

## Reclaiming Body and Soul

Tuesday, July 26, 2005

### Birth of Jim Gold International Miracle Schedule!

This is my first day back. I have just completed a herculean amount of work, a herculean task. I have:

1. Edited all my New Leaves! That means I have created a New Leaf 4-6, and a New Leaf 7. Two volumes are ninety-eight per cent ready to go, to be published. This, coupled with New Leaf 3 (ready to publish) completes this herculean labor. This frees me from my pre-transitional, transitional, and post-transitional modes. I am now ready to move ahead, plunge onwards. Thank God and Amen!

2. I am now (at least today) writing in “old world” New Leaf mode. (This is not Dr. Zany mode.) However, I need to do this, to return briefly to the past, in order to put myself together again for the next and future fling into the future. This will include new modes of doing, ones I have even now yet to discover. New modes in: yoga, running, study, business building, JGI growth and development, sales, dancing, and more. I don't quite know what the future will bring, but at least the mop-up job of the past is finished.

3. I need now to return, or rather, move ahead to, my former modes, my former miracle schedule forms. I hate to use such old words, terms, and phrases like miracle schedule, and even names like yoga, running, study etc. After all, if I am moving into new modes, I need new terms and names to describe them. But for now all I have is the old ones. So I'll use them until something new comes along.

### Bulgarian Left Shoulder: Success/Responsibility Pains

And a present question to ask, and problem to deal with is: My left shoulder. Is it a vacant isolated injury, something radically new and different on the injury horizon? Or is it a place where all the tensions, expansions, and growths of my upcoming New

World are expressed?

According to my pain theory, my left shoulder should relate to my mental and spiritual life. should, in some subtle way, be a psychosomatic “expression” (actually lack of expression) of my upcoming Bulgarian tour concerns. It “should” be a “new form” of pre-tour anxiety.

Well, is it?

Well, why not? That is the way my old body and mind, my mind-body connection has operated in the past. Why should now be different? Through awareness I have dealt with fears and pre-tour anxieties expressed in and through lower back pains. I cannot be “fooled” by them in the old way anymore. Yet pre-tour concerns do persist. Where have they gone? Perhaps their new hiding place is in my left shoulder. After all, it is “crippling” me, making me helpless, trying to return me, in any form, to the familiarity of the old neighborhood.

Is my left shoulder my new resistance spot in the battlefield of self-awareness, and especially in the battle for JGI growth? I believe it is.

Every day is a new day, every old question has to be answered anew. Thus my next familiar question is: Dare I believe what I believe?

Dare I believe equals should I believe? Is it good to believe in what I believe in? Is what I believe in true?

Good questions. But here are some even better answers:

Yes, it is good to believe in what I believe in. It is good to relate (and even equate) my aches, and in particular, my left shoulder pain, to my upcoming Bulgarian tour, and to tour and business tensions in general. Why? First, it give me some control over my aches and my left shoulder pain; it also give meaning to the pain. It explain it and gives a why. This because it shows, demonstrates, how mind and body are intimately deeply, and inexorable connected!

If my mind hurt, my body will hurt as well. My body will reflect the pains of my mind.

Thus what I believe is not only true and right, it is also useful. I can use this self-awareness, this deep belief in the connection between body and soul, to heal myself.

The Bulgarian tour also represents my biggest tour success, the success of JGI, the success of my sales and promotional calls. With the glories of success come the fears, anxieties, weights, and burdens of responsibility.

The weighted pains, the anxiety burdens of responsibility now lie in my left shoulder, the Bulgarian shoulder.

They are success/responsibility pains. Deal with them as such.

### Birth Pangs

Business, to me, means, effecting and affecting the outside world. And this quite directly using both light artistic inner vibrations, and heavy, thick, physical, "material," "outer" (gone public) vibrations.

Doing business is my form of political activism, my Jewish form of healing and saving the world. Naturally, in the process, I heal and save myself as well.

Wednesday, July 27, 2005

### Debtless and New Leafless

Two great milestones have been passed:

1. I finished editing all my New Leaves. That means eleven years of work is now editing, in order, and (just about) done. It signifies the end of a period, an era, an epoch.

2. I paid off all of my debt. I have been in debt for twenty-six years. The first twenty-five was desirable debt. That is, I wanted to be in debt. I wanted and liked the experience and excitement of having all that extra money, putting it in the stock market, playing with it. Also during most of that time, all my debt was balanced by corresponding assets so my personal balance sheet was okay. Then the stock market

collapsed, my stocks collapsed, and my (stock market) finances collapsed. My assets no longer balanced or even equaled my liabilities. I left my broker Joel, and decided to go off on my own. I thought I could do better as a day trader. I gave myself two years to learn and decide if this stock market field was for me.

After one year of learning (in which I lost some money), and a second year of learning more (in which I lost more money) I finally decided that the market was not for me. Not only did I lose money in it, but it was taking up too much of my time and energy.

Plus I was losing sight of my original financial goal which was: To make money in the market, become financially secure, and thus be able to calmly support my life as an artist.

And a strange thing happened yesterday. After I mailed in the last of my debt, I went to Paramus JCC to teach folk dancing. It was the middle of a July heat wave and the air conditioner broke. I ended up canceling the class, and coming home around 6:00 p.m. I then did a long yoga practice, ate supper, then did a lovely guitar practice. Nice and slow, relaxed, and easy with beautiful tone.

This morning when I awoke, most (maybe all?) of my left shoulder pain was gone! Talk about minor miracles. I had sensed the pain was vaguely related to all the pressures I was under. Now, with New Leaf editing finished, debt paid off, and next week's Bulgarian tour all together, I must have completed some kind of long-term transition. Result: more mental peace, spiritual union, and physical removal of left shoulder pain. I can't believe it is all gone. But no question that most of it is.

No I am debtless and New Leafless. Where will this lead?

I wonder how this will effect and affect my JGI Miracle Schedule.

### Strategy and Serendipity (Spontaneity)

Does strategic planning kill serendipity?

