

Sunday, November 29, 2015

Spiritual Guitar

Submission, Serving Others, Connection

Answer the "Why bother?" Question

Evidently, although I work alone and like being alone, so I can think, focus, reflect and meditate without interruption, I am nevertheless totally connected to others. When I forget this connection I get depressed, lose my direction, forget my purpose, and questions jump into my empty, vacant, rootless mind like "Why bother?" or "What is the meaning of my life?"

Thus, ultimately, my whole miracle schedule, and all my goals, although mostly performed and perfected alone, are related and connected to people, to serving others.

I am aware of this in guitar playing, folk dancing, and writing. But how do yoga, running, and study help and serve others? I don't see that yet.

1. Guitar playing, folk dancing, writing. . . serve others.
2. Yoga, running, gym, study. . . How do they serve others?

Become a Psychological (Psycho-Physical Coach or Trainer). Still needs a good name. A new non-paying "business." Perhaps I'm in the R and D stage. (Might also apply to SCORE. How?) My first "clients" are Barry and Ben.

History and Language

One of my goals was to read about and study history through a foreign language. History and Hebrew are finally coming together in the study of the bible. I'm reading "Wars:" Genesis 14 in the original Hebrew.

Goals

1. Guitar and Jim Gold Show. Strange, I have a desire to put together my Jim Gold Show with its classical guitar, group and solo folk songs, ad libs, etc. But I have no desire to perform it! (Maybe such a desire will emerge in the future. But maybe not.)

One year goal pops into my mind. But could be three months.

2. Hebrew

3. Yoga/running program

What are my three month goals? One year goals?

(Five year goals: To read the entire Tanach.)

The Sole Purpose is Serving Others

True, when I'm focusing on the task at hand, I'm not consciously thinking of others. However, if I step back and philosophically ask questions like: Why perform this task in the first place? Why bother? What is the ultimate meaning and purpose of this task?, I know it is for others, connected to others, only to serve others. That is sole purpose.

Difference Between Giving and Serving

Note: It is not giving to others. Giving requires the other person accept your gift. Rather it is serving others. Serving requires nothing from others. It only needs your desire to serve.

Thus you don't give a concert, you serve a concert.

Artistic Control

This way nothing is requires of the audience (but to show up.) You are the server and serving; it's all up to you.

Strangely, and perhaps paradoxically, this puts the performing artist in a great power and control position!

Of course ultimately, I and my audience are all serving the Higher One.

Serving the Alhambra

Ultimately, Alhambra might be about submerging my ego. Serving the Alhambra instead arrogantly (the arrogance of) “giving” or performing it.

Following the bass line in arpeggio pieces is submerging my ego. Leyenda and all other arpeggio pieces as well.

Cosmic Lesson of the Alhambra

Arrogance versus Submission

I’ve always sensed (known) my inability to play Alhambra was not a physical problem, but rather a mental, even spiritual problem.

Has it taken fifty years to submerge my ego and learn to serve? Is that the cosmic lesson of the Alhambra?

Am I learning to replace arrogance with submission?

Maybe.

Submission through Serving

Is submission through serving the next stage and mode of my life? Will it open the doors to heaven?

Maybe.

SPIRITUAL GUITAR

Spiritual center of Alhambra, Leyenda, and all pieces.

My next goal: SPIRITUAL GUITAR

Feeling Old

What does “I’m feeling old” mean?

Its about the old self. It means the old self is dying. In the process of transformation it means the old self will soon be laid to rest.

Then a new self will be born in its place.

Monday, November 30, 2015

Destiny and Purpose

Do I have a destiny? Was I put on earth with a purpose?

Did HaShem throw up an Alhambra/classical guitar block to stop my performing career, pushing me to channel my talents in other directions, to develop my leadership and organizational abilities to help and serve others? Maybe.

And why does it feel like this block has been lifted? Is He indicating another direction?

Tuesday, December 1, 2015

Go it Alone?

Am I "Teachered Out?"

Am I "teachered out?" At this point in life, do I want or even deeply need to go it alone?

What is my resistance to going for help in Hebrew, especially biblical Hebrew, which is sometimes so maddeningly difficult? Somehow I simply "refuse" to find a teacher. Even joining a group somehow makes me feel I'd be wasting my time.

Why do I so want to go it alone? A puzzle.

Maybe I can't stand learning anything from another. Or I am simply too impatient to wait. I don't know what it is, but I am totally resisting a biblical Hebrew teacher.

Spiritual guitar. I like the title of this leaf.

What, if anything, does it have to do with Hebrew?

Business and Hobbies

Over the years everything has changed.

Truth is: My business is tours.

My hobbies are: Hebrew, language and history study, classic guitar, folk songs, and even the Jim Gold Show.

During my three month “break,” I can delve into, develop, even grow my hobbies. But nevertheless, they remain “hobbies.” (That’s why I won’t devote the time to a Hebrew teacher.)

How “sad:” Even my Jim Gold Show is now a “hobby.” How do I know? Because I won’t spend time promoting it.

But I will spend time promoting my tours.

Why? Simple: I make more money in tours.

That’s what a business is and does.

Dying of a Secret Dream

Transformation of Jim Gold Show from Profession to Hobby

Hobbies are for free time and relaxation. My Jim Gold Show is now for free time and relaxation. This illusion has died. How “sad.” Death of a secret dream. For so long, I have been practicing guitar, working on my Alhambra symbol, hoping that some day I would return to show business, strong, proud, free, easy, liberated from anxiety, happy give a good show, and most important, confident and proud of my Alhambra and classic guitar playing.

Maybe during my post-Albania vacation I’ve arrived at that point. Having arrived, I realize I am no longer there. I no longer desire to promote, sell, or advertise my happy, complete, and beautiful Jim Gold Show. I’m in another place. The old dream has died. It has been reduced to a hobby.

I’m sad about the dying of my playing classic guitar proudly and confidently in public dream. It kept me practicing and dreaming a long time. Maybe I can do it now. Result: So what?

I mourn the death of the old life with its old dream.

Thursday, December 3, 2015

Depth

Stillness within Movement

The Renaissance Approach to Life

Depth is stillness within movement.

Is depth diving my next direction and challenge in life?

Signs point to this:

1. No new destinations or ideas for travel business.
2. Torah and language study: One word or sentence at a time.
3. Folk dances. Return to hundreds of good ones I know.
4. Assembling Jim Gold Show (of old learned stuff.)
5. Editing Infant Vision and even NLJ.
 - a. Possible step out and beyond: babble writing
6. Balance exercises. (Stillness focus of mind.)
7. MRI training. (Stillness focus of mind.)

Seems depth as my direction.

Stillness as you dive into content; descend in place while the world is swirling around you; penetrate the earth like an unseen flash of lightening or quiet bolt of thunder.

Doing old things anew.

Of course, breathing new life into the old is a skill, a talent: The renaissance approach to life.

Can I do it? We'll see.

I Need New!

I opened up my guitar case and the first words that came to mind were: "Why

bother?"

This means I must have something new! A new purpose, direction, and meaning is vital to my existence!

I need an absolutely new direction, purpose and meaning for my guitar playing. Otherwise, I simply "won't bother."

I can't see this as a renaissance. Lovely as the word is, and how sweet is the concept, I still see the word renaissance as a rebirth of the old, which is, of course, is exactly its meaning.

However, rather than a rehash, rebirth, renaissance of something already done, of something "old", quaint and nice as it may seem. That's fine, but for someone else, I need to envision my direction as absolutely new! I need new! Absolutely new!

How can my guitar playing be absolutely new? (My other endeavors as well. But let's start with guitar.)

The Nervous of New

Embracing Performance Anxiety

Plus I need to be frightened. I need to be nervous, (How about terrified, paralyzed with fear? Maybe that, too.)

I'll call it the nervous of new, to create the energy and drive to put this together. I need performance anxiety as an energy driver. Amazing. I worked and searched for so many years to try to "cure" my performance anxiety. Now that I have "succeeded," I see I have failed.

I need performance anxiety and I always have. (The only thing worse than failure is success!)

This performance anxiety is what I have been trying to escape from by so-called perfecting my classical guitar playing. This escape is what my old inability to play Alhambra was all about. Of course, I will never perfect Alhambra or classical guitar playing. Perfection is impossible. Nor is it desirable. Imperfection, with its attendant performance anxiety, is the only way to go.

Dive into imperfection, embrace it, stand terrified within its performance anxiety circle, and do it. Performance anxiety is life. Beyond performance anxiety is death.

Without fear, I'm dead. With fear, I'm alive!

Thus, I should be nervous/afraid when I play classical guitar. I should be nervous/afraid when I prepare and present my Jim Gold Show.

That fear is my energy grinding me and my ego into submission, pushing me to greater heights, destroying my old self to make way for the new, inspired, daring and lofty new performing self which is born anew with each performance!

Death to the old! Birth to the new! That is my performing credo with its improvised, serendipitous design and approach.

The threat of a performance wakes up my energy. I'm preparing to dive into the upcoming battle against the unknown.

What I call fear, terror, nervousness, afraid, performance anxiety, etc. is really about the violent and vivacious swirl of my energy.

The Jim Gold Show

First, just saying the name makes me nervous. My own name, standing out there, up front, so bold and vulnerable. How do I dare do it? How do I have the nerve? Certainly I'll be blamed, beaten, criticized and crushed.

Talk about performance anxiety! Yes!

How can I fight the fear of potential upcoming blame, beating, and crushing criticism? Let my nervousness show me the way. First, by focusing on how to do the absolute best job I can. They can't touch the fleeting excellence of my form, my show, my delivery, and more.

How can the Jim Gold Show be absolutely new?

Energy Creators

Questions like: Will my body hold up? Will my voice be okay? Will my knees make it? Will I remember everything the choreographies? Etc. All are good reasons to create fear, nervousness, and performance anxiety, and thus necessary prods to the creation of energy.

Booking the Jim Gold Show

A New "Business"

This all may mean finding more bookings for Jim Gold Show.

A new "business. Not necessarily for the money, although there will be a small amount. Rather, for the fear/performance anxiety/nervousness and energy of it.

How and where to book Jim Gold Show:

Friday, December 4, 2015

I am Always Here

On the deepest of levels, there really is no place to go since I am always here.

Thus one Hebrew word a day is more than enough.

And the MRI stillness mode has a deep reality.

Prepare and Pray Before Each Performance

Practicing is good and it certainly helps. Nevertheless, there is no complete protection from the fear of performing.

Only God can be my "mogen" through an Abrahamic "al tira."

Therefore, prepare and pray before each Jim Gold Show, folk dance class, tour, or any performance.

This week I have three upcoming events:

1. Darien folk dance class
2. Adas Emuno Jim gold Show

3. MRI. (My MRI is a big private performance.)

Prepare and pray for each one.

