

# THE NEW LAND OF

## NEW EXCITEMENTS AND NEW CHALLENGES

### LEADING THE DIVE IN LIFE

Sunday, June 28, 2020

#### Entering the New Land

Entering the New Land, I'll be taking new steps:

#### Guitar

1. Play all my old classical guitar pieces over again, but now with an “I can play everything!”

#### Writing

1. Putting All New Leaves on my website.
2. Watching/consulting with Dan. He organizes my Leaves into separate “Walden-type book categories.
3. Starting a new MyBooks sale business: MyBooks.

Monday, June 29, 2020

#### Big Gains and Shifts

Big gains and shifts as I enter the new land.

1. Money: Stocks for dividends/income.

- a. Minimal to no trading.
  - b. Note how calm, peaceful, stable, fresh, and balanced is my mind this morning with this decision.
2. Guitar: I can play classical guitar. Alhambra conquered!
    - a. Possible new “future career” with Jim Gold Show. (Or aim I jumping the gun here?)
  3. Study: Torah reading Hebrew/English. Primary a.m. reading.
    - a. Yanshuf, secondary.
  4. Business: A cloudy new business dream of MyBooks
    - a. Putting New Leaf on website.
    - b. Future MyBook business
    - c. Possible editing of NL and “Walden type” future books with Dan.

Purpose: To see (and feel) the secret unity behind all things. Understanding this vision, feeling it deeply, brings peace to the conflicted soul.

#### Greater New Land Purpose

Do I have a greater purpose?

Can I, do I, will I bring wisdom to the people through my writing? Other activities as well. Folk dancing, tours, concerts, etc.

I know I want to have a loftier, more important, even vital purpose. But does

wanting make it so? More important, does wanting give me the confidence, and the right to do it?

Secretly, I may have the confidence. But do I have the right? The right to myself in the class of Moses, and the great thinkers and leaders of the past?

Dare I give myself such a lofty task? Am I worthy enough? Isn't it arrogant, assumptive, bordering on the edge of hubris, to even say such a thing?

Am I worthy?

Or better, dare I be worthy?

If I dare, can I do it with humility and love?

Or will I be beaten back by (my own) arrogance and hubris?

These are the big, post-eighty, new land questions.

Do I have the wisdom?

I believe I do.

Am I worthy to impart it? Do I dare?

Do I dare say yes to wisdom?

But as I cross over into the new land, is there even a choice?

Do I dare say yes to my own God-given wisdom?

Note: I say "my own." which means my own personal approach, and God-given, which means we're a team. I couldn't have it without Him, and He couldn't impart it to people without me. Yes, I am His servant, but every Master needs a servant. And this,

especially of the Supreme Master.

Being a servant is not only the Judeo-Christian way, but, I believe it is the way of all monotheistic religions. (Does this also hold for polytheistic religions? I don't want to leave anyone out.)

But beyond intellectual explanations, the bottom line I'm asking is: Do I dare?

Courage and faith.

This is (would be) a giant leap into Moses Land.

I have the faith.

Do I have the courage?

Having the courage, would give me a tremendous boost in motivation.

If I could say "Fuck my arrogance, hubris, and pride. I'll do it anyway." That would be good.

Maybe I should just do it, dive in, based on my own strong belief in divine selfishness. Which is really self interest with a religious twist. That's the light, funny way of expressing it (based partly on hesitation and fear), but it is still true. And divine selfishness, my own invented term, is something I actually, deeply, and truly believe!

It combines God and religion (divine) with my personal flaws, drives, and human limitations.

So maybe I should just say "Fuck it!" and jump into my wisdom. make my next step, my next purpose and goal, with its mucho motivation, my new land, post-eighty, post corona virus direction.

What choice do I have?

In truth, none.

If this is so, since I have (at least) a year's sabbatical from normal folk dance and tour work, my next step is to prepare and soon promote my two platforms:

My platforms are:

1. My books

2. Jim Gold Show: "Gold Nuggets in a Glass"

a. Gold Nuggets symbolize power, strength, durability. Glass signifies human limitations, fragility, modesty, and humility. Gold Nuggets in a Glass symbolizes unity, All-is-One, and love.)

"Gold Nuggets" is funny, clever, and strong.

"In A Glass" shows weakness, fragility, vulnerability, humility, and modesty. It is also clever but not in a funny way.

Do I want to show and admit to such vulnerability, especially in public?

I think I do.

I am ready for it, ready to do it. I am in a new land.

And again, in this new land, do I even have a choice?

Well, yes. But my choice is to do it.

The suffering, vulnerability, expressed in my New Leaf Journals is part of the beauty.

Jim Gold Show is my wisdom show.

Wisdom expressed through joy, excitement, humor, beauty, love, and the  
Magnificence.

It is totally amazing.

Every guitar playing wall is crumbling.

I used to say "I can't believe it."

But this time I do.

It's a miracle.

But this time it's different, long lasting.

I'm in a new land.

This time it's long lasting and true.

Later in the afternoon:

Can I tell the world I can play the Alhambra?

And then, play it for them?

Tell the world I can play the Alhambra.

Next step: Play if for them!

The spread hypothenar muscle,  
the “It’s easy, I can do it, I have control” muscle,  
is the signal and symbol.

Tuesday, June 30, 2020

Next day.

I’m pulling away from my new power. Too intense for now. I need some distance, a kind of combination of Awe, Celebration, Denial, Pull Away and Let it Settle time.

“Awe/Celebration/Pull Away/Let It Settle” time.

Fighting Fascism, State Control, Lock Downs, and More

“Stand Up Against Tyranny: Folk Dance!”

“Folk Dancing Matters!”

I’m not a politician. But I still need to fight their terrible political decisions which so affect my life and the lives of others.

The lock down state has locked out fun, excitement, joy, and growth, and replaced it with masks, social distancing, and shut down misery.

Of course, there is a health issue which must be deal with. But without economy everyone will die. Obviously, you need both. But, for a civilized life, you also need sport, art, adventure, excitement, growth, and joy to enrich your garden. And more!

So the struggle to reopen begins.

What's the best way I can fight?

What's my best tool, my best weapon?

Folk dancing!

The folk dance push-back, forward, sideward, and push in circles, too. The folk dance army marching in grapevine or two-step formation, conquering country and country with beauty.

The way I fight back is with and through folk dance! That is my best tool, my best strength. Thus, start up my classes.

Open up folk dancing somewhere, somehow, even if, as a start, we have to social distance and wear masks.

Running folk dance classes, putting the folk dance army on the march is its own subtle, powerful political statement.

In order to do this, I need to start my classes.

Where and how to start them is the next question.

Parking lots and outdoor restaurants are a good start.

Stand up against tyranny: Folk Dance!

Folk Dancing Matters!

Wednesday, July 1, 2020

Leading the Dive In Life

Starts with guitar:

Dive right in.

From the very first Pavane.

Leading the dive in life.



Next step: Flamencan hypothenar guitar review.

Thursday, July 2, 2020

### Strange is the Human Mind

#### Left Ankle Slide

A weird feeling took place this morning which I should recognize.

As I was playing guitar, I had a sudden pain in my left ankle. It came from what I believe is a stiffness originating in yesterday's run.

Hurt ankle suddenly jumped to inability to walk to an end of my folk dance career. But the surprising thing was, I felt relief when the pain came! Why?

Because it would force me not to dance, which would enable me to focus completely on my guitar. I would be free of dancing. No pressure, no must, no must teach, no must dance, no nothing. Complete freedom. To focus totally on my guitar, which I can now play!

Do I really have such a negative pressure on me to folk dance? Probably. Do I want my ankle to hurt so I can be free from that pressure? Probably.

And this, even though I know I am completely free to choose to only play guitar all day long, for weeks, and even months ahead.

Left ankle slide. Does this harken back to the old folk dance ankle syndrome? I think so.

Strange is the human mind.

### Freedom, Slavery, and Frustration

The fight for guitar freedom is a daily fight.

Yes, it is.

You fight today and win. But next day you wake up one more in slavery. And you

must fight again.

Levels change, but the struggle remains the same.

It's frustrating.

You never have a permanent win.

But you never have permanent lose either.

Yes, the fight for any freedom is a daily fight.

### What's it like in the After Life?

Up and down, round and round, the earthly struggle for freedom goes on and on. It's the eternal cycle.

Peace comes only in perfection or death.

But I wonder if even that is true.

