

Writing

Monday, May 29, 2006

Aha, back to Riverdale, back to my roots, back to the practice room, the inner chamber of my imagination. Discovered once in the Riverdalian highlands, this chamber has ground down into disappearance during the hard and hardening business years. The search for money has softened and almost wiped out the vaunted center or end-in-itself.

Almost, but not quite. All that remains of that old center is a lingering sluggishness, a non-motivational heaviness, the foundation of a cosmic depression.

But evidently, the spark still remains. Otherwise the I center would be dead already.

Yes, the old room still remains. Hidden and soft, somewhere it sits either high in the sky, deep in my belly, or both. Contact must be made again. Otherwise the pilot will fall out.

But as long as spark of room remains, the pilot will refuse to fall. And there is no question about the longevity of the spark. It is a forever thing. . . and it remains forever. But the walls of camouflage must be removed before it can be seen again; weeds pulled out, lifted, and tossed away before it becomes truly and truthfully functional as the standing place of inspiration and motivation.

Wednesday, May 31, 2006

Self Confidence

I always had a lot of self-confidence. Otherwise I would not have dared go to France when I was nineteen, or even, in second grade, lead the boys against the girls' group in Barnard School for Girls, or conduct the orchestra at High School of Music and Art.

Yet I publically always, often, try to display a “humility,” by showing a modest, nay “charming,” lack of confidence. Why do I even bother to do this? Is it to please my mother?

I don’t know. But this public person is actually an illusory shadow of the real me. Why do I even bother with it? I don’t know. But for whatever reason, it is time to give it up.

Let’s go public with the self-confident me. People may call me egotistic and disapprove of me, or not. No matter. It is better to stand up for myself both in private and public.

Better for the real me to be me.

Monday, June 12, 2006

Father: More Sad than Glad

Yesterday we went to Jonny and Christy’s to celebrate Allison’s graduation from college. Visiting family is and was, as usual, a pressured but great day.

I came away feeling my usual sadness. Why does this so often happen?

I come away unbalanced by a feeling of overwhelming love for my family. It makes everything else I do in the rest of my life, my work and accomplishments, pale into insignificance. Perhaps I am upset by this compassion. Or is it the overwhelming feeling of love that upsets me? Or both?

What is this “love?” Why does it unbalance me? Why not elevate and inspire me?

Is it based on memories of family life at home in Riverdale, and the background of put downs, lack of confidence, and retreats that it brings up?

If the latter is so, then this feeling, which I interpret as love, is not love. Rather, it relates to memories of non-recognition, abandonment, and rejection.

Is that why I feel sad when I am with Jonny? He reminds me of my father. Memories of my father make me sad. I view his life as unfulfilled entangled with his

inability to stand up to my mother, giving up his soul to work as a principle, and for financial security of the Board of Education teacher's life.

Part of my father's life reflected sadness and pathos, his lack of inner drive to fight the forces around him, to take chances to fulfill his dreams.

Much of my so-called "love" for him is based on feeling sorry for his impotence, inability, lack of will, strength, or desire to fight for what he wanted. How sad that is.

No heroism and daring in it.

Is there a "reverse heroism" in giving up your dreams in favor of family duties and obligations? I doubt it. But I'd like to think there is. Why? Because I want to love my father and respect the life style he led.

Yet though he gave us so much, I still cannot love or respect what he did to himself, how he destroyed his dreams "merely" to support us.

I'm sad he did.

But my father had a beautiful sense of humor and whimsy. The stories he told were wonderful. That memory makes me happy.

Tuesday, June 20, 2006

Editing as Self-Clarification

As I reread my writing, I edit in order to clarify my mind to myself. The public may benefit from my editing. . . or it may not. But theirs is a secondary benefit. It is not my main purpose.

The process touches and reminds me of my central energizing and creative self.

That is the only reason to edit.

But it is an excellent one!

Tour Roll

A new day. What will it bring?

Totally involved in the tour business. I can't stop. All other interests have fallen by the wayside. How long will this last? Should it last? Where will it all lead? I'm on a tour roll.

