

## JOURNALS OF DR. ZANY

Travels through Space of an Artist/Entrepreneurial Soul

Peregrinations of an Artistic Entrepreneurial Soul

Peregrinations of an Entrepreneurial Soul

(Peregrinations on a Music String)

Collected and Edited by Jim Gold

Thursday, May 1, 2014

### New Excel Leaf

This is totally weird. For the last week or so, I've had no desire to write in my New Leaf Journal. And this morning, I woke up with the thought that perhaps the daily need to write in my new leaf journal is over. Could it be that my New Leaf Journal is over? Done. Finished. I have to more need to write in it or that way?

It feels that way. At least for now. Will this feeling last? Or is it a passing phase? Big question. But this morning, I believe for the first time, the idea of the End of New Leaf Journal writing did occur to me, did rise up in my mind.

I started writing it in 1995. It's now almost 2015. That would make 20 years of writing.

Is it over? Hard to believe. The idea of it ending gives me a strange feeling of freedom. I'll have more free time now. I'm not compelled, have no longer the need, to write. At least New Leaf Journal writing. Very new. Very strange. We'll see where this leads.

But note the title of this last and final leaf: Happiness Beyond Public Acclaim: Looking Beyond the Sun. Could this mean happiness has arrives. And this, strangely, through freedom from writing. Is (was) the goal of my writing freedom? Even freedom from the writing itself?

What strange, new and wild questions. We'll see where all this leads.

Why is this happening? And what does it mean, if anything?

Am I entering my corporate phase? Having totally accepted the "gone public stage," (witness such monumental changes as my "loss of performing anxiety" and willingness to play guitar in public via leading group singing, etc.), am I now entering the corporate phase of my life?

Or am I simply fooling myself, ending the old phase of New Leaf Journal writing and entering a new phase? I'd call it the Post-New Leaf Journal writing phase.

No question, I feel an awesome sense of new freedom.

Maybe it's time for the Journal of Dr. Zany.

### Business

This year's business expansion is just about finished. I put the finishing touches on the Cuba tour; I finished Dan Botkin's Ecotour of Italy a month ago. When China is done, I'll be finished with the technical aspects of my business expansion. Three new tour areas added. Of course, we still have sales coming up, but that's another stage and question.

Other business expansion areas are:

1. DVDs
2. Website: New website design and usage.
3. Excel spreadsheets: Expansion in organizational ability.

Saturday, May 10, 2014

### I Miss my Cosmic Depressions

How interesting. I woke up sad this morning.

Why?

I miss my miss cosmic depressions. Even though this morning I woke up feeling "successful," and business is going quite well, nevertheless, I miss my cosmic

depressions.

Depression precedes creation. Evidently, I'll need my depression before a new round of creation begins. And notice I'm using the word "depression" even though Rick suggested (and I agreed) that "melancholy" is a better word to describe my state. Nevertheless, somehow I am mentally tied to "depression."

Perhaps the word itself does not matter. What matters is: I miss my creative state. That state includes depression and creation, both downs and ups.

Will these depressions lead to new fertile lands?

We'll see.

### The Land of Both

I need more than money and business.

I need my miracle schedule. I need it as much as my second leg.

Although not directly involved in money or business, my miracle schedule is vitally important for my soul. Just as I need both legs in order to stand firmly, fully and happily, so do I need to follow my miracle schedule.

I need both.

One leg stands in business and money; the other stand in miracle schedule with its dictates of guitar, writing, running, gym exercise, dancing (choreos), and study.

Dualism lives in the Land of Both. Following miracle schedule is vital for my body and soul.

With this new emerging self in mind, my Excel self, I'll start fresh. A New Excel Leaf. New Leaf Excel. Or Excel New Leaf. The Microsoft Excel spreadsheet which I brought through the help of Barry Walter is a beautiful way to organization my tour business! "New Excel Leaf" combines my tour business (and money, which means love, security and power), with my miracle schedule.

Start fresh as a New Excel Leaf!

Alhambra and My New Excel Self

This is the first time in my life that I've played Alhambra only for me, with no desire to please a future audience in mind.

Only for me and my New Excel self.

I play to relax, free and feed my mind, and to explore and express my new Excel self.

Sunday, May 11, 2014

A salesman is a teacher; a teacher is a salesman.

Church of Folk Dance

The folk dance religion has been around a long time.

I belong to the Church of Folk Dance.

Wise Person

A wise person searches daily for a fresh vision.

What are the three words a wise person says?

"I don't know."

Monday, May 12, 2014

I love self-improvement goals.

I'd love to have an improvement goal on the guitar.

Why not invent and develop one?

One goal would be not to perform. If that ever happens, it will "on the side" and "by accident." Performing and audience considerations will not be one of my guitar goals. No, like running, language, and other miracle schedule aspects, self-improvement has nothing directly to do with audiences, outward appearances, and external benefits.

It has more to do with finding a reason to live and grow, a higher purpose and meaning, stoking the inner fire and connecting to the grander universe. And more.

Well, that's nice language. Good words. But. . . ?

I don't want to learn any new pieces on the guitar. I've deepened what I play, what I know, as deep and as far as I can go. What's next?

Maybe I'm kidding myself. Maybe my next goal should be a performance. Give a show. But for a completely different reason.

I can't think of or find a reason yet. But maybe this is scary but on-the-right track. Certainly, I can't think of anything else for now, at least.

For the same reason I would give a yoga class, or a reading, or even a micro-running workshop. (Well, micro-running workshop would be good for a laugh. I need a laugh. Perhaps I should put together a comedy routine. A one-man show comedy routine.

