

## Turiya, Deep Sleep, and Sales

Thursday, September 22, 2005

### Sleep as the Ultimate Sales Tool

#### Selling in Your Sleep

Here's a thought: As soon as I start playing my guitar in the morning, playing slow, easy, rich-tone scales, I feel so relaxed I start falling asleep.

It is a delicious, beautiful relaxation, a wonderful deep desire to sleep.

Is sleep part of the self in self-expression?

My sleep has been, so far, been personal and inward. Yet sleep is universal and outward.

Is there any way of connecting sleep to sales?

Can one connect the self-expression of inner sleep to the gone public expression of "outer" sleep?

Look at the Indian yogic concept of turiya. It connects sleep to the Universal Self. In fact, yogis (such as Swami Rama) claim that only in deep sleep is one in true contact with the Universal Self.

Thus to my way of thinking, turiya represents the ultimate in sales. Deepest sleep as the ultimate sales tool.

### Effects of Personal Feel Good

What deep personal reason can get me back to playing (practicing) guitar. . . or even singing?

I don't know yet.

How about fear of losing my skills? Or fear of public humiliation? Or fear in general? So far, not strong enough.

I found a deep personal reason to run, do yoga, and dance. It makes me feel good in my body (and soul, too.)

Can I find a similar “feel good” reason in guitar playing and singing? I know a personal “feel good” soon spreads out, expands to a public feel good. Lots of goodness there.

Should I aim for a personal feel good and move on from there?

Writing Dr. Zany frees my brain and makes it feel good.

Writing New Tree clears and relieves my mind. It doesn’t necessarily make me feel good, but it does prepare my mind, clears space, for feeling good.

Thus personal feel good is a primary purpose; it is a fundamental motivation. As a fundamental motivating factor, it is even a need.

Personal feel good: A primary necessity. Like food, water, and sleep. Big hmmm here.

Where is the feel good in guitar playing?

Where is the feel good in singing?

In my (old) quest for fame, recognition, career development, and financial security, have I lost, forgotten, or by-passed it?

Probably. After all, it was fun once.

Where has all the fun gone?

Well, folk singing, and singing in general was (once) always fun. Folk guitar playing, too. Classical and its flamencan offspring had too many childhood, teenage, classical music burdens. But, although not “fun,” it gave me challenge and self-improvement motivation.

Well, those are all old stages. I’m in a new place now.

How can I find fun and personal feel good in guitar playing and singing?

### Left Knee

Even though I’ve been “depressed” at returning from vacation, giving up my great Cape Cod exercise schedule, and out of kilter getting back to work, nevertheless, I realize that business and my thoughts are all going well. . . very well.

So why does my left knee hurt and hobble? (And hyothenar pains, too.)

Is left knee (and hypothenar) pain part of a hysterical reaction to goodness? Has “folk dance ankle” moved? Is it misplaced anger and rage because I had to return to work and give up vacation and the Cape Cod program?

Could be.

Something strange, here. Perhaps I am partially blind to new elements and feelings in my life. These hitherto unknown feelings ( somehow it must be related to anger and rage) are being expressed in my left knee; they are “crippling” me.

Somehow, I do think it is partly a hysterical reaction to goodness, the “success and all is going well” syndrome.

Yes, all is smooth, calm, and going well. Is this a problem? Could be.

Well, I have “given up,” lost, the turn-on energy from my rage and fear. Gone, kaput, out. Again, going well (success is the old word) experienced as a loss.

Can't I get angry again? Can't I find some rage? How about fear? Can't I find some of that? How about fear that I can't find, or have no rage? How about rage because I can't find or have no fear?

Indeed, I am missing something. Hints of the devil and his treasure are hidden in my left knee.

### Energizers and Motivators

Where is my rage? It has dribbled away.

How about indignant rage? I can't find any of that, either.

What about anger? That disappeared with my rage.

What about fear? I used to have so much it. Mostly centered around finances. But now that I am debtless, that fear as dribbled away, too.

Rage, indignant rage, and anger covered up with fear; or vice versa: fear covered up by anger, rage, and even indignant rage (the “good” rage.)

Well, I can't find any of these old friends, these former comrades in arms. Yes, I

was an energy pill-popper. I popped my anger, rage, and fear pills every day.

But where am I now? What has happened? Did I have a lobotomy?