What's it like in the after life?

### Giving Up Folk Dancing in order to Rediscover It.

My folk dance ankle and the emergence of my folk dance ankle problem has to do with my obligation to teach folk dancing.

Do I really have an obligation to teach?

Well, yes, I have a pressure to earn a living, and since I have leadership talent and skill, and teach folk dancing, I earn my living through that skill, and the tour leading skill which is related to folk dance leading talent and skill.

But, although I still have the skill, I am no longer earning a living through folk dancing or tour leading.

So do I still have an obligation to teach? I partly rationalize that I love folk dance teaching, and even tour leading? And that is partly true. I partly do.

But I also love being true to myself.

Do I have a greater obligation to be myself? Probably.

Can the two ever mix? Probably.

But maybe not yet.

Part of this corona virus vacation is to reassess my relationships to work and self, how to mix them and place my priorities.

Right now it feels like I need to give up folk dancing. And this, in order to rediscover for it!

(To rediscover my love and need for it!)

Very wise.

(Maybe the above is true for exercise as well.)

### Going Public with my New Leaf Journal

I can't believe I've had all this pain in my life, which I have. I've kept it a secret, probably because I'm so afraid of it, so afraid to admit that I'm so weak and vulnerable.

But that's why I wrote, and continue to write in my New Leaf Journal, a journal of vulnerability, to show others I have a "serious" side, and to reveal and explain this sad, serious, beautiful, melt-down side to myself, and in a great victory, finally dare to put it on my website, publish, and reveal it to others.

It's all coming out now as I go public with my New Leaf Journal.

Friday, July 3, 2020

### Deepening of the Alhambra and Tremolo

Deepening of the Alhambra and tremolo?

I believe it is.

Back to finger focus.

Note: Sudden back left ankle.

Log run on Wednesday, with slight pain in left heel area at end of run. Next day slight stiffness in the morning. But note my reaction: Now I don't hav to folk dance! In other words, my left ankle pain relieved me of the burden of folk dancing.

Burden? I never thought of folk dancing as a burden. But maybe, the fact that I have to do it, it is my responsibility to show up, teach, focus outwardly on my class is, after all, a responsibility, and thus a burden as well. A likeable, up-beat, pleasant, inspiring burden, but a burden nevertheless. Also, I recognize that I get nervous and concerned before each class since I want to perform well, run the class well, wish for success, etc. All pressures. And what is a pressure but a burden.

Thus I must recognize and admit that teaching folk dancing, although partly a joy, is also a responsibility and thus a burden.

The burden of folk dance teaching. Who would have thought?

In any case, my so-called left ankle pain may well be a Sarnoian reaction, a resistance, a TMS creative pain, which will temporarily) free me from the burden of folk dance teaching.

- Serving Beauty

I want to be transformed.

But it's too late. I've already been transformed.

It's all inside me.

I just got to use what I've already got.

I discovered the Magnificence at sixteen while playing the violin in my room, what I

call the Riverdale chamber of my imagination. Or it was revealed to me, or it revealed itself to me. Whatever.

It has never left since then. Always a powerful, powerhouse, in-house memory that has ever guided and strengthened my life. Whenever I was about to give up, memory and knowledge of the Magnificence made me say “never!” and kept me going.

So I’ve had direct knowledge of the Melt-Down Magnificence for a long time.

And I’ve used it through life.

So what is the problem?

How can I use my knowledge?

How can I serve?

Maybe it’s sit back, appreciate my blessings, and observe time, the “walk off into the woods as a sage” stage.

I hope not.

I finally have confidence and know so much. I hope there is more for me to do.

I want to help others, use my knowledge, and somehow serve.

How will this happen? Especially when all my business are over, my vehicles are closed.

Is God real?

Or a force I imagine?

But one day, while playing the violin in the Riverdale teenage chamber of my imagination, my experience of the melt-down Magnificence was real.

So too with my Beethoven symphony Cheerios melt-down.

I experienced them. At sixteen.

They were real.

Is God real? Deep. Down I know He is. But I won't admit it, tell it, say it, confess it.

But maybe I already have.

In fact, I know I have. This vision has guided my life, followed me like a shadow of hope and confidence. Only I won't concretize it, say or confess it.

I wonder why.

No question, but not doing so, I was able to hold on to my anxieties, fears, and doubts which, I believed, helped motivate me.

Am I afraid if I mention the Magnificence it will go away?

I doubt it.

Without these fears, Beauty itself Would be my primary motivation.

Am I ready for such a transformation?

I'd say yes.

I want to serve.

Perhaps serving Beauty is the way to go.

By serving Beauty, I will serve others.

Saturday, July 4, 2020

Every day I face a new wilderness.

Every day I need a guide to lead me out of the wilderness desert.

### Alhambra

If the little guys were given priority, would they get stronger?

I Sit in Somnambulance Waiting

I need a new source of motivation. I've known that for years.

My main motivation source to fight for what I wanted, need, money, fame, recognition, whatever was mostly be fear.

But most of my fear is gone. It has been replaced by mostly confidence. Plus a feeling of success.

But along with this growth in confidence and success, which diminishes and destroys my fears, comes a loss of motivation.

As I say, fear used to motivate me, but since it is mostly diminished, so is my motivation.

I need a new source of motivation.

I mentioned serving Beauty yesterday.

But can serving Beauty be new source of motivation? I can see nothing else, and, in my mind, I see no other choice.

To se4ve Beauty and bring it to others is certainly can be a calling. But is it "enough" to call me?

Is it enough to push me out of the house, onto the sales floor, into the public arena, to gather the forces and shout of the Word!

My mediums are folk dancing, books, guitar, music. I have enough confidence in them to say they are good of others, others would benefit from them.

But will this give me the motivation to do it? Will it plush me off my butt and out of the house?

So far, not. Lethargy and sleepiness rule. Or is it paralysis? I'm stuck in mid-stream paddling forward and backward at once, going nowhere as I sit in my house like a vegetable. Am I vegetating? Or am I waiting for the call? Both? Neither?

I feel like I'm waiting for a call or the call.

And secretly, I hope one comes.

Meanwhile, I sit here in somnambulance waiting.

Maybe I hurt my left foot and can't walk because I need to be still.

On the universal level, corona came. I lost all my business? Why? Perhaps I need to be still.

Why be still? To receive the holy spirit.

My old sources of motivation have dried up.

"Why bother?" has returned with a softer vengeance, a more disguised version of the old.

I need a new source, a new breeze, wind, ruach, spirit to drive my leaves forward.

Do I mean my New Leaves?

Fear has run out of gas.

Beauty, clothed as a holy spirit, has made its appearance.

Perhaps I need to be still to receive this Beauty. Perhaps I need to drink some Holy Spirit water to start flowing again.

Note: I still say "perhaps."

Wiggles, doubts, dozing languidity, and sleepiness persist.

Sunday, July 5, 2020

Finger Power!

Guitar: Alhambra

First thing to realize, feel, and admit that it feels so good to touch/feel/pluck the



strings with my finger tips and have to have finger power!

Fingers matter!

Communists matter!

But so do fascists and capitalists!

That's what I've always dreamed of: Alhambra with the power is in the treble, the fingers, the top. Unlike Segovia's interpretation where the melody is in the bass.

(Power in the treble, but not necessarily the melody. Is there a difference between power and melody? Interesting question.)

Well, now I see them as "equal," Same weight for both tremolo and bass.

In any case, in order to accomplish this, I need to recognize, accept, and dive into my finger power!

And I am!

### Retirement

I have been retired by the corona virus situation. At first I struggled through anger, panic, and depression. But slowly, over the past few weeks and months, my anger, panic, and depression have diminished, turning first into vague I've

The retirement sap and molasses just hit my veins.

Why do anything?

### Editing as a First Desire

What would I do if I could retire?

Well, I have been retired.

What will I do now that I have been retired?

Which is another form of asking: What would I do, if I could do anything I want to do?

Well, truth is, now I can.

I can do whatever I want to do, whenever I want it. And I have enough money and time to do it.

So again, in this new retirement position, I ask: What do I want to do?

As a start, my first answer could be nothing.

It is.

How long will this last?

Not long.

Here then comes my first actual desire:

Edit my journals. . .slowly. Even the most recent ones.

Thank you Barry.

Monday, July 6, 2020

The Israelites in the bible were a very tough crowd.

Maybe I need something to get me nervous.