Add Pre-Performance Prayer

How did I handle PA in the past? During my World of Guitar performing life, I mostly denied it.

When I transitioned into folk dancing and folk dance weekends, again I mostly denied it.

However, when I started international folk tours, I prayed for God's help before each tour. "Please give me the strength to lead and run this thing!"

That was my true beginning of prayer.

Now I'm returning to performing. PA of course, still exists.

Something new for re-entry: Add pre=performance prayer.

Practicing and Preparing for the Jim Gold Show

Singing Practice

Okay, I can pray before the performance, but I also have to practice. And the phrase "Have to" is emphasized here. Because I certainly, at least this morning, don't feel like practicing singing. Nevertheless, I must do it. (It is commanded from above). Just like I must do my folk dance class even though I don't feel like it. Plus, of course, moods change, and often, once I start, I'll get into it. But whether I get into it or not, whether I enjoy it or not, it is my obligation to do it. So do it I must. We'll deal with the "feelings" later, if at all.

Prepare and practice, practice and prepare: So I must start with my vocal exercises, then move into songs.

Folk Dance Classes: Part of the Jim Gold Show

Can folk dances classes be considered to be part of the Jim Gold Show? Hmm. That's quite an expansion.

Well, folk dancing is part of the JGS. (Witness the program for my upcoming Temple Adas Emuno appearance.)

Therefore, folk dancing is part of the Jim Gold Show!

I have to practice (and pray) with folk dancing, too.

Is MRI part of the JGS? Why not make it so.

Think about JGS during my MRI session.

(I have to do it whether I like it or not. Ordained from Above.)

Singing/Yoga, Yoga/Singing Incorporation

Half hour sing-o-yoga warm-ups.

Then singing exercises followed by songs.

Saturday, December 5, 2015

Preparation is my Prayer

(My Day of Preparation is my Day of Prayer)

Excellent evening in Darien last night. I did everything right.

What did I do?

1. I spent the day being nervous, thinking about the event, welcoming and contemplating the "frightened" or rather "awe-some" energy of my pre-performance anxiety; I cogitated, aiming to give tonight's show/dance-class my absolute best effort!

I can say I was nervous, but not afraid.

What's the difference?

My performing fright comes from the outside, fear of what others might say, their criticism, y dependance on the audience reaction. It turns my focus outward.

My performing nervousness turns my focus inward. It comes from within, from

my commitment to do my absolute best, to make my maximum effort. It comes from personal responsibility, that I have a personal obligation to give my all, to reach higher than I ever reached before, to enter and work in partnership with the higher energies of the Unknown.

2. I warmed up profusely (20 minutes) before the class. During my warm-up, I focused my mind even more on the upcoming class.

3. During class, I gave it my absolute all,

It is good to spent all day thinking about the event. My classes, concerts, tours, whatever are really religious events. They are based on my connections and making connections with the Higher Forces. I am definitely not in these performances alone. I must work with the Higher Forces. Before I do, I must first connect to them, make my connections. In other words, pray.

My day of preparation is my day of prayer.

Sunday, December 6, 2015

Guitar, Alhamra, and Performance Awe

Performance anxiety, Alhambra, and more

Rather than performance anxiety, call it: Performance awe.

My right index finger points to God.

“God give me strength “ is my performing plea.

God gives me strength is my truth.

My upcoming MRI performance is another example of performance awe.

But is it a private performance? No. It is public but enclosed (in the sense of safe and protected), encapsulated, protected and insured by my Awe.

Monday, December 7, 2015

Intense Joy!

The Ultimate Meaning of Life

How to feel and let myself experience the feeling of intense joy. Fascinating, very important!

All feelings are passing. Even intense joy is passing. Knowing this may diminish my hesitation, fear, and even resistance to feeling intense joy.

In Bulgaria 2015 tour was an absolutely sensational tour.

My biggest tour ever! 52 people. Everything came together and worked. My team and program were excellent. No glitches or problems. To my knowledge, all my travelers love it. A culmination of my years of leadership, organization and work. It can't get any better than that. At the end of the tour I felt intense joy. But I didn't allow myself to feel it. But I suppressed it (as I usually do) for three months! Instead I ploughed on right into the Albania tour. This created and caused the "tour burned out" feeling I had before and during the Albania tour.

Post-Albania it also made me feel my usual directionless and meaninglessness. The "What now?" A feeling I often have after a great victory.

How to feel, experience and deal with intense joy may be one of my big problems. How to face it, lift it up, instead of push it down. The kabbalistic push down/push away escape from glorious joy that I do, this "emptiness" I feel after a big success, I believe lies at the root of my constant search for meaning and direction.

Intense joy is my meaning and direction! It is the worship God Davidic dance of b'simcha.

Intense joy is melt down experience of blending and flowing into Magnificence. Beyond this ego burning fire, this union with the divine force, this momentary blending into the universe, there is nothing more.

I'd even say that intense joy is the meaning of life! Now there's a definitive, crazy statement. What hubris to be able to say such a thing! But nevertheless, I just said it.

What is the ultimate meaning of life?

Intense joy! Felt in the moment.

Dare I say it? Yes!

Is this the intense joy of running wild on the lawn, the Beethoven melt-down feeling, the intense joy I have been avoiding, skirting around, afraid to totally dive into, the intense joy I have been escaping, running away from, most of my life?

Yes!

Intense Joy and Performance Anxiety

Rethinking PA

What a thought!

Is the real, bottom line fear in performance anxiety of intense joy?

Could the heat of intense joy be more threatening than the fear and push down of audience criticism?

What is the fear of audience criticism pushing down? The kabbalistic glory of intense joy.

If all the above is true, I must rethink my entire performance anxiety origins, views, and ideas.

Reiterating and redefining my (former) fears.

1. Folk dancing: Intense joy of breaking loose and running wild with my dancers!
Intense joy.

2. Folk singing: Intense physical joy of singing.

3. Group singing: Intense physical joy of singing intensified by audience participation.

4. Classical guitar: Intense sensual joy of playing, and letting others in and intensify the experience by watching, listening, and physically, mentally and spiritually participating in such fun!

5. Tours: Intense joy of seeing/experiencing the physical, mental and spiritual

world, and running wild (along with others) on its lawn.

How to get the audience to “participate” in my classical guitar (and solo of anything) playing? How to get them involved in the fun?

Wednesday, December 9, 2015

Celebration!

I cannot tell you how happy I am that my Temple Adas Emuno booking is over. I want to jump for joy. I want to celebrate!

But I don't know how to celebrate.

One MRI to go, and I'm free!

Celebrating my Post Temple Adas Emuno Accomplishment

Aha, I figured out one way I can celebrate.

I can play classical guitar alone, free, only for myself for the first time in my life!

Many short and long term benefits fell to me while practicing for my Temple Adas Emuno program.

1. I am free from performing classical guitar! Free forever!
2. I may be free forever from folk singing (for others.) And this, even though I know and have full confidence that I can do it.

3. I may be free from ever performing on guitar again!

4. I may be totally free!

Totally Free! To do what? Celebrate my Freedom

If I ever wanted to perform again (I can't figure out how I would ever want that), but, just in case)

- 1.No more proving myself on classical guitar.

Jim Gold Show is in order: My Jim Gold Show can begin with group folk singing; it might even be all group singing. I am comfortable with it.

b. I can play the Alhambra! Other arpeggio pieces, too. I have a full and free arpeggio. And if I don't, it doesn't even matter. Why? Because I'm free! I may never perform again. And that is absolutely fine!

My Celebration Gift

I Never Want to Perform Again!

I used to use the passive approach: If someone asks me to do it, and pays me, I'd agree do the Jim Gold Show. However, now I think my new conclusion. I'm giving myself a long-term, permanent forever gift, a long-term permanent form celebration: At least for today, I'm saying, proclaiming, shouting out my freedom cry: I never want to perform again!

But of course, I will play for myself. What will this totally new space, this new form of freedom be like? We'll see.

This is the first day I am playing (not practicing) the guitar in freedom. (What a gift!)

The leaf has finally fallen from the tree.

What are the ramifications of this conclusion?

Such a rebirth. Freedom!

Hard to believe, but I believe it.

First free scale I have ever played!

Free Alhambra Day!

Mark this day! Free Alhambra Day! Again, hard to believe. The first day I've ever played Alhambra in freedom.

Putting the Audience to Sleep: A Good Thing!

The Power of Classical Guitar

Near the end of my Villa Lobos Prelude Number 1, Norm said, "I'm falling asleep." Someone else said, "We need to dance to wake up."

I took both comments as negatives.

But why?

Actually, falling asleep, having the soothing tones of the classic guitar release your tension, smooth and sooth your muscles, make you so easy and peaceful, that the power of the classic guitar to relax you so much that you fall asleep is a good thing! Lots of people have sleeping problems and can't sleep at all.

As for the second comment, I can understand the need and desire to dance, but why is it a good thing to wake up? Sleep, restful sleep is so pleasant, and rare. too. What a wonderful gift that the classic guitar can bring.

I can put the audience to sleep! I can give them rest, respite, and deep wholesome healing relaxation. What a good thing!

The power of the classical guitar to smooth and sooth, to relax and elevate, to reach into your unconscious while it makes you, renders you unconscious: That's a good thing!

That is what the classical guitar does well, and I can happily do.

Thursday, December 10, 2015

Alhambra and More

Freedom to go even Slower, and Deeper

Guitar: I don't have to go fast ever again! Unless, of course, I want to for the fun and running wild of it.

This new freedom allows me to go even slower than slow, and thus, deeper than deep, deeper and deeper.

I have no one to impress. No one is looking or caring anymore. I am free! Free to

go as deep and wide as I like, and in any time table. It can take as long as I like, even forever, and that's okay.

No one will ever look again. And that's great! I am free!

Finished my MRI. Big success. Next time I won't use valium.

I've completed stage one. I am finished and ready to move on to the NEXT

CHAPTER!

What will it be and include?

My two new favorite pastime passions:

1. Classic guitar
2. Languages

Friday, December 11, 2015

I feel I am in a new place of timeless nothingness.

Sunday, December 13, 2015

Restrictions, Purposes and Directions

Restriction. . .in the neck. Arla or foreskin moved to the neck. Pain in the neck. Grand freedom of classical guitar, MRI, and performing. Sudden life and living without restrictions. And suddenly, without warning or apparent reason, I wake up with a grand pain in the neck. A restrictions, indeed.

Do I, deep down, need restrictions? Is this pain in my neck, manifesting itself as a sudden and hurting stiffness, mean a limitless, unrestricted life is not for me. Does it mean I need a purpose, a reason, a channeled meaning. And that without it, I will fall apart? And my body will "save" me, push me back from the jump off cliff by restricting me, holding me back with a neck pain? Hmm. Interesting interpretation.