My center is being lost in a flurry of promotion, advertising, and publicity.

Lost? Or is it, in a new and strange way, being found?

I am pushing the old self through a strainer, coming out with a new puree of purified, next-level, gone public self. The advertising, promotion, gone public self.

A new integration is taking place.

Friday, June 30, 2006

Tours Dreams. . . and More

Survival is Beautiful

Do I have a tour dream? If yes, what is it? Good question.

Has my tour business really only been built on the hope and possibility of making mucho money? Of course, that in itself, is not bad. The dream of making mucho money is a valid dream. (Do I really believe this? Hopefully. Possibly.)

But is there really more to my dream? Does it move beyond material reality into a more spiritual realm, the realm of union, inner peace, and beauty, in other words, the "musical values?"

The dream of making money is good. But money, in itself, always has a purpose. It is a means to an end. Without an end in sight, its meaning and purpose dry up.

Beauty, art, union, unity are ends in themselves, good-in-themselves, as Immanuel Kant would say. Thus, in order to be totally satisfied in my tour business, I must somehow wed, combine beauty and money making. Spiritual and material worlds must meet.

Perhaps up to now I have been so focused on merely surviving in the material world that I could not look at the spiritual values involved in my tours. And this

struggle for survival is still true.

Nevertheless, can I periodically rise above this and see the bigger tour picture? The spiritual nature of tourism, the beauty nature of my tours. That's Beauty with a big B.

Some good questions:

1. Is there a beauty in collecting people's money?

2. No question there is a thrill when they register. Is their beauty in this thrill?

Or is it simply "Whew, I can now survive another day?" Of course, I can also ask: Isn't the fact that I can survive another day a beautiful thing? Must be.

Without survival I cannot experience Beauty. Therefore, survival and beauty go together. All is one.

Am I making an artificial distinction between material and economic survival, and beauty? Aren't they really two sides of the same flipping coin? You can't have one without the other.

Why is broccoli beautiful? You can eat it, and thus it helps you survive. Without this purpose, no one would care about it. Thus broccoli is beautiful. So are all other fruits and vegetables.

Thus it is so obvious that making money, surviving in material reality, is beautiful. It's just that I am so narrowly focused on making it that I can't see its beauty.

Well, those days are over. From today on, I am training myself to see the beauty of survival, beauty in the means of survival, and the beauty of the connection between material and spiritual survival. It's called Reality.

All is One, and that is That.

Panic Attacks

It's one thing to live pain-free; it's another to live fear-free.

Are pain and fear related? Does pain-free living really mean fear-free living?

Obviously, some pain comes with realistic daily life. But I'm not talking about

this minimal annoyance pain.

Obviously, some fears are realistic: fears of lions, tigers, rushing cars at traffic lights, crossing the street, etc. I'm not talking about realistic fears.

I'm talking about fears created by worry. Worry-fears. And their correspondences in the body, Sarnoian TMS pain creations.

If I look at the twenty years, and much of my life, I have often stood at the border or been beset by panic attacks. I hardly recognize that the Greek god Pan is so often my god.

This lack of awareness has now ended. I am moving forward, attacking both panic attacks and Pan himself.

Consciously, I know there is no "realistic" reason for me to panic over the things I panic about: running tours, teaching folk dancing, performing the Jim Gold show, finances, I've done them all for years; I have skills in all of them; I know what I'm doing; and, most important I have survived. This proves I am capable of succeeding in these areas. Yet panic still sits subtly in the background or reigns full force whenever I perform these tasks. Accompanying these subtle or gross visits by Pan are concomitant TMS body pains.

This state and visits are no longer necessary. From today on my long-range (and short range) goal will be to defeat my panic attacks.

How?

First: awareness I have them.

Second: acceptance of the fact I have them.

Third: Learn to live with them. Make them part of the family; welcome them into the household. Then let them float them in my mind. This means watch them drift through my life and simultaneously not pay much attention to them. I can still lead a fine life even in their presence. Pay minimal attention to them, then move on.