Or, does strategic planning help one "relax" in the face of upcoming adversity

and thus, by “relaxing” in the situation, enable one to more easily seize the moment, grab serendipity?

Which one is right. . .and better?

I would like to believe, and follow, the latter.

This could be the leading question in the pursuit of my JGI Self.

I cry for the beauty and joy of the inner freedom I am beginning to feel.

It is a qualitatively different new kind of inner freedom: Based on finished New Leaf and a (debt-free) financial new-place.

### Moving from New Leaf to New Tree

Where is this place I am going to? What am I headed to? Who am I now?

Indeed, an old question. Having passed through (all) so many states, pre-transitional, transitional, post transitional, post-post transitional, new JGI Self, Beyond New Leaf (inner world), Beyond Debt (outer world), Beyond word salads and General Zany, Beyond Zany, Beyond Beyond. What a puzzle. Indeed, where am I heading?

Will I be writing? Will I need or want to write? Will I be writing at all? What place does (or will) writing have in my New Tree, New Trunk, New Life?

Will this compilation be called: Dr Zany, or Zany Files and Beyond, or Beyond Zany Files?

What interest will I have in reading, in study? Will I want to study anything? Without an interest in word salads, crazy, insane, mad shoe existence, ore dreaming will even language and history drift by the boards?

What about zing and zip? Will it become old and ancient, drifting into memory of a former New Leaf life?

What kind of fire and brimstone can be found in a New Tree or New Trunk? Or even Tree or Trunk for that matter?

Do I even want or need fire and brimstone?

What a strange, quiet, calm, new place is this No Debt-No Leaf Land.

Even my stomach is extending. I'm "letting it go." It's in Buddha letting it go mode. What does that mean?

I hate to give up my Imagination.

Maybe I'll write short fairy tales and leave it at that.

Yes, indeed, all the New Leaves have fallen off the tree. It's time for a New Tree. Of course this New Tree will have a New Trunk.

Should the next section be called New Tree or New Trunk?

Naturally, one contains the other. New Tree sounds prettier, more poetic. New Trunk sounds more comical, and rather stripped of branches, leaves, even roots. Trunk feels more like a logger's word. Since every tree has a trunk, I am leaning towards New Tree.

(Does overhanging stomach symbolize overhanging branches?)

### Make Your Life a Tone Poem

In the music world, notes are like leaves, and tone is like a trunk. Notes move, flit, and flow. Tone remains stable and steady. One cannot exist without the other. They comprise the essence of music.

Yes, I remain a Musician.

Until now (past forty years or more), the primary focus of my life was on notes. With my present shift, and Zany New Tree future, my focus will be on tone.

### Creating the New Mosaic

#### Assembling the Pieces

It seems I do not want, or am unable, to learn anything new. It seems I am in a coordinating mode or stage of life. I've collected all the pieces. Now my role is to bring them together in some kind of creative way. I am at the mosaic-creating stage. I've

“done everything else.”

How is this stage expressed?

First, I don't want (or am unable, or have no desire) to learn any new Bulgarian words, guitar pieces, folk songs, folk dances, etc. Tourwise, I don't want to explore any new countries. I don't want (have a need, desire, or ability) to learn a new language. I don't want to learn new techniques in computer.

Thus, I interpret this as a lack of desire, need, or interest to learn anything. My learning (of something new) has stopped.

Yes, I am at the mosaic stage. My role is to put together, bring together, all the pieces is a new and creative whole.

Part of that whole is the JGI Self. But it is more than that. Only how and what more, I do not know.

It is a business and artistic mosaic. A artistic business mosaic. Or a business artistic mosaic. But it is a mosaic.

It is an assembly problem. My present stage job is to assemble the pieces.

The accomplishment of the last twenty-five to thirty years was creating all the notes.

Now I have all the notes (I need). It is time to create (to write and compose) the new (the next) composition.

The new Music, my new composition, has to be a Mosaic of my past-created, now-known Notes.

I have to bring all religions of my country together in one gnostic Enthusiasm.

### Recognition of Sensitivity

I must be a much more sensitive person than I realize or give myself credit for. Such sensitivity gives me an extra power. But it can also cause damage, especially in and through my body.

How is this sensitivity expressed? Through the feeling of “burden” I carry whenever I run and prepare for an event, “expressed” in and through my body. I hurt everywhere. As I mentally prepare for my events, as they hang on my mind, I feel great fatigue, so tired, I can hardly move.

Plus I slightly pulled a muscle in my left hand index finger, my bar finger. I did it by not warming up in the usual way, by diving right into a bar. I’ve never pull this muscle, yet I have now. Was it because I didn’t warm up properly? Or was it due to receiving, feeling and “expressing” the burden of my earlier business/artistic mosaic and New Unification idea?

#### Accepting, Living in and with the Burden of Responsibility

It is my burden of responsibility. I used to hate the word “responsibility.” I refused to look at it, think about it, accept any weights from its burdens. Freedom was my thing. I wanted to be free from responsibility, all responsibility. I saw it party as a burden from Mother. Perhaps it was. But from the Divine Mother, too. And the Divine Father. But I always felt it. All I could do was deny its existence. Evidently, you can’t be Jewish and not feel responsibility something, perhaps for the World itself. It is a biblical injunction handed down for generations to all Jews. There is no escape. Denial of its existence is the only way out. Of course, it is not a real way out, not an actual escape. It is like saying the sun does not exist. Sure you can say it, you can say anything you like. But there is no reality to it.

What is responsibility but responding, responding to (being sensitive to) outside events, outside people, outside pressures?

When one is responsible one is responding, answering a question, request, or demand from the outside world. Of course answering any question, responding as such, puts a demand on you. And the world ever asks you to do things for it, even if only for your own survival. You must respond to it . . . or die. Yes, responding is a question of life or death.



Is that why my shoulders hurt, why they are ever on the edge of hurting, because I secretly feel this deep responsibility but deny its existence?