Only my left knee and scattered aches and pains remind me of my old, fear-filled, angry, indignant and subtly enraged self.

I have entered the New Tree world of confidence, calm, and evenness. I have many new and fruitful ideas. All is well, good, and quiet.

Yet my left knee hurts. Yesterday after folk dancing I felt almost crippled, paralyzed, and that I was on the verge of being forced to give up folk dancing (left knee), and my guitar playing (right hypthenar muscles).

And yet, only a few days ago in Cape Cod, I felt physically (and mentally) great all around! How could I descend so rapidly?

Can't I find some rage? If not, can't I at least find some anger or fear? Don't I deserve them?

I am talking here about energizers and motivators.

At the moment, I can't. I am lost in goodness.

Yes, I have lost my energizers and motivators. They were once alive and well (happily) forcing me to function at a high level. But now, in my newly returned New Tree self, they are dead and gone. They cannot be resurrected in their old forms.

Are there any new forms they can return in? Can rage, indignant rage, fear, and love become part of my returned, post-Cape Cod, New Tree life?

And do they have to? Or is there a totally new way of doing things I have yet to discover?

### Quite Lost

#### In Order to be Found, Get Lost!

In fact, I am really quite lost in this new world.

Quite lost may be the way to go, a good starting point.

I like "quite lost." I like being lost. It's fun. Adventure starts at the lost point.

(Notice with the “quite lost” realization, my left knee pain dissolved, and (almost) disappeared completely!)

“Lost” is an energy source. Part of it creates fear and excitement. (With fear and excitement sometimes come anger, rage, indignant rage. . . sometimes, but not always. Lost also stimulates (sometimes) fear, stage fright, etc.

Thus with lost, I get all my energy and motivation back!

The trouble with so-called success, is that with it I think that I have found myself. That feeling of happy success, of elation, lasts about a minute or two. Then I dribble into the What now? stage, and also into listlessness, loss of motivation, etc. Energy and motivation does not return until I receive my new idea and am onto my next project. But before this happens, I usually have to feel a bit lost. It is part of the “What now?” feeling.

Quite lost, indeed.

Finally, I have found myself!

Lost is the way to go.

In order to be found, get lost!

Success equals found.

But adventure starts with (being and feeling) lost.

Being and feeling lost is my great motivator.

It creates fear and excitement.

### So Boring

I wonder if I fall asleep when I practice guitar scales and arpeggios simply because it is so boring.

If this is so, then something new and dynamic has to happen with my (classic) guitar playing. What it is, I do not know.

I wonder also if that is why my hands hurt (for the first time in my life.) They are “resisting” my playing, rebelling against my old form and approaches. And they will continue to hurt until I find something new and dynamic, a new reason to play guitar.

And I wonder if that is why my left knee pain-collapsed in folk dancing. Is it an expression of boredom with the old forms? Is it resisting the encrusted, weighted, heaviness of the past, rebelling against doing the same old dances, the same old way, the same old style. Does it express a subtle yearning for fresh, dynamic, and new?

Is my body screaming for a new way of guitar playing. . . and even folk dancing?

### The Jim Gold Show Appears in Public

To see tour leadership, sales, and even folk dance teaching as part of the Jim Gold Show is really quite advanced. Taken further, when I make a public appearance, even perhaps when I meet my friends and family, and perhaps even when I wake up in the morning (and look in the mirror) this is all part of and belongs to the Jim Gold Show. When I walk out the door, face my neighbors, face the world, I present the Jim Gold Show.

Thus when Dr. Zany walks out the door, walks down the street, and meets his neighbors, he is designed and presented the sketch and skeleton, the outline and format of the Jim Gold Show.

It's all a show, my show, the Jim Gold Show. Perhaps it has always been thus. Only I was not ready, and thus refused to see it this way. I kept preparing, studying, trying to improve myself for my upcoming Big Entrance into the world where I would face the ultimate Other. I led life in preparation. Well, preparations are over. The show is in place. In fact, it is not even a show anymore. It is for real! Everything I think eventually appears in public. Everything I do is the show. I am the show, the Jim Gold Show! It has always been thus.

Now, like Dr. Zany, it's time to go out the door and meet my neighbors.

### The Ant's Way

The ant's way may be my way: Carry one grain of sand at a time, even one a day. Soon the city will be built.

