room of my imagination. Now I've come out and am facing the financial debris such a desire has created.

I've always “scraped along.” But, since the beginning of my tour business, my expenses have been so large.

If I cut back on expenses, sell my stocks and get even with my debt (thus cutting interest expenses), and revert to the “simple life” with its “simple expenses,” (maybe) I can get along.

The simple life. But I would be in control of every detail.

Another way of looking at it: The stock market has served its purpose. It is no longer needed. Yes, its college is expensive. But I have learned and graduated. I'm now ready to move on.

Twenty years to go to stock market college.

Twenty years to feel comfortable playing classical guitar.

Well, growth takes time. Why, even Rip Van Winkle slept twenty years.

Why does money elude me?

It must have something to do with me.

But what?

January 20, 2000

Building the "New" Folk Dance Base

From Greek tour in October to my January 15th brochure mailing concludes a three-month mad growth period. I've done it. Mad Shoe Tours is complete. At least, it is complete in my brochure, and in my mind.

Also I've decided to sell my stock. By March, April, certainly by May, I'll be debt free. (Unless, of course, there is another unforeseen financial debacle like a stock market crash, etc.)

By sending my ship of brochure sailing upon the waters I've done everything I can do for now.

The only thing left is to search for new ports.

Product is done. Creating new customers is the only direction I have left. How and where to find them?

Calling old customers is a "done and dead" path. My best bet lies in the direction of new customers. This is the world of "starting over."

In fact, it is where all my efforts should be. This, and running.

New customers and running.

Running after new customers. Thus, in a sense, running and new customers go together.

Part of the new life.

I am starting over. From zero and scratch.

I am also practically starting over in running.)

How and where do I find new customers? Where do I begin the path?

Library, bookstore. I need inspirationals and enthusiasms. I don't need "technical assistance." I already know how to sell. I just have to find out where.

A customer base.

How about building up a new folk dance customer base! At \$8 a person, I'm being "paid" to build a base. Plus, I love my folk dance customers. They go on weekends and are ninety-five per cent of my tourists. Many of my bookings and guitar lessons come directly from them through or through their recommendations.

How about potential customers throughout the USA? Well, most of them come through folk dancing, anyway.

This means:

1. Keep minimal ads running in folk dance journals to "keep my name alive."
2. Keep minimal ads in International Travel News.
3. Keep minimal ads in "other."

The key word here is "minimal." Cut back ad and other expenses. My prime effort, one that will at least pay me \$8, will be towards finding new folk dancers, and building up my local folk dance base.

These are the people, the customers, I can then call to come on Weekends and Tours.

Tears of beauty

Tears of sadness

Tears of joy.

Three kinds of tears, all so different.

And yet, all are tears.

Friday, January 21, 2000

Grounded: My Credo for the Millennium

Ready for rebirth. (Oh no, not again!)

How will this one be different from the last one?

More grounded.

Grounded means stick to folk dance customers, focus on finance, pay closer attention to the numbers. It means finding God in the flesh: in the small, daily, material things around me; it means a zoom lens on the minute present and being satisfied with what I find there.

In writing, it asks that I take one word at a time, one sentence and paragraph at a time.

In guitar. . . I don't know yet. Perhaps putting together a program for concrete, grounded bookings in clubs, organizations, etc.

In folk dancing it means calling and focusing on each individual customer.

For tour and weekend: it means the same as in folk dancing.

Grounded means "one-at-a-time" shall reign.

It may also mean selling my stocks and thinking in terms of concrete, grounded interest rates.

One registrant for a tour or weekend and I go up, high into the stratosphere. Soon I have hundreds registered and I am overwhelmed.

Same thing with stocks: they go up a quarter of a point and soon they are catapulting into the stratosphere. I am so much richer; again I get overwhelmed.

There is a similar relationship between stock and registrant: Both are based on imaginary thinking.

I was happier as an addict addicted to the highs and lows created by the imagination chamber of my mind. But I just got tired of crashing.

And indeed, they were crashes. It's just that my highs denied them.

Sadness measures expansion. But disguised tears I shed celebrate a new inner freedom.

Saturday, January 22, 2000

Pilloried Pissers

The pilloried pissers of a downward, down-beat reality fight and strangle the polluted soul held deep within the fetid fortified fortuitous soul of my putrid rotting inner being. Reality is beating the down shit out of me, fighting for the underneath spirit to force and twitter its piss-potting way out of my putrid bunggholy. Yes, of course I'm mad, and sad, and down, and out, and every rotten corpuscular creepescent dynamite shithead in the book. And why not? Lose all your money. Well, I don't even know why. And who the hell cares about sinking duckheads or walrus-feted pistoons sinking into the wallowing sea. I'm out of the box, locked in step with chains on my neck, dragged down to the ocean bottom where it's so low it feels like up. Shoulders twitching, bellowing, aching; legs apart and asunder in the sandwich arms of beautiful Pocohantas, the Pock-o-Hont Ass of the mighty West. Oh for an aeons of time gone to seed. Oh, for a hepatitis scare in the Danube River where pink-green sea lions romp of broken parchese buttons.