Well, let's say yet. Let's say I do need a restriction, a channeled new direction of

some sort. However, the old restrictions have fallen apart, fallen away; they no longer hold me in place, no longer work. The claustrophobic MRI restriction, and claustrophobia in general, claustrophobic guitar playing held within the tight Alhambra boundaries of audience watching and criticism, and the boundaries of audience pleasing, have somehow run their course. They no longer hold me or work. And that is good. I am happy, even thrilled with this transformation. It only took 40 years!

In the last day or two I have been living in the happy, victorious land of smiling glory, present emptiness and future nothingness. This is fine for a short time, perhaps even a few days. But evidently I must yearn for new purpose and directions, which I shall now call "restrictions." The circumcised "mool arla' of biblical proportions.

So, evidently my body is telling me I am (almost) ready to move on. What new restrictions, that is, purposes and directions, are up ahead?

Beyond Claustrophobia

Results of MRI and Performing Victories

Can I say that with my MRI victory, coupled with give-up- performing victory (Performing Never Again!), I am moving past the all the self-imposed restrictions of the claustrophobic life I self-imposed on myself.

Dare I say I'm moving into post-claustrophobic life? Ready to explore new paths beyond claustrophobia. Yes. And wow!

What paths are open to me? Which ones shall I choose?

Classical guitar and writing come immediately to mind.

On its heels folk singing, throat vibration fun.

I also need a business connection to the outside world, but I haven't figured that one out yet.

Specifically, I relate the right shoulder and neck pain to my classic guitar sudden playing freedom. I'll now be playing Alhambra (and others) free and without restrictions. Have I been underestimated what I've done, the size and grandeur of my

accomplishment? Deep down, what does such a running wild on the lawn victory mean to me?

Why am I restricting myself again with a new neck pain?

Maybe I'm still holding back.

Maybe it's time to run wild on my guitar lawn.

Does that put me into performing again but this time in running wild fashion?

Ugh and wow!

Maybe my covenant and commitment is: I will only perform again if I can run wild on my guitar lawn!

Never again in the old, stiff, frightened, claustrophobic way.

Defining Running Wild on my Lawn

Running wild on my lawn doesn't necessarily mean running fast. I could be running wild at a very slow pace, micro-running, slowly, in slowness.

Running wild really means running, or playing, at my own chosen pace. Fast, slow, loud, soft, speed or silence none make any difference.

Beyond claustrophobia. Running wild on my own lawn. At whatever pace, in whatever way I chose.

Being comfortable lying within my own personalized MRI tube.

When, after my Temple Adas Emuno performance, and again after my MRI, I shouted: "Free at last! I'm finally free!" that is what I meant. That's freedom.

Tuesday, December 15, 2015

Neck Pain and Helping Others

Terrible neck pain last night. Incessant, unstoppable, I felt like fainting. To my memory, the worst ever,

I've always had fearful and fear-filled distractions. Financial worries plagued

most of my married life. The on top of that, or rather along with that, came folk dance weekend worries, folk dance class worries, tour registration and leadership worries, guitar performing worries, and worries in other areas I can't even remember. Always worries. Some might call them "challenges." Or even, as Sarno might call them, "distractions." But whatever you call them, I had them. And pleasant or not, they filled my mental space and propelled me forward. And, like it or not, they filled my empty spaces, and gave purpose and meaning to my life.

All this until Friday or Saturday (when my neck pain began, and keeps getting worse.)

What happened during the past few months leading up to Friday?

1. I "gave up" tours, or at least, I gave up interest, desire and direction in growing my tour business. This interest and direction was so strong until Albania. Then came the "burned out" feeling, and with it my entire desire to build my tour business. This was followed by an empty "what to do?" space.

2. However, during the two month post-Albania period, I had two big "distractions." First my preparation for the Temple Adas Emuno "concert and folk dance" program. In preparation, I dispelled my stage fright and performance anxiety, a major milestone, by accepting the idea of starting off with group singing, and even dropping the idea of publically performing anything on the classical guitar. The program itself, when it took place, had small attendance, was ridiculously "easy," and thus a big success.

3. Dealing with claustrophobia in preparation for my MRI. I developed breathing and counting techniques for dealing with the claustrophobic "buried alive" in the MRI tube feeling. The MRI turned out to be "easy." At the end, I even said, "I want to do it again! Now that I know I can do it, can handle it, I want to take another!" Big success.

So where does all this lead me?

Friday or Saturday, or rather, after I had my two grand successes, and I was finally free, instead of using and diving into my new freedom, I suddenly, and for no

apparent reason, developed this incredible neck pain.

Why? And more important, why now?

After so many years, I finally freed myself of all my performing fears. Guitar performance: Done. Stuck, claustrophobia, exhibited in so many ways: Done. Finances: I've got money in the bank and feel secure: Done. Even the pressure of tours, building a company, etc. through the burned out feeling, I've created the reason and excuse to give that up, too.

So, post Albania, Temple Adas Emuno concert, MRI, where am I. Totally free! But with total neck pain, too.

Is there a relationship between totally free and my neck pain? Is totally free not a good place for me to be? Do I need "frightening distractions" sometimes called by others "challenges" to occupy the empty spaces in my brain? Without these "distractions" do I then face the Terror of Emptiness, the Grand Void of no direction, meaning, or purpose? And thus, did I create my neck pain to fill the empty space and thus distract myself from this Terror?

Quite possible. Actually, I think yes. Hard to believe. But I can find no other reason for my neck pain. I didn't "do" any extraordinary exercise, move in a special way, etc. All I did was go to sleep and next morning wake up with neck pain. This is all so fishy, so Sarnoian.

I must say, I have hit the "reason" for my neck pain; hit its deep-in-my-psyche source.

If this is so, and I believe, nay know it is (Remember: doubt is another form of distraction), then what resultant thinking shall I have? And what to do about it?

Evidently, I need a fearful and fear-filled project. I need a frightening direction. The idea and feeling of total freedom is evidently bad for me. Instead of filling my empty spaces with projects, I fill it with neck (or other) pains. I simply need the "distractions" or challenges. Without them, I collapse, like a collapsed 5th cervical vertebrae.

So, moving on, I need to dispel, drop, move out of my “total freedom” mode, and create some new frightening projects!

Wow! What a startling, pain-in-the-neck revelation. In fact, maybe the Higher One sent me this neck pain to teach me about myself, to learn that I need not only to create challenging “distracting” projects and directions, not only that I need then to dive straight into my fear, but most important, by doing so, I help heal the world! And myself with it. Note all the fearful challenges and projects I create deal with other people. They deal with business, which, for me, only means dealing with other people. (My miracle schedule interests are all solo), God want me to function and help others. He didn’t give me my talents to hide them in the closet of Total Freedom or even Running Wild on the Lawn alone. (The key word here is alone.) Yes, He wants me to run wild on the lawn, but with others! To run wild in ecstasy across the lawn of life and take others with me; He wants me to lead others across the wild ecstasies of life, and by doing so, to connect them to Him! He didn’t give me my nature leadership and artistic talents for nothing, to merely “develop” then hide them in the closet, or in my teenage violin room. He gave me them to bring the others, to heal others, to heal the tikkun olam world.

It is a sin to hide my talents. It is a sin to escape into Total Freedom and Running Wild on the Lawn alone. (And I am or was being punished for the thought of following this empty direction by the lightening bolt of unending, burning-in-hell, totally hellish neck pain.

So my calling is to give up, drop, expel, collapse the desire for Total Freedom and Running Wild alone. And exchange this for the happy burden of bringing others with me. Yes, they may be a load on my back, and a pain in the neck, but at least I’ll lose the pains in my neck. My muscles are tight and restricted by emptiness and the dangling along in the space of “Total Freedom.” (This vision of this is: I see myself dangling totally alone in the universe of stars, darkness, suns, Their burden will stretch my muscles and release me.

How to fulfill this new challenge, distraction, helping others by bringing them alone on the running wild ecstasy vision?

My lifetime search for freedom has ended up with the wrong vision and wrong conclusion. Rather than freedom to be alone in my ecstasies, by doing "what I want", I now see it as freedom to create ecstasies and bring others along on the trip, to lead them along with me on the wild ride.

Leading Wild Rides for Others

1. Tours
2. Folk Dance Classes
3. Promoting my books, youtube videos, more teaching videos, choreo, etc.
4. Jim Gold Show!
5. Other

Running Wild Together

I've got the answers. Now let's see if my neck gets better. (Whoops, doubt again. A new distraction.)

Better to focus on the truth: I know my new direction! Give up neck pain. Replace it with the new "running-wild-with-others" direction. Whenever the shadow form of helping others neck pain appears, see it as the help-others-run-wild together new direction in disguise.

How does the pain do that? It blocks running wild. Let it dissolve into its true meaning, the running wild flow.

Running Wild is Ecstasy!

What is running wild?

Ecstasy and seeing God in the flesh!

It is King David dancing and connecting with God bsimcha.

I am now free to run wild with others.

Free to lead them across the running wild lawn.

It must be and can only be joint effort.

Go for it!

Where Does Classical Guitar Fit In?

Should I bother putting together a pure classical guitar program plan to give a concert with it, and thus challenge my ego? Is this merely egotistical and another attempt to "prove myself" once again? I think so.

Well, if this is so, where does classical guitar fit in? I know it fits in somewhere (just like the gaida). But where?

Probably somewhere in the Jim Gold Show.

But the big new question is: How can I use classical guitar to help others?

1. Lessons?
2. Nursing homes, rehab centers, others, for higher level relaxation (ecstasy), quiet focused listening, and sleep.
3. Yet to be determined.

My job is: Lead others to and through ecstatic experiences.

Suppose in terms of helping others, there is no place for classical guitar. (Except lessons, which I doubt I'm interested in giving.) Can I live with that?

Wednesday, December 16, 2015

The Healing Wow! of Success

This morning my neck is better. Not best, but better.

During yesterday's terrible neck day, I went to Jae for a message. So painful! But he convinced me, (I didn't need much convincing) that I was injured, sick, hurt, and that I could heal myself by resting my neck, not exercising, doing essentially nothing, but doing it well. I ended up taking ibuprofen every four hours, rested, stopped, accepted my injured situation and essentially worked on healing myself.

This morning I feel better! Not best, but better. This morning my fear is that I'll go backward, back to the terrible way I felt yesterday. But the truth is, I have healed quite a bit, and am better. (To repeat, not best, but better.)

Can I call this process a success? Well, not complete but certainly a partial success. (I'm not best but better, actually much better!) This indeed I have to say I am at least on my way to success.