Can I mix comedy and classical guitar? And throw in all the other stuff? It would give me a lift. And this is a reason to give such a show: to give myself (and in the process, give others) a lift. A sparkling lift. Good name for a show. A Sparking Lift. Spark Lift.

Spark is the foundation. Laughs, songs, music, classical, ad lib, writing, whatever, all brilliant-shine results emanating from the Spark.

Tuesday, May 13, 2014

Indeed, a cosmic sadness has descended upon me this morning. I "have everything" and yet this sadness descends. It is vaguely related to writing and dreaming. Somehow I can't write or rather, I have lost my desire to write. Does that also mean my dreams and dreaming is on hold? Seems like it is.

Or maybe some kind of transition is taking place. The transition of satisfaction and "having everything," And somehow, ho "having everything" is not as satisfying as I once thought.

“Having everything” used to mean, at least in my dreams, the ability to be free to create, which means, to write and to freely and without fear follow the dictates of my miracle schedule.

Well, I have arrived at that point. Finances and business are good. Things feel as in place as they could ever be.

And yet, in this “satisfied state” I am strangely, (I wouldn’t call it dissatisfied, but sad. Cosmic sadness.

Cosmic sadness is usually the prelude to some kind of creation. I know this intellectually, But somehow, no new creativity or direction comes into mind.

I’m kind of in a limbo state, waiting, watching, searching, and even hoping for the next direction.

Wednesday, May 14, 2014

### A Brilliant Approach to Sales and Discouragement

These rules of the game are difficult to follow but very important to remember.

Discouragement: One of the great temptations, often a daily visitor, and the devil’s best tool.

#### 1. Rule one: Never give in to discouragement.

Fight against it. Kick it in the teeth. Ever and forever.

And remember that discouragement is really a black veil of camouflage, a test in disguise, hiding an agenda of good ideas.

By facing discouragement, dealing with it, you can discovery jewels in its belly, and a wealth of good ideas hidden behind its ugly face.

An example of good ideas behind discouragement. Some folks say they can’t and won’t go on my Cuba tour because it is too expensive. This news is always discouraging. And indeed, when I heard it, I got discouraged. However, I soon thought: Can I counter this argument? How to handle it? What should I say? Is there anything I can do about it?

And the biggest, most positive challenge question is: How can I turn this rejection into a potential sale?

And, to my happy amazement, I discovered how.

When folks say the tour is too expensive, instead of explaining why the Cuba price is high, saying I'm sorry they can't join us, and then walking away, I can counter it with: "Well, if you can't go to Cuba with us, why not join our tour of Bulgaria or Albania? These tours are not only less expensive, but twice as long!

Brilliant! Positive, too. Filled with dynamic vibrations. With this approach, I remain in sales mode, which is the best mode, a teaching and upbeat mode!

Thus the so-called higher Cuba price (and Italy), which may discourage some, is a good way to promote the lower priced other tours! Totally brilliant!

### The Sales Vibration

On a personal note, notice how positive is the sales vibration. So dynamic and forward looking. The salesman as teacher and motivating force! It is not only good for me, but good for others, too.

Thursday, May 15, 2014

### How to Enjoy Myself While in Harness

It is amazing, but I have forgotten how to enjoy myself! I've got my miracle schedule, but somehow I have forgotten it and how to dive into its precepts.

Well, somehow I'm going back to the miracle schedule.

RE tours, tourism, business, I have to admit, I'm not saturated, but I have enough. Imagine that, I have arrived. I have enough. How to handle such a new state?

Well, I need to move on to something else, something new and fresh. Let my tour business sit, percolate, and rest awhile. It's on its road and will take its own course

and call on me for what it needs. Can I take a back seat? Can I move on to something else? Easier said than done. But there is no choice.

Yet the tours do hang over me and keep me in harness.

How to move easily in harness, how to enjoy myself while in harness is my challenge.

Guitar: Maybe it's time for a guitar challenge. A music challenge. What could that be? Learn a new piece? Take a guitar lesson? Other?

#### The Speed/Exhilaration Challenge

Maybe going fast is my next challenge. . . and this in everything I do. Fast, after all, is exhilarating, and breaks barriers. Plus, this time I'll be doing it, not in an attempt to please the audience, but rather, out of boredom and a challenge need.

Speed, and with it exhilaration, has always been inhibited and distracted by my need and desire to please an audience.

But that need and desire is now gone! Not necessary anymore. I'm in a new (musical) place. I can dive into speed and its concomitant partner, exhilaration.

Music, dancing, running, and more: Exhilaration is my goal; speed is my means.

I'm learning how to live in this New Land of (non-audience pleasing, beyond audience) Exhilaration. The focus is no longer outward on audience, but inward on Exhilaration.

Interesting: I've kind of discovered a new goal: Exhilaration. Alhambra exhilaration. Or rather, exhilaration through Alhambra playing. And others, of course.

Tuesday, May 27, 2014

The Anxiety of Return?



Plunge into Tour Preparation

I have a tremendous vague anxiety this morning. Why, I don't know. It has something to do with the world, with business, with losing control and everything falling apart.

Yes, I have taken my eye and focus off business for this weekend. Today is the first business day after a long Memorial Day Weekend. The anxiety of return? Perhaps.

There is nothing specific up ahead. . .except for my upcoming Ireland, and later Balkan Splendor tours. But, of course, it may well be they that are causing my anxiety. In fact, I know they are!

Thus, is there anything concrete I can do in preparation for these upcoming tours? That is the way to handle this anxiety. Plunge into preparation. I'm not sure how or what to do yet, but that is the way to go.

Wednesday, May 28, 2014

Birthday Challenges!

2013-2014 was about changing my attitudes. Done.