Carry one grain of sand a day: Yen or a few more minutes a day of Bulgarian, gaida, Dr. Zany writing, even extend this into yoga, running, guitar, singing, whatever. Soon, or eventually, the task gets done.

The pressure is off, vacation is on, things get done when following the ant's way: Carry one grain of sand at a time, even one a day.

How many minutes is enough to follow the ant's way? Ten minutes? More? What? Experiment to find out.

Tuesday, September 27, 2005

### Mini-Identity Crisis

Copy This! by Paul Orfalea

The line between business and people is blurred because there really isn't any. Business is people, people is business.

Building personal and business relationships are the same thing.

Why am I reading this book and writing these words? To find a new meaning in and for business. Something beyond money. Something human, personal, unifying, motivating, creative. . . and artistic.

Are human relationships (and thus business) part of art? Perhaps. But I don't see them that way. What about the Love Connection I discovered in Bulgaria? Lovely and as unifying a principle as it is, I still don't see it as creative or artistic. (I wish I did, but I don't.)

Since I want to be an artist, since my highest goal and purpose is to create, and since creatively connects me to God, I wish I could see business with its personal relationships, humanity, and Love Connection as artistic. But I don't.

Human relationship often water down and compromise the (my) creative and artistic experience. (But what about that unifying, beautiful feeling I get when everyone is dancing together in a folk dance circle? That chilling thrill I feel is similar to the creative, artistic high, the All is One experience. I also got this feeling on the Bulgarian Tour; it gave me the Love Connection idea.)

The dancing together in a circle, Love Connection is the business experience. Intellectually, I know this is true. But so far, I don't, can't, have drifted away from, seeing it that way.

I want to see it that way. . . but I can't.

But maybe the dancing in a circle is my doorway to the personal and human business (with its sales calls) connection.

What separates business from art? Money.

Rather than something to hoard and protect me, can I now begin to see money as a connector?

### Reincarnation

I spent fifteen years trying to figure out whether reincarnation is true. Finally, I realized it is. How? Through Keat's expression "Beauty is Truth, truth Beauty." I know, and knew, the truth of a Beethoven Symphony. How? Because I could and did experience the power of its melt-down, oceanic beauty. Finally, I realized that Beauty is Truth, and Truth is Beauty. I always knew it for and through music; Beethoven convinced me. Now I finally applied this principle to reincarnation. When I did, I knew it was True.

Am I having the same problem for and in business? Does it really exist? Like reincarnation, is it, can it really be True? How will or can I know?

The same Truth is Beauty, Beauty is Truth, no doubt, applies. But I don't see, feel, or experience it yet.



Money. . . and Fun

Now that I am out of debt, and some money is coming in, a question emerges: If (and when) I make money, what will I do with it?

After paying my basic expenses, and then investing in publishing my books, CD's, and such smaller things of personal interest, and even advertising a bit, through purchases of travel bags, etc. I may still have some left over money.

What will I do with such (at the moment non-existent) "extra" money?

I once invested it. Or rather, used it for stock market speculation. I ended up losing most of it.

But one thing about stock market investment/speculation: It was fun! Yes, my money has a "higher purpose" at that time. I used it to have fun. True, I lost all my money having this investment/speculation fun. Losing my money in this manner is now a "Been there, done that" deal. I have no interest in pursuing that old route again.

Nevertheless, the fun idea persists.

I cannot see using "extra" money for so-called good causes, charities, etc. The only good cause I can think of is the great rebel cause of Fun.

Is there a new way to have fun with money? Could accumulation for its own sake ever be fun? Would watching numbers grow ever be fun-in-itself? I don't know.

I need the fun incentive. I have yet find it through money. But I'm looking.

Thursday, September 29, 2005

Money, Fun, New Business

Could the concept of saving money ever actually be fun? Saving as a good-in-itself. And a new challenge as well. Otherwise, why bother doing it. What is saving money but seeing the numbers rise. . . . Money as motivation, but for a different reason. I'd like to do that.

Is it too late for me? Am I too old to start over again and make money?

The answer to this is obviously no. It is never too late to start. . . anything. I

know this intellectually. I wonder why I am saying it now.

Truth is, making money is fun.

The money making process centers and focuses me.

I just have to recognize, accept, and relish in it.

Money motivation: Not based on the fear of poverty and need for financial support to become an artist, but rather as a good-in-itself.