Dandelions are singing, but not in my back yard. The seraphin twists its mighty binoculars skywards while Sara Finn, the wel-known ice cream mistress, switches on her tongue-dick, the mighty albumen of cohorts gone to rye Beach for a lemonade under the sun.

This is not working to pry open the lemons from my rinders. But complain do I not. The magic potent of mighty word, sandwiched within mighty salad, may be the only cure of Ointment-Upon-Twitch, the killer disease that reigns in hospitals and rains on parking lots through the western side of Europe right above the kidney.

Thank you, James Joyce, for reminding me. Your Finnegans Wake and Johannas Burg Asleep Isare the ointments for a pretty childhood.

Ah, childhood. Wouldn't I like to go to that soft wet green luscious turnip-laden factory field where the carrot juices flow among the orange peels. Wouldn't I like to drink seepy garbage bags full of manure laden pestopees, heavy with sinkings, weighted down with fortitudinous platitudes of pea-filled wonders where only God eats an apple.

Yes, indeed, this is piss-peed learning. But it is good for my brain, cleans the waves of Saturn plants hanging in the underbrush of my toenails. There, there, can't you see? A leopard leaps out from behind the cellophane woodwork, grabs a word by the balls, and strangles it with his teeth, and this all before orthodontal work.

Sunday, January 23, 2000

A Big Step into the New Land

Over the Cliff

I have been torn in half, and torn up.

I don't recognize myself anymore.

This will take some time to get used to.

Yes, I was ready to climb over the cliff. Now I am getting ready to jump. But, once you decide to go over, it doesn't matter much whether you climb or jump. A qualitative versus a quantitative change. It is only a question of degree. But preparing the body and mind for that first step takes the longest and is the hardest.

Another step into the New Land. A big one.

Who am I? Who is this impoverished, debt-free person living in the New Land?

I don't know yet.

I feel so weird standing in my new body, wearing my new mind, like a hat, on my head.

Concrete Steps

I have taken concrete steps into the New Land. The first one took place during New Year's Weekend when I played Alhambra in public for the first time.

The second took place when I decided to sit opposite Dave, to "face reality directly," to confront and deal with the "outside world and its objective reality."

The third big concrete step is selling all my stocks, and using the money to pay off all my debts.

These are three concrete "starting over" steps. Alhambra took twenty years of practice. Facing Dave, symbol of the outside world and its objective reality, probably took most of my lifetime. Now, selling my stocks to pay off my debts is a financial starting over. It is "taking charge" of my life in its financial form.

Monday, January 24, 2000

A New Stock Market Thought

Maybe the stocks I own are horse and buggy stocks. Maybe the companies were once good but are not anymore. There is no sign they will get better in the future.

This all only adds to my disillusionment with Joel. Sure he couldn't promise my stocks would go up but at least he could know they were good companies with good balance sheets, management, etc.

But evidently he didn't know this either. Maybe Birmingham Steel was a good company when I bought it; maybe it collapsed only because the market for steels crashed. But now the market has improved. Still, Birmingham hasn't gone up. In fact, its management has fallen apart; the stock has gone down again! This is also true for Canadian Gulf Oil. Oil prices have doubled but this fucking stock hasn't moved at all.

Maybe all my stocks are bummers. Joel just plain steered me wrong. Of course, I am also responsible because I agreed to be steered wrong. But I thought I was being steered right. I had hope that someday my stocks would go up. They were "good companies." It would surely happen when the prices of their commodities turned around. Well, maybe they weren't good companies. And, as for the prices turning

around, oil has doubled but Canadian Gulf hasn't moved an inch. Aluminum has gone up but Kaiser Aluminum has, after first going nowhere, now has gone down. The strike at Kaiser may grind it into the ground, making it a bad company now, just as the poor management in Birmingham Steel now makes it a bad company, too.

What a stock shit hole I'm in. The only positive thing is it may fertilize a new direction.

The decision to to "give up" my stocks was preceded by a weekend of great sadness. I was mourning not only the selling of my assets but also the death of my illusion. The illusion was that my investments would ultimately turn out to be right and I would be saved. I discounted the down side of not only my stocks, but also my tour business. I became dis-illusioned.