I'm ready for new birthday challenges.

What will they be?

1. Guitar: Speed

2. Running: Speed

3. Yoga: Flexibility

4. Weights: Strength

All these challenges are good-in-themselves.

Why? Because I need and thrive on challenges!

(They good-in-themselves because they have nothing to do with future results in performance and money making. They are untied to any fruits of my labor.)

The best birthday present I can give myself is fresh, new, good-in-themselves

challenges.

### Power is Fun

Guitar (right) index Alhambra power: It's fun.

Power is fun.

Explorations of speed and power.

### What is Folk Dancing?

Folk dancing is a place you come to meet, a social gathering with your friends where you dance together as a community and have a great time. You don't have to dance perfectly., get every step right, or, even dance at all. Basically, you jump right in to the circle, dance with your friends, and have a great time. That's folk dancing. It's not a performing art, but a community get-together, a dance-together. And now we're all getting together in front of you!

Thursday, May 29, 2014

Psychosomatic medicine. My left knee and left shoulder have been pretty fine for almost a year. Then "suddenly," after a session with Rick where I did not warm up, my left shoulder hurt a bit. This "bit" has expanded into a pain so large that I actually have and had to pay attention to it! Same with my left knee. Which expanded to both knees, and legs in general. And all this followed by a big general fatigue.

And all this after I had "finished" with my tour sales campaign and now had "nothing to do."

I've suddenly gone from quite healthy to hurting in two and maybe more places, and general fatigue,

What's happening?

Back to Sarno.

No question, my left knee and top of left foot – a different version of my old “folk dance ankle” syndrome – is related to folk dancing and the fact that I have to teach folk dancing on my Ireland tour. Why? Because I “promised” there would be folk dancing every night. I had expected, hoped, that I’d have enough people on the tour and could ask Terry, or originally Bobby and Pat, to teach. But that hasn’t worked out. So now I am stuck with the job. And I am totally mad and pissed about it. On top of leading, running, and organizing the tour, and working out the daily kinks, I have to teach folk dancing at night! It is a total burden and even unnecessary at that. I could, at a steep price, have Terry teach it. That would indeed take the burden off me. However, it would cost about 5G and at the steep price, I hesitate to spend it. And this, just for a few nights of teaching. So, frustrated and mad, I’m stuck in the middle. And getting folk dance pains in my leg.

What to do? I still don’t know. But obviously, I have two choices:

1. Teach it myself and save some money. (And stay mad and have corresponding psychosomatic aches and pains.)

2. Have Terry teach it, spend 5G, most of my tour profit. (But be mentally free, enjoy my tour, and have no psychosomatic aches and pains.)

I would be basically spending most of my profit so I could be psychologically free to focus on the tour, and my new project of trying to enjoy my tours and “ride easy in harness.”

Now what about my left shoulder?

That I know has nothing to do with folk dancing. But perhaps something to do with the down, empty, disappointing feeling of finishing tour sales mode, and having “nothing to do.”

The empty victory of success, nothing to do, and concomitant melancholy expressed in my left shoulder. Yes, I know that’s right and the reason the one-shot pain continued and grew. I still have “nothing to do” although I’m trying to fill the void with a return to miracle schedule activities.

But maybe just recognizing the reasons for my shoulder pain will be enough to dispel it. I think it will.

What about recognizing the reasons for my folk dance knee? Note: I called it “folk dance knee” for the first time. I now have folk dance knee and folk dance ankle. Both expressions of resentment and pressure I feel leading and teaching folk dancing.

(And yet I love folk dancing. . .and even running tours! Evidently, love and hate, ecstasy and resentment, go together. This split, dichotomy, is the nature of the beast and a pickle I can’t get out of. Maybe just recognizing my emotions is enough.

Even though I dislike leading folk dancing on my tour, perhaps it is a secret opportunity to grow.

How so?

1. It forces me to learn my laptop as an alternative source.
2. A test to see if I can survive both. Leading and teaching. Leading on two levels.

Left shoulder: directionless, rudderless.

Friday, May 30, 2014

### The Healing Monster of Performance Anxiety

Yesterday was my birthday. Yesterday I lead our Teaneck Senior group also gave its annual performance. Yesterday also, before the performance, I had my usual pre-performance shot of terror. I almost fainted with my usual fear. I realized I hadn’t had this shot of fear for a long time, since I haven’t performed, or run a tour for a long time.

This shot of fear, dose of terror, totally woke me up! I recognized that this is life! It is strangely, a healing terror. All my aches and pains suddenly disappeared! This shot to terror to the bow dissolved every worry created ache and pain I had. Suddenly, the “fact” that my knee hurt, my ankle top hurt, my whatever else hurt, they all

disappeared in the thunderstorm and hurricane of terror that engulfed my body.

This is the performing terror that I have been trying to avoid for years, well, perhaps all my life. It is the reason I gave up performing. It is the center of the Upcoming tour anxiety cloud that hangs over me for months before I run a tour. This, since running a tour is a type of performance. Pre-tour anxiety is in the same family as pre-performance anxiety. In fact, indeed, they may be Janus-faces of the same thing!

Thus, no matter how I try, I will never dispel the terror stomach of my pre-performance anxiety, I can only deny and try to avoid situations that create it.

But in doing so, avoiding those situations, I not only avoid life, but I avoid the healing aspects of performance anxiety. This comes through total focus on a tremendous ball of wild, violent, chaotic, all-engulfing energy that swirls, spreads, rises from my stomach.

As I say, strangely, performing anxiety energy is a healing energy. But once must go through with the performance before one is healed!

This is an incredible birthday truth. And, realizing that, for this very reason, I (may) have to return to performing is the most amazing birthday gift I could get.