How I hate and fear success! Amazing but true. Maybe partially because my last successes (in performing, MRI, and finally being free) lead me to this incredible neck pain! The smash down of the success effect. It may come from my past, my mother, or who knows, but the success smash-down affect is indeed a disease that I have. I am aware of it and I own it.

Would I like to sell it, get rid of it, dispel its noxious affects?

Well, before I do, I might ask: What are (were) its benefits?

1. Kept me down, in the lower but comfortable child position, worshiping at the feet of my mother.

Maybe that's it. There is a comfort, pleasantness, old neighborhood home feeling at being down. No more worries or cares. Just listen, do as you are told, be obedient, and you'll be totally taken care of by my mother. It's not true, of course, but it at least feels good. And that's the comfort feeling I like to return to. That's the reason I hate and fear success. It pushes me out of the bubble, beyond the egg, with my vulnerable head sticking out, like a chicken. Sure I can not see the sun and feel ecstatic joy. But I can also, at any moment, be sucking back into the egg, burst my bubble, and return to the "comfortable" darkness of the womb.

So it's always a choice between the sun of ecstasy, the joy of success, and the comfortable dark helplessness of the womb, the directionless, meaningless, floating emptiness beyond the bubble.

But I'm now choosing success! I'm choosing to see the sun, to seize the joy, to relish the simcha moment, to lead others to the Land of the Sun, to embrace ecstasy. . . and bring my followers with me!

I'm choosing a new dwelling, a new neighborhood, the Land Beyond Neck Pain.

So rather than fear I'll fall back to yesterday's neck pain, I must accept the fact that I have improved, gotten better, and am on the road to success. And on this new day to day road, the path of the moment, I must admit, in this tiny section of time, I am a success! Which means I am allowed to feel a bit of joy. Allowed? Who is allowing me? Why myself, of course. If that's the case, allow a even a touch of ecstasy. The healing Wow!

The healing Wow! of success!

Does success create the flow of healing Wow! By accepting its hot vibrations, will it heal me even further, sparkle my brain, jump-start my neck, and push healing from better to best?

Basically, I'm sure it will! I know it will!

So go for it. Start today. Right now, in fact.

Is there such a thing as a cautious road to ecstasy?

A slow, careful, step by step, cautious road from neck pain to ecstasy.

Thursday, December 17, 2015

A new day. Hoping for something better.

Curing Myself Throuh Classical Guitar

(and Other too, in the Process)

This is the first time in my life that I'm using my classical guitar to cure myself!

Perhaps this is the purpose and direction to go. Curing myself, and curing others too, in the process, is the way to go.

Dr. Jimenez: the Guitar Medicine Man

What cures?

1. Holding the guitar in your lap. Cradling it like a baby, holding s in your hands with a mother's love.
2. Touching its beautiful neck, feeling its beautiful strings.
3. Pulling the string with sensual finger tips, plucking beauty from its lips
4. Listening, hearing its round sensual tones, connecting with heavenly vibrations, and slowly, softly letting your spirit soar.
5. Crying for the magnificent meltdown of its Beauty and Love connection. Thus creating unity, merging in oneness, melting into wholeness and holiness. Wholesome healing and healing wholesomeness fills your heart with overwhelming Love.

Specifically, can I cure my neck through classical guitar vibrations and light stretching. (Note no question mark after this "question.")

What kind of question has no question mark?

A semi-statement.

A statement shaded with doubt.

A secret plan of action which must be completed before it receives the mark of reality.

In other words, I have to do this. I have to cure myself through classical guitar and light stretching.

I have to put aside the fear of crippling neck pain; I have to jump in and do it.

And I have to succeed!

How Beautiful is Folk Dancing

Why don't I just tell people how beautiful is folk dancing, how by moving in a circle and stepping in everyone else's footstep, walking on and in the footsteps of others, walking in their shoes, you understand, unify, and connect with them of the deepest of mystical and vibrational levels.

Our folk dance group, "The Ecstasy Heels" heals all!

Heal your Sole! Dance with The Ecstasy Heels

Friday, December 18, 2015

Meditation and Neck Pain Cramps

My neck pain disappeared yesterday.

Yet it appeared again this morning. Slept well, about four hours, woke up, neck okay. Went back to sleep, about two hours, woke up with neck pain. Why?

I had a bad dream. Would call it a nightmare? Maybe. In any case, I awoke with neck pain. Evidently, all these heat treatments, pills, etc. have not fixed it. At least, not for good. However, I discovered meditation, focusing on the pain, deconstruct it. A new method, and it seems to work! Very interesting, too. I focus on the cramp itself, breath into it, go into it, move my mind around in it, the MRI approach, and watch it slowly dissolve!

Guitar:

Alhambra, the loving thumb, connecting to my neck muscles.

Saturday, December 19, 2015

Web Design

Hit my first web design HTML problem and am totally discouraged. This mountain is much harder to climb and much higher than I thought.

The negatives: Do I really want to learn HTML and web design? Do I have the

time, patience and temperament? Temperament, I say, because you must be very exact. All computer work is very exact. One mistake and it doesn't work. And I scream and hit the wall. Am I made for this exacting work? What a challenge? Learn web design, HTML language, even learn Excel, Dreamweaver, whatever? What a challenge? Can I stand it? Or even do it? Isn't it better to farm it out, to pay someone who knows how to do it? Save myself the frustration, time and effort. And do I want to take time away from the other things I really do well, the areas where I really have talent, skills, and can even make money?

These are all the negatives.

The positives: On the other hand, I hate to give up. And I do like challenges, even though they may often drive me nuts. Also, whereas studying languages, even playing guitar and singing are fun, they are no longer essential to my financial existence. Knowing and learning how to work with computers is vital for my existence. It is truly important, whereas they areas of language, and even guitar and singing, are now relegated to pleasant and fulfilling "hobbies."

The middle ground: I could see learning web design as a long term project. Add it, along with languages and other computer studies, Excel, to my miracle schedule studies.

Necessary "Hobbies"

"Hobbies" are not related to finance, earning money, or even worldly success.

Note: My miracle schedule events are hobbies. The "hobby" idea releases me' gives me freedom. Language study, guitar, singing, yoga and running: All are "hobbies."

My "hobbies" are vital, necessary hobbies! I need them for the health and well-being of my existence!

Hobbies for Relaxation and Fun

If hobbies are for relaxation and fun, how would I do them?

Start with guitar.

How would I play classical Alhambra? Leyenda? Other?

If they're just for fun, what's the difference how I play them? What's difference if I get any of the notes right or note, if the notes are clear or garbled? What the difference if it sounds good, or not, whether I forget or not, whether I make mistakes or not? After all, it only for fun! How freeing is this only-for-fun attitude!

Could I approach guitar with this attitude? Now there's a new non-challenge "challenge."

Can I do it?

The answer is: Why not?

Classical guitar: My purpose is not to have the clap, but rather that they fall asleep, go into a trance, and slip unnoticed, undetected into the dream of the cosmos.

Sunday, December 20, 2015

Memory!

Shock Approach to Memorizing!

How to improve memory and learn/memorize more Hebrew words?

As experiences pile up, the brain slowly fills. Thus older people need more of a shock, a bump, a "brain explosion" to create more space in their brain before it fills further.

What to do?

Use the depth approach: Make each new Hebrew word "shocking." Find its root, its amazing relationship to other Hebrew words, and other things I know. Make memorizing an emotional experience, dramatic, vitally important, and new!

Hard to believe I'm moving too fast, but I am.

Moving fast is running wild and free on the lawn. Moving slow is Ma implying, even saying: "You're stupid!"

Advantages and disadvantages to both:

Advantages to running wild: I'm free, my mind move fast and quickly to many places, I cover a lot of ground.

Disadvantages: I skim the surface, no time for depth, moving so fast I do not want to stop, cogitate, and remember, I do not remember many things (Hebrew words, etc.) since I am skimming the surface, impatient, can't stand being stuck or waiting, claustrophobic, can't do MRI's.

In any case, there is a time, place and stage for everything.

The building stage of my life, I ran wild building.

I am now at another stage: I've built, "done everything," "been there, done that."

What's next? Depth.

How to do depth? Slow down, stop, focus on fewer things, less is more.

Land of Post-Claustrophobia and Higher Focus

1. I handled and passed the MRI test. My first venture into post-claustrophobia mode.

2. Lost guitar pre-performance anxiety and pressures. (Can focus on fun in classical guitar. Singing, too.)

3. Web site learning and maintenance. (New adventure in focus.)

Monday, December 21, 2015

Transience

The Sad Case of Barry

Too Horrible to Face, Yet Face it I Must

The sad case of Barry,

Barry, my right hand man, my business semi-partner, web designer, and

computer expert and teacher, is dying from cancer. Such a sad and heavy cloud is hanging over me. First, I try to deny it, run away from his importance, try to forget about him. But the heavy cloud, laden with grey sadness, never goes away. I periodically stop, break down in tears, then move on.

Such sad and elusive transience will be true of Bernice, myself, family, friends, and of course, all of life. It is the nature of fleeting material existence.

The utter transience of life. The relative truth of everything I do, accomplish, relate to, and believe in. Nothing lasts.

It's too horrible to face, yet face it I must.

Life and Death are Adventures
or Life, Death, and the Travel Business

A good way to think about death is as an upcoming adventure.

Although you often think you know where you're going in life, you have a plan and direction, the endless twists, turns, and vicissitudes show you a twisted path. The winds of change toss you back and forth, modulating, moderating, influencing, and often changing your direction.

In life, most of the time, you don't know where you're going, which direction you're heading, and what the ultimate destination looks like.

Same with death: You don't know where you're going or what the destination looks like.

Where do we go once we die? Many theories about it, but no one knows for sure. (Not many people have come back to tell us.)

My international tours, folk dance classes, guitar playing, miracle schedule events, and daily life is an adventure. The philosophy, purpose and direction of my life is an adventure,

My life is an adventure. I am in the adventure business.

Why not make it the same for death?

Life is an adventure. So is death.

Besides, I like to travel.

It is sad giving up everything travel through the Land of Death. Losing wife, family, friends, possessions, all. Ties to the material world disintegrate and fall away. Tearful, heart wrenching, very sad.

But truth is, I'm always sad when I leave home. I'm sad when I prepare to leave home to lead an international tour. I think "Why am I doing this? Leaving everything I love and cherish behind, my wife, family, friends, and wonderful daily miracle schedule rituals? Why?

On the surface, I've committed myself to business, money, and making a living. But evidently, beneath the surface, I'm also committed to living life as an adventure.

Dropping of old bonds, difficult as it may be, loosening and cutting of old ties, sad as it may be, is the necessary prelude to any adventure.

It's just that departing for the destination of Death, with its herculean detachments, is so much sadder and difficult than the departure (or entry) into the destination of Life.