Fourth: Let them float in time. Once awareness, acceptance, recognition have been achieved, let time do its work. Let my fears and worries float in time. Eventually,

they dissolve by themselves. Then I can either move on to new fears and worries, or something completely different.

Wednesday, July 5, 2006

Public Relations Work

That was my conflict, ignorance, misunderstanding, and confusion during the Sasha's Fallsview, Ira Weisburd Weekend. I couldn't figure out whether I was working or on vacation. Now I know the answer:

When I make an appearance at a folk dance event, a concert, weekend (a la Fallsview), folk dance class of another teacher, etc. I am doing public relations work.

Public relations work is very important part of my job. It is certainly not a vacation. It is, most definitely, work. But a different kind of work than, say, folk dance teaching. Of course, teaching a folk dance class is also public relations work; it is direct by nature. Appearances in folk dance milieus are indirect in nature; but are public relations work, nonetheless.

Thursday, July 6, 2006

Left Wrist Pain and the Dream of Classical Guitar Playing

Check out my rage. It might be working its subtle wonders on my body.

This morning it is my left wrist: a totally new phenomenon. What does it have to do with my successful, wonderful, and beautiful performance at the Fallsview? And my latest guitar "decision," which is that, I no longer "need" classical guitar for a successful performance.

Perhaps I do need it, not only for a successful performance, but for many other things. Perhaps it is the substratum for all my performances, the underwater 90 percent of the iceberg. Perhaps, even if I never play classical guitar in public again, the very dream that some day I may is necessary for my survival.

The temporary "death of this dream" may be creating temporary rage; this rage

is why suddenly today, a new TMS pain has appeared in my left wrist – left wrist and hand, half the foundation of my guitar playing.

Another reason for rage: could it be possible I am so angry at my tours and all the work and details they force upon me, because my tours are a distraction from my true purpose in life, which is, to be an artist, which means to express myself through writing, guitar, and public performance.

Wow, what a thought. Although certain aspects of tours may be exciting, I am in them fundamentally and primarily to make money! Money is necessary (aside from the attaining the basics of life, food, shelter, etc) for one main purpose: to free me to be an artist, to free me to create music and writing. This dream has never changed. . . ever!

Of course, making a living in the performing or writing field is a total pain in the ass. But this is true of making a living in any field. True, there is more potential to make more, nay mucho, money in the tour field. But these are quantitative differences. Qualitatively, my purpose in life has never changed: It is, was, and always has been to be and become an artist!

Thus, I must admit, the tour business is a distraction. Perhaps a necessary one, but a distraction nevertheless. No wonder I am so angry about it, spending so much time, energy, and effort on the mere distraction of making a living. Evidently, it must be done as I continue to follow the road of my true purpose: the be and become an artist; and this mainly through music and writing.

I ask what will I do if my Greek tour, and even next year's Bulgarian/Macedonian tours make money? What will I do if they work out, and I suddenly have some extra back up money in the bank? Should I simply expand my tour business, create and promote more tours, and make even more money? Is making more money the purpose of my life? Absolutely not. Money is merely a means to an end. It is boring, useless, and empty beyond that purpose of freeing my brain to fulfill its true purpose of being and becoming an artist.

Art is my love foundation. Organizing, public social director skills, etc. are some other talents I have. Sure I must fulfill my talents; but it should be done on a love foundation base.

That is the bottom line.

Public relations as a form of helping others.

“Promotion” smacks of narrow, self-promoting, self-interest. A word feeling from the old neighborhood.

“Public relations” feels like a mitzvah form, a good-in-itself, with others coming first. This attitude is based on my recent Fallsview Weekend experience.

But of course, in the higher realm of self-worth (towards which I am going), promotion and public relations are pieces of the entire picture.

The above is the 2006 summer direction/attitude breakthrough. It may be where Zany is going with his new direction and attitude

Mitzvah Fun!

Doing things for others is so much fun!

Playing guitar for others, playing notes as mitzvahs for others would also be so much fun!

It’s a giggle and a joy!

That’s my style. No wonder it didn’t go over in Greenwich Village coffee shops, folk singer venue clubs like Gerdes Folk City, and the sixties movement of anger and rebellion.