Is that what my 77 birthday is all about? My new direction. Is that why I have been so tired the past few weeks? Facing this huge monster may indeed have created an incredible, incomprehensible, eerie, mysterious fatigue that I had. All from denial of the monster rising.

The performing monster. The healing, happy, horrible performing monster. Terrifying in aspect, but healing as it sweeps away and cleanses all concerns, aches, and pains in its hurricane wake.

### Performing to Heal Myself

This would be a totally new reason to return to performing: to heal myself.

My first reason to perform came when I got married. I performed to make money. That reason is gone, and has been gone for a long time. Now I make money in folk dancing and tours (which strangely, is still a type of performance. But strangely not

as anxiety producing. Or is it? Maybe I have been fooling myself all these years. Running a tour certainly creates mucho anxiety. Only somehow, I didn't see it that way since it was not on-stage, guitar performing anxiety, and was based more on my organizational skill rather than my musical/artistic ones. But even on that score, I could be wrong. Maybe it was all about one big anxiety, one great ball of avoided performing anxiety, with many faces and aspects. I just refused to see it, to look in its eye, to accept it as my fate. Too scary.

But now I see the scare itself is part of the healing. The scare wakes up a tremendous, all-encompassing, and strangely, all-healing energy.

I need the scare in order to heal. Thus, my second reason to perform now is to heal myself.

I always wanted to find a (new) reason to perform. Perhaps now I have found one.

### Facing, Accepting, Diving in

Could it be that I have been facing one of the greatest terrors of my life, and that I have finally "made my peace" with it. How? By accepting the fact that it will never give me peace, and that I have to accept and dive straight into the terror, into the frightening cure itself, the maelstrom of terrifying but healing energy.

And this in order to heal myself!

Actually, the terror has really never gone away. It was only transferred from guitar performance to tour performance. Only I refused to see it.

Terror is terror. Hydra-headed in its Medusa qualities. Period.

Does this mean I have to return to performing? To guitar performing? And classical guitar performing? Maybe.

First, let's start a new leaf by admitting: Pre-tour anxiety is the same thing as pre-concert anxiety, as pre-bookings anxiety, and more.

Although it appears at different levels, anxiety is anxiety. But while it kicks you in the stomach, it also creates curative enzymes that heal you.

### A Healing Discomfort

My tours are my next performance.

The performance art of a tour.

This totally explains the pre-tour anxiety cloud that constantly hovers over my head.

But now I see the discomfort of pre-tour, pre-concert, pre-performance anxiety as good for me.

I wonder what effect this understanding will have on my left knee. And left ankle. And left shoulder (which feels much better today.)

I wonder if and how my left shoulder pain relates to guitar performance.

### Fear of Your Own Power

Why is the healing energy of performance anxiety so frightening?

Perhaps because of its overwhelming power.

The power is within you. You have that power.

Could imagining the magnitude of your own power frighten you so much? Fear of your own strength. Fear of your own power?

But what else could it be?

Most performing anxiety is based on the fear of what others, namely, the audience, can do to you. Fear of their criticism, disapproval, etc.

But suppose that fear is really an "excuse?" Suppose the real fear is of the

strength and power generated within you. And this power is held in check by fear of audience criticism, the mental defense of “stage fright,” pre-performance anxiety.

Performance anxiety is about facing and dealing with the power of your power.

Saturday, May 31, 2014

### Importance of Motivation

This morning I discovered two large “truths.”

1. In the short run, looking up Hebrew and Spanish etymologies. Although fun and interesting, does not seem to help me learn them.

2. In the short run, my personal stock market “trading” account does not make money. I lose most of the time. Compared my individual non-trading account which is way ahead. Yet I persist to cultivate and play in my personal account. Seems I’m in it more to have fun by winning. Yes, I have more fun when I’m winning, but evidently, losing does not deter me. I stay at it “no matter what.”

What can I learn from this?

1. Although in the short run, my personal account loses money, and etymologies do not help me learn languages, I sense that. in the long run, they serve a meaningful and useful purpose. I sense there is a long-term purpose in my short-run lacks and loses. Somehow “fun and interesting” is important, even vital to me.

What could it be?

Despite loses, my “fun and interesting” approach motivates me to continue language and stock market study. Like endless Alhambra tremolo practice, which never seems to improve my tremolo or my playing, perhaps its long term purpose is to keep me curious, exploring. and motivated.

This means that curiosity, exploration, and motivation are more important than failure. In fact, for me, failure itself, through the challenge it creates, may be what stimulates motivation. Wow!



Sunday, June 8, 2014

Loving the Work I do

Back from our cruise to Bermuda.

What am I crying about? I'm crying from happiness!

I'm so happy to be home and back at the work I love!

What, if anything, has this cruise and Bermuda vacation given me? An appreciate for the work I do and the work I love. And hopefully, to never forget that I love it!

Tuesday, June 10, 2014

"Higher Level of Lost"

With this cruise vacation to Bermuda, something has ended. But I don't know what. And I'm a bit confused. It feels like I'm ready for a new attitude. But I don't know what it is.

Yes, things feel different. I'm relaxed and vaguely goalless. Things don't feel pregnant and filled with meaning anymore. Strangely, this goalless, directionless feeling does not bother me.

A vague pleasantness has crept over me. And I don't know what to "do" with it. If anything. Regarding getting back to the precepts of my "old" life, Rick and Bernice say, "Just do it!" I agree. But if I really agree, why does my lower back suddenly hurt. I almost never hurt my back anymore. I know it is a sign of incipient anger. But at what?

Could it be that perhaps "just do it" doesn't really work anymore. It is not, and has never been my modus operandi. I'm more a "follow the feeling" and a "see where the new adventure leads" kind of guy.