But maybe I'm wrong. Babies are not that happy about their entrance either. After all, the first thing they do when they enter is cry.

Am I Strong Enough?

But am I strong enough to see Death as an upcoming big adventure? Good question.

On the one hand, there's no choice. On the other hand, there's no choice either.

Tuesday, December 22, 2015

The Afterlife: An Everlasting Vision of Beauty

Lots of new here. New chapter, new stage, new beginning, new place, new

afterlife in the here-and-now.

Among the news are lots of olds. Return to guitar, return to Capricho Arabe with mucho and the freedom to play many rest strokes, same with Zambra, and my general return to Flamenco, with the freedom to chose rest or free strokes, plus a slower, more clear and accurate playing. It feels like a new approach to old guitar playing.

Also my lovely wife mentioned rewards in the Afterlife. I jumped on it. What a wonderful way to deal with meaninglessness and purposelessness in the face of the so-called "finality" of death.

The Afterlife! Rewards in the Afterlife. I'm ready for this! Exactly the right idea at the right time. What a beautiful and useful concept is the Afterlife! It gives meaning, purpose, and power to the here-and-now. It assumes that life will continue after the body disintegrates. It means I'll meet my wife, family, and friends again and we'll be together; it means I'll finally be able to play the Alhambra. If not now, then in the Afterlife. All my practice, work, commitment to improvement will eventually pay off. If not here and now, then later, in the Afterlife.

What a beautiful, restful, peaceful, hopeful, meaningful, purposeful concept! Nothing is lost, stolen, or forgotten. Everything one creates, experiences, and does now has a richer, deeper long-term meaning.

Does the Afterlife really exist? Who knows? But the question itself is besides the point. The main point is how beautiful, useful, purposeful and vital it is for progress, hope, and joy in the here-and-now!

Was the Afterlife concept invented or discovered? Maybe both. In any case, the person or people who invented or discovered the Afterlife were totally brilliant. They found a balm to the pain of transience, softening its blows with an everlasting vision of Beauty.

Thank you, Afterlife people. Whether you are Jewish, Christian, Hindu, Vedic,

whatever, I don't care. Thank you for this wonderful gift of hope and deliverance!

Goals and Schedule (Schedule and Goals)

Tightening and Recommitment

Types of goals:

- a. Time goals: Fulfill a time commitment:(1 hour, etc)
- b Purpose goal: Accomplishment/ fulfill a purpose

Morning:

1. Hebrew: Wake up Hebrew. Time goal: 1 hour.
2. Music: Guitar: Goal:
3. Writing: Goal:
Journal: Bounces along and is unstoppable
4. Exercise: Goal:
 - a. Running
 - b. Yoga
 - c. Other

Afternoon:

1. French: Time goal: 1 hour

Time Goals as Adventure Goals

I seem to be veering away from specific accomplishment goals. (Could it be I've been there, done that?)

Maybe time goals are really adventure goals in disguise. In other words, I'll commit to spending an hour with you. I don't know where I'll go during that time period. But it be an adventure period, one in which I venture into whatever areas or direction my mind takes me.

Rewards to all both in the here=and-now, and the Afterlife

Jim Gold Presents:

Afterlife Tours!

Voyages of Infinite Discovery

Guitar Clarity

I like challenges; I like guitar challenges.

It's not absolutely necessary, but my next guitar challenge is absolute guitar clarity. Start with Choros bars, etc.

Depth

A Form of Self Discovery

I've traveled over and been across enough lengths. Now is my time to travel in depth.

Depth is a form of self discovery.

Depth in running is found in speed.

Depth guitar is found in tone.

Depth in language is found in etymology.

Wednesday, December 23, 2015

Depth and Self-Discovery

How is "depth a form of self-discovery?"

By moving you beyond your ego, depth study connects you to others, and puts you at one (atone, at-one) with the universe.

It helps see yourself as part of the greater universe.

Thursday, December 24, 2015

Word Tossing is Mucho Fun!

Hebrew and HTML

The "H" Languages

Hebrew: Throwing words around in Hebrew, word tossing, check them out root to root, makes it much more fun!

Also reviewing and checking out, rechecking their roots, yesterday's new Hebrew words, not rushing, takes the pressure off, makes Hebrew more relaxing and more fun. It's a bit like playing/practicing old guitar pieces, and deepening them each day.

In fact, the above Hebrew/ language approach is also good for the HTML language study. Review yesterday's HTML learning each time, then move on a bit.

Obviously, obviously, the Review, Toss, and Move on method is so much better. It's more relaxed, more fun, and I learn more. What could be better?

What is my rush? There is no rush. I'm in deepening mode.

And in only took 50 years! Maybe more.

No rush.

Sink deep in place, deep into the roots, deep into the soil.

Embed yourself in the earth and its gifts.

This MRI approach also applies for kidneys.

How to use it is my next question.

Friday, December 25, 2015

Depth Plunging

A transformation and change of direction year.

How so?

Seeds were no doubt planted a few years ago, but it all came into actuality post-Albania tour when my mind was free to focus, ruminate and concentrate. (Strange how

the Lord works. He even gave me free time for a liver operation by cancelling my Cuba tour!)

The change is found in slowing down, focusing inward and downward, namely, moving from breadth into depth. I am depth plunging.

Signs of slowing down the mind, focusing inward and downward. By the way, in this new place inward equals outward, since All is One.

What are the signs and manifestations of this change?

1. Hebrew study
2. MRI experience
3. Guitar performance: Dropped them, Now my playing and practicing can go within.

4. Physical slowdown, (but inwardly aiming for speed through higher focus).
Running, yoga.

5. Ability to (slowly) focus on learning HTML. Generally, dealing with computer problems and languages in a more controlled, focused (not going crazy with each hitch and glitch) manner.

6. Even liver operation. Cosmic meaning of the operation?

What am I supposed to learn from it? How am I to grow?

A. Going within. Deep and downward in my body.

B. Handling belly button sensitivity. A la MRI.

C. Umbilical methods:

1. Tightening abs.

2. Focus on inner screaming, squeamishness, ugh, ugh, ugh feeling.

What is it? How to handle it?

D. Other fears of operation I'm not facing?

Dr. Flowing Gold Presents/Offers/Suggests: The Curative Aspects of Guitar

Depth Playing: The Next Stage of Life

By “dropping” performance and performing (post Temple Adas Emuno) to focus on the curative aspects of guitar playing.

Who did this? Have I freed myself. Or did a process do it for me? Active or passive? How did this happen and who did this is another question. Was it HaShem, me, both of us working together? Probably the latter.

This new depth plunging stage puts me in a place that has nothing to do with performing. It gives me a new curative reason for playing guitar. And a reason others should play it as well. This also introduces a depth plunging reason that applies to folk dancing, folk music, folk singing, folk dancing, and music, in general: The curative aspects of these art and music essences.

Rather than see myself as performer, teacher, and leader, I might now see myself as curative doctor, Dr. Flow (Dr. Flowing Gold) offering healing through music, the healing word, healing sound, healing music.

Dr. Flowing Gold: A Flowing Gold Saga
From Corruption to Redemption

Sunday, December 27, 2015

Back to the foundation, and the foundations.

Stop at the enthusiasm point.

1. Hebrew:(Maybe 45 minutes is enough.)

1. Total guitar practice. Back/forward to basics: Warm-up.

A. Scales: crossing the strings, crossing the aisles in one bar scales.

B. Thumb and arpeggios: Alhambra, Leyenda, and more.

Arpeggio Truth

But it's true. It is the thumb. The thumb is the basis for all things Alhambra, the foundation and essence. The finger follow as secondary and background. Focus on the foundation and the fingers will follow: That is an arpeggio truth!

Arpeggio truth: Thumb is the foundation; fingers will follow. Arpeggio truth is Alhambra truth, and vice versa.

A bit later. Am I right here?

Basement ideas:

Learn website building and technology: a new hobby.

Challenges

Maintenance versus growth. Blocks on the road.

Right knee, neck, HTM.

Self-improvement: Hebrew, body, guitar.

Guitar: Thumb as foundations really feels like the truth! The “I’ve finally got it!” feeling. Am I right? I’ve been through this so many times before. But truth is, this time it feels different. A new guitar foundation and practice. A New Year! Where will this lead?

Suppose it really is a breakthrough. Can my hands, neck, shoulders, knees, and body take it? Is it a (neck and shoulder burden?)

I sense my neck (and adjacent shoulders) problem has something to do with freedom, being free to play guitar (or not) and play it any way I like. This caused me to “play too much” in the land of “freedom.” Result: My neck collapsed. The threat of joy and freedom, the threat of “I can finally do it my way.” the threat of a breakthrough to incredible kabbalistic joy.

Right knee: Could be same as above. Threat of a run and dance breakthrough.

Old systems are breaking down. This means transformation is ahead. (I know all the above and below is true!)

It’s been a break down two months. How so?

1. Guitar transformation: Neck and shoulders.
2. Run/dance: Knees, right knee.

3. Business: Web design. Expansion. Hiring more people.
4. MRI success, BB partial success, breathing and focus.

Monday, December 28, 2015

Kidney Operation

How can I look at it this operation positively?

What benefits will accrue?

1. Belly button conquest/meditation center: Through breathing and positive visualization benefits.
 - A. Visualize touching my energy center.
 - B. Focus on releasing a flood of running wild energy.
 - C. Calmly, through breathing, look at this kabbalistic joy center. (This could/should be and become a meditation "practice.") Solar (sun) plexus. A cosmos of energy, etc.
2. Learn positive suggestions and answers to survival fears.
 - A. Yes, I will survive, and well!
 - B. Hospital as cure center.
 - C. Operations as cures through technology and progress.
 - D. Develop trust in others. (Doctors, nurses, etc.)
3. Remember MRI success model.

My operation is my next big deal. Use it to motivate me!

Meditate of solar plexus as center of energy, belly button as entrance to solar plexus, center of energy. Stars, suns, and cosmic vibrations. Breath into them. Calmly,

through breathing, visualize my whirling centers of mysterious, fiery running wild energy, my umbilical (omphalos) cosmic energy connecting my to the cosmos of external (and thus internal) energy.

Writing: My True Calling

Maybe I am missing the mark.

Maybe I should go back to writing.

Maybe writing is my (secret) calling.

Maybe writing is my true calling.

Maybe that's the cause of the emptiness I'm feeling, the lost, lonely, directionless, meaningless, lack of energy. It's also creating new aches, pains, powerless, and "old" feeling.

New Business: Writing

Start a new business: The Writing Business

Sell my writing. My books. Develop my audience.

New following, new business.

Edit my writing for my audience.

Tuesday, December 29, 2015

Flow of Joy from Big Al

Big Al. Guitar playing joy. I got it!