Getting in front of people makes me nervous. Teaching folk dancing, and any other type of performance, makes me nervous.

I miss my nervousness. And I need it, too!

Zoom and more.

Time to become a TV-type personality.

“God, get me out of this box! If you do, I promise I’ll dedicate my life to you!”

### Resistance and Chaos

I need resistance.

Without the walls of resistance, I fall into the pit of chaos, into the abyss of anarchy.

Is slavery better than chaos?

Maybe. At least in slavery there is order, and lots of resistance against which to rebel.

Does Chaos create Order? (What would the ancient Greeks say?)

Chaos is nothingness, which is probably the most terrifying of all.

Resistance is safer than chaos.

### New Land of Excitement and Challenges

Challenge or fear. Challenge and fear.

Challenge and fear as partners.

Without fear (challenge) there is no excitement.

Without challenge (fear) there is no excitement.

Without challenge there is no excitement.

What do I mean by fear? I’ve lost my during, fear of financial ruin, fear of humiliation before others, fear of the audience. I still have fears, even though I’ve lost my old fears. At least. Thanks to the corona, I’ve faced, dealt with, and lost most of my old fears.

Do I have new ones?

Maybe. But they feel minor and surmountable, compared to the old ones.

As I move into the new land, I search for new challenges which will excite me and inject a new exciting and desirable kind of or mode of fear. Different from the old fears.

Perhaps I'll call her Phear.

Let me introduce Phear, my new partner as I enter the New Land of excitement and challenges.

### My Transition is Completing

#### Dropping, Losing the Big Two

The New Land of Challenge and Excitement will not have two former fears:

1. The old financial fears: Financial failure, poverty, Bowery bum, etc.
2. The old fears of humiliation and loss of potential business by reading my journal and discovering who I really am.
  - a. Expressing doubts, fears, worries, aches, and pains in my New Leaf Journal.

New Leaf going, has gone public.

- b. Fears of classical guitar audience judgement.

Dropping, losing the big two:

My transition is in the process of completing.

### My Three Grand Transition Accomplishments

#### 1. Stock market: Financial Victory.

Gave trying to make a living by trading stocks a really good, thorough, two-month all day try. Got the total effort out of such a trial out my system. And now and yet it is still in my system. But somehow feels less frantic, more balanced. I'm not sure yet where this is going, but I am still on the path. And it affords some excitement and challenge to my now quiet life.

Also decided to take 2G a month out of the market to support myself. Thus using the market to support myself. Using the market this way is also a victory, but I'm not ready

to explain how yet.

## 2. Classical guitar: Artistic and Performing Victory.

Lost my critical audience. After losing all my business, and realizing I may never have an audience again. This idea totally freed me from the audience! , So my critical audience withered away and died. Gone! I'm so happy!

## 3. New Leaf Journal: Acceptance of Self Victory.

Go public with the real me. Gone public by deciding to put it out, publish it on my website. First came the go with chronology decision. By taking it, I realized I was accepting, publishing, going public, revealing to the audience the real me. What a grand victory!

Tuesday, July 7, 2020

After my victories: Finances (security), guitar( audience) writing (openness), where, when, and how to start?

Look to my miracle schedule.

Hebrew: Study, Guitar: Music, Dance: (Music and exer. and art, business, too. But that's dead.) Exercise: Run, yoga, gym (weights) Write: Journal, edit, publish, Business: ???

Note: I've added business to my miracle schedule. Is that an advance, something new, a type of new direction, even a New Land Challenge and Excitement? It means bringing my arts and skills to the public. Going public in the grandest of ways.

How to do that?

### Business Approach to Miracle Schedule

Making it active, lively, public. Going public with my miracle schedule. Pitting it "out there,"

1. Bringing Hebrew public. Study. Tours.
2. Bringing guitar public: Making videos

3. Bringing exercise public: Dance, choreo, folk aerobics.
4. Bringing writing public: Editing journal for website or/and publish. Promoting my books.

One thing is for sure: There are no thrills in this medium life.

Thrills come from pushing myself (slightly) beyond my limitations. This means living in the mixture of what I'd call excitement and fear.

How and where to start my new land push?

Maybe start with some new impossible dreams and goals.

Must I start by scaring myself a bit? Maybe.

Must I start the aches and pains in my body again? Maybe.

Contrast these heroic growth and expansion pains, which lead to victory cries and joyous wahoos, with the sleepy, lethargic, going nowhere aches of the dull life.

No comparison. And, excepting a brief dull life visit, no choice.

Start today. Start now.

### Embracing the Fear-Filled Life

Maybe there's a better word to use than fear. But that's the only word I know for now.

Thus, best for me is to embrace what I call the fear-filled life because with it come great challenges and excitements.

How to portray, define, explain it?

It's the fear involved with awe and amazement, its somewhat gut-wrenching, sighing, touched with a bit of ugh. It could be compared to the lightening strike of inspiration when

mixed with awe, and the awesome wonder of a miracle hit, strike, arrival.

Its definite location is in the stomach.

It is a combination of rumble and tingle.

It has the sudden strike vitality, importance, churning responsibility, and weight of a calling.

### The Virus Has Run Its Course, Served Its Purpose

On a self-understanding, self-improvement level, the corona virus has served its purpose and run its course.

My three grand transitional changes have been born, grown, affect and are now implanted within me.

On a personal level, self-development level, the virus as served its crowning corona cosmic purpose. It helped create a new man, or rather bring out the best of an old man. Thus its affects and it are essentially over.

Wednesday, July 8, 2020

### First Trading Victory Over Fear and Greed

Yesterday's market down 400 points.

But I lost very little in my Model Account.

This is good. Even very good.

Am I getting better?

Suppose I'm improving in my trading. (And why not, since I work at it so hard?) Will belief in my self-improvement be good for me? Or will I succumb once more to hubris?

How did I succeed yesterday?

First, I started out with two great penny stock wins. However, I sold them

immediately and locked in my gains. (I didn't wait for them to go higher, like I used to.

That's a learning and a plus.

Second, I have a new commitment to not losing money. This means I cut my losses early through tight stops.

Which comes first? Commitment to not losing money, or winning? However, note in winning, I locked in my gains quickly. I could have waited for more, letting greed kick in, but I didn't.

By giving up greed, I also give up or lose fear. I do this by accepted "less" gains, but also less losses.

So, by relinquishing my fear and greed, I ended up making money yesterday, or rather, in a down market, losing very little.

Losing little in a down market is almost the same as making money.

Can I call this my first victory over fear and greed?

Yes. At least for a day.

But remember my new "rules" as I begin trading today.

Well, I don't have to worry or even try to remember them. I'll remember them automatically through the pain that comes, if and when I start losing money again.

I also began my folk aerobics choreo program. Suddenly, it burst forth after three months of corona inspired anger/panic/depression, then leisure, nothingness, and waiting.

I have entered the new land.

### Extension of the New Land Program

#### Adding Folk Aerobics

Basically, yesterday was a good day.



The first good day in my New Land.

Can I extend it into today? We'll see.

Three transitions of stock trading, guitar performance, New Leaf publication finished.

The corona period is coming to a close.

Plus yesterday, my first day in my New Land, I added folk aerobics.

Thus my first "steps" in the New Land have been a stock trading victory and the addition of folk aerobics.

Plus adding Torah readings in Hebrew. which somehow makes Yanshuf articles easier.

Lots stirring and going on.

It began with a Monday reflexology session with Lynn. She re-mapped my foot.

Now I'm taking my first new steps as I enter my New Land.

#### Putting Today's New Leaf Writing on my Website

Should I put today's Leaves on the website?

Wow, what a New Land thought!

It would inspire me to edit it, be up to date, share today's self, with all its warts and changes, directly with others, the audience, the outside world.

Do I dare?

Of course. The days of un-daring are over.

Will I bother? Maybe. It's definitely a good, push-me-into-the-public idea. And very daring as well.

I want an impossible dream; I want the challenge energy of New Land fear and excitement.

Putting my daily mental New Leaf wanderings directly on the website would be a

daring, and fruitful and daring first step into my New Land.

Start right where I am.

Start soon. Start today.

#### Four (Five) Areas Have Been Reborn

1. Stock trading: Goal: Make a living as a “professional” stock trader.
2. Guitar: Audience: Start doing videos
3. Writing: New Leaf publishing. Put on my website.
4. Dance: Folk Aerobics, Creating my program.
5. Hebrew, bible. tours. All related to transition and rebirth, but not yet sure how.

