

RUNNING WILD ON THE LAWN

Monday, April 25, 2016

Emptiness is my New Beginning

I begin today. The spell of language has been broken.

Shall I call my next New Leaf my Empty Leaf?

Maybe its time to review my past, reread the last journal, see again what running wild on the lawn is (was) all about.

For today, it is totally gone! Replaced by the loss of language study (The "Do I really need it?" has finally hit) and emptiness.

Maybe emptiness is a good way to start a new leaf and a new life, although this morning I don't quite see how.

It feels like a crash of both old and new neighborhoods.

It doesn't feel great, but that is where I am.

Emptiness is my new beginning.

Basically, language study, which has taken up so much of my mental time, has run its course. I've always knows I don't really "need it." But I've had nothing else to do with my mind, no direction to learn, expand and grow, so I dove into it. For months and years. But somehow now, that period feels like it's all over, finished.

I never ran wild on the lawn with language. It always slows me down, even inhibited me. I felt I had to "learn it first," and this before any thoughts of running wild on the lawn could even occur.

And the "beauty" about language study was that I would always and forever be a learner. Never fully free and uninhibited, always a student learning, and on or near the bottom.

I loved that bottom. Or at least I felt very comfortable there.

But was language study a form of return to the old neighborhood in "intellectual challenge" form?

What a question!

Has the morning, and long time study of language held me back? From what?

Writing immediately comes to mind.

Did I use language study as an excuse for not writing?

After all, one reason I studied foreign languages was for the sounds in it. And what, eventually was I going to do with those sounds? Eventually, I was going to use these strange sounds in my babble writing.

But I've come to the end of the language study road. The language study wall of separation (from writing) has been lifted. At first, I face only emptiness. But behind that emptiness my well be writing. . . and most frightening of all: a commitment to writing!

Fun in Writing Sales

Why is a commitment to writing so frightening? Why have I denied and run away from it so long? Good questions.

A commitment to writing feels like a dive into the ultimate depths, the ultimate acceptance of my self, the ultimate running wild on the lawn form.

But with it must also come the commitment to the sales of my writing. Getting my books out there. Pushing my brand.

This perhaps, is what scares me most. Well, maybe not.

Perhaps the concept that I am, or would become, through my commitment, a "serious writer." No, that's not it either.

Truth is, at this point, I don't know what I am afraid of, or even what I've been afraid of. I don't know why I've pushed writing into the background, walled it off with language study, guitar playing, Alhambra escapes, and more.

But for some reason, since my Greenwich Village days, when I wanted to become a writer, I have been trying to deny and make the Grand Escape from this calling all my married life.

Yes, since I had to make a living, since I made the commitment to getting

married and earning a living, I have been afraid to dive in a commitment to writing, afraid to “become a writer.” Such a commitment would “distract me from earning a living!”

Well, maybe today’s Grand Emptiness, my “language has run its course” feeling is ushering me past the Grande Escape and into the Grand Mode: The “I am a writer” mode.

What would (and does) this mean?

Among other things, it means:

1. I’d start off my mornings with writing.

2. I’d have to edit my writing (that makes it “serious”)

3. Finally, I’d have to promote my writing. (This does not necessarily mean sell it. Well, maybe it does. Sales and money make my writing gone public very real. Yes, writing should and will be part of my “brand.” But as only part of, one aspect of my brand, it relegates it to lesser important state. Maybe I should actually and also make the commitment to selling my writing! That would make my commitment very real indeed.

Am I ready to actually sell my books? Make the commitment to selling them? Won’t this “take the pleasure” out of writing? Well, maybe not. Selling never took the pleasure out of playing guitar. True, it was a great annoyance. But that was about it.

Selling my books may be, at bottom, a grand annoyance. On the other hand, I am not in the desperate financial position I was in when I first got married. So perhaps selling my books might even be fun! After all, now the financial pressure is off.

I could even do readings! Would that be fun? Maybe.

These would be “meaningful public performances. I might even do them with the guitar. A combo concert of readings, guitar music, songs, etc. A true Evening with Jim Gold, a true (and complete) Jim Gold Show!