Joy coursing through my body, dripping through my shoulder, invading my neck, palpitating my cells, muscles (mu-cells), and all body parts. Joy dripping like rain, a storm of vital happiness blowing across my body, pounding pains into submission, replacing stiffness, rock hard screaming points with out-bursts of streaming sunlight and blood-flowing joy.

Joy dissolving the stiff-necked rebellion against the singing bass flow of Big A:
A wahoo! joy, contained as it radiates from the quiet reaches of my mind.

Dare touch the fire, then step in.

Learn to handle it. That's my next step.

Play in the courtyard of Big Al.

Wednesday, December 30, 2015

Small Jab Approach

Even Five Minutes a Day is Okay

Pecks, pieces, small jabs, few minutes, miracle schedule approach. Business, too.
Even five minutes a day is okay. (But it often leads to 15, which is better.)

Guitar: (Almost) eliminate the treble.

Focus (almost) solely on the bass.

I'm Enjoying Editing!

Something new: I am enjoying my Infant Vision editing!

No rush. Happy to stand and stay, to sink down in place and in depth. Strangely peaceful and pleasant. Something new.

Thursday, December 31, 2015

Mashugi resolutions: If it's not impossible, don't bother. It's got to be crazy and impossible.

So free form, let's write some impossible goals.

New Year's Resolution Ventures and Goals

1. Study:

- a. Parsha readings. Read entire Torah for one year.
- b. Technology

2. Exercise:

a. Running: Train for a marathon.

b. Yoga: Train for scorpion, leg over head, head stand, lotus, hero posture and knees. etc.

c. Gym:

1. 100 Squats/more:

30 mild warm-ups squats, neck,

25 slightly deeper, neck,

15 deeper, neck,

12 deep, neck,

15 deep, sides and one salute to the sun,

5 on toes. Total: 100

Results: Do all in a series. Better focus. No jumping around.

2. Hero posture and knees: 5 x

10 counts, mild warm-up hero, sides

10 counts, slightly deeper, sides

10 counts, slightly deeper

10 counts, deeper

10 counts

Results: Do all in a series. Better focus. No jumping around.

3. Forward bend: 3-5 x

Same 10s as hero knees, add (pre-yoga) arms, hold squat

4. Stairs: Total focus slow up and down

Up stairs:

1. Balance on R ft,

2. Place L on next stair

3. Relax L knee, lift.

4. Do same opp ft.

Down stairs:

1. Balance on R
2. Relax R knee
3. Hang L fwd,
4. "Fall" fwd on L to next stair while relaxing R knee

d. Folk dance

e. Spring from the pit of misery, of recent neck, knee misery, post-Albania and more. Develop the "Never again!" iron discipline mind set. Use my indignant rage to fuel it. Never again this two-month, post Albanian, with-all-its-ramifications misery.

3. Writing: Enjoy my daily editing.

4. Music:

a. Singing. Find my Mashugi pleasure in singing. (Finding the Fun in the Essence)

5. Folk dance business:

a. add Meetup.com

6. Tour business:

7. Remember people's names. Make the effort. (It reminds people that they matter.)

Friday, January 1, 2016

New Years Day: Folk (Pholque) Song Comedy Show.

A new JG folk song and ad lib comedy show beginning. Introduced last night at the New Years folk dance party. I don't know yet what this means or where it will lead, if anywhere.)

Not for money, but for fun. (Bur I'll take money if it comes along.)

Possible titles: Folk Song Comedy Show, Golden Mouth, Chrysostom Comedy Show, Bits of Gold, Bites of Gold, Dental Work for Wandering Minds, Songs for the

Besotted, Vocal Travels in the Land of Mashugi, Songs for Wandering Minds,

Classical guitar: There must be some (public) place I can use it. But not in my JG song and ad lib comedy show.

Mashugi Madness

First 2016 Step into Infant Vision Fun Land

Fascinating is that I have no interest in making money from this show. (I wonder if I have any interest in making money at all! Sure, I'll take it if it comes. Who wouldn't? But I'm no longer looking or asking for it.)

Is this a new stage, a new place, a new year, or what?

What's going on?

What happened to my fears, focus, and constant worries about money? The above JG folk song comedy show is only for fun. A Mashugi gone wild, a Mashugi madness fun, a Mashugi Madness Gone Public fun.

In fact, I don't even want my name on the show. My name makes me self-conscious. And I just want to laugh, break loose and have fun. I want, and shall take, the Mashugi life. Perhaps Mashugi is my new self non-self breaking out, first in my private closet in private and then in public.

How can this new Mashugi Madness break loose break out style apply to tours, business, finance, and even folk dance classes?

Without the fun center, who needs it?

Where is the fun center in tours, business, and even folk dance classes?

This show is the first 2016 step into infant vision Fun Land. (Finland)

The new criteria is: Is it fun? Otherwise, don't bother.

Saturday, January 2, 2016

Can One be "Comfortable" in Fire?

Can One be "Comfortable" Running Wild on the Lawn?

What is happening?

Can I be “comfortable” running wild on the lawn? Can one be comfortable with and in passion? Self acceptance is good. But is “comfort” really the term I want? Is it right word?

I am finally beginning to feel comfortable in my shoes. “Been there, done that” is turning into comfortable in my shoes. Definitely a new feeling, a new phenomenon.

The descent began after Albania. It came in several forms:

1. My body falling apart.
2. My guitar program: Dropping classical guitar, moving into folk songs, and group songs. Comfort in my JG Show.
3. Return to writing. Editing my own work. And enjoying it!
4. This morning Feeling vaguely comfortable with Hebrew, and especially the idea that Torah is Fire, that God comes down to earth in the form of fire. I’m comfortable with the fire idea. Passion, running wild on the lawn, hesitation, even fear of plunging into joy, is fire in action. Etymological flying, a brilliant dynamic night of folk dancing, a great run, leading a great tour, all fire.

I love it. I am it.

Just as Moses feared the burning bush, and the voice of the Fire within it, I fear the fire, its heat and brilliant, blinding light. But I love it, too, and am inexorably drawn, too.

That’s what Mashugi and his Infant Vision is about.

Returning to earth.

Anything else? Can’t think of anything else at the moment.

Focus on the Fire. What does that mean?

I’m (more) comfortable in my shoes, comfortable with running wild on my lawn, my JG folk guitar shoe, etc.

But the paradox question is: Can one be “comfortable” with fire and in fire? Is comfortable the right word. I do feel comfortable this morning. But perhaps it is

because I am observing the fire and not in it.

Can one be “comfortable” in Fire?

Good question.

Major 2015 post-Albania advances, breakthroughs, and life style changes:

Bringing in the New Year with a bang!

1. Guitar
2. Writing
3. Finance

Note: In the process, my body has fallen apart.

1. No energy
2. New aches: Neck, knees, kidney operation

My mind with its mental attitudes has disintegrated and fallen apart. With it, my body has also fallen apart. A creative-destruction process: My body reconstructs to fit my new mind set.

How to bring in the New Year with a bang!

Dive into the Fire

Done deals and resolutions:

1. Dive into guitar: JG Show
2. Dive into writing: Mashugi and (his) shorties.

Is Mashugi Infant Vision a book of rambling philosophy? Or will it also have a plot? It should have a plot. What is it?

3. Dive into Hebrew (Torah reading for the year.)

My Sense of Humor has been Unleashed!

My sense of humor has been leaking out for years. Bit by bit, but ever restrained, it has nevertheless, dribbled into existence.

Now however, after the post-Albania clean up, my sense of humor has been unleashed! Now my sense of the absurd, with its wild cacophony of insane sounds, has burst free and is flowing full force!

Heaven's Feast

What a hallelujah New Year's present!

What a way to begin the New Year! My sense of humor delivered to me on a plate. A gift from heaven to feast on!

Let it flood! Let the waters roll!

Running wild on the lawn has come to pass.

I'm jumping on the grass with joy.

Is there such a thing a funny classical guitar, funny Hebrew, funny Torah?
Mashugi and Louie the Absurd: medieval quest to Turin to find the Toura.)

Sunday, January 3, 2016

Classical Guitar: Wandering in the Emptiness

If this is the case, why play or "practice" classical guitar at all? Since I have now "become a folk singer," and there are no imaginary future performances pushing my brain, no "higher gone public" reasons to play classical guitar anymore, why bother?

This morning's answer to playing CG is only habit.

Is habit a good reason?

I know just playing guitar "for myself" is theoretically a good reason. But do I want to spend the time only for that?

Is there another reason to play classical guitar?

I don't know.

This is somewhat discouraging as it is also frees my time and is in itself liberating.

As usual, my liberation depresses me a bit. Liberation creates holes in my mind (brain), an emptiness and lack of purpose. I'm drifting aimlessly in place. There is no hook to motivate me, no road to drive me forward.

Classical guitar, in its old form and incarnation is done.

Will there ever be a new form, a reincarnation, taking its place? Another reason to play?

I don't know.

Right now, my only choice is to wander in the emptiness.

Classical Guitar and Freedom

Now I'm wondering if my neck pain did not symbolize the end of the classical guitar period, the conclusion of the autocratic reign of classical guitar, the end of its dictatorial era.

If yes, what does that mean?

Note to words autocratic and dictatorial. I was living under a classical guitar dictatorship. No freedom to play. And, since my guitar playing is a form of worship, no freedom to worship or think the way I chose.

So, although my new freedom creates a vacuum, resulting in a feeling of emptiness, I am now free. Now, although at the moment, I feel somewhat lost, nonetheless, my new and future directions are limitless,

What does this new state and place mean?

Since I am now a folk singer with a folk song comic show, does classical guitar playing still have a purpose and meaning?

Where, if anywhere, does classical guitar fit?

Pain in the guitar neck was caused by intense focus on classical guitar, on improving my bar-work, Villa-Lobos chorus, etc. With that gone, what now?

Since the autocracy is over, the dictatorship has ended, and I am free to play whatever and whichever way I like, will I eventually be playing classical guitar again,

but now in a state of liberty and freedom? Yes, that's true.

How would I do that? What and how would I play?

If I am now free, do I even need the classical guitar? Or any guitar, for that matter?

Monday, January 4, 2016

A New Year: Moving from Sickness to Health

Curiosity and Excitement: I like it!

It started last night. And I slept on it. This morning I feel cold, sick, lonely and empty. Why is this?

First important question: Am I really sick? If yes, is a sickness being brought to me by an outside force? A passive verb disease?

Or, even better, am I making myself sick?

I hope the latter.

If an outside force is making me sick then I have little control over my fate. I have to sit around and passively take it.

However, if it is I myself who is making me sick, or at least creating the conditions for sickness to "enter," then I am strangely optimistic. Why? I have some control over my "self-created" sickness.