Is it too heavy a burden? Am I like Moses, who said to God, "Please don't lay this burden on me. I am too weak to carry it." Yes, please don't lay the burden of my Bulgarian tour on my shoulders, or any other burdens. I am too weak to carry them.

But God's answer is always: I'll help you. I'll put the words in your mouth. I'm behind you. Have faith in my power. Stop complaining, stop worrying. Just remember Me and shut up!

The new JGI Self is about seeing, knowing, acknowledging, and accepting this responsibility.

Again, it has always been there. I have always felt responsible for taking care of myself, fulfilling my talents, taking care of family, friends, folk dance teaching, tour leading, etc. (After all, my middle initial is "R." My passport says "James R. Gold.") Only I have refused to see it. Too difficult and painful. Like the pain of a hot sun ever shining down on me.

Saturday, July 30, 2005

### Responsibility

It's the new code word. And I like it! Now I am responsible, responding, response able. I'm answering the questions, doing the deeds in response.

Suddenly, and once again, my disciplines and their corresponding activities are important. They have been imbued with new meaning. Suddenly, I am imminently, and eminently, responsible.

I am responsible for myself and others.

But I am responsible for others through myself. My first responsibility is to myself; then through myself I lead and move out to others. But really, this is a superficial distinction. Actually, on the deepest level, there is no difference between

myself and others. When I act responsibly for myself, I am acting responsibly and fulfilling my responsibility to others. So this so-called "distinction" between self and public, myself and other, is really an intellectual (and sometimes emotional) one. Metaphysically, there is no difference. All is One.

Doing my own, individual and personal dances warm-ups and exercises, to strengthen and enlighten myself, I actually, in the near future, reach out to others.

Friday, July 29, 2005

### New Tree Jim

I've passed out of the (new) leaf stage and into the (new) tree stage. I've moved from flutter, flitter, dashing about, jumping from one thing to another, to sturdy, steady, focused, concentrated in a few areas.

The leaf focuses on air and waving in the surroundings. Although it can and does move and grow up and down, its primary focus is on horizontal creation and direction.

The tree focuses on roots, moving deeper and downwards towards the center of the earth while simultaneously moving upwards towards the sky. Although it can and does grow laterally, horizontally, its primary focus is on vertical creation and direction.

In any case, how does this effect me as a New Tree?

First I see I cannot (do not want to, am unable to, have no interest in) learning anything "new." Seems I can only do and delve into my old skills and directions. I do not want to learn any new guitar pieces, songs, or any new languages. Plus I am perfectly happy to do all my old yoga, running, calliyoga, and guitar exercises over and over again. I am not even that interested in learning new words in my old languages (although I will), Rather my focus in all areas seems to be treelike, that is, a focus on depth, sinking deeper and steadier roots into the soil of the "known." Actually, by studying them in depth, by reaching for and achieving a new level of knowledge, skill, and understanding of the areas, I am really again exploring the unknown. But this time

I am reaching and exploring unknown depths.

Thus specifically, as I prepare for my upcoming Bulgarian tour, I am studying old Bulgarian words and expressions. I am focusing on each one, trying to learn its essence and depth. This is true in guitar practice, too. I am steady, focused, listening, moving slow, cautiously, and downward. Towards the center of the guitar piece, the tone, and center of the earth I go.

The New Tree approach is certainly new and different. I don't know where it will lead. But it is steady and focused.

I want to my remain in the New Tree phase, flexible and strong. This as I remain aware of the dangers of turning into a rock, inflexible and breakable.

How is new tree effecting my body? How is its focused strength and flexibility affecting my bones and muscles? How does it express itself through my physical form?

So far all aches and pains remain. And my left shoulder seems to either be getting worse, or remaining in the same unaccountable, puzzling, strange hurting state. Also true of my wake up bones and stiff muscles.

True, the trunk of a tree is stiffer (and stronger) than its branches (and certainly stronger than its leaves!) Are these aches and pains the developmental and growing pains, the preliminary phases of New Tree growth?

My old self believes they are.

The new JGI Self would like to believe they are.

We'll see what the new JGI Self, this New Tree Jim, comes up with.

Trees are not leaves. Although they need and own these flitters, they are not them. Leaves are the children, trunk is the father. Leaves are the periphery, trunk is the center.

Perhaps my body is stiffening a bit to form the trunk. A necessary growth stage.

Using Pre-Tour Anxieties to Hiding from the Excitement

I wonder if I am using pre-tour anxieties as a pretext to hide from the Tour Excitement.

I wonder if all my pre-tour fears, worries, jitters, and woes are subtle ways to disguise and hide from the excitement of running, leading, and going on (traveling on) my tours!

This would mean a basic tour truth, an honesty, a real look at my deeper thoughts and emotions, would move me past superficial pre-tour worries, fears, and jitters (but of course handle them), and focus on the deep inner truth: my excitement.

Fear and Excitement are twins. Thus they are inseparable.

(I too am a twin. And Miki is on this Bulgarian tour!)

Nevertheless, I can still chose to focus on one twin over the other. Excitement over fear.

How about a relaxed focus on Excitement.

Breaking this code is a huge shift in attitude.

It is the New Tree, JGI Self attitudinal shift: A Relaxed Focus on Excitement.

BULGARIA, August 1-13, 2005

### The People Connection

Focus on the people of this tour may be my biggest form of Excitement!

This must be true since I am a people, too.

The People Connection to the Excitement is the foundation of my New Tree thesis. Realization of such a connection would be a whole new way of doing calliyoga, guitar playing, and all other miracle schedule activities.

Thursday, August 4, 2005

On the bus Jodi asked me: "What is the meaning of life?" I took the microphone

and answered: "To live between the terror and the transcendence. Everyone on the bus said "Oooo." They loved it.

### The Love Headache

I love tourism! What a line, what a thing to say. Is love hidden within and beneath my headache? Love of tourism. Love of its challenges, its people, the situations, power, and the agony and ecstasy I find dealing with them.

Love of the aching responsibility and glorious highs of leadership.