Lots of work to do!

#### The Virus is Over

For me, the virus is over. It has destroyed many things, but also done good work. For me, personally, most of its good work is done. I'm out the door and on to the next phase.

But for the world at large, that physical specimen beyond my door, well, it's still fading fast and "over." But, due to politics, it will take longer to descend.

Evidently, the craziness in the outside world will continue, at least until election. I have no control over it. I might as well observe and entertain myself by watching it with interest and even compassion. But for me, I'm moving on.

You can't push the market.

Thursday, July 9, 2020

Imagination and MotivationSelf and Above

I woke up this morning feeling a slight sadness.

No motivation.

I started reading Hebrew. I was okay until I finished. Then for some unknown reason, my motivation disappeared, fell off a cliff and fled.

Again I felt empty and sad.

Does this depressing sadness come when motivation flees?

I think so.

Can motivation then cast out this depression?

If yes, then to avoid sadness, create a motivation.

Can one create motivation?

Or does motivation appear suddenly, like a miracle, as a gift from Above?

Indeed, when the spark arrives, it feels like a miracle, an energy gift bestowed by an outside force.

But this could be just my imagination.

My answer may be found in the dynamics of duality,

Imagination creates motivation.

Both come from self and Above.

Self and Above are one.

The Four Areas

Reasons for exercise:

Somehow folk dancing/folk aerobics have to be linked to exercise, to running, yoga, and weights before post-corona rebirth fusion can occur.

No, not right.

The four areas: Running, yoga, weights, dancing, all have their own pleasures and, like folk dance, and folk choreod aerobics, are all good-in-themselves.

Where are my new post-corona pleasures found in folk dancing, running, yoga, and weights?

As an aside, folk dancing used to be part of my business. But not for now. And perhaps never again. Well, it may eventually be part of a business again, but for now it has a new place.

In any case, these four areas, are still in post-corona abeyance.

### Travel Again?

#### But for a Different Reason

Wow, what did I just write?

Revisiting (ancient) history and geography again. (While reading the bible, in both Hebrew and English. Travel.

Travel again, but for a different reason.

History, geography, language.

But it's true. That's a new reason to travel. History, geography, language.

Money and financial security, fear, details, failure, lack of confidence. All have served their purposes. They are "been there, done that," and are now are gone and over.

Plus corona gives me a long break and time to rethink the "Why bother?" of travel.

Maybe I am on the edge of finding a new reason to travel. History, geography, language. Something to actually get excited about!

Of course, this also rekindles folk dance.

Excitement!

I actually feel a tinge of excitement, the first excitement for months. Maybe more.

I'm finding a new reason for doing everything that I do. Amazing, indeed. This would be and mean a total rebirth!

This is a reason to go on for at least the next ten years. After that, we'll see what happens.

By the way (agav), the reasons for exercise will soon fall into place because now excitement and joy will fill my bones!

Truth is, I've always enjoyed, nay loved, history, geography and languages. But this love, although never destroyed, has been greyed out, blocked, suppressed, dampened by fear(s).

No more.

Now I'm charging full speed ahead!

The Kiss of Corona (Korona)

Excitement is a blessing!

In my old neighborhood way, I can't stand this new excitement. So I have to lie down.

Will this ever change? Can I ever "accept" and calmly live with my excitement? Or will it always be "too much?"

And does it even matter?

Truth is, such lightning strikes are a blessing. Period.

Major (Financial) Shift

In a gigantic shift, folk dancing and folk tours will not be done for the purpose of making money. That doesn't mean I won't charge the same, or even make money. But my purpose for doing them will no longer be for financial gain.

If I make it, so much the better. But earning money in these fields is now a side line, side benefit, side effect.

My main purpose in doing them will be for love. And with enjoyment thrown in as an extra benefit.

My new "profession" one which concerns money and making more of it, but one which I actually enjoy, and hope to, want to rise in skill to be able to earn a living in, is stock trading and stocks. In that order. Or maybe reverse order. We'll see.

Stock Trading and EmotionsTrading is very emotional!

Like the arts, whose emotions I grew up on, and any business, stock market trading, or at least the trading I'm doing, is very emotional.

It's only surprising due to my childish concept of business, business men and business woman.

Basically, this comes as a surprise, because I thought business people and folks who concentrate on money have little to no feelings, or very low level emotions, if any at all.

They are all tough, with iron minds, and cemented emotions,

Basically, they are inhuman capitalists.

Where did I get this garbage from? (Of course, I know.)

What an illusion! Or delusion.

Trading Stocks as a Form of Prayer

The proper way to trade is to make it a religious experience.

Thus, first I buy whatever I think is right, at what I think is the right time, etc/

Then I add stops, or whatever.

In other words, I first do all I can.

After that, the results are in God's hands. If He wants me to have more money or less money today, If He wants me to learn something special today, that will be His decision.

Thus, after I do all my work, I put myself in His hands.

I give it all I've got. Then lean back and let it roll. Where it leads, what the results will be, are up to Him.

Thus, trading in this sense, is a form of prayer.

Friday, July 10, 2020

Studies Blossoming

The big three in my future studies will be history, geography, and language. (Reviews of past tours with future tours in mind.)

Also, relate all Torah studies to modern life, today's events. Like reading a newspaper.

My Books are My Business

Sales, personal following: Redo my website book page. Make it more sales friendly.

Saturday, July 11, 2020

Locking in the Day

Stock market, psychology, fear, greed. I was too cautious yesterday in the market,

sold things too early and/or put too tight stops (on RSP, PBI, good stocks), and consequently made little to no money on the market rise.

Too cautious is another form of fear. And I gave in to it, and thus was rather down yesterday, and in the pit of doing nothing this morning.

What is the teaching here?

Be mentally ready to lose everything. And this, at every moment.

Will facing this possibility put me more in the moment, and make me more daring? I'm not sure. But it certainly is an absolute truth. The constant fragility and vulnerability of human existence.

Truth is life is moment to moment, and that's it. Yes, you can plan for the future, think about the past, worry about the present, but it all takes place in the here and now.

And during every moment in the here-and-now, you can lose everything.

Knowing and focusing on this truth is a good way to lock in reality, the sun and darkness of each cycle.

Saturday, July 11, 2020

### Folk Dancing

Is teaching/leading folk dancing in our driveway tomorrow depressing me because it reminds me of what I've lost? How I miss my classes!

I think so. (I suddenly broke into tears when I said it. That obviously means yes.)

That means, in some form, I have to teach/lead for dancing again. I have to get it back.

But how?

Is zoom folk aerobics right and enough?

Or maybe even more back yard dancing?



Or both?

Should I fight for some kind of folk dance class return?

Yes. But how and where to start?

Should the zoom class (it could be used also when I return to real classes) be folk aerobics mixed with folk dancing? Actually, both? Programmed as both?

Maybe.

### Return to Normal

#### Living versus Dying (Life versus Death)

Which is worse?

It's becoming a life and death question.

Societal suicide or normal life?

Living in lock down, isolation, masks, social distancing, no concerts, services, etc, basically with all, or most of the good things in life shut down and gone, living in mostly constant fear, or, taking chance, returning to normal life, and possibly getting sick with the virus?

Is it worth living this way? In constant fear of every breath, every touch, and every one?

Actually, it is a type of suicide, society and life style suicide, cultural uplift and fun suicide.

I don't like suicide. I don't want death either.

So I'm leaning toward taking a chance, and embracing a return to normal life.

Embrace the risk. In doing so, we embrace the possibility of life. Otherwise, suicide is calling.

So, shall I chose excitement and inspiration over fear and panic? Shall I choose lock

down and isolation? Shall I chose life over death?

If you want to live, to chose life, is there even choice?

So what can I do?

Should I Have Real (Back Yard/Parking Lot) Folk Dancing

After tomorrow, should I really have/offer more back yard folk dancing?

Should I do it on my terms?

Which means and optional masks and social distancing.

Maybe, (if I can find one, offer it in a local parking lot as well Real folk dancing! That would be my contribution to the world.

What can I do?

Mine is a folk dance voice. I can do, fight back by simply being normal!

Organize and run a normal folk dance class! That would be, at this time, totally revolutionary!

Call it: Revolutionary Folk Dancing! (Freedom Dancing. Goldilocks said “Locks down.)