Which is it? I'm not sure. (Maybe a bit of both?)

However, since I'm not sure how my sickness is caused, I can choose one or the other.

I choose self-created disease. I am making myself sick.

Why am I making myself sick? (Note as I write this, my throat is starting to hurt.)

I think, I hope, (See in the words "I hope" that doubt is beginning to creep in.) it has something to do with returning to work! I haven't worked for three weeks. Also since I returned from Albania at the end of October, I've been in vacation mode. That makes two months of mental retreat which includes the past three weeks when I've

actually stopped all work. During this long period, I have withdrawn myself from others, and from the world.

Why? To reinvent myself and my attitudes.

Now in is post-holidays. I am returning to work and the world. All my re-invention with its new attitudes has been accomplished. I am finished with my two month transformation. And, I am ready to go back to work!

Well then, why am I making myself sick?

Does it concern my old neighborhood fears and self doubts about returning to work, doubts about my power and ability to handle things?

These are old fears, and I'm reliving my old neighborhood way of returning to work.

I've transformed attitudes toward money, guitar performance, and editing/writing. Can I also now transform my attitude toward returning to working with others? My attitude toward folk dance teaching, tours, and whatever else?

I am now in a new neighborhood. Can I replace old dis-empowered attitude with new attitudes of curiosity and excitement?

Can I move from self-imposed sickness to self-imposed health? Dare I? Can I/ Will I? Good questions.

Curiosity and excitement: I like it!

Do I have to go through a fever to get there?

Or can I meditate upon these qualities, and will this hot meditation cure me? Stay tuned to find out.

Curiosity and Excitement! My New Year's Resolution

Let curiosity and excitement replace fear and trepidation.

Curiosity and excitement!

Great attitudes to foster/ bring in the New Year.

Curiosity and excitement! My New Year's Resolution

Indeed, it will take some retraining and practice.

But I can start today. Right now, in fact.

Start by fighting sore throat and fever with the hot energy of curiosity and excitement.

Stand up straight with pride and fun. Then blast away!

Wednesday, January 6, 2016

Secret Weapons

Everything must start over. From zero, from scratch. The rebirth of a new me is not as easy as it seems. Evidently, traumas of old self cleansing are needed. This in order to create an entirely new vision and definition of self.

How to see classical guitar? As a secret weapon. Just like running, or even gym and yoga. No one will ever see it. Yet it lurks behind, and in the background, giving me secret powers. Practicing classical guitar is, somehow, a secret source of my power. Studying languages, too.

In fact, can I say that all my miracle schedule practices are secret sources of power. No one will ever see them. They are evidently, not for public consumption.

If someone happens to see them, that's okay. But evidently, their purpose remains hidden and secret, and my love for them, the love they engender, creates the base of my motivation.

As I laugh, fool around, and play through my JG Folk Comedy show, I need and know this classical guitar power is in the background. Practicing it gives me secret strength. As does running, yoga, and even gym.

And these days, I certainly could use some secret strength.

Does light destroy or vitiate the power of secrets?

Is there something extra strong in remaining hidden?

Does darkness have its own power?

Great questions.

Are the practices in my miracle schedule miraculous because they remain hidden? Are all (Note: I often try to “force” them into the gone public, business world, try to “make money” out of it (writing, etc.) However, this attempt is always a stretch; I sense something is wrong with it; it never seems to fit. None of my miracle schedule practices are about business. Perhaps closest to business I can come is by putting them in the R and D realm.

Does this mean my writing should remain hidden as well?

Maybe.

This hidden aspect, my love of solitude and reflection, my desire to retreat from the world, explains my monastic side.

Indeed, the post-Albanian tour retreat, with its love of silence, time to read, reflect, and regenerate is based on a need and re-establish contact with my hidden self, its miracle schedule practices, and secret powers.

Indeed, I am talking about my deepest artist, adventurous self: The wild self, burning with adventure, that sailed to France, that flew and floated through celestial spaces playing the violin (in my room), that ran for hours training for the marathon, that stood on my head in Indian reflection, and more.

Indeed, tours and business put constraints on my wildness. But these are necessary learning constraints, challenges to my artist self, always raising the question: How daring can I be in public? How true can I be to my artistic, adventurous, running wild self while others are watching or, more difficult, depending on me? Can I be wild, artistic, and responsible at the same time? In other words, can I run a business and still be true to myself? Always great challenges and questions.

So I always need business to challenge and test myself. And this, while remembering who I am, and staying in touch with my wild, artistic, adventurous self.

The restrained, concrete, practical, hard, material business world is smashed against the wild, artistic, free, (soft and free-floating), adventurous, (hidden) inner

world of self. Ever a challenge.

These are things to think of as I slowly, gently leave my two-month retreat and return to business life in the outside world.

Thursday, January 7, 2016

Take a life lesson from every morning Torah reading. Today it is ehoz biznavo or “grasp it by the tail.” In other words, seize the moment, grab life, don’t let it slip, don’t waste a moment.

I’ll add: “Life begins at the end of your comfort zone.”

Play Alhambra “beyond my comfort zone.”

See the Sky of “Wow!”

For years I went beyond my comfort zone selling my guitars shows. In fact, selling, in general, is beyond my comfort zone. So is leading a tour and giving a concert. Yet I did it, and I grew with each one.

Now what is the difference?

Then my attitude was: Beyond your comfort zone is “bad,” Better to be comfortable, easy and unafraid. If you are, it shows you are a winner. Only losers are afraid, etc.

Now, however, I think that going beyond your comfort zone is a positive. That’s where life and growth reside. The fear crossing the line into “beyond your comfort zone” is a good and necessary fear. It engenders energy and power! Fear of the unknown beyond stimulates the mind to do good and great things.

Standing and living within the comfort zone is successful and boring. Beyond the comfort zone is wild and daring and free. Free to fall or rise, free to fail or succeed. Life beyond the boundaries is rich in the serendipity of adventure, free. Yes, you can fall on your face. But the things you see face down are often amazing. And of course,

when you look up again, beaten, humbled, and renewed, you see the sky of "Wow!"

Friday, January 8, 2016

Pleasure Principles 2016

Bring Pleasure to my Body: The Nature of Shining

One of my goals of this year: Bring pleasure to my body. And of course, since all is one, in doing so, I'll bring pleasure to the body of others.

1. Yoga: A return to "I love the stretches!"
2. Folk dancing:(I love the feel on my feet on the floor!"
3. Running: I love the gentle jiggle of my body!
4. Guitar: I love the feel on my fingers rolling across, over and on the strings! I

love the finger feel and touch.

This is one of the great gifts I can give to myself and to others.

This is one of the great gifts I can give to myself and. then, since All-is-One, my gift will flow to others.

It's all quite simple and nothing new.

I just have to remember it.

Focus on myself, on giving my own body pleasure. Once I achieve this, the resulting pleasure will flow easily and naturally to others. Like the light and heat of the sun. Once the sun starts to shine, it automatically shines on all. That is the nature of the sun and the nature of shining.

Guitar Playing Principles

Guitar specifics: How to get pleasure in left wrist, bar chords, index finger, left biceps, shoulders.

1. First principle: Bring pleasure to your hands. . . and body parts.
2. Second principle: Bring pleasure to your ears.

Remember the principle: You first, then others. Give pleasure to your own hands

and ears. Pleasure to the hands and ears of others will follow naturally.

Let God flow in and create miracles of Exodus in my body. Miracles of flow, love, and joy in my knees and body.

Sunday, January 10, 2016

One Word in Depth

It appears that, at this stage in life, depth is my direction.

Look at Hebrew in particular, and languages in general: Truth is, I'd rather learn one word in depth than cover a whole sentence, paragraph, story, or torah parsha; I'd rather learn one word in depth than the entire chapter.

So be it. Learning one word in depth brings me peace and pleasure. What could be better?

Monday, January 11, 2016

Slower, Good, and Deeper

Does slower equal good and deeper?

Deeper and deeper I go into each Hebrew word. I don't know if this is making me smarter, but it certainly is making me slower.

Going into depth definitely makes me slower. Does it make me smarter? I'm not sure. But I know I'd like to think so. That would mean I'm "making progress."

However, rather than slower or smarter, it may simply be different. A different stage of life.

But slower, smarter, more focused, or all three, whatever it is, I am definitely in a new, slower and, I'd like to think, more focused place.

What does this mean for my other activities?

Is my slower running more focused? Maybe.

Is slower guitar playing more focused? Maybe.

Is slower answering of emails more focused? I think so. Plus I like it more that way. If I can slow down, I can focus more on the love of my clients. That's a good, deeper thing. I like good and deeper.

Sales Season Begins

Nice changes added to the France itinerary.

Time to drop everything and devote myself to sales for the next three months.

Sales season ends April 15th. After that, we'll see what happens. YES!

I'm not sorry that my "vacation" has ended. I'm ready to move on, ready to dive into my new life with its new sales attitude.

What is my new sales attitude? It includes depth diving, love of customers, itinerary, languages, and more.

I'm happy. I know this is right.

Drop everything and go for it.

Wednesday, January 13, 2016

Dangers of Joy

Dangers of Running Wild on my Lawn

Monday was the best day I've had in months, maybe years! Everything fell together, felt together, on another and better level. Even my balance right toe was good. It was a great day, a "very good" day, a joyous day.

Monday night, fearing neck pain and leg cramps, I couldn't sleep. Tuesday turned out to be the worst day in months.

Do best days always, or usually, turn into worst days? Even more interesting, could very good, great, best days be a secret threat? Deep in my dark corners of my heart, am I afraid of good days? Is that why. To "protect myself," I created my neck pain and leg cramp fears in order to deflect the power of a "good day," actually a joyous day?

How powerful is joy? And, although on the surface it is wonderful, secretly is it really a threat, even a danger? The kabbalah says yes; or rather it says watch out for joy. One must be ready and mature enough to handle joy. Otherwise it can kill you.

Maybe secretly I realize the dangers of joy. It can unbalance you. That's why, for self-protection, I brought myself down from its heights by creating fears of neck pain and leg cramps.

This morning my neck is quite stiff. I'm concerned it will bring me back to the old neck-pain I experienced in December.

Am I still in self-protection mode? Maybe.

Yes, experience joy when it comes along. But be cautious with its offerings. Watch out for it. Like a happy snake, joy can turn on you.

Joy is my running wild on the lawn. It has its dangers.

Happy is different from joy. Happy is more balanced, not as ecstatic.

Joy may well be the other side (up side) of panic.

The above "dangers of joy" is a giant piece of wisdom.

This morning my joy is (has created) a pain in the neck.

Focusing the above wisdom on my neck might unknot the muscles. Try it.