Writing and running wild on the lawn go together.

Writing is the only place where I can truly run wild on the lawn. The idea of

selling my writing, selling my books used to, at least in my mind, inhibit this running wild on the lawn.

But truly, that period, place, level and position is over. I am truly in a new place. Ready to move ahead.

Am I finally ready for writing? And ready for the ultimate challenge of having fun selling my writing? Through, among other things, a public performance of either solo readings, or a complete Jim Gold Show?

Am I ready for all this to come the fruition?

That would indeed be a Wow!

Jumping Off the Cliff

As a start, it would mean an hour (or even two hours) a day dedicated to writing.

And this would have to include editing!

Am I ready? What else is there to do? The bastion of language study has dissolved. Where else can I go? I've been everywhere already. ("Been there, done that.")

Truly, there really is no choice.

We'll see where jumping off this cliff leads.

An Evening with the Jim Gold Show

The Jim Gold Show expresses my ultimate brand.

Would it, should it include folk dancing? Maybe.

That means An Evening with the Jim Gold Show would include:

1. Classic guitar
2. Folk Song
3. Readings
4. Folk dance finale (or my "solo" dance on stage)
5. Sales of books, folk dance classes, and tours.

Birthday Present

Fulfilling the above would be a great birthday present!

Editing

Two aspects here:

1. To become a serious writer.
2. Push the Jim Gold Show

Of these, the first is primary, the second secondary. So for now, let's focus on serious writer.

One immediate threat is: Serious writer includes editing. I used to consider editing as stifling running wild on the lawn. Stifling, inhibiting the most ecstatic and pleasurable life force aspect is the biggest threat to my writing. Editing, which in my mind means "becoming a professional," removes the "fun aspect" of writing, its release and freedom and running-wild-on-the-lawn aspect.

That is why I hate editing.

But if I am to become a serious writer, then I must edit my writing. Editing goes with the territory.

There is also the hope and possibility that since I hate editing with a passion, and behind every passion lies its opposite, I might, if I find the right key, be able to turn hatred of editing into love of editing!

I don't quite know how to do that, or if I can do it.

But I cannot take the leap into serious writer until I can merge these problems, answer these questions.

Will I accept the chains of editing? Can I even and ever learn to "enjoy" these chains?

Can I combine running wild and editing.

I enjoy playing guitar pieces over and over again, changing and perfecting them each time I play. Could that same change-and-perfect attitude be transferred to editing?

Is it even possible to find running-wild-on-the-lawn in editing itself? Wow!

Back and neck pain, and even knee pain as Sarnoian avoidance of writing commitment.

Tuesday, April 26, 2016

The Freedom of Resignation

What's the difference between "I don't care" and "I don't give a fuck!"

The former has the total giving up and giving in feeling, the saturated knowledge of total resignation, and let come what may.

The latter still retains some anger, still casts blame on the outside world, and is thus still bound by attachment. "I don't give a fuck!" still has a ways to go before the freedom of total resignation sets in.

The Stock Market Battlefield

Pre-stock market entry, before 9:30 opening.

Attitude: I am going into battle. No eating. I am stepping into a mental battlefield. My mind has to be focus, prepared, and ready. (Just like preparing for a tour, or even a concert, or folk dance teaching,) I may do nothing. But my mind, body, and energy has to be focused, strong, and ready, if necessary, to pounce.

Wednesday, April 27, 2016

Back to English and History

A strange and new place: Seems I'm giving up foreign language study and replacing it with reading and the "study" (or re-study) of history and this in English.

Is this temporary or long-term? Probably a bit of both. But it is where I am now. Go with the flow. We'll see where this leads.

Stepping Back from Foreign Language Study

It feels, seems, like my study of languages, and my avoidance and lack of interest

in reading books in English coincides with a long kind of retreat. I don't quite know what this means, but it came to mind and I'm writing it down.

Somehow I'm back to English – and history, reading books on history in English – with a vengeance!

Moving to the Land of Running Wild on the Lawn

A long hiatus, a break, shorter but somewhat like the forty year Alhambra arpeggio break.