Now the question is: Where does this “for others mitzvah fun,” this “giggle and joy approach” fit in to the “Alhambra?”

It doesn’t. “Alhambra” is a sad, haunting, beautiful, soulful piece. There is no giggle and joy in it. Yet it is celestial.

Can giggle-and-joy and sad, haunting, beautiful, and soulful be blended, mixed,

and fused in the mitzvah fun experience? Can they ever be part of the “fun” word? Should they be? Or is it another emotion, a entire other emotional experience?

No question it is another side of me. By offering this other side to the public, am I not offering them another form, another aspect, of mitzvah as well? Yes!

Thus I can think of others, play for others, in a sad, haunting, beautiful, and soulful way, too.

And by showing this side of me, am I not showing respect for others, for their intelligence, sensitivity, sense of beauty, and soulfulness? Yes!

Respect for others is part of the doing for others, giving to others, the “for others, mitzvah experience.”

“Fun,” says Richard Branson, “is one of my prime business criteria.” Same for me. This confirms my views.

As my bottom line, is fun the place where business and art meet? Is fun where they join together?

Here’s another quote from Branson’s book I ought to and will think about. Talking about the difference in life views between his business partner, Simon, and himself:

“Simon’s interest in and love for life come from the arts, music, books, his collection of paintings, and beautiful cars. My interest in life comes from setting myself huge, apparently unachievable challenges, and trying to rise above them.”

The question is: Which one is me? Can I settle for both? Yet I feel I’m hinting at, like, and heading for the latter.

Do I really know myself? Perhaps not yet.

Truth is, up to now, I have embraced Simon’s attitude (my mothers’s, family upbringing, Music and Art art-as-god attitude, etc.) and have had disdain for Richard’s business attitude, or at least, towards business in general.

But now, I wonder. Is that really me? Have I simply seen business in the

“wrong,” or extremely narrow-minded way? Have I seen business through my mother’s and communist-upbringing eyes? Well, I know I have. That is my upbringing. And also, that is, or was, my belief. But just as it took seventy years for the Soviet Union to collapse, it may have taken forty years for my old attitudes to fall.

And perhaps they are ready to. Or better, perhaps they have already. . . and I am ready to recognize the fall.

Will such a radical change in attitude complete my metamorphosis, my transformation? I think it will.

It’s not that I am giving up art; it’s rather I am adding business.

Thus one feeds another.

Another question is: Have I had the Branson perspective all my life but never recognized or accepted it—or perhaps consciously refused to recognize it as such. And perhaps this was a question of a self-image partially taught and imposed from without, but not my real self with its own, unique inner reality.

Wouldn’t it be funny, strange, and ironical if it turned out that, at heart, I have always been a closet businessman. But of course, I hated the word “business.” And the businessman was anathema. What anti-capitalist could admire a businessman? Ugh, ugh, ugh! Well, that was my milieu and upbringing. . . and attitude.

Perhaps I am ready to take another leap into a new view of selfhood.

Monday, July 10, 2006

Joys and Fulfillment Beyond Money

Although it is good to think about Richard Branson, business, unachievable goals, making money, etc., it is also good to remember what jewels I already have, namely, the beauties of playing guitar, the happiness I get playing music or dancing (folk dancing,) the joys of reading, study, running, yoga, and more. The fulfillment and

total satisfaction I get from performing the activities of my miracle schedule. I could even add to this my sometimes joy and fulfillment from family, friends (and even passing acquaintances.) And I have all these without making a cent.

And truly, these are heavenly joys. Money, an earthly joy, is a stepping stone, a means to the relaxation and fulfillment of heavenly joy.

Money also reflects acceptance, love, and power. All good things, too.

Both are needed in this world of woe. Nevertheless, spirit comes first. Remembering and diving into it ever precedes the secondary powers of money.

All matter is born from spirit; it is the foundation of matter. Thus spirit comes first. Matter, although important, is always a secondary matter.

In this long year's transformational process, the thrilling possibility of making money has thrown me off center, out of kilter. I have forgotten my priorities.