As an ex-communist, it has always been hard for me to see the incredible motivating role of money in my life. How to accept my intense love of “filthy capitalist lucre.”

Time for another New Tree look.

The more I talk about money, how I’ve messed it up, how lost I’ve been, how I lost my financial focus during the past year, the madder I get. . . and my energy rises! I’m even getting a headache! I wonder if my left shoulder pain is really a displaced headache!

I’m definitely on the right track here.

I have to feel like I’m making progress, that I’m improving. Otherwise, it’s not worth the effort.

Making progress to what? Improving for what? Moving up the ladder for what? To get closer to God.

Where does such a climbing Jacob’s ladder attitude come from? Is it because I’m Jewish? Jews have an intense desire to somehow get closer to God. It is a Jewish characteristic, part of the Jewish character. This is true, even for secular Jews although their concept of God may be “different,”.

Am I recognizing today because it is Rosh Hashana, the first day of the new year?

“I am making progress,” and “I am improving” bring feelings of Magnificence

and Beauty. Beautiful feelings.

Truth is Beauty, Beauty is Truth.

Tuesday, October 4, 2005

### I Need New Dreams

I might ask: Why am I depressed this morning when there is absolutely no reason to be?

Business-wise I've already got twenty-two people registered for next year's Greek tour. This has never happened before; it is unprecedented. Klezmer bookings are up, and, although the Woodstock Weekend is not working out, business in general looks good. And so is my attitude towards it.

Art and creation-wise, things are also on the move. I'm singing (with special emphasis on foreign songs and learning their languages), learning gaida, practicing Bulgarian, reading the bible (in Hebrew and English); I'm publishing New Leaves, and even writing my old original songs in my computer so I'll have them for some future publication.

In other words, everything seems and feels together, and is going well.

Indeed, it is puzzling. I should be happy, maybe even gloriously happy. Instead I am somewhat down and depressed. Weird, indeed. And why?

I know part of me likes to be depressed. It somewhat acts as a creative stimulant. And I am doing things. But am I "stimulated," that is, stimulated in the "old" way.

For that kind of old-time stimulated I evidently need something new, totally new, brand new. A new road, a new direction, learning a new skill, etc.

Of course, I am doing that. I am learning gaida and Bulgarian. But somehow that is not enough, not "serious" enough. I am somehow collecting old things, putting them in a new mosaic, a new place. That seems to be the stage I am now in. Everything is in vague order, and is working. I don't feel as threatened by poverty and financial failure. Most of my dreams have come true. Yet I am in some kind of creative hole.

It is nice to collect old things, to create and put them into a business and life mosaic. But evidently, I also need something fresh and new. Perhaps a new business, artistic venture, or both.

A New Tree is rooted firmly in the ground. It is steady, calm, dignified, and slow-growing. But evidently it also needs some wiggle room, flying leaves, dynamic, jutting new branches, some new flutter and fight.

I need new dreams.

The present success of my tour business and klezmer bookings (which I love but can end in a moment) is wonderful. I'm certainly not knocking it. I wouldn't want to have it any other way. But evidently, in spite of this success, I evidently need something more. More, more, more. I need my More.

Success is great. But I need new dreams as well.

At the moment, I have no new dreams. In spite of present success, I feel down, low, empty, and lacking. This kind of cosmic depression, the "What is the meaning of life?" and "Why bother living it?" depression, often precedes creation. Perhaps it is the prelude to finding a new dreams.

Thursday, October 6, 2005

Constant Improvement

Constant improvement is my new banner.

Have every guitar move riddled and wracked through with improvement, even the opening warm-up legatos.

Legatos can be improved through focus on deeper relaxation. Look deeply into my wrist and fingers as I play; drop their bonds and relax them deeply.

In a sense, I've known about these playing "improvements" for years; I've "known" that the melody resides in the bass. Yet I've resisted playing that way. For years have been purposely hitting my head against the same wall, inhibiting myself, preventing myself from playing well, playing with freedom and abandon.

Well, for whatever reasons I did it, those days and reasons are over.

In a sense, then, this is nothing new. I'm returning to the past. But, of course, I am now returning to the past in many things, but now I return with a different look and attitude.

This is closure of a sort. But I am at the border of a headache, too. I wonder why. Could be due to the "refusal to celebrate victory" (RCV) syndrome.