My anger in turning from inward to outward.

By raising the great financial lid, out come all the worms of rage and scorpions of disgust at how I have been treated, both by myself and others.

Tuesday, January 25, 2000

Lifting The Third Lid

Disillusionment is a mixture of disgust and rage.

That's why I've temporarily lost interest in guitar, writing, reading, and studying. All have been partly goal-oriented. I wanted to accomplish something. But accomplishments will not change my inner core. Nor my outer. Plus, others will treat me no differently .

That I should pay off my debt is only for my own satisfaction. Lifting it lifts an enormous lid. When I do it, (and in my mind I already have), the serpents of rage, and the scorpions from hell, will crawl out of my mental nests, and, instead of attacking me from within, will now attack the outside world with righteous indignation.

Thus will I truly stand up for myself.

By lifting this lid, I now lift a huge load of oppression from my inner shoulders. The seething rage that I have turned on myself has leaked out. It is running wild on the streets and flowing into my dealings with the outside world. My blustering scream symbolizes the pushing aside of my financial boulder, the lifting the third lid.

I have spent most of my life in my room “playing the violin” and getting familiar with heaven. I know heaven. Celestial vibrations have been my bread and butter.

But now the question is: With one foot in heaven can I find happiness with the other foot anchored to earth?

I am disillusioned. Perhaps “merely” heavenly life has run its course. I’m ready for a new approach.

Wednesday, January 26, 2000

Why do I cry after each expansion? Because it hurts to break down walls.

It is painful to give up the past. But once done, the present rushes in to take its place.

Friday, January 28, 2000

What were the last three years of therapy about? To find out what I knew anyway? Or to gave confidence in what I knew anyway?

No doubt the latter.

Saturday, January 29, 2000

Calm

Calm.

Can passion survive in the calm state? Should it? Do I want it too?

Do I even have a choice?

Calm is here.

It is a new state in a new land.

It comes with a financial base even though the financial base doesn't exist yet; a "virtual" financial base.

It is a mental state.

Perhaps I will be doing everything I have always done—following my miracle schedule—but in a tranquil state. This alone signifies a totally different way of life.

I am neither comfortable or uncomfortable in it—only it feels "strange."

My desires are down—but not out.

I'm acting, moving—but not frantically.

Yogis say the State of Calm is the place to be. I agree. But only intellectually. But now I have crossed the border.

Sunday, January 30, 2000

Instead of seeing my state as the ending of an old life—which it is, why not see it as the beginning of a new life, a brand new life?

Tabula rasa.

What does this new life contain?

It starts with the fact that I can play Villa-Lobos Prelude Number 4, Leyenda, and Alhambra.

The pep and parlance must be percolating within. How else could the stradopopleheads of nincompoop nightmares so easily distort their perfidious viewpoints right behind my noses? Impossible, you say? Well, I say not at all. For bifesterious rodrot can no longer festoon the dunkquithis as easily as before. The bedrot is well at hand. Only a soliloquy can save it. And from now on these hanging

nightmares, fresh from the lawn soup where prepositories dwell in anal fixtures, could never, until the former hour, partake of such bundingheaded bubbledebus.

Sinking, sinking, into the land rot. Turnips fell the fields and longjohns pepper the diatribic Dutch soup with garlic pellets and tersichorean marmalade. Can a Korean be far behind?

Dank, putrid, and dusty. The wormwood road of circumlocution. Only an udder would object. But where are the mighty utters of yesteryear? Can't a wart expand on a dumpling? Ever? Is there no hope for the loading dock? Must peppered peacocks every waddle, saddle in hand, across the banking mechanisms of a 23rd street gone wild?

Probably not.

Festeen, pullulous, and pungatoric, these harbor diatonics wiehg in at forty bulbous pounds each. Rot and rit, shot and shit, write and night, crank and shovel against each others, beating breasts of fire where wet molasses squirts out of each titoferous bulbulosity.

Can a wet mop ever hang a muffin? Can a bentworth ever singe a hindloin? Can a monk ever work at Butterflake? But more important is the question asked in all monasteries: can a monk ever key? Do monks own keys? And if they did, would they be monk keys?

Aha, thus so-do-does biology meets evolution behind the spires of back alley rags.

Monday, January 31, 2000

What About Dreams?

Can one get excited about. . . business?

It is so bordered, narrow, earthly, limited, and outer directed.

Wouldn't I rather dream about archaeology, languages, word origins, and ancient history? Wouldn't I be better off conquering the past and future rather than

functioning in the “mere” business present?

What about dreams?