This year is also about my values straight, getting them back to normal. What is my normal?

My value pyramid looks like an iceberg: Miracle schedule is the largely unseen foundation, the ninety per cent invisible base. Business lies above the surface, awesome, wondrous, admired, and seen by all.

What is my greatest asset? My Imagination.

Why is money so important? Because of what I imagine it can and will do.

This proves that, on a spiritual and even material level, my imagination is my greatest asset.

Aren't the above Zany Thoughts? Yes.

On Giving Up Reading the New York Times

After reading the New York Times a wave of "What's the use? Why bother? It's

all purposeless, meaningless, and empty” depression just refogged my mind.

Is it the depressing nature of most-to-all articles in the Times that promotes this feeling? Partly.

But the Devil of Discouragement lives within me. Part of my job is to fight him every day. For weapons, use Fresh New Vision.

This Times is such a discouraging and negative newspaper. I never feel down after reading the Wall Street Journal.

Perhaps I should stop reading the Times. It may be a healthy thing to do. After all, why should I continue to titillate my Devil of Discouragement? Maybe I should just walk past him and lead a good life. This is what happens when I’m on vacation at the Cape. No newspapers. And I’m generally a happy man.

Should I give up reading newspapers? Or just the Times?

My brain is so fresh, wild, and open in the morning. Why waste it reading the Times?

Good, but healthy, questions!

Tuesday, July 11, 2006

On Tying (Connecting) Tour Expansion to JGI Growth

In terms of an inspiration for advertisement, PR, and publicity, perhaps P.T. Barnum is it.

But this is nothing for me to study. It is more a gathering, a collecting, a bring together of sorts, organizing the troops, etc. These are not skills I have to learn or read about. It is just plain and daily work.

Thus, what am I learning in the process? That is my frustration. I cannot see that I am learning or growing in any way. Yes, I would be expanding my JGI (and tour) organization. But, although expansion may be growth, it is not necessarily learning.

Or hopefully, through this advertising, PR, and publicity expansion, perhaps there will be new learning ahead, only I don’t yet know what I will be learning.

I cannot see any new skill I will be learning. It is really “more of the same.”

What about deepening? Can lateral JGI growth and expansion be part of deepening?

And am I talking about JGI growth, or only tour growth? Or perhaps tours will occupy the main business part of my mind, and other JGI aspects will drift, sink, filter into the background. For awhile. A few years.

There is no question that financially, tours have the greatest potential for making large amounts of money. Also, although I don't see this clearly, there is a subtle, strange, new kind of excitement in watching my tour company develop, expand, and grow. Working with others such as Lee, possibly Richard, maybe Sanna, and who knows who else on the horizon, is the new key. There are “sales people” in the folk dance community.

Thus I am targeting my market—the folk dance world; through Lee, maybe Richard, and maybe others, this even may have international growth potential! After all, Lee did say the Norwegians may be ready to travel! This idea would open up the European market. What a wow this is.

But again the question arises: How can I let myself be absorbed, and get totally excited by the idea of “mere” business growth? What about my art? An old question, indeed; but at a new time and in a new form.

Should I go back to therapy with and Dave for a tune up?

Another question: If my general direction is deepening, what does deepening the business aspects of JGI mean?

Is it the death of my artistic self? Even the death of my scholarly self? My interest in language study has been fading all year. Truly, I feel like I have nothing to study, and no desire to do it, either. Study, once such an important pillar of my miracle schedule, seems to be fading into oblivion.

It could only be “replaced” by deepening. But deepening in what? What

language? And how? And why? Why bother with language when I really don't "need" it? (to run tours).

I am bordering, teetering at the edge of a new life commitment, the St. Paul promotional and sales commitment to an expanded JGI. But mostly to its tour aspects. That is what is creating my incipient claustrophobia and hesitation. I am entering a narrow "non-artistic" sales and business passage.

JGI expansion means a general expansion of self in all directions. This includes both miracle and business schedule. But for now, I only see the "narrow" tour business expanding. Thus my hesitation, confusion, and subtle claustrophobia.

