

## I'm Sick of It!

Friday, February 24, 2006

I'm sick of it! Sick of everything!

Sick of slow, relaxed, loose wrist guitar practice! Sick of disorganized Zany! Sick of right shoulder aches! Sick of left knee pains! Sick of right Achilles heel spur pains. Sick of right thumb and wrist pains! Sick of body fears, hold backs, feeling vaguely lost! Sick, sick, sick! Sick of it all!

Sick of being lost in this transition phase! Sick of hoping it is reflected in the aches and pains of my body! Sick of those aches and pains!

Just plain sick! Sick of it all!

And mad. mad, mad! Boiling mad about it, too!

The face of my Rubio guitar has cracked. I've cracked, too.

### Secret Power of Exhilaration

I wonder if this velocity has always been my "natural" pace. It is the pace of exhilaration. (I've always liked fast.)

Does exhilaration release more curative endorphins? Does the holding back, the restraint of exhilaration, create the aches and pains? If so, will the release of endorphins through high speed cure them? (Secretly, I believe it will! Yes, secretly I don't hope it will; I know it will! But, as I say, up to now this has, for some reason, been a secret.)

Thursday, March 2, 2006

### An Incredible Lesson!

#### No Matter What!

Could these little pains be pockets of panic? I hope so. But just because I hope so, does not make it true. Or does it?

Old questions. This morning it is my thumb.

Would Sarno be right for my right thumb? Again, I hope so. Should I pay attention to the pains? Or should I see them as expressions of little fears, little annoyances, little panics?

Each day is a new adventure into uncertainty. What will God bring me this morning? Is it a new hypothetar adventure and understanding?

How sad to give up my instruments, my violin and guitar, just when I am starting to get them! Forced to give them up through hypothetar pains. Is this some kind of reaction formation? Or is it "real?"

Hitting the space bar: Sometimes it hurts. . . but sometimes it doesn't. Why? Is it my mind? My body? Both? What is the connection?

Are new fears being crystallized in my body by every nuanced ache? Are they mere fears? Or are they real? I panic at the thought they might be real. That would mean giving up so many thing I love doing. No wonder I panic.

I have decided to follow my practice routines no matter what! Why? Because it hurts more to stop! It hurts more to be defeated; it hurts more to give up the wonderful feeling of moving ahead, moving on, improving, growing, etc. I'll try "working around the pains." But I can't give up my routines. But giving up resembles death in its form of discouragement. They are simply too good for me.

Am I being bull headed and unreasonable with "No matter what!" Probably and yes. So what? It's better than death.

Sunday, March 5, 2006

### Doctrine of Inequality

The doctrine of inequality is so important: in guitar playing, in leadership, and in life.

The bass notes are the melody. The rest of the arpeggio is in the background, way in the background, like a soft but beautiful, tickling but vibrant, quiet yet

important shadow.

Tuesday, March 7, 2006

From "Success" to Overwhelmed

New Directions Rising

Rising rows of disgust – self-disgust, that is. I'm sick of my body, my attitude towards it, my A and P. What happened to lat June's commitment to having a great body, and to the glories of running, yoga, calliyoga, and all the rest?

Truly, as money worries went down, body pains and worries went up; as business improved, my body disimproved.

Is this a self-fulfilling prophecy that worry/fear rules the world? Again I ask, am I creating my own mental and physical situations, creating the pains to make my life more "interesting?"

Dr. Stone doesn't know. She says the handling of such pains is "individual." Well, it's true, no doctors know or will know. I am an experiment of one. Thus only I can find out, and only I can know.

How to handle my pains? Why do they exist in the first place? These are evidently my next big questions as I move forwards into the next stage of life.

My transition period is over. Yesterday I felt overwhelmed by new directions, thoughts, and activities. Overwhelmed, breathless, frozen in space. Fear, yes. But overwhelmed is certainly "better" than the semi-depressed, "success" transitional state I have been in for the past six months. Yes, overwhelmed is a step up.

Reaction Formations?

I wonder how much my right thumb, wrist, and even shoulder problems are related to my guitar playing breakthrough. After all, it started a few months ago (I believe September or October, and got worse in November. . . as I remember). They are all "new pains." And I can recall, I used to have pains in my left shoulder! That's why I

set the computer mouse lower to "balance out" my shoulders. Now, for some strange reason, pains have been transferred to my right. And how does the thumb fit in? New emphasis and opening of the bass in arpeggios, "Alhambra," etc. Suddenly, I can "play" them. A wild and threatening breakthrough whose resistance is reflected in my thumb?

Could be. Only Jesus would know. He has the miraculous cures "in hand."

What symbolism!

I'm nervous about my up-coming An Evening with Jim Gold concert in Staten Island. Will my hands be able to make it? Will I be able to make it? Are my doubts, fears, and lack of confidence reflected in my hands? Are my physical problems really reaction formations?

### NEW STAGE

#### Violin and Money Making

If I take violin lessons, and spend time practicing the violin, I want to have, as one of my goals, to make money.

Note the serious use of the word "violin." That it has actually and seriously entered my New Tree is astonishing. Also note that Dr. Zany once played the violin; in fact, he was a major concert soloist.