Was I avoiding something? Running wild on the lawn?

Was I not ready to dive, not ready to jump in, to run wild on the lawn? Was holding back, my hiatus, my form and way of waiting for ready? Maybe.

No question I am now ready.

Why is this night different from any other night? Ma nishtanah? The difference: Now I am now ready.

Ready to jump in, dive into the stream. Ready to run wild on the lawn.

Is that why I've been feeling so strange lately? I'm stepping into a new land, transitioning into a new place, a new neighborhood. It feels different, strange, uncomfortable. My body aches with strange new growing pains. New fears, strange in their vagueness, beset me. They haunt and annoy my brain.

Feeling good, feeling strange, feeling puzzled, feeling vaguely bad.

And this, even while intellectually I "know" things are going well, everything feels in place, ha kol beseder.

Is this all the running wild on the lawn metamorphosis?

I've done everything else, been everywhere else. Indeed, running wild on the lawn is all that is left. There is almost no choice, no place else to go. Only dive straight in.

Running wild on the lawn is the only tour left to take, the only country left to

visit. Perhaps I'm experiencing a new kind of pre-tour anxiety. Strangely, this explanation feels right!

I'm running my personal tour to a brand new country, the land of Running Wild on the Lawn.

No wonder I'm nervous, uncomfortable, feeling strange and anxious. Although I've touched on its borders, I've never lived in it before. I'm changing residences. No wonder I'm feeling strange.

Typical pre-tour anxiety fears.

1. Physical weakness: Will I make it?
 - a. Am I strong enough to run this tour?
 - b. Is my body strong enough to run wild on the lawn?

Transforming the Energy

Basically, I just scared the shit out of myself in the so-called "overdoing" and the so-called "fatigue" that following.

Now to transform the (scared-the-shit-out-of-myself) energy into running wild on the lawn!

(Talk about fear manifesting in the body: Note the sudden pain behind my right knee as I wrote the above!)

Start this morning with my high=energy, running wild on the lawn folk dance class!

Reinterpreting (Some) Pains

See every muscle knot pain as a reminder to run wild on the lawn! Start with knees (for dancing, running, etc.)

Fear of the pain is (related to) fear of releasing my energy, of running wild on the lawn.

Using Terror and Fright as Fertilizer

Leyenda. Incredible speed. It's a whole different piece. Yes, scares the shit out of me. But I'm using that fright to fertilize my new high-speed, high-energy, run wild on the lawn country.

How about trying it with Floricica. . .and Reka squats. And Karagouna, Syrto, Tsamikos, and Zeybeikiko squats.

Fears as Distractions

Afraid of getting stiff, afraid of getting old, afraid of losing my edge, etc. Are all these fears, creations of monkey mind, really excuses, distractions, means of escaping my destiny, ways to avoid facing my central energy theme: Running wild on the lawn.

Rather than distractions, use them as reminders to focus on running wild on the lawn destiny.

Friday, April 29, 2016

The Rebel Discipline (and Art) of Stock Choosing

I am redefining myself through the stock market, and I kind of like it.

I'm seeing the stock market in a positive light as a game of wits, a noble battleground of wits. My wits versus the forces of the world stock market! What a remarkable battle!

I see myself as a quiet, reserved, hidden rebel. But a rebel, nevertheless.

After all, what is a real artist but a rebel. Unchanging in nature. If born a rebel, always a rebel.

I rebelled as an artist living in Greenwich village.

I rebelled as an entrepreneur, building my own performing, folk dance and tour business. and "doing it my way."

I rebel as a stock picker in my market phase.

Yes, it may take 20-30 years to “get it.” It took 40 years to “get Alhambra and arpeggios.” It took 30 years to “get” and feel somewhat comfortable running tours. Thus it is “reasonable” to think and realize it might and would take at least that long to “get” the stock market.

This year on January 29th, I accepted my “running wild on the lawn” approach to the stock market. By spreading the risks, started, then dove into my Fun and Growth Folk Dance Portfolio of Low Priced Stocks: A Mutual Fund that dances!