What victories? Why the ability to play, of course. Plus happiness at finally finding dynamic new, positive directions through the "constant improvement is my banner." It has infused me with new energy.

Also discovering what improvement means to me.

### Jumping for Joy!

Maybe I am resisting the incredible meaning of this positive "improvement" breakthrough. Do you realize this is the first sign of positive directional energy I have had in over a year! Maybe even more.

First came the decay, along with the "Been there, done that" feeling. This feeling has lasted a year, maybe even more. Then came the transition period of two years ago; then the post-transitional period of last year.

Finally, post-Bulgaria, rivers started to flow together. Tours, business, New Leaf, life, post-Cape Cod. Then the return, and trying to find a new balance. A down feeling for a month even though I could find "no reason" for it. Many successes during that down month.

But finally came the yesterday, the Wednesday morning folk dance class, and with it the realization and directional vision: I can improve! And I saw how and where I could do it in my beloved fields of guitar, folk dance, running, yoga, and this morning, even song. The Constant Improvement Banner was born.

Then came my headache.

Isn't it obvious? I should be running down the street shouting "Wahoo!" and jumping for joy! And I will.

Tuesday, October 11, 2005

### Nothing to Do

I finished editing New Leaves 4 and 5.

I now have nothing to do. But have had this "nothing to do" attitude since Bulgaria finished, since I've been out of debt, since I started New Tree. It is the finale of "Been there, done that." Nothing. Nothing to do.

Perhaps this is not a passing phase. Perhaps this is my next attitude. Notice it is not a direction, but an attitude. My directions fall into the category of "Been there, done that." Even in the deepening idea I'll be digging deeper in old fields, in "Been there, done that" pastures.

So perhaps long-term directions, the accomplishment of distant goals, is over. (Sure short-term things will come up; short-term "goals" and "directions." But none of these will be moving me towards growth, expansion, and perfection.) Perhaps I am at the perfection point now. It is called "nothing to do."

Thing "nothing to do" attitude with its "direction," a direction to nowhere, but nevertheless a direction, is where I am now. Although a little depressing in the beginning, once one gets used to it, or accepts that that is where I must be, is, and am, then it really feels neither good or bad. It's rather bland and neutral.

Actually, I don't know what to make of it. It's a different flavor, a different place, and I am just not used to it.

I told this to Shelley and she said it is a wonderful development. Maybe it is, but I just don't see it that way. . . yet. But I certainly feel it, and know that is where I am. I stepped through the Nothing Gate. Now stand in the Land of Nowhere. Nowhere to go, nothing to do. Very strange, indeed.

### Jewish Character and Mental Qualities

by Jim Gold

How much of my character and mental qualities are based on being Jewish such as flexibility and stiff-necked resistance. The former as expressed by my survival in this strange entrepreneurial life; the latter (which I experience mostly when business gets awful), as expressed by my bottom-line desire of "I'll never give up. I'll die first."

How much of this is Jewish? How much of this is me? How much of this is me being Jewish, or belongs to the Jewish part of me?

I'd like it to belong to Jewishness. That way I would have support system; I would belong. I would have historical significance, deep roots in the past. I would belong to a historic family. I would not be alone. My strengths and flexibility would be based, not on me, me, me, but rather us, us, us. And I would thus be strengthened.

Thus I want my character and mental qualities to be (partly) explained by being Jewish. It would help me understand myself, give me historic perspective, and make me part of a group.

But just because I want it to be true, is it?

I would say, at this point, that my character, mental qualities, stiff-neck resistance, flexibility, etc. are fundamental Jewish qualities which I happen to have, and which I express in my own unique way. The uniqueness comes in the means of expression; the universality comes through my Judaism and Jewishness. Plus, these Jewish qualities are part of my roots, my "family," my long-term historic Jewish family. Although I might deny my family, try to run away or hide from mother, father, and relatives, fundamentally there is really no escape. You can change religions and beliefs, but, like the biology of birth, you can't escape from your historic family.

### Jim's Ten "Ant" Commandments

Of the Ten Commandments, the first five concern man's relationship to God, the second five, man's relationship to man.

In my Miracle Schedule, the first five (four) concern my relationship to God (writing, music, exercise, language), and the second five (one) concerns my relationship to man (business).

Thus I have Five Commandments in contrast to Moses' Ten.