My new adventure seems to be a combo of both feeling relaxed and pleasant, and having the drive, strength and power of my old goals drained out of me. This "should" make me sad, angry, depressed, lost, and purposeless. All former negative feelings. But somehow now, they don't seem negative. Or positive, either. Frankly, I

don't know what to do with them.

Maybe this is a new level of lost. (That's what my back pain or stiffness is signaling.)

Also, on top of this, my tours are "full" for this year; I'm ready to move on to next year sales. So that a pressure and fulfillment off my back. (Note the phrase "off my back." Indeed, my back is involved. But how?

Could this no pressure state strangely add pressure? Maybe. Evidently, I like, or rather thrive on pressure. Or at least I used to. Has a change been made manifest over the vacation?

Something feels different. But again, I don't know what it is. It feels like a higher level of lost, whatever that means.

#### Incorporating Miracle Schedule in a New, Post-Cruise Way

It could also be simply the calm before the tour storm coming up. If this is the case, then my back pain merely signals my old distress, anxiety, and anger at "going back to work." (Again note the word "back.") And this, even though I love my work!

Evidently, work is always a mixed bag. Blending anger and annoyance with joy and fulfillment.

If the above is so, and I think it is, then my new, post-cruise, updated attitude is about incorporating and adhering to Miracle Schedule in a new way.

So my new challenge and question is: How to incorporate my Miracle Schedule into my "post-cruise" life?

1. 15 (or 20)-30 minute a day. Spread throughout the day?

Wednesday, June 11, 2014

Absolutely no enthusiasm today and since returning from the cruise. What to do?

Go through the motions.

Just do it. Fake it 'til you make it.

Post-Cruise Guitar Playing

Alhambra and more: Give up the tremble in favor of the bass.

Post-Cruise Singing

Die Gedanken Sind Frei. Has singing been too powerful for me. Often, I break down crying with the Majesty and Magnificence emotion when I sing.

Are "giving up treble" and power in singing related? Do they go in tandem?

Does giving up the treble open the door to power in singing?

Thursday, June 12, 2014

Post-Cruise Guitar Playing

Alhambra and more: Give up the tremble in favor of the bass.

Or/And:

More on Alhambra, Bass, and Treble

Alhambra: Emphasizing the bass brings out my musical, soft side; emphasizing the treble brings out my aggressive, wild side.

Friday, June 13, 2014

Tours: Consolidating Time

Maybe I've gone as far as I want to go with my tours. Maybe I'm stuffed, filled up, have as much as I need and want. Maybe I'm at: Tours done. I've spent the year working almost solely on tours, building up my business, etc. Maybe I've gone as far as I care to, want to, or should go. Time to stop and consolidate.

And while I'm consolidating, to move on.

Yes, this feels right. My tours are set up for the next year or more. Most, I'd even

venture to say, all, is in place.

Time to consolidate my tours gains and move on.

Move on to what?

After speaking to “coach” Rick last night, we laid out three goals for next week.

Three Goals for the Week: Stocks, running, and yoga.

### 1. Stocks: My Strengths

a. Discipline

b. Risk taking

c. Motivation: Stocks are very emotional. I’m stretched between the antipodes of fear and greed, between loving to win and be right, and hating to lose and be wrong.

d. Confidence

e. Individualistic. I don’t follow the herd.

f. Persistence

### 2. Running

### 3. Yoga

### Making space, Creating a Vacuum

I’ve arrived at and created a vacuum. Tours are over, complete, finished. Something will rush into the vacuum space.

Today, it feels like stocks. It might also be something else drawn from the miracle schedule, or perhaps, something totally new. We’ll see.

### Market: The Discipline

I don’t have to buy or sell anything.

Just enter in a meditative state, calm quiet, and watching.

(Good for performing, teaching f.d. and tours, too.)

Saturday, June 14, 2014

Next week begins my new life as a “professional” stock trader. I’ll do it for a week, then decide where this “experiment with a new life, and display of new self-image and definition” is going.

Sunday, June 15, 2014

Initiating Boldness in One-Week Goals

“Boldness has a kind of genius.” Felix Dennis.

I like that line.

I feel like being bold, and/or taking a chance in something, at least for this week, or even for today. But in what?

The only thing that suddenly comes to mind is, guitar and exercise, namely, running, yoga, and even weights.

Okay, so that’s where I am today, and for this week’s goals.

How do I implement my boldness plan?

Immediately, I can begin this morning by aiming to:

1. Play guitar two hours! How is that bold? I’m pushing the time envelope.
2. Yoga and running: Do the speed run; follow it several hours later with a full yoga session of one deep hour.

That’s it for today. Of course, between sessions, I can study language, etc.

I also like Rick’s idea of one-week goals.

This week is about the stock market, running, and yoga.

Suddenly, my old depression is visiting me again this morning. I might as well keep calling it depression, instead of searching for a “better” name, like melancholy. Somehow, I “like” the word depression. At least for myself. It has more of a bite and strong ring. Besides, it is not melancholy but depression that I feel.

Well, what’s new? What to do with today’s depression?

Face it, accept it, dive into it. Then go right through it via the “Just shut up and

do it!" approach.

This morning it is playing guitar. "Just do it!" The depression, like a meaningless passing cloud, will pass, disappear and die of its own accord.

### Meditative Guitar and Stock Trading

Let's start with guitar. Playing lightening fast, sloppy scales and Alhambra arpeggios requires another mind set.

Alhambra mind set is stock trading mind set.

It is the Meditative mind set: Calm, quiet, watching, waiting, no expectations.