On Elana: I will not be defeated by her. I will not lose my cool. I haven't so far. But yesterday I almost did.

Michael's view of her is excellent: "She is an amazing collection of negativity."

### Leader as Teacher of Life

Here's a grand idea based on Lisa Fischer's question:

My tourists are my students. I am teaching them about life.

Wow, what a new, gone public position this is for me. My new position and responsibility as a teacher of life (disguised as a tour leader, folk dance teacher, etc.)

Our guide Stephen Gendov called me "the big boss." I like it.

Paul Sirota called me a benevolent dictator. I like it.

Big boss, benevolent dictator. I like it. Evidently, I'm accepting my position as leader and teacher of life.

The metamorphosis into New Tree life is taking place on this tour. Hard to believe that I have this awesome power. But I do.

Friday, August 12, 2005

### Grand Finale

All past tour headaches have been caused by feeling overwhelmed by ever-hovering fears, worries, concerns that I could not handle all the details, situations, and problems of the upcoming day. Also I hesitated to publically display my joyful smile, my glee and ecstasy that I was performing such a good job, that I was doing-it-good!"

But those days are over. I'm moving on. . . and into the New Tree life.

Fine New Tree thoughts

1. As I paid Krasi and Ventsy I had a fine New Tree thought: It's lots of fun paying people! Pay them with glee and joy. "I am happy to pay you for a job well done!"

2. I am now aiming for 30 people per tour!

Saturday, August 13, 2005

### Powers

#### Leadership as a Form of Worship

The Grand Finale at Kremena's was indeed a grand finale. None of my fears, hesitations, and worries were realized. In fact, just the opposite occurred. The best I could have expected was surpassed!

Can I learn something from this gift, this incredible serendipity?

1. Do I (did I) underestimate my role in its success? Are the influences that I subtly exert much more powerful than I care or dare to admit? Probably.

Of course, Kremena's village of Kovatchevtsi spent days preparing for our visit. And of course, God send me Andrea Kane to help direct, help out, and guide me in English. She played a crucial role. Obviously I had help from others. But ultimately, all the big decisions, how long to stay, where to have the program in the Town Hall), etc. were all mine.

What influence did I really exert on it?

Indeed, I am afraid, hesitant, to not only look at it, but admit it.

Of course, like everyone else, my powers come from Above. Am I not partially denying His existence when I deny or hesitate to admit them?

Since He works through me, denial of my powers is a denial of His Power.

God gave me leadership abilities. Give credit where credit is due. So use them, admit them. . . and in my upcoming New Tree life, be proud of them.

It is not the sin of pride, but rather a kneeling before the infinite power of the All Mighty.

My leadership then becomes a form of worship.

This is an extension of my high school conducting of the orchestra: a musical/artistic form, a New Tree expression of art and music through leadership.

I always wanted to be an artist. Perhaps leadership (through Jim Gold International, JGI) is my New Tree art form.

### Ecstasy, Pain, and Judgement

Perhaps pain is part of ecstasy.

(You don't feel pain during ecstasy. Pain comes later. The body aches from the effort.

Perhaps pain is the "price" of ecstasy.

Is it worth the pain?

Is heaven worth visiting even if you have to go through hell to get there?

Probably.

Much of this is a question of judgement: How far should I go? How much can I give? Etc.

But the land of judgement is a different place, a different country and level from the Land of Ecstasy (with its sub-land of pain.)

Do I even want to bother with judgement when the celestial rewards of ecstasy are at hand? Is ecstasy worth the pain?

Another idea is that facing and feeling the pain (and its preceding ecstasy) make you stronger. "If it doesn't kill you, it will make you stronger." This is perhaps true.

We're talking about the ecstasy of work, the ecstasy of exercises, the ecstasy of practice: All ecstasies.

The New Tree Life is based on the pursuit of God, and the "proof" of His existence through the daily experience of celestial feelings. This primary celestial feeling is ecstasy.

This means growing my New Tree by dealing with pain and ecstasy.

### Restraint

Restraint is certainly an important power. At times (especially leading my tours, or in concert, too) I have to give it my all.

Can restraint lead to ecstasy? Maybe.

Restraint may belong to and be part of the judgement faculty. Restraint and judgement go together.

Ecstasy is the amoral experience of God.

Mitzvah (or good deeds) are the moral experience of God.

Saturday, August 20, 2005

I can't get Bulgaria in particular, and tours in general out of my mind. I am totally haunted by tours. Have I been changed, transformed forever? Will I ever be able to get back to my "normal" life with its marvelous abnormal pursuit of the miracle schedule? Does the miracle schedule still even exist? Or have I, and it, been totally consumed in the flames of tourism, and the unforgettable agony and ecstasy of leadership?

Perhaps that is why I feel haunted and cannot forget. Like bats flying through



the barn, images of Bulgaria flit through my mind. I cannot give them up, free myself from them. Thus I am not free. I am a slave to the Bulgarian afterglow, to past glories, to the ecstasy and agony of leadership.

I don't particularly like this state. I don't exactly hate it either. It is almost as if part of me has chosen slavery. Perhaps rather, I am hypnotized by it.

Hypnotized by the power of leadership.

What is this power? Agony and ecstasy. A total two-week focus, intense and unending concentration, the high of total involvement.

Cannot I now transfer this power, this intense and unending concentration into renewed aspects of my freeing, freedom-loving miracle schedule? I would like to.

Sunday, August 21, 2005

### Art and Parenthetical Leadership

I broke through; I cried.

I had lost my way, or at least forgotten it.

My goal has never been to lead great tours (although that is fine and can/should be part of my life), but rather to write great books!

That's what the hero does. The hero is not a great leader (although that is fine, too) but rather, the hero is the great artist.

As artist, he can, parenthetically, be a leader...or, parenthetically, many other things.

But other things, other aspects, are part of the parenthetical life. His center is always the Great Connection of his Art.

### Leader, Businessman, Artist: All in One

#### The Global Significance of JGI

Am I moving out of the Artist Phase, and moving into the Business Phase?