Make your own decisions, free choice folk dancing. All options on the table. Such as:

Optional handshakes and hugs

Optional social distancing and masks

Optional (folk dance) steps

Sunday, July 12, 2020

Lifting Myself Up Every Morning(Vital Morning Uplift Exercise)

These mornings I usually wake up feeling aimless, directionless, vaguely worthless, down, and depressed.

This is not good.

Or is it? Maybe it's really a normal, natural state.

The mind sinks unless it has something to fill it.

It's one or the other. A rule of life. Sink or swim. Or rather sink or elevate.

Although these days most morning I wake up feeling rather depressed. I shake it off once I start studying, practicing guitar, or actually doing anything at all.

Perhaps I'm waking up depressed due to the corona virus lock down, and losing all my business. But somehow, I think not. Due to the lock down and loss of all my business, I no longer wake up worrying about my upcoming jobs. Instead, my mind is free, open, and empty. Perhaps due to this vacuum, depression rolls in to fill it. Could down and low be the "natural" state of empty mind? If so, one must work every morning to fill.

In any case, I know this is my present state. I also know it is not worth my time paying much attention to it. My morning depression is always the same; its antidote is study, practice, getting involved in something. That cure too is always the same. I feel better once I dive in. Period. So best approach is to let the morning grey cloud pass, give it as little attention as possible, and begin the morning by diving into an elevating activity. And it really doesn't matter what activity I choose. They are all good since diving into any one of them immediately lifts me out of the valley.

Filling Vacuum Mind

Note: I used to put my morning mind on my aches and pains. But that hasn't

happened for awhile.

Although focusing that way hurt, I wasn't depressed.

I also used to wake up worrying about work.

That has also ended.

So now I wake up feeling purposeless and depressed.

Evidently, this is all based on empty mind. Or rather vacuous mind or vacuum mind.

If I fill it, this won't happen.

Best to fill it by choosing something good from my miracle schedule menu.

### I Hate, Love, and Need It

Doing things for others (the audience), namely work, puts pressure on me to be better, to be my best self.

It creates a special kind of fear (awe?) which energizes and pushes me to a higher level.

I hate, love, and need it.

I have and resist the pressure, but also love it when it takes place, and, love it or hate it, in order to grow and expand, I definitely need it.

Does this mean I must, need to make guitar videos, teach folk dance, lead tours, promote my books, etc.

Maybe.

Ugh and aha, the real answer is Yes.

This is a frightening post-corona truth.

My fear is that I'll be eaten alive by the audience. And that fear never goes away.  
And the size of the audience doesn't matter.

The fear forces me to protect myself, raise all my armor, and fight back with weapons that I have (my talents and skill).

The fact that I have to fight for survival, totally focuses and energizes me in manner no other force of fear does. The fight for survival.

I hate, love, and need it.

In the past, my inclination is to always retreat from this fear.

But post-corona, since I know it is good for me (even though I hate it) should I now seek it out?

Seeking my fear, “wanting” to be afraid. Frightening, nay terrifying myself. Is this a way to go? A new way to choose?

I hate to even answer the question.

### Absorbing, Letting it Rise Up, Embracing Fear

Now that I am embracing fear, I no longer have to fear the audience, or the times I perform before an audience, because now I will always be afraid! And this, whether the audience is there or not!

Monday, July 13, 2020

### Personal Needs and Lessons

Taught folk dancing in our driveway yesterday.

Personal needs and lessons:

1. I don't need to earn money teaching folk dancing, although it would be nice.

I do need to teach folk dancing! (Even if its free.)

2. I don't need to earn money playing guitar, although it would be nice.

I do need to play guitar! (Even if its free.)

Thankfulness and GratitudeThe Only Way To Go

Is this a historic amazing event? Certainly I want it to be. I like miracles and the miraculous. And this to happen every day. After all, what is a New Leaf and starting fresh all about?

So then, let's say it is. Why?

I've broken the chains, the bonds, between money and folk dancing, guitar, and perhaps writing, and even art itself!

First, I have a new "profession" or at least one that is directly related to money: the stock market, and trading itself. Although I'm not making any money at my new profession yet, I'm hoping that some day I shall. And I'll be able to live off it!

Meanwhile, all my art forms are no longer needs to earn money! They are free to take their original places, which somehow relate to love.

Of course, I "love" the stock market and the trading skill, too, so maybe love runs everything.

But in the past, especially in the arts, this love was diluted, covered over and hidden by the blanket tensions of fear, and the hopes and prospects of making a living. Somehow now, because we have some money, and can even retire if we liked, I am free to think differently.

However, would I think that way if I lost all my money? That, of course, is an old fear that I've held since I got married. Maybe I shouldn't bother even asking this question, since, truth is, we now have the money, and might as well simply be thankful for that!

In fact, thankfulness and gratitude is the only way to go on this money, love, and fear question. Thankful that I don't have to be (as) afraid since I now have money. I can put in concern, watching, and caution as a substitute for blanket panic, terror, and fear.

Tuesday, July 14, 2020

### Power

Power is great aphrodisiac.

Perhaps I want power.

Start with Alhambra power: power in the fingers.

### Promotion

I'm really not that interested in promoting my books, and perhaps my other activities, folk dance, tours, guitar, etc, except to a small group of people.

And I'd like to do it, promote it, in my own small way, perhaps only through my website.

Jesus started with a small group. And, although it took a while, he didn't do so badly.  
Why not me?

Why not follow his example.

Okay. I start with twelve, too.

Twelve followers for my book.

Which books? And where and how do I start?

### New Beginning

Something is new and stirring.

I taught folk dancing in our driveway last Sunday, two days ago. It somehow signaled a new beginning.

I'm ready to enter the world again, and to move on.

To two questions:

1. I'm ready: How to enter the world?

2. I'm, ready: How to move on?

A small group (twelve) of followers: hint of new beginning.

I also need new reason to exercise, and new goals.

It's a new start, a fresh beginning.

Find new reasons to do all the things I do.

I'm in a new place.

Does this mean start a New Leaf? Maybe.

This may mean a new reason to trade.

A new reason to exercise, and play guitar.

It's a new world. I'm in a new world.

How to enter it is my new quest.

Making guitar videos for my small group may be the hint of my first start. (Ginger may have been the delivering angel,)

Wednesday, July 15, 2020

Nice day of stocks yesterday.

Alhambra/Tremolo and Stock Trading Success Go together!

Harbinger of the Future

Standing in awe at my Alhambra stupidity by saying, "Why did it take me so many years?" "How stupid am I that it took so long?" is indeed be another way of returning to the old neighborhood. How? By holding up my old neighborhood shield it in front of me. and



thus hindering my entrance into the new neighborhood.

The new neighborhood also includes successful stock trading.

And yesterday was a good trading day.

Alhambra/tremolo and successful stock trading go together!

A harbinger of the future.

And left knee is somehow also involved, mystically and mysteriously, in this transition.

I wonder if my writing will also break into the open with Michael Beas. Or similar.

(Learning about Amazon reviews first from Dan, then for me.)

A strange new scary, but somehow not scary, even vaguely “familiar,” right and proper feeling.

(Why is it “familiar? It popped its head up in the past.)

I’ve crossed the line and am ready to move on. To a new mode and regeneration.

Is this hubris in disguise? Another escape?

It doesn’t seem so.

Thursday, July 16, 2020

### Transition

Am I on to something, and is this really the change, the transformation I’ve been looking for?

Also, this morning I filed my right hand guitar finger nails down to flesh. And this without a worry or problem, and actually with wonder about how I will play without finger

nails.

All this because guitar playing is no longer my “profession.”

And neither is folk dance teaching, or even tour leading (if it ever happens again.)

All these former professions have now been relegated to loves, hobbies, interests, passions. . .but not professionals. In other words, although I make earn (make) some money in them, that is no longer their purpose.

Now my main money making purpose, and thus my new “profession,” with its aim being to earn my living in this way, is and will be stock market trading.

Am I kidding myself? Or can I really do it?

Of course, during CV time, with my folk dance and tour business totally closed down, I really have almost no other choice but to find a new profession, or at least a new way of making money.

And for now, this is it. My grand CV and post-CV experiment. The become, and to actually make money, trading stocks. Even saying this sounds rather ludicrous. Me? Trading stocks? And successful? Is it possible? How could it be? And to call myself a “professional.” How ludicrous is that?

On the other hand, trading is and has been something I am fascinated with, have a total interest in, even a passion. Can I even say that? A passion? Well, . . .maybe.