The ultimate rebel fund. (Why do I say “ultimate?” No doubt it purports to mean something. But what? Perhaps it shows boldness. By coming out of my stock market closet and boldly stating my Fun Mutual Fund. By accepting that I am a stock market rebel.

Few others have my kind of portfolio. Few others would like, accept, or dive into it. Few may have a running wild on the lawn stock market portfolio.

But I do.

Is my portfolio really working?

So far, I have to say yes.

Could it really be that I have finally landing on a stock market approach that works, at least for me? This again means changing my self concept from stock market loser to confident stock market winner.

Dare I do this? I don’t want to be naive. But I do recognize that at any time, down winds from a down market can destroy my portfolio. If this is so – and it is – can I still see myself as a winner in the stock market?

The stock market is a gamble, and I am a gambler in the market. Is this bad? Gambler has a negative connotation. I don’t like being called a gambler. But of course, I am,

On another level, so is everyone else.

Yes, its true: I am a gambler. I took a gamble in my career. . . and won.

Of course, this winner idea comes with the realization that you have to re-win,

reconquer anew every day.

Are you still a winner if you realize this? Yes.

Life itself is a gamble. One starts a path but truly never knows where it will lead. Some folks fool themselves by making so-called wise and safe choices. But ultimately, the truly wise realize there no safely anywhere. If this is so – and it is – better to chose the road of personal passion, diving into what you love, and hoping for the best.

And diving into what you love is the essence of the “gambler’s life.”

I believe I’m a gambler with sense and good survival instincts.

If this is so, why shouldn’t these personal truths hold up the stock market as well?

Sure there’ll be lots of up and downs, wipe-outs and mistakes, terrifying falls off the cliff along with hair-raising victories and magnificent wins. That’s the nature of the gambler’s life.

Our choice is whether to write that life small or large.

Gambler’s life is the rebel life; rebel’s life is a gambler’s life.

The rebel discipline and art of stock choosing.

Prayer as Mindful Action

I read Emerson’s idea of prayer as mindful action.

Could today’s stock market success be a result of my many days of mindful action working in the stock market fields. Praying in the stock market fields.

The Big Four Have Run Their Course

The big four: 1. Stock market intensity 2. Classic guitar jumps 3. Language study, 4. Bulgarian specialty tours have all run their course.

1. Stock market: since Feb 1

2. Classic guitar: since November 2015

3. Languages: since November 2015

4. Bulgaria Special tours: since Feb 1

Done, kaput, finished, put them in the closet. I'm blank, open, in limbo land, and ready to move on to something else.

What? Next 10 weeks:

1. French medieval history, etymological geography.

Saturday, April 30, 2016

Grand and "Final" Motivation Step

The New Alone Me

The new Alone me. I like it, I need it, and it's true.

New Alone motivation: I like it, I need it, and it's true.

Guitar, gaida, violin goals: For me Alone. Only for me.

Like my running, yoga, even gym goals: For my pleasure, edification, elevation, satisfaction. For me Alone. Only for me.

Writing: Not for publication, not for others. Although I may publish for myself, my own pleasure and satisfaction. For myself Alone. (Can I do that? What a plus that would be!)

Stock market: For me Alone. Only for me.

Not to impress my wife. Or for others. (Never was for them. anyway.) For me Alone. Only for me. And that is good!

The frustrating and fruitless motivation days of performing for others are over. Thank God! No appreciation from others in sight. That fantasy motivation is over. Thank God, again.

My motivation fount and center: Do it for myself Alone. (If others happen to look in and enjoy, so much the better. But that can never be my motivational goal or even wish.

For myself Alone.

And that is possible, realizable, doable, and good!

Business is for Others. . . and Myself, Too

Business is for others, and myself, too.

My tours and folk dancing are definitely for others. And that's okay. I enjoy working "for others," too. But I need motivational reasons to fulfill my artistic, non-paying, non-performing, personal satisfactions self, too.

My artistic self has to be fulfilled, too, (Otherwise I die within. And if that happens, it's no good for business!)

For my artistic self, "For myself Alone" answers that motivational need.

The Glory Of My Own Strength!

Get into the glory of my own Alhambra tremolo strength!