Was New Leaf about finding and solidifying my life and self-definition as an

artist? I completed this task.

Is New Tree about finding (and solidifying) my life and self-definition as a Business Man?

I no longer need to prove, find, and solidify myself as an artist. That is over, done, complete.

I have never had the need to prove, find, or solidify myself as a business man, Business has been the “necessary annoyance” and survival mechanism that accompanies (accompanied) my life as an artist.

But somehow, I seem to be “drifting” into business mode. (Mainly the tour business.) New ideas keep piling into my head. I also feel somewhat driven. Driven to build JGI as a tour and touring structure.

I have no ideas or drive to build anything artist. Guitar, singing, even writing feel “together and done.” Sure I’ll keep doing them, staying on their preordained, prearranged, and even pre-set paths. But, for the moment, they present no new ideas or inspiration.

Write new books? Sure, I’ll keep doing it.

Put out some guitar and even folk song CD’s? I may even do that too.

But this represents a compiling of the old rather than a creating of the new.

What about studies? Not much desire here, either. Learning more languages or more about the languages I know, although interesting and fun, will neither help or improve my tour business. Thus, in a business sense, learning them is “useless.”

Originally, I studied languages so I’d have better control of my tours; I could function more on my own in foreign countries. I no longer need that “crutch.” Now I have the confidence. (Plus my guides can do it better than I ever can.) I am no longer motivated by a gut-wrenching, fear-driven base. Sure I’ll continue studying, playing with languages as a source of mental exercise and stimulation. But my visceral need to know them is (sadly?) gone.

I have nothing left to do but build JGI (travel) business. Even my desires for

fame and immortality have faded. I know the only way to achieve immortality is by “playing” in the moment, joining its spontaneous flow. It doesn’t matter what flow field I chose to find and achieve immortality.

As for fame, I have enough of it. Besides, the desire for fame is merely a hidden form of the desire for immortality. And I can find both by uniting with the Moment.

The only remaining question is: How to unite with the Moment. I’ve solved this one, too. Achieve immortality (and its social coordinate of fame) by giving my all, making my best effort, working (playing) as hard as I can.

Well, I have always worked hard. Only I called it “hard play.” Or work seasoned with mucho b’simcha.

In any case, I am (at the border of) a New Tree place.

What does this mean? Is it a business and JGI place? A leader and leadership place? Both?

I like leadership place better than business place. It is more inclusive. The leader as artist effecting the material world is even better, even more inclusive and universal. It combines my “past” life as an artist, with my present life as a businessman (JGI promoter and pursuer), with my future life as a Leader-Businessman-Artist.

Ultimately, the JGI idea can combine my various selves. I can be (become) leader, businessman, and artist all in one. In One.

I don’t quite see it that way. . . yet. Too early. First, I’ll have to absorb my old lives, swish them around in the cauldron of my present post-Bulgarian tour, confused state, then coordinate and merge them with my future New Tree direction.

My next big question: How do I (can I, should I) coordinate and merge miracle schedule into New Tree life?

Question words like “Can I, should I?” throw doubt into the existence of a future miracle schedule.

The only way miracle schedule can exist in New Tree life is if they are totally re-

energized, reinvigorated, and reborn with New Tree meaning, New Tree principles, and performed in New Tree mode.

What then are New Tree principles? How can they be applied? How can they reinvigorate old, former forms of miracle schedule?

### Glimpse of Paradise

My right toe pushing against my hammer toe, even crossing it, symbolizes constant impediments on the path ahead. Impediments are not a bad thing. Only annoyances. Like running a tour or living a life, annoyances constantly appear.

They constitute the creative friction of life. Although their existence can be denied, they never disappear.

Satisfaction, even bliss, can come in their aftermath, when the problem or impediment is handled, solved, re-solved. During that moment of resolution, of heroism through pride of accomplishment, you are rewarded with a brief entry and glimpse of paradise.

Wednesday, August 24, 2005

### Beauty

If running and calliyoga are now attached to my dance art form, how are they, will they be, effected? How can the beauty of art suffuse their beings?

I will have to focus on running beautifully, and doing beautiful yoga forms, and calliyoga push-ups.

I've always hated the word "exercise." Why? Now beauty or concept of beauty in it. Without the creation of beauty, why bother doing it, or anything, for that matter?

Thus beauty is my central theme. Art is the creation and expression of Beauty. Period.

My goal has always been to become an artist, to be an artist. Finding and

creating beauty in everything I do expands the definition of beauty. And I like expansion.

Since Truth is Beauty, and God is Truth, everything fits together.

Friday, August 26, 2005

Two-Year Plan: Extending my Linguistic Dreams

Somehow it feels sad if I focus only on one language, say Bulgarian. It seems (feels) like I am giving up my wider borders, my dreams of many linguistic conquests, my wider horizons.

Intellectually I know that by focusing on less, I am getting more. I also know my post-transformational direction is downwards, to study vertically and in depth rather than the older horizontal, land-grab approach. Yet I am losing this wide, all-inclusive, superficial focus. What about the other languages I once delved into? What about Hebrew, Arabic, Hungarian, Turkish? What about Spanish, Russian, Norwegian, Greek, and more? Once I touched them; once I skimmed their surface as I spent a year in their lands of history, geography, culture, and more.

Now I am narrowing in. Superficial, general study seems to have served its touristic and intellectual purpose. The first twenty year study step of JGI has been accomplished.

Is my sadness, the sadness that comes with success? Probably. Don't I have to give up the old, the old dreams, directions, and approaches before I can move on to the new? Probably.

New Leaf life has succeeded. Its dreams and purposes have been fulfilled. It is now over. Time to move on. Sadness and some nostalgia at leaving. But I leaving nevertheless. There is no choice. I cannot remain forever with an old carcass.

Thus I am in the sad process of giving up New Leaf life. I am, and can only, move on and into my next New Tree existence. Linguistically, this may mean focusing

on one language. For now, that language seems to be Bulgarian.