Is there a way of seeing my "narrow" tour expansion as part of a general JGI or self expansion? Is there a way of understanding tour expansion as part of miracle schedule aspects like writing, guitar playing, study, and even yoga, and running?

In fact, if I could tie tour expansion to self and JGI expansion, I would be satisfied.

If I could see such a tie and connection, I would be happy.

Is there such a tie?

Probably.

But I don't see it yet.

I need to see connections. I need to tie everything to everything else. My need for unity is a Jewish characteristic based on a four thousand year tradition, a deep rooted belief in monotheism.

All is One.

I can't stand living in pieces. I need unity and All-Is-One. Disparate members of my tour group joining together. Unity in tourism, oneness in tour groups. Everyone coming together: That is my desire and talent.

Waxing Poetic About Tours:

Financial, Psychological, and Spiritual Rewards

In fact, I could learn to wax poetic about the beauty of tours, and their transformational value, all of which I believe. If I move past the former annoyance, bother, details, troubles, and difficulties of running a tour, if I see tours from the perspective of the bigger pictures, their greater psychological and spiritual meaning and purpose, then I could indeed wax poetic about them.

In order to make the first step in doing this, I have to get beyond the tour making money aspect, the tours as a means-to-an-end, to the psychological and spiritual nature of tours, tours as a Kantian good-in-themselves.

Money is part of that good-in-themselves. But it is certainly and indeed not all of it. Tours have not only financial, but also psychological and spiritual rewards.

I have to (somehow) tie (connect) tours to beauty and art. Not a difficult thing to do since I believe it to begin with.

The rat race with its panic survival base to find customers ever continues. Yet even as I walk through the quicksand of this perennial mud fields, it is my job to remember beauty and art (of tours, and everything else I do.)

A dual purpose and function: Walk through the mud fields, and, remember art and beauty.

Beauty in and of Relations with People

Speaking of beauty, running, leading tour groups (folk dance groups, concert audiences groups, other groups) I wonder if the beauty of my relations with people is just too scary to contemplate.

And yet I have a talent for creating such beauty. The beauty of group unity. Group unity is a beautiful thing. Especially under an art and beauty rubric like folk

dance, travel, history, music, psychological and spiritual adventures with, through, and as part of a group.

Creating a tour group is a beautiful thing; it is a work of art. A beautiful mosaic of relationships interwoven within the dynamics of a group structure. I have yet to recognize this. But I will start today.

Wednesday, July 12, 2006

What Would Moses Say?

I somehow cannot escape from my long-held, bottom-line believe that advertising, public relations, and all forms of promotion are necessary but, as goods-in-themselves, are worthless! This is my age old problem.

It is thoroughly expressed in my juncture: I am at the cross-roads of my career. Although almost seventy years old, I feel I am now just "getting warmed up." A new venture and level is beginning. I am in the perfect place to promote everything I do and own. Yes, I am in the perfect place. . . but I do have only a divided mind with which to do it.

What would Moses say? And what about God? Where would He stand? I talk to Him and experience His blessings through music, beauty, and art. I have never seen or felt His presence in the fields of advertising, public relations, and promotion. No glory, honor, or ecstasy in these fields. Only down-to-earth, dire necessity. Without the survival triumvirate of advertising, public relations, and promotion, only cannot exist as an entrepreneur. Life in the material world requires those talents, skills, and activities.

And yet, probably due to my upbringing, I consider them phony, false, unworthy, worthless, and filled with cosmic meaninglessness. Intellectually, I might even think I am wrong; intellectually I might "know" their importance. But who cares about my intellect. Feelings, instinct, and higher spiritual forms rule my mind. . . or at

least they have a fundamental appeal to it.

So this is my dilemma. Will it stay with me the rest of my life? Maybe. I hate to live with a perpetual divided mind. . . but that may be my nature.

Michele called. She said that Moses would be an excellent ethical model for my expanding tour business. He spent forty years as a tour guide, manager, leader, and organizer. What a job it must have been dealing with all the Jewish complaints, whining, debates, travel problems, food, finding acceptable desert dining spots, accommodations on the ground, and more. Plus through all this he had to keep reminding his tourists to remember and focus their minds on God.