Meditative mind set: for guitar and stock trading.

### Impossible Dream

What's the different between a dream and an impossible dream?

I like chasing impossible dreams. I thrive on nonsense and the impractical. They put me on a challenging pathway.

With this Alhambra speed approach, I want to change my muscle structure. Is this possible or a pipe dream?

My goal: play Alhambra fast and clear.

How to implement that goal?

Monday, June 16, 2014

### Significant Thumb Shift

Alhambra: Right thumb and the significant thumb shift (toward the inside of the thumb.) "Inside" opens up "inside knowledge."

Idea and Goal: Exercise 3x/day

1. Yoga (2x-3x) per day
2. Run (1x) per day

3. Weights/gym (3/x per week)

Tuesday, June 17, 2014

Guitar

Shifted right thumb and it works!

For every arpeggio.

Mark this date!

Wednesday, June 18, 2014

Guitar: Arpeggios, Alhambra, Leyenda, Prelude and More

In a sense, I'm turning my whole (right hand thumb) technique around again.

But this time, it will work.

I'll have to re-practice everything slowly, with new right hand thumb placement in mind. But this time, it will work.

The dream of the stocks is vanishing. I'm running out of gas. It reminds me of 2010 and its great success. At the end, I said, wow, success is really a lot of work! Maybe too much work. Do I want or need this?

Thursday, June 19, 2014

Mainline Artist

Return to the arts for solace and meaning.

At core, that's who I am.

Sure, I touch, deal with, dive into the other aspects of life. They can be fun, fascinating and interesting. . . while they last.

But much as they loom gigantic over my head, ultimately, they are tough-focused sidelines.

I'm a mainline artist. I follow many sidelines on my route to fulfillment and

happiness.

Best to remember that.

Note the words “solace” and “meaning.” My art puts me in touch with meaning which brings me solace.

Politics is about power and control. . . of others. But it is definitely, not my route to power. Dealing with politics, is, to me, always totally frustrating. I get nowhere with it, and can convince no one of my political positions. (I wonder why that is.)

But art works for me. It fulfills my mind and soul.

Creating art is my route to personal power.

I have that deep sadness and “wasting my life” feeling. It means I must get back to writing again.

These “new” vision are really not that big. They’ll remain within the scope of Miracle Schedule. Basically, they are shifts of priorities, not radical changes.

I want to keep everything I’m doing. But the balance may change.

Friday, June 20, 2014

### What’s Next?

Dr. Zany sat in his closet at his hidden closet desk and began to write.

“A down depression hit me morning.

Why? It has to do with yesterday’s stock experience.

I spent this week trading stocks with my new attitude of a “professional.” I wanted to become a “professional stock trader.”

After speaking to Rick last Thursday, who said, look at your strengths. That statement turned me around and next day I started trading with my new attitude of a “professional trader.”

Maybe that attitude has been achieved. Maybe I’ve accomplished my goal. And



that's why I'm down. After all, I'm always down after I accomplish my goals.

Maybe I've accomplished my professional stock trading goal.

Maybe I've also accomplished my Alhambra goal.

Yes, an intense week of stock trading. I crossed the line and completed (the first step?) Of my goal. I became a professional stock trader (for a week.) My goal has been accomplished.

Now that I've "accomplished" my stock market and Alhambra goals, re-proportion them to my life. And find a new goal.

#### New Goal

1. Finish Dé El Salto! by Joel Osteen
2. Finish Jerusalem Post in Ivrit

Amazing how quickly the creation of these new goals lifted me out of my down depression!

Saturday, June 21, 2014

#### Why the Journals of Dr. Zoltan Zany Blog?

Every morning since 1995 I write in my journal. Some days many pages pour out; other days, nothing happens and I only write the date. But, most important: Every day I write something.

Writing the journal is my daily adventure in self discovery. Where am I going? What am I thinking or doing? Does life have a meaning? Why do I exist? And if I do, for what purpose?

Every morning I start my quest fresh and new.

Today I decided to go public with my journal process.

How? By employing one of my alter egos, Dr. Zoltan Zany. (He is a mature version of Mad Shoe, Sylvan Woods.)

Thus the title: Journals of Dr. Zoltan Zany.

Some say the name Zany is Gold itself. How so? They claim the name is related to the German "Schoen," shifting through seismic Celtic vowel shift, to Irish Goidelic "Shany," and from there, crossing straits England to the English or American "Shiny", then across Europe to the Finno-Ugric proto-Hungarian Zany, preceded by Zoltan with its possible Turkish influence meaning of "Sultan" and finally, from there, to the shine of Gold. Thus would the Jim Gold name be transformed into Zoltan Zany. Although the good doctor, in a fit of Zoltan Zany hubris, might sometimes remove the "I" from the (his) Gold name.

Enjoy the mental roll of these journal adventures.

Again the wake-up "swish down" feeling. I felt satisfied and happy with yesterday. Stocks were "satisfying;" my Spanish reading (and Hebrew thrown in) reading direction was satisfying; I could even say my new Alhambra playing ability was satisfying; and the idea of "Journals of Dr. Zany" was satisfying; and yesterday's running followed by gym was satisfying.

And yet, with all this "satisfaction," I still woke up with a swishing down this morning. What is happening? What am I missing?

Do I miss writing? (I feel somewhat better as I write.)

Is it a direction thing? Or something else?

Could it be both?

Maybe it's a priority thing. Yesterday I somehow placed Spanish, Hebrew, stocks, exercise and even guitar above writing.

Am I once again avoiding the question of how to bring my writing to the world? Which means promoting my books. Which means recognizing their importance. Which means recognizing the importance of writing to me.