### The Thought: Mental Guitar Playing

Playing guitar "mentally." Almost no sound come out. . . in the beginning. Only the thought is there. Enter deep, deep, deep into the thought. The thought of the sound, the thought of the bass, the thought of the melody. The actual physical production of the sound comes later.

### At the Doorway of a New Skill

I go from deep sleep, through speed, to sudden wake up. From deep sleep in my head and eyelids to churning stomach, energy mixed with fear, nervousness, awe, and over-the-cliff bubbling excitement expressed through a churning stomach of descending into the maelstrom terror. It turns me on, wakes me up.

But is such a wake-up inorganic, unorganic, and thus phony? Am I manufacturing this stomach-churning by pushing speed? Or am I developing a mental skill, an ability to affect my stomach, and thus my fear/excitement solar plexus center?

Deep sleep on the one hand, fear/excitement on the other. Up to now, deep sleep seemed like the "real" emotion. It came on me suddenly and constantly, especially before public performances, especially when I have to face my energy.

No question my energy center is in my solar plexus. Facing it is, at first frightening; then, once I dive in, comes excitement. It is definitely the fear/excitement center. They go together; they are twins.

But is the new ability to enter it, through the speed doorway, a phony form of entry? And why am I even asking this question?



Why can I not accept it as a new skill? Does it have something to do with a brief return to the old neighborhood? The mother's denial of success?

In other words, I am at the doorway of a new ability. A new skill. I can mentally, through the physical push of attaining speed, open up the sleeping energies in my solar plexus.

Is it right? Is it legal? Is it just? Is it a sin? Is it wrong? It is a mean, evil, twisted area? Is it an arena of evil?

I see not only my solar plexus, but my lowest of chakras entering here. Chakras 1, 2, and 3, anal, genital, abdominal, are leaking into my (4) solar plexus.

Where does the heart (chakra 5) fit into this equation? Too early to tell.

### New Choreographies

#### A Further Step (Way Out of the Folk Dance Choreography Closet

Going to Danny Pollack's Israeli workshop last night threw me off. His teaching reminded me how much I love this field, the dancing, the music, and especially the choreography! How I liked the idea of choreographing dances, using some of his Greek/Israeli steps, other steps, all steps. Incorporating all steps (and movements) into future dances. But even using Bulgarian beauties in a new way, the Israel folk melange way. And this even though I don't necessarily like what they do. But even though I don't like what they do, I can do it better. Through my travels and study I have more knowledge of the folk styles. . . especially Bulgarian. (Greek and etc. too).

Thus I could make a melange, my own melange, some kind of new international folko-dance melange. I don't know how or what this is yet. But I am somewhat bursting at the seams. Dan Lampert's ideas of DVD and video even aids the promotion and sales of my own choreography. Let's face it: I love to choreograph; I do it easily and "naturally," I have many years of knowledge and experience behind me, I have more confidence, I am slowly emerging as a choreographer, my own choreographer.

This is a good sign. And it is fun!

So it must be right. Plus and yes, the time has come, my time has come. I am ready to be right!

These choreographies, these creations, have to be a New Form. They, this form, these dances, these choreographies are based on the international folk dance repertoire, based on the dance styles of the individual countries, based on what is and was. But above the base, I am building a new structure. That is the New Form I am talking about.

That's why I have my incipient Love Headache this morning. The bursting with love headache. It is the love of folk dancing, its music, and, the fact that I can, and am allowing myself further to choreograph!

Friday, October 21, 2005

Self-Disgust Dispelled Through Decision and Decisiveness

Small showing in Chappaqua Folk Dance class last night. Perhaps the class will be canceled. If it is, I won't feel bad.

This morning I need a rousing rising feeling of self-disgust to get my focus and energy back.

Upon further thought, I need a better attitude towards Chappaqua. Make a decision. Don't leave it up to the Director of the Adult School, Randi Cohen. Either drop it or keep it. Basically, I would be doing the class for Joanna, and a couple of others. Marc Kaplan, too? Is it worth it?

Well, I hate to quit. On that basis alone, it is worth it. Obviously, if Randi decides to end the class, I will follow her decision. But my attitude may affect her decision. Thus I have to have my own decision in hand before I talk to her.

My decision is: Since we've already started the class, we'll now disappoint those few who registered. Thus, let's run it. But with this small registration, can you still pay

me my fee? If the answer is yes, then go for the class.