Well, it is in the Slavic family.

I am thinking in terms of two years now. Two years in Bulgarian.

(Suppose I thought: Two years in the Slavic family, two following years in the Teutonic (Norwegian, German, Swedish, etc), Latin (Spanish, French, Italian, etc.) or Semitic (Hebrew and Arabic) families. This might be a better long-range view. And I wouldn't feel sad. I would not be giving up my linguistic dreams, but rather extending and deepening them.

Sunday, August 28, 2005

#### At the Farm

It's raining this morning. Weather-wise it couldn't be worse.

But yesterday was perfect. I did everything I wanted. Also, on the drive up, talking to Bernice, I learned about my future direction.

She said, and I agree: I shall become more of what I am.

And why not? First: In my life up to now, I have done everything I've wanted to do. Second: There is nothing "new" I want to do, no "new" place to go, no "new" skill I want to develop, no "new" direction I want to go in. I like the old directions. I want more of them. I want to deepen them.

Thus smart, wise, and proper is: Become more of who (and what) I am.

#### The Game of Self-Improvement

By finding one God, and this using a linear rather than a circular approach, Jews discovered the attitude of progress, growth, and expansion. They discovered how to improve the world, tikkun olam, move it towards oneness, unity, and, as a reflection of monotheism, move it towards One God.

The Egyptians and those before them believed in circular movement, cycles based on visible nature and movements of the sun. Thus there was no ladder, no

progress. Things always returned to where they were. A circular, cyclical, non-changing, polytheistic, and basically hopeless approach.

The Jews, by discovering and developing the idea of God, unity, and monotheism, found a linear approach to live, the Jacob's ladder upwards to self-improvement, world healing, tikkun olam, improving your life and the lives of others.

Thus the ever-changing and ever-improving concept of self-betterment. And since the self of yourself belong to a Self reflected in all others, this self-improvement contributes to improving the world.

I, as a Jew, am constantly motivated by this need to improve, a desire to get better. It is my personal tikkun olam. Self-improvement is even part of my Play philosophy. And as I advance in play, I advance in self-improvement. And, since my changes and improvements are, by their very nature, reflected outwards, by improving myself, I improve the world.

### Claustrophobia, Suffocation, and Going Back to Work

Why do I feel this sense of suffocation?

Because I am going back to work. I am facing the public once again.

It strangles my sense of expansion.

This feeling is based on an old-neighborhood attitude. It doesn't have to be that way. I could see going back to work as a form of growth, expansion, and expression of b'simcha.

A habit is also a type of clothing, a monk's habit. I can change my clothing, my attitude, my mind.

I am moving into my post-Bulgarian, return to the world season. I shall no longer let the outside world, facing the public, short-circuit my growth and expansion. I vow to grow and expand in public, before their very eyes!

The line between private and public growth, between personal and cosmic expansion will vanish.

The Going-Public Threat

The public can kill and destroy you. It has to do with fear of death and destruction.

Is this a realistic fear? Yes! One must be wary facing the public, be on your toes. All energy up. In self-defense and self-offence. Keep both weapons ready at hand. You never know when, how, and if you will use them.

Yes, facing the public is a realistic danger! It is naive to think otherwise. I must go out into the world to hunt and face the animals. Knowing they are animals and the danger they pose to my existence is something I should always remain aware of. And, in my gut, I do.

In public, survival is constantly threatened.

Do not let the mists of intellect hide this truth.

It's a life and death struggle every day. But in my daily episodes of lethargy, I often forget about it.

Thursday, September 1, 2005

Dive into Left Shoulder PainTravels on the Road of Pain and Beauty

Long term view of Hurricane Katrina, New Orleans, and the Gulf Coast: All will (eventually) be rebuilt. Great destruction leads to great creation.

Present misery creates future sensations.

Is this overly optimistic? Probably not. Besides, what else is there to do? Life goes on. People will suffer, but they will not simply give up and die because a cosmic tragedy has occurred.

How does this philosophy, this approach apply personally to me? What pains am I personally suffering at the moment? What disasters will motivate me towards future gains and progress?



No important ones that I can think of. Everything feels vaguely in order. Well, except for the aches and pains and lack of energy in my body. Well, perhaps right there is a reflection of the problem, a problem. Everything in order means and leads to no motivation. I hate a life without motivation. So, even though it looks like all is going well, part of me resents, even hates this fact. I am conflicted, split. This mental (and physical) division may well be reflected in my shoulder pain. I hate it when things go badly. But I evidently also hate it when things go well. Badly, and I am soon motivated to change and improve things. Well, and I lose motivation, and end up in a cesspool of soggy nothingness.

Well or badly, evidently neither works for me.

What can I do about this absurd situation, this strange and weird place my mind creates for me?

Well, to begin with, I evidently chose motivation over the soggy placement of sit-down, empty "fulfillment," of do-nothing "success."

Friday, September 2, 2005

### Breaking Beyond Rote Practice

How to break through rote practice?

Arthritis is a symbol of such rote practice. Its stiff pain reflects a lack of fresh vision and focus. Arthritis of the mind is reflected in arthritis of the body.

How to find new roots of freshness and dynamic difference in old guitar pieces, yogas, past and done routines.

How to find a new way to get up in the morning, a new way, filled with fresh ideas, to face the day.

This is not a question of developing new skills. Rather one must strip away the worn out surfaces, dynamite the stiff, rotten, hardened core of old habits.

Rote practice is a form of necrophilia.

Rote playing equals death.

Saturday, September 3, 2005

On the Relationship Between Pain and the Soul

If I see this morning's post-Goldens Bridge folk dance leg aches as the kabbalistic "garbing" (putting on garments) and thus hiding the true nature of my soul, I must then ask, "What nature or part is it hiding?"

Certainly pain causes me to focus on the pain. But, in doing so, I am removing my focus from other aspects of my soul.

What is the deeper "reason" for pain? Does it arise to "help me" hide my soul . . . from myself (and maybe others)? And if yes, why would I want to do such a thing?