On the negative side, I see others, namely my beloved wife, laughing at me, making fun of me, saying you’ve been a loser for so long, how can you even think of such a thing?

And indeed, part of me believes this.

In any case, derided or not, that’s where I am today. Whether they laugh at me or praise and encourage me (who would do that?. No one I can think of. But maybe I should look for someone who would support and praise me in this new venture. I need, or rather, I would mucho appreciate the confirmation and support. Of course, I’ll do it anyway, even

without support. Still, although not vital, it would be nice.

Okay, moving on.

Yesterday is when it struck me. Maybe I can do this. In fact, maybe I have already done it! Maybe I have already made the transition, but didn't realize it.

I now have a trading "method." My own.

Does it work? Consistently? Can I count on it?

If yes, I am on the way to becoming, in my mind (that's where it counts) a professional.

So, first is to test my "method."

Here's what I came up with:

Trading goal:

Make 1G a day, 5 G'S a week, 20 G's a month.

This is my goal. If I fall short, I may have to reassess. However, as long as I am making money, I am on my way. So one of my main and first rule and goal is:

First rule goal: Do not lose money!

After that the second goal is: Make money.

In fact, maybe by simply following the "Do not lose money!" goal, the second will fall into place. We'll see.

If I can do this consistently, then my "method" works.

By the way, if I do this, all my other miracle schedule events become interests, loves, even passions in their nature. But the focus on their ever making money, falls away.

That in itself would be quite amazing. And we'll see what it does to them.

Now to see if all this works, and is true.

Hopes and Plans

Immediately a major possible discouragement. I either forgot, or accidentally erased a stop for a big position penny stock. The stock is now de-listed and I may be losing mucho money. (Or maybe the stop was in but was removed since the company was delisted and has changed its symbol.)

In any case, what was my mistake and what can I now learn?

Obviously, stops are very important. Double check them and do not forget them.

But also, know and remember the chances I take on penny stocks. They can always suddenly be de-listed or go bankrupt.

Of course, this is also true for major stocks. So what's the big deal/ That is the nature of trading in particular and the stock market in general.

One of the risks I constantly take is risk of losing money. That may simply be the nature of the market. And there are more risks in penny stocks, but also more possibilities of large gains. Such is life.

Perhaps my main disappointment is that right after I "decided" to become a professional, I receive this sudden blow. And I make such great plans to succeed, and they are suddenly slowed down. But are they stopped and destroyed?

Also, maybe I should see my plans as fluid hopes, not concrete future achievements. Yes, that helps.

Truth is, one can have hopes and plans, but one can never know or predict the future.

Now I feel a bit like a fool for writing up the plans for my new "profession."

Hopes and plans are related, and I can make them But all future results come from God.

How to Enjoy my Challenges?

Challenge is a better word than profession.

Profession means I have to earn money from it. And truth is, although it obviously would be nice, I don't have to earn money at trading. Plus the idea of "profession/ having to earn money puts extra pressure on me, pressure that I don't need or want.

Truth is, I want to "enjoy" my challenges.

How do I do that, is my next question and challenge.

Saturday, July 18, 2020

Dance of the Week Blog and Self-Expression

I'm in a frightening spot. Seems studies have been hacked out of me. This along with stock trading.

Seems these two grand episodes have come to an end, fulfilled their needs, run their course.

Is this even possible? Could be.

I won't go into the details yet, but my stock trading "career" or "profession" fell apart yesterday. Somehow, I no longer need it. I've "proven" I can survive economically with not ostensible work, simply using my savings. Plus the sudden opening of book sale possibilities, and especially the idea of putting Dance of the Week into a blog. The latter is somehow the grandest of ideas and could, might, and will fulfill many wishes.

Moving on, along with this, I studied Hebrew so eventually I could read the Torah, the bible, in the original. Well, during the past couple of weeks I've been reading the bible in the original, and somehow I see that now I can, although reading slowly, do it.

Has this, another long-term goal, now been accomplished? Run its course?

Somehow, I think it has. This, along with conquering the Alhambra, and my fear of financial ruin. All biggies in the goal and fear categories. And again, ai have to thsank CV for giving me the time and space to make and coalesce these conquests.

Okay, so stock trading, Hebrew study, and perhaps even guitar and Alhambra have run their courses. This four-month CV leap and hiatus is over.

1. Stock trading
2. Guitar Alhambra
3. Hebrew, and Torah/bible reading in the original

The big three have been conquered, and, on their level, run their course.

I'm reading to move on.

This morning I stand briefly at the edge of fear, looking into the future.

What will my leap into this chasm, this new abyss, bring?

Second, is the idea of working with Michael Beas, ebooks, Amazon, and the marketing of my books. This might lead somewhere grand. But it's somewhat beyond my power. We'll just have to see where it leads. But I am vaguely hopeful and excited about its possibilities.

First, most exciting, and even transformational, is the idea of putting my Dance of the Week on my blog.

This could immediately expand my audience to Facebook followers, and eventually even other social media outlets like Instagram and even Twitter. I don't know anything about these outlets yet. But I could indeed learn. Also, through Michael, I may be nudged into learning about how Amazon sales work. And generally, expand everything I do. These possibilities are exciting.

But even more exciting, most exciting it the idea of putting my Dance of the Week on my blog.

Why?

First, I is a form of putting my New Leaf Journal on a blog. In other words, exposing, opening up my deepest inner self, my real self, to the public. Something I've always wanted to do, but never dared.

At first, I thought about putting New Leaf Journal on my website as a separate menu. But somehow, the format is wrong, too much work to change it, doesn't feel right. New Leaf Journal is much better published as a real paper book. Period. That decision is now made and solid.

So what to do with my inner self?

It can now be exposed and opened through my Dance of the Week blog site. Yes. What a wonder.

To that weekly site, I can add not only my Dance of the Week, but, as I am already doing, stories, songs, ]tour video links, and even more. And that "more" could mean adding parts of my Ne Leaf Journal, or other inventions, literary or otherwise, that I create.

In other words, my Dance of the Week blog is a open site, a site wide open for self-expression. Just the thing I want teo do!

### New Direction

Word Press, blogs, how to reach out to the next generation.

Money worries are ended, gone, over. I now know I can survive on my savings. Plus I have a new job, a new writing and gone public blog direction. Which means advertising, promotion, and eventual business.

Next direction: Word Press, blogs, and how to reach out to the next generation(s).

Yes, In the future, I may return to the "CV 3."

But with a totally new perspective.

Sunday, July 19, 2020

On To The Real Me!

I used to think retreat from the world was a good thing, but now I wonder.

I used to admire my inner monk, and the romantic desire to live in a monastery.

Mainly, my inner monastery where art and imagination dwell.

But now I wonder.

With CV dominating the world and my world, I now have mucho retreat, mucho free time to dwell in my inner monastery. And outer monastery since I lost all my business and reasons to push, promote, and advertise in the outside world.

So (perhaps) my inner monastery has been fed to the point of satiation. . .and danger.

And perhaps this is enabling me to face a lifetime, or at least post-college problem: How to deal with the outside, material, "real" world.

And perhaps this desire, this wish to dwell in my inner monastery is not necessarily a blessing, but could indeed be a danger.

Of course, we all need balance. And I need a proper and strong balance between outer and inner, between socializing, social director, gone public outer self, and inner reflective monastery self.

But since I "dropped," or rather "transitioned out" of stock trading (business), Alhambra (music), an Hebrew (studies), and have "decided" to "totally go public with my website and writing. a deep black cloud of emptiness has descended upon me.

Which me, I have once again "missed the boat" and am living in extremes of illusion.

Okay, I recognize it.



How to change it?

Indeed, it means, in some way, to re-establish balance.

Note also, that in this down illusion, I have consciously dropped two of my miracle events, namely music and studies.

I know this is no way for me to lead my life.

So, I have added Dance of the Week website, and partially writing gone public (with Michael, and also with Dance of the Week website. Actually, it is “only” with my website, since Michael is a wait and see proposition over which I have little control.

Huh, so it is “only” the addition of Dance of the Week to my website that has dramatically brought me public! It is mine, my development, and something over which I have “total” control. That’s it. Period.

So, on to my website. On to Dance of the Week, which could eventually turn into a more general Gold Nuggets containing most of my miracle schedule events, writings from New Leaf, in other words, the real me!