Re-evaluation of "Joy"

Stock Market Trading/Dangers of Running Wild on my Lawn

My stock market trading is a form of running wild on my lawn. Note its dangers: Wild (almost uncontrollable) joy when the stocks sky rocket; wild (almost uncontrollable) panic when they plummet.

Monday feeling is where I always wanted to be. And now I realize it created a pain in my neck. Thus it is a pain in the neck. Needed: Re-evaluation of my values and desires.

Do I want the up-down “joy” of running wild on the lawn, which comes with its downside dangers which in turn creates a pain in the neck?

Expressions of “joy” or running wild on the lawn:

1. Do I want (or need) stock market trading?
2. “Joys” of tour registrations?
3. Other

Note all of the above are associated with money (or “fear”).

Part of my so-called running wild on the lawn joy is an escape from (financial) fear.

Next to this is the happiness, feeling of satisfaction (I could also call it joy) of creation: Writing a story, creating a dance, etc.

Just thinking about re-evaluation of joy” and my neck pain reappears. Neck pain is my pain in the neck “joy” spot.

First time I’m thinking about dropping my “running wild on the lawn” idea. Wow, what a development this is.

Thursday, January 14, 2016

Big Negatives

I’ve been somewhat fooled. Or could I call it naive?

In my so-called new “happy” state, there are now two big negatives in my face:

1. My surgery
2. Stock market decline

Realistically, no matter how “happy” I am, negatives will always arise. And I must eventually deal with them.

“Eventually” is now.

Surgery: Prepare like my next “tour.” Packing and plan day-to-day (even hour

to hour) "itinerary."

Stock market: Sell down to the "comfort" level.

Realism

Fear, Annoyance, and Hatred are Part of the Game

Realism: Remember the dangers of joy.

Maybe I've been fooling myself: Things are not "going so well" as I thought.

And this is not as bad as it seems.

God is preparing me, warning me, that dangers always exist. Be prepared. Yes, have happiness, satisfaction, even joy, if you like. But sleeping dangers always lurk around the corner. Be like the tiger ever ready to pounce; and this even while en"joy"ing the present.

Remember the dangers of joy.

Sure my upcoming surgery and the stock market descent, is frightening, annoying, and I hate it. Negatives never go away.

But dealing with fear, annoyance, and hatred is part of the game.

Happiness Among the Weeds

Meditate on Transience

I'd like to be happy in life. I prefer happiness.

(Where does optimism fit in, if at all?)

Is it legal to be happy even as you live with fear, annoyance and hatred?

Answer: It's legal, if I choose it.

Can you live a happy life among the weeds?

To get through the weeds, meditate on transience. Happy or sad, fear or brave, pain or pleasure, no feelings will last.

What's the difference between happy and optimism?

Friday, January 15, 2016

Drained

Neck and shoulders feel better today. But I'm totally drained and have no interest in guitar, writing, or whatever. A strange, spent, but somehow strangely free feeling. Also dealing with upcoming surgery. That's draining, too.

One thing I have gained is a love of my art forms: Folk dancing, guitar, writing. Can I make tours/business be an art form. too?

Sunday, January 17, 2016

Grandiose Thinking Is Psychologically Bad For Me

Two applications: Torah reading and stock market

A grandiose idea is a fancy way of putting myself down.

Witness my grand resolution to learn the torah, and follow the weekly parshas, and thus finish the whole thing, in Hebrew, one year. It failed quite quickly. If I had aimed for one sentence in Hebrew a day, I could easily succeed. Then anything beyond that is gravy. But, by aiming too high, too grandiose, I ended up depressing myself, losing my enthusiasm, feeling down, and basically, for a few hours, giving up the entire project of reading the Torah! Today, I am better. I realize my method is to read, aim for reading, one Hebrew Torah sentence a day. Do it in my own form of depth. That's fun, enjoyable, interesting, and within my reach.

Thus grandiose ideas soon and eventually bring me down, depress me, and delete my enthusiasm,

How does this apply to other aspects of life?

Take the stock market in general and trading in particular. If I see the market and trading and soon, quickly, easily or even "eventually" making me lots of money fast, I most of the time (always?) end up either losing some money, mucho money, or, if I ever gain, gaining very little. Thus do I get depressed. Discouraged, and any form of

winning enthusiasm drains away.

Psychologically, if I aimed for small gains, I might win more. Winning would increase my enthusiasm. Even the smallest of gains is a win.

Thus grandiose thinking, aiming for large or even gigantic market gains is psychologically bad for me. (It's also financially bad for me, but that's another question and issue.)

With this new self realization, can I "give up" my grandiose thinking.

Great Joel Osteen talk.

A shift is coming, a second wind from on high.

Since Albanian I've been tired, fatigued, exhaustion of vision, no desire to do anything the old way, with the old attitudes, a total "been there, done that." I'm depressed, exhausted, successful, and drifting. In disgusting, disgusted and hated "maintenance" mode.

Intellectually, I know all of the above is untrue. But big deal, Knowing through intellect has hardly any power; I'd even say it has almost none.

I need a totally different reason to do everything I've been doing. I need a reason beyond fear and its hand-maiden, fame.

I need a powerful, emotional wind of brand new vision drive me. An inspired new vision, a new way of looking at art and its hand-maiden, money.

Art and money? Any hope in that? A way of looking at money, of combining money and art into a wholesome, inspiring, emotion-drive One?

Money and fear, art and recognition used to drive me.

I don't believe in my old attitudes toward them anymore.

But during this long interlude, this empty space of time, no new attitudes, thoughts, or visions have come my way. Nothing to replace the old.

Thus I'm empty, down, rudderless, lost and vaguely depressed.

During the two month, post-Albania interim, some new attitudes have been

born. But they are not yet dynamic! Which means what? Does it have something to do with bringing them to the world? Is this where money steps in? Do I need some new fears to motivate me? And if yes, what fears would they be?

I need some new fears. Or call the motivations. Whatever, a sense of purpose is lacking.

Guitar: I'm ready to roll in self-expression.

Adding Height to Depth, Ascend to Descent

Jacob's Ladder as an Extension of Running Wild on the Lawn

I have suddenly become blinded with rage. What's this all about? Well, I'm enraged that I'm in this miserable psychological place. That's been going on for months. But it must be (I'm guessing) something beyond that, something else. But what?

Am I mad at someone, something? Did someone, something put me down, before Albania and after Bulgaria? Am I post-tour mad that I had to work so hard? Or is it really baseline my attitude toward my work, any work? I sense it is the latter. Big success in Bulgaria! Am I not able to face it, revel in it, and thus had to put myself down, to "keep my old neighborhood" brain in place? This sounds like old world thinking, but still it may be right.

Am I suffering from a long-term but familiar joy put down? Is the joy of success too much for me to handle? This sounds so trite, but it is still nevertheless possible. After all, I do love all the work I'm doing. I can't think of anything else I'd rather do. So why am I so down and out? And this, after running wild successfully on my lawn, establishing victory and victory.

Have I fooled myself once again? Slipped quietly into the old neighborhood of success put down, this time lasting two months from post-Albania to the present?

No question I am running wild on my lawn. No question, I'm succeeding and am successful riding on the path of my dreams, no question I can't ask for anything more or

anything better.

So what's the problem?

Seems it could only be a two-month return to the old neighborhood, a place where I can 'rest' in the old but comfortable territory of self put down.

Yes, I have a blinding headache, a tantrum, really. And I'm not even afraid of being chased away from running wild on the lawn. I am there! Period. And I won't be moved or budged. This is theoretically all good, even all great! This is the Land of Utter Joy, or if expressed in a "lower" term, utter satisfaction. There's no place else I'd rather be!

Maybe it's a question of realizing I've arrived. But of course, if I've arrived, what will push me forward. Is there a forward if I've already arrived? And if yes, where is it?

Do I want a forward? Do I need a forward?

I am standing in a very good place, running wild on my lawn. I don't want to go anywhere else. But I am also happy, energized and dynamized when I am moved toward a place, when I'm imbued with purpose, and moving forward.

Can one move forward while standing in place?

Can I move forward running wild on my lawn? There are no other lawns I want to move to, or run on. I only want to run on this one. Can I still move forward while running on my lawn? Will I be running in circles? Or perhaps I will be running in circles, but they will be ascending circles, spiraling upward.

Aha, that may be the direction to go! An ascending Jacob's ladder. I said my only direction now is staying in place but descending in depth. Well, staying in place and ascending in height. Although it sounds like the opposite, is, in reality, the same thing!

Thus just as depth and height are opposites and one cannot exist without the other, so are descending and ascending opposites and cannot exist without each other.

Writing about all this is fascinating, but will it resolve my problem? Will it lift me out of my conflict (do I even have a conflict?) And put me on the road to somewhere? Again, I ask, do I even want (or need) to go somewhere?

What have I gotten out of this whole discussion?

I'll add height to my depth, ascend to descent.

Will that help? We'll see.

Hospital Stay

Maybe the past two months have been a hospital stay to recover from the success of my running wild on the lawn arrival.

An maybe my surgery symbolized the rmeal hospital stay, the end of the old attitudinal life, and the beginning of the new, "a shift is coming" and "second wind" life.

What, after all, does the kidney symbolize?

If the above is true, and I sense it is, then I feel so stupid having missed it. How could I have been so stupid and unaware of such a violent return to the old neighborhood? What good did all that therapy do, if I am still so slow to self knowledge?

Of course, this is "I'm stupid" idea is another form of put down, and indeed a reflection and quick return to the old neighborhood.

Of could. I could also say: "Look, it only took two months for this deep shift of self-understanding and second wind of self-knowledge.

Success and Failure

Chasing an Impossible Dream is Exciting

I like chasing the impossible dream. The idea of possible failure is exciting.

Aim to "fail".

Maybe I'd rather fail than succeed.

If I set my goal very high, I am more motivated. Failing en route is part of my success.

Perhaps I prefer a high, impossible goal.

I need a challenge that is impossible to reach.

I'm simply more motivated by the impossible dream, excited by the idea and possibility of failure.

So end a new leaf.

Grab a dream, hope or goal, then embrace the possibility of failure.

I thrive on aiming for the top, but never reaching it.

I have a holy, healthy, loving relationship with failure. Parts of me love it.

I may even thrive on the muscular challenge and its almost certain failure. It's weird. But I'm weird.

Somehow these impossible possibilities, the idea I might, even will fail, but will try it anyway, motivates me.

Success makes me nervous. Challenging, difficult, impossible goals. Thus, success makes me nervous. Failure, or challenging, difficult, impossible goals with failure on the horizon, motivate me and make me happy.

Yes, chasing an impossible dream is very exciting. Making the effort in impossible mode stimulates my sense of humor and love of the absurd.

Next question: What impossible goals do I want?