The Alhambra tremolo finger tip glory is felt through the finger tips but it is not of the finger tips. The Glory is a manifestation of a higher power through the finger tips; it passes through the body and exits through the finger tips, the body tips or the final

body exit point.

To remember, touch, feel and express the Glory, that is the main thing, the running wild Center and Glory expressed through my own strength.

I have been avoiding the Glory, holding it back.

Holding back the Glory causes my aches and pains.

Running wild in the Center releases the Glory, frees me from aches and pains.

Sunday, May 1, 2016

Hypothenar Miracle

Guitar: The hypothenar relaxation trip.

When the hypthenar relaxes, the fingers follow as night follows day.

Big deal here in direction, level, and depth. The capital and center of the hand.

Monday, May 2, 2016

A New York Times article entitled "Getting Practice of a Better Old Age."

"Find something new, something difficult to immerse yourself in and improve at. . . ."

"I am talking about improving at a demanding skill, a craft or discipline. . . making a commitment to continuous improvement."

He also says, "There can be no improvement without coaching." This means having a teacher, an outside force.

I like and believe in the approach.

What is hard? What is difficult?

What task, hobby, interest, or craft can I perform and perfect that is hard, difficult, and will last for years?

Guitar Public Performance

Writing: Publishing my Books so Others will Read Them

My Lifetime Cross to Bear

Guitar: Seems I have, or have developed, a visceral hatred of performing on the guitar. It is almost a "Never again!" attitude. I "suffered through" public performances for so many years, that not only have I "Been there, done that" but I never want to do it again! At least with the former pressures of performing in mind. Those were, of course, financial pressures.

But the financial pressures forced me to overcome my fears and distaste for public performance, forced me to rise above my fear-filled self, and become "better than myself."

Now that I make my living folk dancing and through tours, I no longer have the

financial need to subject myself to guitar performing torture.

But again, if I do not perform, what hard, difficult venture will push me to practice and improve on the guitar? An old question, which I have yet to answer.

Could I ever commit myself to improving on the guitar without the ultimate goal of public performance? I don't know.

But evidently, I love practicing and playing. Suppose I removed the noxious inner devil-goal of eventual public performance. Could I find another goal: Mere improvement for its own sake? I don't know.

Running: Totally opposite from guitar. I'd like to "improve" on this that I love doing so much. And, of course, I have absolutely no desire or need to publically "perform" as a runner. I don't even have a desire to enter a race.

Could I ever match up my running "goals" with guitar goals? Doing it for its own sake? Again, I don't know. But creating that kind of guitar goal, in other words, giving up my old "eventual performance" goals, would certainly be hard and difficult.

On the other hand, maybe these secret guitar performing goals will never die. As my lifetime cross to bear, I'll carry them to my grave. They are simply part of my psyche, my psychological strategy and make up, and will never go away.

This analysis seems realistic. Guitar, classical and even folk, is somehow different.

Writing, too. Just like my desire to publish my books and have them read by others is also my desire and lifetime cross to bear.

Bearing a cross is hard and difficult. Could it be that this long range, inescapable commitment, this lifetime of "improvement in classical and folk guitar, and writing, are what is hard and difficult? Could it be that they are they hard and difficult tasks that will last for years? (And they have been standing right in front of me, staring me straight in the face!)

1. Public performance on my guitar.

2. Public distribution of my writing (my books).

Could it be that these two “crosses to bear” are the demanding skills I am talking about, the ones that will last for years and “better my old age?”

My Destiny

Evidently, I can't do hobbies.

Evidently, I can't get away from public guitar and writing. They are my callings, my destiny.

Evidently, I can't escape from my destiny.

Guitar is no longer my profession. And writing never was. Tours and folk dancing have replaced them.

Since guitar and writing are not my profession, can they still be my destiny?

Could be.

Is my left “folk dance ankle” pain being created to weedle my way out of folk dancing?

My resistance, and anger that I “have to do it.”

I sense that it is. (But check with Dr. Nathanson just to make sure.)