Self-defense for self-survival could be one of the answers.

No question that when I focus on something, say in this case, my dancing, that while dancing I feel no pain. It only comes "later," when I have finished dancing, when I stop, think, and realize that I once danced (Completed action: Perfect tense). Thus the joyful and fully focused act of dance served me as a b'simcha temporary tranquillizer, a pain killer of extraordinary proportions.

The pain killer called Focus is (usually, evidently) available whenever my mind is not divided, whenever I focus hard. In fact, even when I focus totally on the pain itself, the pain often dissolved and vanishes. Very strange, indeed

What then is the relationship between pain and the soul? Does it serve as a garment to cover the soul?

Is the burning blaze simply too strong for the frail human ego? Does the human being thus need to filter the light? Like the nomad walking under the hot Saharah sun, does the human ego need a garment for protection against the scorching power of Universal Light?

Would I rather focus on my bodily pains than on the cosmic joy created by the Dance at Goldens Bridge? Is recognition of the smiles and pleasure, nay ecstasy others

feel (when I lead them in dancing) too much for my frail ego to handle? Would I thus rather “retreat” in temporal focus on my pains, rather than enter the universal union, awe and cosmic wonder of the Golden Bridge group dancing “in my arms”?

Is focus on my pains thus a form of ego’s self-defense and survival? Seems so.

Next question: If denial of the universal union creates my bodily pains, would focus on such Cosmic Wonder through the Dance heal me? Make me whole?

Why not? Seems “reasonable” that they would.

### Virtuosity

I have had a long, internal, psychological resistance to “Sor 12,” “Alhambra,” “Leyenda,” “Bulerias,” to arpeggios in particular, and to scale speed (and speed) in general.

I have had an internal resistance to virtuosity. It has been unopen for me since childhood.

But now these barriers are falling: imperfect tense. Nay, they have fallen: Perfect tense!

Why now?

Perhaps because I am simply ready. The fact it has taken twenty-five years, nay, perhaps even since teenagehood (even childhood, almost a life time, is besides the point.

Evidently, I am not only ready for speed, but for virtuosity! This is a word I never used before.

Saturday, September 10, 2005

Again for a brief moment this morning, when I awoke, my body felt better.

Why is this? Is it something I am doing? Thinking? Both?

What am I doing? Among other things, I am running every morning (I have run

every morning) for an hour. A slow, steady, focused run.

I have preceded each run with traditional morning libations such as:

1. Writing
2. Minimal study
3. Virtuoso guitar playing

Can my virtuoso guitar playing, which is related to fun, joy, and simcha, repair the world? Can it repair me? Is it one of the reasons I am waking up with my body feeling better?

Good questions, indeed.

Seems this morning I'm taking all the great advances and breakthroughs of the past few days, especially the guitar virtuoso break through along with all its implications in other areas, and moving on.

Moving on to what? I don't know. But it seems the dam has broken; I am now living beyond the flood waters. The walls to the new land of Virtuosity, Fun, Joy, and B'simcha have been pierced. I have entered. We'll see what life in this new land is like, and how (and if) I can live it and within it.

Sunday, September 11, 2005

### Prophets, Artists, and the Love Connection

Artists have the gift of prophesy. They are often in touch with the Higher Power. During their best artistic and creative moments, they connect to the One Above.

Creating for and through the ego is hardly creation at all. (Perhaps this is what I call the "money making" or "business" so-called ego creations of the human (and my) personality.) Real creation is a Godly thing. It come from the Higher Power. Then it is translated through the human instrument and fed into the material world.

The artist as prophet.

But what about artist as businessman? Is it possible to combine the prophetic

powers with their intimate connection to the Higher Power with worldly business?

Perhaps the answer to this question lies more in attitude than actuality. If the businessman thinks in worldly fashion, if he considers such ego-enhancing ideas as money, profit and loss, getting ahead in the world, building self-esteem and importance, then he is dealing with personal talents rather than making direct contact with the Higher Power. (However, there is some kind of Higher Power involved since personal talents, success, losses, etc. all come from God).

But here my big question is: How does prophecy and artistic creation connect to the creation of Jim Gold International? Can business grow and expand through prophetic and artistic connection to the Higher World?

In Bulgaria I discovered the Love Connection to customers in particular and to running tours in general. I love serving, and giving them my best effort. It is also true that when I give my best on tour, Weekends, Folk Dance classes, concerts, writing, and in general, miracles often occur! This is especially true on tour since I am so vulnerable.

Why do miracles occur when I give my best? No doubt because when I give my all, I forget my ego, personal wants and desires, and, through powers of artistic creation and prophesy, become intimately connected to the Higher Power.

On tour I often have a Moses leadership feeling. I am leading the Children of Tourism to the Promised (Bulgarian) Land with only God to guide me. Since I most often do not know where I am going, I stay in close contact with Him to find guidance. This vulnerability and dependance, combined with personal desire to give my all, creates an intimate God connection.

It is a prophetic and artistic Connection.

Monday, September 12, 2005

New Tree Understanding

Freeing my Mind

I am afraid to understand my wife. I wonder why that is.

She is a hysterical type. In her rages, she says things she could not possibly mean. Well, maybe she does mean them. But they are so wrong and off the wall, I believe she cannot possibly mean them. She must be “saying” something else. When she calls me vindictive simply because I rush to get to a concert on time, and, in the process, leave her walking far behind me, she gets mad. She lashes out at me, calling me terrible names that have nothing to do with reality. These are really “rage names,” expressions of her total frustration, disgust, fury, and probably helplessness. I then retreat into my own form of anger, and the dance of distance begins. This usually continues for two or three days until we both calm down. Then we make up and the incident is totally forgotten.

Why am I afraid to understand her? Why do I hesitate to realize and accept that what we are creating is a ridiculous, humorous, crazy dream, a passing rage fantasy, a transient lunatic event, annoying but totally unthreatening to either of us?