And what about music? Now that I can "play" Alhambra, am I chickening out of concerts?

Am I chickening out of book promotion and concerts? No question folk dancing

and tours deals directly with people. I'm good with people and I need their connection. However, I also need my alone space. Until now, writing (and even guitar practice) have been my alone space. Yet secretly, I want the world to know about my alone time, my alone thoughts, which, I believe, in some sense, are my deepest thoughts. I want to world to know me. In my writing (and music) private world I practice for the great future moment when I will go public. Yes, some day others will know me. Some day I'll have an affect on them. Some day I will connect my inner and outer worlds.

(A) Zany Vision Blog Post

(The) Journals of Dr. Zany. . . or (The) Dr. Zany Journal

(Collected and Edited by Jim Gold)

This is the zany vision, my totally Dr. Zany All-Is-One vision. Based on the Miracle Schedule. Separation and alienation dissolved. Following my all-connecting Miracle Schedule and rolling the world into One.

Does this mean a Dr. Zany blog post? Hmmm. Maybe that's a good name for it: The Dr. Zany blog post. Or Zany blog. Or Dr. Zany speaks. Or simply The Journal (Blog) of Dr. Zany.

Write as another, under a pseudonym. Instead of Samuel Clemens, use my Mark Twain. Instead of Jim Gold, use my Dr. Zoltan Zany.

Writing under a pseudonym: It's me but it's not me.

Would this free me to go public?

Is it a smart and wise thing to do?

By going public in this manner, will it destroy my business and me with it?

Do I need such a blog venture to fulfill myself, to bring meaning and vitality to my life on earth?

Is this a new venture?

Good questions.

No question, daily writing of the "Dr. Zany Journal" helps me. But will it help

others when they read it? I'm basing this partly on the idea that it will. That writing in this manner is important, important enough to dare to go public with it and present (offer) it to others.

Have I gotten so brave? Is my ego big enough to do this?

Maybe.

Indeed, it is a kind of culmination of life's path and work. Others should know where I've been. Or, if interested, at least have the chance to know about it. They won't have any chance if its not out there in public to see and read.

Dr. Zany is the matured Sylvan Woods... and Mashugi is promoter, advertiser and spokesman.

### Difference

Difference in approach: With Facebook, Youtube, emails, etc., I have been, in my heart and mind, subtly and directly selling and promoting my business.

With Dr. Zany Journal, I am not selling or promoting anything. Instead, I am offering a vision, a life style, a way of operating and manoeuver through life.

Does this difference mean anything?

On the other hand, if it is not connected to my business (money making, etc.), if there is no fear, risk, and taking a chance in it, will I be motivated tp do anything at all?

Do I need the fear to motivate me? Maybe.

What would this "motivating fear" be?

Fear of humiliation, fear of embarrassment, fear of losing my business by revealing my deepest thoughts? Other?

Are these fears real? Are they enough to "motivate" me?

What about my strengths? My blog and journal strengths?

### Business Lunches

Business luncheons: Perhaps the best and only way for me to view luncheons. To me, business symbolizes/means connecting to the material world. It's my most dynamic connection. Perhaps all my meeting, luncheons, etc. should be "business" directed. It certainly energizes and inspires me.

### On Going Public with Blog and Guitar

Is there any relationship between my blog going public and my guitar playing going public?

Off the bat, I'd say yes.

But how?

Expect isolation and alienation as you grow older. Separation and distance from others.

After all, you die alone.

It's nature's way. Face it bravely.

Sunday, June 22, 2014

### Living in Subjunctive Mode

As the words "if" and "might be" float by, I wonder, what if I'm living in subjunctive mode?

What if my future ends up so different from my past that it is totally unrecognizable?

What is my direction and celestial favor is no longer in guitar, folk dancing, writing, tours, or even leadership?

What if a change (un cambio) is coming.

What if money, fortune, and philanthropy (how did that word get in there?) through the stock market lies ahead.

What if I became the millionaire as I once dreamed about. What would I do with the money?

Yes, I am happy and satisfied now. Everything is going well. But what if, as Joel Osteen says, "Still, you haven't seen anything yet."

What if his chapter "prepárese para un cambio" is correct.

What if a change is coming.

Monday, June 23, 2014

#### Possible New Directions for 2014-2015

1. A Spanish Year:

a. Spanish "lessons" with Joe Murphy or Janet Glass check-ups.

2. Take a film course.

3. "Stuck" in stocks for a year.

#### Learning to Love my Competitive Instincts

A. Until I get "bored" with it. (Why do I put myself down with such statements? Perhaps I still don't find trading "worthy and important." I feel "lonely alone" (alienated?) in my new "trading profession." Evidently, my transitional to "professional trader" is not complete. Check out "Life of a Trader" books, etc.

I still don't understand why I have such interest and fascination, even passion, for stocks and trading. I still don't understand its purpose and meaning in my life. It has nothing to do with my past and traditions of art, intellect, and scholarship. It has to do with crass material considerations, something my family traditions has always hated. And yet I seem to love it. Indeed, since I discovered stocks and the markets when I got married, and bought a house in Teaneck, and (I forget who Ben someone) introduced me to stocks, and I bought my first stock, and it went up!, I have had a an interest, nay fascination and, I dare say, passion for stocks. And not investing for slow growth, but trading for the speed, excitement, and glory of it!

I can't rationalize this disgusting habit, and eerie, evil fascination for trading, for

the risks and rewards of small stocks, tiny stocks, mere thoughts in the wind stocks, but I do have it. The risks and rewards absolutely fascinate me. What can I do to cure myself? Probably absolutely nothing. Can I ever rid myself of this passion? Probably not.