Leading a tour for forty years, what a tour business! Moses is the archetypical tour organizer, leader, and guide.

So my final question is: What would Moses say?

This beautiful letter from Lee Otterholt made me cry. Such recognition and confirmation of myself and my values.

As I reread it I felt a sudden pain in my lower right side, back and kidney. It is so hard to take such beautiful compliments. What can I do, if anything?

“Jim,

I want to repay a compliment: You didn't even need to tell me that Yves Andre had signed up for Poland and that you considered him "my" sign-up. And yet you did, and sent me a \$100 check.

It makes me feel so good to know that I am working with such a fair and generous guy. You, Jim, are FLOTT!

Lee”

Also this letter from Bob Baumol.

“it was great seeing you the other day, as usual; i love hearing about your creative exploits as on some level i wish i would be doing more in that vein; for now, i am content to listen to you describe the books you are writing, the travelling, the music, etc.

i also enjoy sharing with you the crazy different stuff i am doing; you often have a different take on it, which is always POSITIVE and its nice to hear;

let's try to set something up tentatively, knowing that either one of us could cancel if needed (without insulting the other);

Let me know your thoughts;

Sincerely, bob”

Ocean of Love

Maybe I’m just running away from the “Wow!” and beauty of such compliments. And the melt-down experience itself. It is so overwhelming in its beauty.

It is similar to the Beethoven Symphony melt-down. Accept this one comes from direct contact with human beings.

Thus the deepest level of human contact can create a cosmic melt-down experience similar to the ones I always (often) feel through music.

And the Beauty of the melt-down comes through recognition, acceptance, and confirmation of your self.

Thus self recognition and confirmation is a melt-down experience, cosmic in its creation of unity and oneness.

My business dealings are with others. Perhaps this melt-down experience, coming from working with (and through) others, is the ultimate pay off, the Beethoven melt-down business experience with its dissolution of ego into an ocean of being, the Ocean of Love.

The melt down is the cosmic experience of business mitzvah in action.

Slow: The Route of Wisdom and Artistry

I've thrown my lot in with slow. Slow gives you more time to think, feel, create, see, express, cogitate, meditate, and ruminate. In short, slow is the route of wisdom; it gives you more time for artistry.

Thursday, July 20, 2006

Writing Dream

Writing was always my center; writing was fresh and pure.

So why have I left it?

Sure the tour business is good, and so is entrepreneurship. But ultimately, it is a way of making money, a way to survive. And why bother surviving? In order to write. . . and do some music, too.

Writing has always cleared my mind, made me pure and fresh, put me close to the gods, given me a shot of adrenalin to unveil my true purpose on earth. The Creative Life. Symbolized by writing, New Leaf approach. Starting Fresh Every Day: I said it myself. And writing has always been my best method.

Why am I miserable? Why have I dropped it? Why do I whimper and whine like a lost puppy? Why do I feel so lost in the first place?

I've given up my writing dream, that's why. Depression, lost, misery, even aches and pains, all dribbled away when I wrote. . . or rather, when the writing dream remains fresh and high in my mind.

Perhaps my next entrepreneurial bent should be towards pushing the results of my writing, namely, my books.

Certainly, on one level, my tour business is "in place." I don't want to expand to the Orient, the Far East. I've covered all the European and Middle Eastern tour ground. I know my business. Now it's only sustenance and expansion will come from promotion and advertising mode. This is a different kind of challenge, but not a visceral and fresh (like learning and building the tour business especially at its

beginning in Hungary.)

What would be visceral and fresh? Why would strike my core, build anew, create life and fire in my belly?

Perhaps it is pushing the results of my writing, namely, my books. This would also make daily writing itself even more important, more gone public, even more entrepreneurial. It would be a fresh, new field to conquer. Indeed, it would be “different,” almost like starting over.

Perhaps this, along with tour expansion, is the right and proper post-transitional direction for me. Sure I need the tour business. It is a developed business which can make a break-and-butter living for me. It is my step into the outside world.