Well, maybe asking the question means I am ready to understand her hysterical rage outbursts, and, in the process, not be threatened or afraid of them.

This would be a major forward step.

Another idea: Perhaps I hesitate to understand such attacking behavior because, if I did, I might excuse it and, in the process, give up my “fun and delicious” anger. It used to energize me. . . against her. But, truth is, at this point, I not longer need or even want that kind of energizing. “Been there, done that.” Seeing her behavior as a temporary aberration veiled by hysterical hornet stinging insults, I begin to see through it. Such vision causes the insults to lose their power. They are even getting a bit boring. I am in a New Tree place. Perhaps that is why I am starting to see and understand it.

What will such understanding do for me? Free my mind from useless, impotent rage. Then I’ll get mental space for other, more important and interesting things.

Perhaps I can extend this understanding of my wife’s rage to the rage my tourists

express when things do not go the way they want or expect. Such rage is annoying, but I am rarely threatened by it. My only concern is that I might lose them as customers. (From experience I know losing such complaining customers is often a plus!)

Understandable or even incomprehensible rage against me usually brings up childhood memories. I then react with my usual childhood fears and retreat.

But I am no longer a child. As a New Tree person, I can start looking into my old self, and hopefully give up, these ancient, useless, and impotent reactions.

Wednesday, September 14, 2005

Performing: One Man Show

I'm thinking about performing again. That's a new one. How long will this thought last? It seems haunting. Somehow, I wish it would last. After all, I've completed, finished, perfected, and reached all my goals. Twenty-five years of wandering in the desert are over. I'm ready. The only thing stopping me from performing is: I can't find a reason to perform.

Years ago I had a financial reason. It pushed me out of the house, forced me to sell my program, got my performing career off the ground.

Now I now longer have that financial reason. I can make more money selling tours, and promoting folk dance bookings. In fact, if I ever promote performing again, I'll have to do it for less money. At this point, performing simply does not pay as well as folk dance bookings, tours, and even weekends. If I bothered to try building up my folk dance classes, even they would pay more than bookings.

Financially, it does not pay to pursue bookings. A better use of time would be to promote the area in which I am already known.

If I am to pursue bookings, personal performances, one-man show type performances, it will have to be for a totally different reason.

What reason could I find? If I ever found a reason, what kind of show would I give? For what kind of audience?

Immediately a one-man show comes to mind. No longer would I give a World of Guitar performance, or even present myself as a classical guitarist and folk singer. Too narrow. My performances would include classical guitar and folk singing, but they would also include everything else I do. A one-man show is open ended. I could throw in gaida playing, readings, ad libs, humor, stories about my tours, personal struggles, languages, or anything else I wanted. Basically, I would simply get up in front of an audience and improvise. Spontaneous, ad lib creations. Totally prepared, yet totally unprepared; totally planned, yet totally unplanned.

The purpose for promoting such a one-man show would not, could not, will not, be financial. Its purpose, direction, reason, *raison d'être*, could only be a new, gone-public form of self-expression.

This would be a culmination of the gone-public direction. Instead of only creating in private (writing, guitar, music, dreaming, etc.), I would create in public.

I could call it The Jim Gold Show

Or should I leave out the article? Leave out "The?"

What does "The" mean, symbolize, stand for? Does it give it substance, definition, strength? After all, "the" is the definite article as opposed to the indefinite "a." Isn't it also called the substantive?

Should it be capitalized? What about the capital?

"The" feels right. We'll see where this leads.

Do I have enough ego, and self-confidence, to give it such a name as The Jim Gold Show?

Is the naming really all about ego and self-confidence? I don't like the word "ego." Leave it out. Is it then only about self-confidence? Maybe.

Would I dare say, call it, name it: The Jim Gold Show. Do I have the confidence?



What gall! (I hear my mother saying.)

But I am ready for a new place.

Thursday, September 15, 2005

### On Learning Bulgarian

Increase vocabulary and grammatical skills.

1. Vocabulary: 3-days in a row rule. Repeat passages and words (meaning in context) three days in a row. A la guitar memorizing.

2. Grammatical skills. Work on rules in Modern Bulgarian. Try to learn and memorize these abstractions. (The concepts and ideas in abstract grammatical rules are, somehow, very difficult for me to learn.)

### Be Myself

I do not have to be a virtuoso. It is accepted that I am one.

I do not have to play fast. It is accepted that I can.

Thus, when playing guitar, I can just relax and be myself.

Becoming and being a virtuoso, the so-called "virtuoso phase," was simply another phase (this time called "the virtuoso phase") of self-acceptance.

Moving to the next level, stepping up to the next rung on Jacob's Ladder.

Now that I am on that rung, I can just relax and be myself.

No pressure. Just relax and enjoy.

Naturally, this is a very high state. Grammatically speaking, it is the perfected state. How long I can stay in it is another question. . . especially with all my imperfections.

### Mourning Cape Cod

Yes, no question I am in mourning about our Cape Cod Vacation. I'm holding on, clinging to it, wishing it would never end. The Cape Cod Program is its symbol. And all this, even though I (one) loved my work. Well, I guess I still love it. . . once I get back into it. But for now I guess I'll just have to go through the mourning process.

How does one mourn best? Cry a lot.

Monday, September 19, 2005

### Languages are a Route to New Knowledge

I'm reading and rereading books on Klezmer, Russian history, etc. Most of it I know, have read before, am vaguely familiar with it. There's usually a "been there, done that" feeling. But this is absolutely not true with languages. Words never seen before, ones I often know nothing about, can be found in languages. Languages are a route to new knowledge.

New music thinking: Think the root note when playing the scales. Also, think bass note when playing Villa-Lobos Prelude Number 4.

Last First Tree guitar thoughts (found this morning as I played, once again, my arpeggios, and etc.). Is working on these four-piece arpeggio pieces, the "Alhambra," Villa-Lobos "Prelude Number 4," "Leyenda," and Flamencan five-finger tremolo, worth it? Is working and working, over and over again, for years and years, on this problem and these pieces, worth it?