Now my mind is not divided. I no longer need the self-disgust feeling to focus and energize me.

End of decision making process. Decision made.

Why am I sneezing? Do I have a low level cold? If I do, is it caused by pressures and tensions from the transition to the transition? Has this return from Cape Cod and its post-Cape Cod life created an inner turbulence unbeknownst to me that is subtly taking its toll on my body, subtly “wearing me out,” and, in the process, creating a low level cold?

Do I even have a cold? Or is it something else “expressed” (sneezed out) as a cold?

Is this vaguely lost feeling (the Post-Cape Cod feeling) being expressed, sneezed out, through this imaginative cold that I have created?

Is the cold imaginative or is it real? What is the difference between the two?

Maybe I’m underestimating my emotions, and all the excitement that my new attitude and all the work I have is engendering. Maybe I am subtly over-excited by all the work I have. . . and the (dissipating) mis-directed energy of excitement is contributing to, nay creating, my cold.

### What Now? Maybe a Novel

Am I avoiding my literary destiny?

Did I get my cold because I am “between” books, between novels, really? And is my next one Mad Shoes II? And will Dr. Lume become Dr. Zany?

Are these all the same characters in my life and of my life?

I’m hoping this mounting feeling of emptiness, meaninglessness, and depression, really, is the prelude to creation of my next work. Indeed, it is a familiar pre-creation

down, that vaste cavern of meaninglessness that precedes the fall into the writing, and maybe, in this case, novel creating pit.

But if I ever write another novel, it will be for totally different motivating reasons. Certainly, the ideas and hopes for fame, recognition, fortune, and immortality have vanished. I am no longer haunted or driven by them. I have enough fame and recognition (although a little more never hurts). As for fortune, well, at least I am out of debt, and that, in itself makes me feel like I have a fortune. And immortality? Well, that is an illusory side-effect of fame and recognition. I'll worry about it posthumously.

So where am I? Am I at the border of fiction, of writing a novel? Barry says this should be my next venture. I am ready for it. And certainly, New Leaf has satisfied my desire to write "seriously." It has largely removed the need to prove I have a "serious" side, that I have depth, and am a thinking person. Sure the whole process took ten years and five volumes of New Leaf. But now, it is part of my "past" accomplishments. It does not answer the question: What now?

What now? Maybe a novel, maybe the sequel to Mad Shoes.

I could somehow combine Dr. Zany with Mad Shoes II.

Throw everything I have done post-marriage into novel (fictive) form. Sylvan becomes a guitarist? Folk dance teacher? Runs tours? Studies yoga with Swami Pajami? Runs? Etc. Everything I do, or have done, Sylvan does. After all, it is what I know.

Turn my former life into (a) fiction. Since it is over, perhaps I am ready to do it.

Maybe if I put my yoga (and running) into fictive form, it might inspire me to do it (differently). Certainly, I need something "different." I need to get beyond the "Been there, done that" state and "What now?" category.

Maybe turning my miracle schedule and business pursuits into fiction is the (a) way to go.

What new fictive forms will I find? How can I begin today?

Guitar fictive forms. Practice guitar as a (form of) fiction.

How does one do this? In other words, it's not me playing anymore. It's someone else, a fictive person, a fiction.

Can I wake up in the morning and start my new life as a fiction? Hmmm. And why not?

Linguistic fiction. Hebrew, Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Arabic fiction. Even folk dance teaching, and leading. Even folk dance fiction.

This might indeed give new impetus and motivation to old forms.

As I keep saying, in spite of my "Been there, done that" attitude, I still have no desire to do anything new. Instead I want to do the old in a new way, differently, with a new attitude, a new approach. Perhaps fiction is the new approach, the new way to go.

Perhaps the best thing is to turn my life into a fiction. Then create fictive characters and fictive events. Write about them. Lead a life of fiction.

Can I (should I) become my characters? Jimenez when playing guitar, Swami Pajami (Yogi Schwartz or Catskill Moses) when doing yoga, etc?

Is this sick or truthful?

Are my creations me?

If not, should they become me? Should I become them?

Is real life a fiction, or is fiction really life?

Who is the character that studies? Who is the mad studier? Not Sylvan. It would be, is, Dr. Lume (transformed into) Dr. Zany.