I’ve taken the next step: Going public on my website with the real me. (And maybe I’ll throw in new “Dance of the Week” writings or other about stock trading, guitar, and the New Leaf exposing the real me.)

On to the real me!

Nice. I like it.

First step done: Back in the market with new small cap dividend aristocrat stocks. Step in with 100 shares per stock. Slight spark of excitement just popped and rose. On my way to a new adventure.

Guitar (Alhambra/music) and Hebrew (studies) to go.

Reaching Beyond My LimitsGuitar and More

Reaching out. My right thumb is reaching out as I tremolo along with Alhambra, reaching out (to the audience, the public,) as I play is,

Reaching out, perhaps that is today the key word.

Reaching out, to the public, reaching out to stretch beyond my limits.

And speaking of reaching out, going beyond, stretching a bit beyond my limits, how about giving a concert. Facing the audience. That would certainly be stretching, pushing myself beyond my limits.

For real satisfaction, joy, and the “Wahoo!” feeling and experience, reach beyond my limits.

Guitar Reach Out Spot

The hypothenar area is the (my) guitar reach out spot.

Reaching out, going public, giving a concert.

Reaching out (Alhambra, hypothenar spot), going public (website), giving a concert (audience.)

Start Reaching Out Right Away

You start reaching out immediately. Start expansion immediately. It’s a mental process, a thought, a direction. No warm up. No warm up needed. Reaching out is the warm up. And this even when the body and muscles are cold. You can start with a “cold” reach out. Cold or warm doesn’t matter. All belong to the reaching out process.

Start right away, with the first note, the first dance exercise, the first yogic stretch,

weight, running, or dance step, whatever.

Monday, July 20, 2020

New Life To My Linguistic Studies

Motivational changes from CV. Another milestone crossed.

One of my long-term goals of Hebrew (and Greek) study was to read the Torah and New Testament in their original languages.

I knew this was a lifetime project, actually, many life times.

Now, today, I realize that the first part of that long term goal has been accomplished.

Now I can read the Torah (slowly) in Hebrew. I'll postpone Greek for another life time.

Thus, my first Hebrew study purpose has been accomplished, goal reached.

Now, after a short down, empty (depressing), reorienting period, I have to find a new goal.

Perhaps I can find it in the word "reached."

Going public with all my goods and skills seems to be my next step, my next direction. I'm ready to reach out, to connect with living people, and speak to them in their modern language. My retreat search to find my base has served its purpose. I'm ready to connect to the modern living world.

This new connection and purpose gives new life to my linguistic studies. We'll see where it leads.

Strange and paradoxical, my need and desire to go public comes during a time when I've lost my business and can't find, visit, or even have a public.

Tuesday, July 21, 2020

Greeting Big Al

Let the thumb take over; give up (my) fingers completely.

Let the Lord rule; give up individuality/ego completely.

For a few seconds I achieved, or rather reached total satisfaction and satisfaction, first in Hebrew, then in guitar playing.

Is only a few seconds of total happiness, of connecting with the Higher Forces, allowed in one day? Perhaps.

It may be just enough to remind you of the center of vitality, of the connection that is truly important.

Hard to believe, but the notes, playing the notes correctly, clearly, precisely, is not that important. It would be nice, but not that important, not the center of vitality, power, heart, and courage.

Wednesday, July 22, 2020

Guitar:

Fast or slow, it doesn't matter.

Thursday, July 23, 2020

The Leadership Life

Leadership is 50, 60, 80 whatever percent.

What I mean is that leadership is important, very important.

I am a leader.

But what will I lead?

Start off with my businesses.

I ready to return to work. Back to work!

Actually, in my businesses is where I lead. That is where I my leadership talents blossoms and where my leadership skills develop. And nowhere else!

Thus, I have been downplaying the power and importance of business in my life, and this in favor of the miracle schedule.

Truth is, my miracle schedule is about my inner life of imagination and creativity. But my businesses are about my outer life, about using my imagination and creativity in the outer world.

Inner and outer. They are one. And One.

But somehow, and “ forever” I have not given my outer life/world my due. Only my inner teenage, chamber of imagination/miracle schedule life. But none to, no credit for my outer social director skilled business life.

I'm good at both, but only give credit and credence to one.

I wonder why.

Well, truth is, no matter what the reason(s), no matter the why, I now, thanks to the CV business “break,” recognize this truth.

Miracle schedule, the so-called inner me, and business schedule, the so-called outer me, are inseparable. They work together, and together create my life and influence.

Somehow, up to now, I cannot connect miracle schedule, mental, spiritual, imaginative, creative inner miracle schedule to my outer, material business life. And truly, I don't think I ever will. They represent a dichotomy that perhaps I needed up to the present pre-covid, post-eighty period. But I am now moving beyond that period.

Thus, perhaps I need a new name, one that will combine both

creativity/imagination/spiritual (CIS), inner miracle schedule and  
creativity/imagination/spiritual, outer business life.

Note: both contain creativity/imagination/spiritual (CIS).

Yes, I'm ready for a new name, new unified direction, new way of looking at things,  
and life beyond this dichotomy.

What would this new name be?

The Leadership Life.

That's the idea, the concept. Leadership Life emphasizes, perhaps a bit too much, the  
outer life.

However, note that creativity, imagination, and spiritual (CIS) is a constant presence  
in both miracle schedule life and business.

So I ask again: What would this new name be?

Perhaps The Leadership Life is the right name. But it just feels so bold. (But it is the  
name that pupped up naturally and spontaneously in my New Leaf writing approach,)

Perhaps I'm just not used to such boldness, such out-there-ishness, such gone public-  
ness.

Maybe I should simply get used to it.

Dare I be so bold?

This would mean The Leadership Life combines both miracle schedule and business.

Hmm, like it or not, comfortable or not, this leadership name seems, and even feels  
right.

Dare I be so bold as I cross the line, as I transition into the next stage?

Is there even a choice?

Simplify:

I need mental and physical time and space to implement my, realize, and make real my New Guitar vision.

Thus, as a start, I need to simplify my stock market. This to give my mind free time/space, to know and practice New Guitar state.

This feels like the end of a New Leaf. And it is.

Monday, July 27, 2020

Studying the bible gives me history, language, and even a bit of religion. Three great interests. And what a grand project for these CV times.

Tuesday, July 28, 2020

The Jewish way seems to be: If you do something right, you get a reward from heaven, and if you do something wrong, you get destroyed.

Right equals a blessed reward.

Wrong and you perish.

On many levels, this seems reasonable.

### Alhambra Wings

When I metaphorically take a chance, take -a risk, and dare to jump off the cliff and into the abyss, and, instead of crashing into the nothingness below, I sprout wings and float, then fly, who is giving me wings?

It must be the nameless one.

I have taken a change in the past, leapt into the abyss, and floated, then flown safely,

even soared, many times before.

So, this point, shouldn't I give myself over to the faith that, if I "reasonable" take chance and leap, that the nameless one will once again give me wings to fly?

This is called faith.

For guitar, it is faith in Alhambra finger wings.

Take the leap and let them fly.

The "nameless one." Using small letters. A good name for the higher power. I like it.

Unobtrusive and infinite.

Chazaking along with the nameless one.

A powerful tremolo.

Wednesday, July 29, 2020

Okay, I've crossed over into a new land.

And where am I this morning?

The land of the stomach ache.

Is this ache from my teeth? Or a general nausea about something? I like the second idea. I like emotional explanations for my physical state. Why? Perhaps because I think I can do something about them, or think something about them. In other words, think or imagine my way out of a bad situations. I like mind over matter.

I like thinking I can and am progressing. This morning I am powerful and confident enough to combine fast and slow tremolo. I am confident enough to return to the past without slipping into it. To grab the best of the past and incorporate it with my present.



I did it with Alhambra. And both Gavottes were also better, more confident. Thus I am progressing, making forward musical steps in my new land. And this despite my stomach ache (or because of it?)

Could my stomach ache signify an advance?? Hmm. I'd like that.

But just because I like it, is it so?

Maybe.

Do I really advance, make progress every day? This, in spite of the fact that it often feels like I'm going backward or nowhere?

Maybe.

Again, I'd like to think so. But does that make it true?

Well, who knows?

So if, who knows, why not simply decide myself. Simply make the decision that I am making progress. That despite the limited vision of my limited mind, on the cosmic whole, I am progressing every day, moving up on the spiritual plane, more knowledge, more understanding, more profundity.