Maybe I should simply accept the fact that I am evil, and am irrevocably drawn to the evil deeds of trading. I definitely think it is bad, bad for my soul, body, and mind, and certainly bad for the world at large. I could be giving the world great art, books, folk dancing, even running a great service like tours. Sure I'll keep doing that, bouncing it along with half my heart, or fully embracing it with all my heart. But nevertheless, I will keep trading. And my fascination, love, and passion for trading will evidently continue. The only thing that may stop it is losing. When I lose, and my stocks go down, I get discouraged. Then I question myself and the time I "waste" on the stock market, and "decide" to quite and do something "useful." But as soon as my stocks go up again, (and often, even if they don't) I end up returning to the market. And trading. Evidently, although discouragement may get them pushed aside temporarily, evidently, my fascination and passion for stocks never goes away.

Perhaps my competitive instincts are tickled and unhinged in the stock market. Indeed, my interest and passion is fueled by my desire to win. Perhaps my competitive (sister-fighting) instincts come out directly in the stock market. I hate direct competition with others. But the stock market forces me to compete with "invisible" others, and with myself as well.

Perhaps my disgust with myself for loving the market, and my vision of it as evil, has to do with suppressed competitive instincts of competition with my sister. My mother always said, "I love you twins equally." But I don't want equal. I want superior. I want to be first, the most important, and the best, the highest loved. I don't want my sister to be first, I don't want "equality." I want superiority. I want myself to be always in first place!

But of course, such a desire and admission is "horrible." My mother would cringe. "How could you say such a thing!" she would scream. So I never did. Nor

would I even admit I have such feelings. I'd just retreat to my violin room and quietly compete with myself, or deny myself any thoughts of brilliance by telling myself I could never be a professional violinist because, although I love playing, so many others are so superior to me.

Since I am evidently so competitive, but hate to admit it or compete "in public" with others, I ended up developing my own business, and businesses. This way, although I take all the chances and risks, I am nevertheless, always first, always the best (or worst), and always taking charge of my destiny. No one is going to tell me I can't be first, I can't win, I can't take and be showered by all the love in the world. No sharing! No equality! I want it all. And although I may not get it, my psychology is to always work and aim for it.

So if there is anything positive to come out of my stock market trading it is the recognition (and even acceptance) of my competitive instincts.

That's another thing that Lee did for me. Competing with him pushed me to many higher levels. Perhaps competing (secretly) with my sister has also pushed me to higher levels.

In any case, it is perhaps time to recognize, accept, deal with, and more important, to love my competitive instincts.

And the truth is, in the stock market trading, my wits are competing with thousands, even millions, of others.

### Killer Instinct and "All is One" Philosophy

I love my "killer instinct." I'm proud of it!

Although I never kill anyone, I love to win!

However, I also believe in "All is One." Therefore, rather than beating my opponent (although that's okay, too), I prefer a win-win situation. In these, we all grow, improve, learn something about ourselves, and, in the process, all become winners. That



is how my “All in One” philosophy comes into play and blends with my competitive instincts.

My competitive instincts are a great power that I have always had, but always denied. It’s time to recognize and change that equation.

Wednesday, June 25, 2014

I’ve forgotten my old self,

And I don’t know what my new self is yet.

My body aches in many places, and I’m confused. Somewhat lost and directionless. Waiting for the thunder to roll and my tours to start. A pre-limbo land. But not wholly that either.

Where am I then? A good question.

I had a business consultation meeting with Deborah last night. I told her about my Dr. Zany Journal blog idea. She liked it. An important confirmation. However, she said that perhaps I wouldn’t like it. Why?

Knowing others would read it, might inhibit my writing. Good point. I don’t know if that’s true or not. Still, I’ve thought about this for so many years, Best thing now is to simply take the plunge. “Just do it.” And see what happens.

Some possibilities:

1. Others will read it, hate it, and send me negative comments. Then, at least I’d know its affects, and I might decide to shut it down.

2. It will destroy my business. I might shut it down.

3. It will inhibit my writing. If I find that to be true, I’d might also shut it down.

4. Others will find it fascinating. Nice if that is so

5. Others will pay no attention to it. A case of divine neglect. At this point, I believe this will have no effect on me.

Will going public writing about all my aches and pains inhibit me? Will it embarrass me? Will it be bad for my folk dance and tour image, and thus be bad for my business?

Or will it “humanize” me?

All good questions. However, at this point, I won’t know the answer for sure until I just do it.

Or I may and could “edit things out” of my public blog journal. Editing indeed would “improve” my writing. Another plus. I can still write uninhibited. Then edit for my blog.

Thus a Journals of Dr. Zany would be “different,” An edited “me.” (Already I see an improvement.)

Thursday, June 26, 2014

### How to Cure a Listless Day

A sinking of the mind. Yes, yesterday’s Balkan splendor tour billing mishap totally distracted me. I worked very hard to fix it, and fix it I did. In the process, I raised my energy level, distracted my mind, and, in the end, when finished, felt pretty good.

What is the result of this discovery? I need total involvement in a project! Without it, I sink into the mud of sadness, listlessness, and, what I always call depression.

This “depression” state of mind in then, truly, not a reality. It is a mere attitude. And can be totally changed through distraction, by focusing on something, doing something, really anything, beyond myself.

So be it. Even though presently, I can think of nothing important beyond myself and my own inward thoughts, I shall follow this “focus hard on something else” procedure. As I say, it could be anything. But indeed, it has to be something.

Take any aspect of my miracle schedule. Simply jump into it head first. No looking behind, up or back. Just do it and shut up!

How to Create a Happy Life

Jump in. Dive in. Focus. Work very hard! It distracts the mind and heads off the  
downs.