That Dr. Zany once played violin, that I am mentioning the word in my New Tree, means something serious is happening: I am actually thinking, considering, going back to violin playing! Taking a few lessons, too. This is major shift stuff. It is returning to my childhood, my teenage years, and my spiritual, religious, vibrational dream born and visualized during violin practice in my room in Riverdale. The Beauty of Music. . . as found and expressed through the violin.

But surprisingly, if I am to take the violin "seriously," to actually spend time practicing and focusing on it, I must (want to) see some form of money-making connected to it. Evidently, I have been a professional musician too long to "merely

practice for the fun of it.”

Money making is one of the most important ways I can “rationalize” practicing and spending time playing the violin. It also raises the hopeful level of my playing. A professional thinks differently from an amateur. Quality playing for a professional, rather than a hope or choice, is essential.

Therefore, how and where to play violin for money hovers around my brain. It is an upcoming question.

True, I am looking for an excuse to get back to playing. . . and especially practicing the violin. Evidently, I want to very much.

One way of making money would be learning Klezmer violin. Then I could play (for money) with, among other people, the Klezmer Connection.

But what about the classics? What about playing Mendelssohn, Lalo, Bruch, Saint-Saens, and more? What about a “higher” goal?

What would constitute the highest goal? Playing the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto (and Saint-Saens, Bruch, other pieces, etc.) with and orchestra!

Now that, to me, is an impossible dream. I could never do it.

But because it is such an impossible dream that may be and is precisely why I love it!

Imagine me, little Jimmy Gold, actually playing the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto with an orchestra. It's the Sylvan Woods fantasy come to life. And it would give me an incredible reason to practice!

What about money? Well, maybe I can move around and past it for awhile. Or maybe, with this impossible dream, I might as well imagine myself making money while playing with an orchestra. Being paid to perform with an orchestra and/or solo) in public.

Now I am moving from impossible to totally ridiculous. Nevertheless, I love it. Anything to motivate me. Dream on!

Is it really possible for me to become a professional violinist? Would I even want to?

Certainly the thought of it is motivational.

I don't know where such fantasies will lead. But fantasize them nevertheless. You never know what will happen.

Maybe having these fantasies is my way of getting back to the violin.

I could develop a daily program of practicing guitar, gaida, and violin. Daily or semi-daily. Throw in singing, too.

### Organizing

By deciding to focus on tours and bookings as my primary business, and putting folk dance teaching, weekends, guitar teaching, and even promoting An Evening with Jim Gold on the sidelines, I have partially slipped away from my artistic core, my artistic center. And subsequently, a vague depression is creeping in.

The needs of the two halves of my personality (of my many personalities) must be met. I am right, and somewhat relieved and happy about the direction of this division, split between money-making ventures, namely bookings and tourism, and my artistic ventures, namely folk dance teaching (guitar teaching, how did that get in there?), and the Evening with Jim Gold show.

Now, this morning, I must try better to organize my new life.

I'm also adding violin to it. . . and, of course, gaida.

### A Zany Moment

Yes, I am totally disgusted this morning. But, as I analyze all the parts, I can't figure out what I'm disgusted with.

But I am. Well, feel it, then. See where it leads.

Maybe I'm disgusted because I have been pushed around by outside events and have lost sight of, forgotten, my vision and artistic dreams.

Yes, that's it. I'm sick of myself, and disgusted with that noxious creature as well.

No more being pushed around. Fuck 'em all, myself included! Especially myself. I don't have to believe in, give in, or follow all this shit that's thrown at me by the outside world.

Monday, April 10, 2006

### Art and Business: One

Weird and strange. What have I learned? That violin, gaida, and language have to be part of my business!

That is what is stopping me from taking lessons. And until I see and make the visceral connection, I will not take them.

I never realized that business (the people connection) was so vital and important to me. But evidently it is. . .and always has been. I wonder why I never thought about or even saw this.

Marriage forced me into business and, in a sense, to confront my desire for the people connection. But perhaps the trauma of leaving the room of my imagination, and the potential threat to its destruction, were also, at the time, too much for me to face.

Whatever the reason, I am now ready to move on, face them both, unite them both. Art and business, imagination and people, inside and outside world. One.

Tuesday, April 11, 2006

### New Form of Teachers. . the Passing Guru

I am always wondering why I cannot seem to go to or take lessons with a teacher of instruments (violin, guitar), or languages (Polish, Bulgarian, etc.)

Several violinists, including Wendy Kasakoff (violinists "squeeze their fingers"

in the cadenza) have made comments about fingerings in the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto. Also Seth Himmelhoch mentioned the one-year of one hour per day of arpeggio and Alhambra practice in order to improve the tremolo, etc.

I did speak as well to Susan Gold and the other Polish guy, who gave their knowledgeable comments about Polish pronunciation.

Perhaps these passing comments by knowledgeable "commentators," like gurus passing me in the forest, are my new form of teachers.

My consultants in guru guise.

Perhaps a comment by a passing guru is all I need or want now to set me on the next sparkling path of fire and inspiration.

Will these be my teacher types for the next stage? Maybe.

So ends a New Tree