Writing still remains an inner world thing. And the daily creation of new works will still remain an inner world thing – as it should.

But a gone-public writing approach could not only supplement my gone-public tour business, it could, will be, is the psychological foundation for it, and my psyche in general.

Writing is even more fundamental than music, although in terms of personal psychic need, they are really twins. But music performance is and has already gone public through my former life as a concert performer.

Perhaps I should return to this as well. The Jim Gold Show does incorporate both music and writing. It also serves to promote and expand my tour business.

Perhaps my direction should include not only inner-world writing, gone-public writing, but promotion and sales of the Jim Gold Show as well.

The above talk is really about priorities. And evidently, best for me is the following order:

1. Writing (Zany, New Tree, maybe more). . .coupled with a gone-public writing entrepreneurial aspect.
2. Music. . .coupled with promotion of the Jim Gold Show

3. Continued expansion of the tour business through promotion, advertising, etc.

This gives me three things to promote:

1. Writing (A new entrepreneurial challenge.)
2. Jim Gold Show
3. Tour business

Promote all three for total happiness.

This is perhaps why my energy is sapped and I feel so lost and achy. I have (had) lost my way. Fundamental priorities had twisted and disappeared. I forgot who I was, where I was, and why I was.

The above order of priorities is the right order, the miracle schedule order, the life-giving, creative order. It has the call from God. But like Ha Shem Himself, it is incumbent upon me to remember it.

Yes, like Moses, I am a tour leader. But before I lead others to the Promised Land, I must first find, then lead myself.

Beyond the Black Hole: New Neighborhood Challenges

Suppose my left second finger sudden TMS symptom is because I saw I don't need to improve "Recuerdos de Seville" anymore. With my new place for guitar in artistic life, I am there already. Thus I suddenly fell into the dark abyss of non-improvement with its "nothing to do" blackness. The "I am there" feeling consumed and scared the hell out of me. Old neighborhood gone. Where will I go? What will I do? I am lost. The only place I can now go is into the New Neighborhood. But it is so strange and new. What will I do there? How will I function?

Thus a TMS terror is suddenly "expressed" in my guitar playing left second finger.

I stand now unclothed, naked, vulnerable, and open in the New Neighborhood. No wonder terror has struck. Now I see my left hand second finger, guitar-playing, I-

am-there terror.

But what about my right second toe? Is it also an "I-am-there TMS terror symptom? Must be. But how so?

But let's get back to TMS symptom A. How to play guitar, specifically, "Recuerdos de Seville," with the "I am there" feeling?

How do I deal with the black hole?

Why is it a black hole in the first place?

Because all challenges are gone. Thus I need new challenges to take me beyond the black hole. I need a new challenge as I live in my New Neighborhood.

Can I find a new Recuerdos de Seville challenge? How about playing it with expression? Anything else? What is left?

Playing guitar with expression. (The more modern, New Neighborhood term may be playing guitar with feeling.)

What else is left?

Is playing guitar with expression, with feeling, a challenge? It is so "easy." Yet what else is left?

Perhaps it is a challenge, I don't yet know how or why.

Friday, July 21, 2006

Imagination

In terms of language, the word imagination is not as "tainted" by art as the word creativity. I grew up with creativity, creative artist, and more. The creative person is "always" the artist. Period. Others, non-creative people, are capitalist slobs. It's almost impossible for me to escape from this intellectually limited, old neighborhood vision.

My new neighborhood holds art and business in equal esteem. I need new words and language to frame this new neighborhood vision. The use of imagine and imagination are the first words in this new, art-and-business connected neighborhood.

Maybe I should just let myself sink into this uninspired, unenthusiastic, aching, soggy morass I am in, and see where it leads. Consciously trying to step out of it seems helpless. Trying to find myself, raise myself, lift my spirits through the positive thoughts I discover in writing, does not seem to work in the long run. No matter what I do, where I go, what I try, the half-directionless, post-transitional morass I'm in never completely goes away.

It clears while I write. The process of writing is fun and focused. But when writing ends, I'm back to where I started.

So ends a New Tree