Should Sylvan remain somewhat lost, a bit of an observer, hesitant to jump in, give it his all, dive into his passion? Should he remain the one always trying to figure out what life is all about?

Or should he now be the passionate soul, transformed through the mad

teachings of Dr. Lume (ne Dr. Zany)?

No, I like him as a learner. Let him remain the perpetual student, the somewhat naive seeker.

Dr. Lume (Dr. Zany) can remain the madman, the wild and crazy seeker, the mad shoe lunatic, a Zany “Lumatic.”

Another idea is to write Mad Shoes II through the eyes or perspective of Dr. Zany (Dr. Lume).

Idea and “goal:” Lead my life as a fictional character. Start by writing a novel about it.

### Every Day is a Special Gift

#### The B’simcha Approach

From Victor David Hansen’s perspective written in the New York Times: “We are now a different, much more demanding people. Americans have become mostly suburban, a great distance from the bloodletting and routine mayhem on the farms of our ancestors. We feel cheated if we don’t die at 85 in quiet sleep rather than, as in the past, at 50 right on the job. . . .”

Thus, in one sense, I should have been dead long ago. Now today and each day, at my age, in my life, I am being given a special gift of “extra time.” I’ve “been there, done that.” Now I’m living in a different flavor. I need an attitude change. Seeing each day as a special gift is the best, only, and most realistic way to go.

What should I do with these special gifts? How shall I view them?

How about worshipping God b’simcha. That would be a good way to thank Him.

I could start with writing. Writing b’simcha.

Thus writing Mad Shoes II will have to be incredible fun. Otherwise I’ll probably never bother writing it.

Dr. Zany Writes Mad Shoes II

A Mad Shoe linguistic riot. B'simcha writing in full flow. Dr. Zany come to life. Dr. Zany writing Mad Shoes! Huh, now there's an idea: Why should I, a mere Jim Gold, write Mad Shoes II? Let Dr. Zany do it! A new author is born. He can write it either in the first or third person.

In fact, why not give up the Jim Gold ghost. After all, he has "been there, done that." He has done everything he ever wanted. There is really nothing left for him to do. He has completed his life. Perhaps we should kill him off, drop him in the grave, get rid of him. As a completed kernel, he is now a museum piece perhaps, but otherwise totally useless. Who needs him? Why Jim Gold himself readily admits he doesn't even need himself. A fulfilled personality, totally bloomed, groomed, and plumed, should simply drop out the window and float away.

Let Dr. Zany take his place! This would be best for humanity.

Dr. Zany is a b'simcha kind of guy. He practices his medicine with relish. Mayonnaise and mustard, too.

Let Dr. Zany write, play guitar, teach dancing, etc. Let him do yoga, run, and even study!

No question it is time for a new life. I am sick of myself, sick of my old attitudes. I can't stand this middle and muddle state I have been in for the past few months. I've been dwelling in limbo land. The old Jim Gold died months ago. Now his ghost has been hovering above his body, waiting to move on to the next, or another life. Its ready to enter another body, ready to incarnate. Time for rebirth! Dr. Zany here we come!

Can I really pull such a switch? Let's see how far I get. As "I" write/say these words, who is the "I" speaking?

Are these the final words uttered by the corpse of Jim Gold?

Or are they the first words of the infant Dr. Zany?

And should Dr. Zany write New Tree? Or only Mad Shoes II?

There is a total personality change in the making. And this is good. The b'simcha Dr. Zany.

It takes courage to live with b'simcha. It takes courage to promote it every day despite the misery, depression, and death ever walking, stalking, and lurking in the surrounding fields and forests.

So that's who Dr. Zany is: the new soul, the new body, the new personality, the new self.

Friday, October 28, 2005

### Sin and Folk Dance Teaching

Teaching folk dancing may is a holy act.

My sin is not treating it as such.

That is why I ache. Psalm 38 would imply that my aches are my punishment.

I like this explanation of pain. Pain through sin. Sin as separation from God, separation from Oneness. On a lesser level, sin as lack of focus, lack of concentration and purpose.

My sin is not giving folk dancing the focus and glory it deserves.

By thus minimizing myself and my actions, I am, in my mind, minimizing God and His actions. This shows lack of respect both for myself and for Him. It separates me. Thus my sin: Mental and spiritual separation are the sin. . . and create pain.

The separation creates the pain.

The glory goes to God. I just happen to work here.

So ends a New Tree.