Decide on Yes! Only another human being can, might, or will tell me no. And their decisions are only theirs. They don't have the power of a commandment, an internal pekud, dictated from above, and electrically transferred to my interior, which, in its vibrational wisdom state, tells me, Jim, the intuitions developed and grown in your internal factory, are right.

Friday, July 31, 2020

### Retirement and the Marketing Adventure

Speaking to Zach last night about finances helped push another nail into my forced retirement coffin. He crystallized the financial possibility that I actually could retire on our

savings. And this retirement could be for good.

My inner response was a combination of Ugh and Wow. Again it raised the questions:

1. Do I want to retire?
2. And if I can, could, would, and will, what will I do? How will I define myself?

What will motivate me?

The first question is easily answered with a yes. In fact, I've been thinking like a retired person most of my life. Here retirement simply means and meant doing what I want with my life. Following my dreams, and trying to make a living out of them.

If I actually financially retired, I would still follow my dreams. But I wouldn't have to worry or think about how to earn a living out of them. Turns out this is a challenge I might miss. Or would I? Could I get used to living without the challenge of earning a living? Marketing myself, although a pain in the ass, has been good for my mind and development. It has forced me out of the house and into the world, and in the process I've discovered many strengths, skills, and talents hidden within myself. Marriage and work have forced a marketing adventure on my resistant mind, and it hasn't been bad.

So, believe it or not, by retiring, giving up my concerns about how to earn a living, I will miss my marketing adventure.

2. As for defining myself, that is the new question and problem.

Should I keep up my marketing adventure, continue following the sales and salesmanship road, add it to my repertoire, but this time for the fun of it?

Now that retirement mode put me in a position where I no longer forced to push and promote sales, would the salesmanship road with its marketing adventure ever fit into my miracle schedule?

What a question!

Guitar and Creative Chaos

One result of “retirement” is that I played Pavane with my right hand mostly over the sound hole.

Of the three sound color spots on the classic guitar, playing over the sound hole creates the sweetest sound. (Playing over the rosette is stronger, more harsh while playing near the bridge is metallic.)

This means “retirement,” is allowing me, or I am allowing myself to play more softly and sweetly. I don’t have to impress and win the audience. Retirement partly means I have no audience, no master, no one I must win over and impress. Thus it opens up and brings another level of freedom.

But also a touch of sadness. After all, I am “losing” my audience. Or perhaps a better words is “giving it up.”

I willingly, happily, and sadly, step into the creative chaos of freedom.

Marketing Adventure Miracle

It would mean that in retirement, I would freely chose to market something, namely myself and my products. And that I like, am excited by, even love the process!

Might it even slip into my miracle schedule under business, sales, and marketing?

What a self discovery revelation.

Wow, what a thought: Now that I am free, and no longer have to do it, am pressured to make a living from it, and, since I am now free, free to realize that maybe I like sales and marketing And maybe I’m now free to appreciate it, the adventure of it, and let it become its own material world miracle.

Retirement has brought me and revealed the marketing adventure miracle. Really?

Amazing that I'm even thinking this way.

Indeed, this feeling life changing/turning. That I would turn this lifetime negative into a positive, a plus.

Of course it would solve all my money questions and problems and be fun, joyful, and adventurous as well.

Am I really Mr. Adventure?

(I thought it was just an advertising ploy.)

Secretly, in my heart, maybe.

Probably. A step further: Yes.

### Fruits of Freedom

What do sweet guitar, marketing adventure, and retirement have to do with each other?

They all come from freedom, release from the chains of inner slavery. The sweet fruits of inner freedom.

Saturday, August 1, 2020

The New Leaf guitar concert approach:

Milan Pavanese and Bach Gavottes.

Feeling my way along.

### Habituating Myself

Today is about crossing the line, playing over the guitar sound hole, soft and sweet.

Do I dare open up my soft-sweet-soaring, guitar-playing soul to the crass, self-threatening of market adventure?

Yes.

I need to habituate myself, get used to is.

I just slipped into guitar-playing perfection mode.

It means I must get it perfect before I give a concert, before I bring it to market.

Perfection mode is thus really an excuse, and twist of mental defense, and a (cowardly) retreat from the marketing adventure.

The market and marketing is imperfect. That's part of its beauty.

Dive in. Dealing with and enjoying sharks is part of the adventure.

### Guitar Moods

Seems I have more fun playing guitar fast and wild, loose and letting it out. It more prone to falling off the cliff, sloppier, taking a change, energetic and wild.

Maybe fast and wild is just another mood, not better or worse than so-called perfection's soft, sweet, and soaring. Just different.

Fast and wild playing is how I can and sometimes do play when I'm warmed up.

Sweet and soft, fast and wild, juicy and soaring, all are my guitar playing moods.

None are better or worse. They all have their unique value.

How to roll between the moods is a life skill.

Sunday, August 2, 2020

### Depth and Consolidation

#### Marketing Adventure Meets Miracle Schedule

Seems I'm entering a new month. Calmer, more centered.

Part of me wants a new forty-day project, something to aim at, and finish by

September 10<sup>th</sup> or so.

But nothing new comes to mind.

So far I've only got exercise, with running, yoga, and weights, and guitar. Plus the idea of applying my new guitar relaxation and focus principles on my exercises. I also threw in Greek, Greek history, and blog development.

But these feel like consolidations, rather than new directions.

Perhaps in this August calm and centered state, I don't really want or need new directions. Perhaps its just settling in to the old stuff is enough.

Could depth and consolidation be new directions? Feels right. Could be. Maybe.

I've got lots of things going. Perhaps I don't need a new direction. Perhaps I'll simply stay on my present path, travel a bit further in depth, and consolidate.

Study (Hebrew, Greek history, a touch of Greek), guitar, blog (writing), exercise, all colored with marketing adventure: In fact, marketing adventure, a new word and form of going public, is my new consolidation form. It's an attitude change. Attitude change is my big CV period accomplishment.

Marketing adventure fusing with my miracle schedule, coloring, blending, synthesizing, coordinating, consolidating all its activities into one gone public/marketing whole, creating a new All-Is-One form: That's my attitude change and new direction.

My 40-day project is practicing this fusion, working with it, and learning how to think in this new unified way.

### Guitar/Marketing Adventure/Imagination

Starting with guitar, marketing adventure means practicing/playing the guitar with the audience ever-present. And this whether they are there physically or not. An imaginary audience is fine as well.

But the audience is now always present as an energizer, The audience is one who gives and receives, give me the energy of its vibrations and, in turn receives my gift, the gift of guitar notes I bestow upon them. Giving and receiving go together, and vice versa. I give (my guitar music) and the audience receives, the audience gives (their energy, focus, and attention), and I receive it. A perfection combination.

It's nice if there is a physical audience. But if not, that's okay, too. Whether the audience is present or absent, life remains in the imagination.

### Correcting Myself in Front of the Audience

#### It's All Part of the Show!

I gave my first marketing adventure concert in my living room before an imaginary audience.

And in the middle of the performance (actually near the beginning), I stopped a passage to correct it, then I stopped it again, tried again to correct it, or improve it, make it better. After a couple of attempts it was okay, so I went on playing.

“Stopping to correct myself in front of others.” It is legal? It is okay? Is it correct? And right in the middle of a performance.

NO question it is real, genuine, and true. But usually in public I cover up mistakes, and move on, every trying to defend myself against audience criticism.

But those days are over. No more fear. I want to and shall present my true self, my ever-changing self, ever-exploring, ever-experimenting, ever-trying, and ever-adventurous self. In other words, my true, real, New Leaf self. Hopefully, my audience will like and accept it. But if not, that's okay. It is my decision to present what I want to present. And now, at this point, I want to present my true self, in its ever-changing, ever-experimenting, ever-adventurous mode and mood. Period.

That's enough for me. Hopefully, it will be enough for my audience.

So that means its okay to stop and correct myself in front of others. It's all part of the show!

Turning Mistakes into Explorations (and Glory)

and Making Them Part of the Show!

Did I ruin my show by stopping to correct myself in front of the audience?

Or did I expand my show?

I go for the latter!

It's a better show when you make mistakes, and correct them, or rather "explore" them, before the audience.

Is this courageous or stupid?

I'd say both. It's courageous and stupid. Why? Because courageous and stupid are mere value judgements, and here they are besides the point.

Turning mistakes into explorations and making them part of the show.

This is also a whole new way of performing!