At the moment my “dreams” are limited to merely getting more bookings and finding more registrants. They don’t even rate as dreams. They are more like desires, wants, even needs. Important motivators, no doubt, but nothing celestial here.

And yet it is in this uninspiring place that I now reside. The former addict has settled into the heavy, non-addictive, down-to-earth world. The highs of dreaming, along with its crashing lows when reality hit, have faded away. I live in a middle ground of somewhat bland reality.

Call this a life? The miracle aspect is being removed from my miracle schedule. It is turning into a mere schedule.

I can’t even say I’m depressed about this. No, that would be too good for me. Depression belongs to the high-low addictive mind. That state has been dribbling away. The “reality state” has taken its place – boring, bland, dull with a few hops added for “spice.”

“Reality” is so “meaningless.” It is the going nowhere, getting no place, so what? state. Perhaps writing verbal salads might lift me out of this cocoon. I could even “stay in reality” as I do it.

And again I repeat: I am not that down from being here. Nor up, either. Just in the middle somewhere.

I’m also editing and editing. I’m doing the things I’ve avoided or hated doing. I’m no longer muddling. Instead, I’m middling.

I’ve accomplished many of my artistic “life” goals. At this point perhaps a new reason for doing things might be: to sooth me rather than improve me.

Wednesday, February 2, 2000

Can I Find Transcendence in Midland Park?

Can I bring transcendence into the middle?

Life without transcendence is, well, pretty dull. I can't even get a good depression going. By cutting off my highs I have also cut off my lows. Even though it's over, I miss my roller coaster life. Sure the darkness of hell isn't as intense but neither is the light of heaven.

I live now in Middle Land, Midland Park, as it were. Midland Park is neither good nor bad, high nor low, hot or cold. Luke warm, perhaps, but not even. Actually, I have no words to describe this place yet. I can't even say if I like it or not. That's because it's mostly nowhere.

Is there any way of bringing transcendence back into my life? How about my love of studies, passion for guitar, learning, word salads, love, writing, yoga, running, and volley ball? How about dizzying hopes and dreams? Where the fuck did these phantoms go? I loved riding on their wings. Now that I am weighed down by "realism," all their coffee juices have vanished. I know I can't go backwards; I can't return to their loving arms in their old forms. But isn't there a way I can love them again in a new form?

Isn't this journal called "New Form?" Sure, life in the middle is a new form. It is the "realism" of the new neighborhood. And, no question, I am there. But I lost so much juicy transcendence on the way. I want to get it back.

But how?

Let's start with hopes and dreams. Where I used to see an endless sky, an infinity above my head, now, in the land of the middle, I see only a ceiling. It may be a high ceiling, but there is no comparison between its limits and the limitless. Of course, on the down side, I often used to see myself falling into an infinite terror-filled abyss. Nevertheless, this was more than offset by spiking dramatic highs which sent me shooting through the roof of sky straight into heaven itself. There even briefly, I realized the mystic dream. I lived for that vision. It made all the down panic stricken

terror-filled moments worthwhile.

Can I find transcendence in Midland Park? Can it infuse my life once again?

Loss of Hope in Stocks:

Is It Related to "Take Charge" of My Life?

I've lost hope in the stock market. Now I believe my stocks are losers, will go nowhere (but down?), and I am just waiting to pounce on the "right time" to sell them.

The death of this dream is so sad. A devastating loss of hope. It has truly taken the wind out of my sails and my sales.

I could say this loss of hope is based on my decision to take charge. I've decided that I will not wait any longer for my stocks to go up but to sell them. . . now. Since I have made that decision they have gone down much further. And they keep sinking. This makes my decision even harder. Do I want to sell out at the bottom? Is this the bottom, or will they go down even further? (No doubt, they will.) Should I wait another horrible month or two? Where does the "outside world," the stock world of "reality," fit in? Should I make a decision based solely on my "feelings?" But no one knows the future of these stocks. What else can I make it on?

Anyway, the deeper question is: is the loss of my hopes and dreams related to my decision to take charge of my life?

Good question.

"Taking charge" sounds good. It's macho and very American. But it has so many losses. Truly, what am I gaining from it?

It represents the ceiling and floor of my Middle Ground life. Yes, I can "control" that small and limited area.

But look at what I'm giving up to do it. Transcendence, beauty, limitless truth, soaring, flying through mad shoe space, running wild on the adult cosmic lawn.

Is taking charge worth it?

But, of course, that is where I am now. There is no turning back. The search for

a "New Form" continues.

Everything is limited since I have decided to take charge.
Perhaps that means (among other things) setting limits.

This ends a new leaf.