Maybe since I am stepping into a new life of commitment to guitar and writing, instead of weedling out of folk dancing (through ankle pain, I can change my relationship and attitude towards folk dancing.

Seeing folk dancing, and even tours, as “secondary,” taking up less time, still important but of lesser importance.

How would I do that?

First, I suppose, believe that I am on a new path, that I have actually made a new commitment to guitar and writing.

Abandonment

No Need for Folk Dance Ankle

Organize It!

Just as I was afraid I was losing interest in my Albania tour (and thus abandoning my travelers), and I overcompensated, so I may be doing the same thing in folk dancing by putting extra pressure to show I'm interested, and resentment to that extra pressure is being felt in my left ankle.

How can I let down all these people, by showing them I am not interested? Too hard, too painful.

So I create my left ankle pain as a distraction.

I am actually talking about taking my focus off them, off my job my "taking care of them" job.

Guilt equals fear: By not focusing on them, by focusing on something else (namely, guitar and writing), I am abandoning them. . .and in turn, they will soon abandon me!

But can't I do two things at once? (Multi-tasking).

Can't I both run my tour (teach my folk dancing) and focus on my guitar and writing.

Answer is: Yes.

So what's the problem? No need for folk dance ankle, etc.

Answer is: Do them all!

Only figure out how to organize it, organize my time.

Hypothenar relaxation in a giant clump. And everything else follows.

Tuesday, May 3, 2016

Where is my Anger and Boiling Rage?

Maybe I need that anger, that boiling rage.

And I just don't have it anymore, especially with things going well. There's not

much I can complain about. And “thus,” there’s not much I’m mad about. Boiling rage is down, and somehow, strangely, I am down with it.

I need some anger, and boiling rage energy.

But where can I find it, if things are going well?

Do I even have a “right” to anger and boiling rage, when everything I’ve worked for all my life is coming to fruition, when most (all?) things are going well?

Where is my anger and boiling rage?

Do I even “deserve” it? Can I find it again.

Since I seem to need it, but can’t find it in the outside world, perhaps I should simply manufacture it, dream it up, create it out of thin air.

What reason can I use?

Transience of life may well be enough to merit a wild anger and boiling rage.

Wednesday, May 4, 2016

The Post-Wahoo Syndrome

Achieving Running Wild on the Lawn

Depression Follows Victory

I feel totally depressed this morning. And I can no longer blame it on my “success.” Frankly, and truthfully, my success is over, done with, absorbed, sanctioned, and accepted.

Yes, I am also worried and inhibited by my swollen left ankle, whether my stress fracture has returned, strained ligament, tendon, muscle or what. I’m afraid to run, or dance hard. That is holding me back.

But is it the total reason for my depression? Somehow, I think not.

How about fear of old age, and body falling apart? That’s true. But again, somehow I think that’s not all.

This year, even since Albania, and certainly after my operation, a basic

transformation is taking place (or has taken place) in my body and mind. At first I “explained” it as the success syndrome. Many successes have dribbled away my motivation. But it feels like that “explanation” has run its course.

Basically, I have run out of energy, motivation, goals, and drive. Everything I do feels “done before” and old. I’m happy that its working. But this drab kind of “happiness” is not enough. I want (and need) passion, drive, and commitment to a difficult goal and higher purpose.

At the moment, I have none. And in this empty, meaningless state, I am depressed.

I have lots of things I like to do, my entire miracle schedule, in fact. But somehow it has run out of gas.

What, if anything, can I do?

The first thing that comes to mind is: Take the vacation route. Sleep, wait, and let it run its course.

Maybe preparing for Danny sleep over, Darien, and the upcoming next week’s three day vacation is my next step. Maybe do nothing for now. Just mop up, fill in the spaces and time for now, and things may fall in place.

Evidently, I’ve absorbed the new running wild on the lawn concept. It has lodged in my mind and body and has become “done, cooked,” and, believe it or not, even a bit boring. That’s because all the juice has been drained out of it. It, like all other things, needs rebirth and revitalization. What new form can running wild on the lawn take? Maybe it’s time to give up the word and phrase entirely and move on to something totally new.

Achieving and reaching the “running wild on the lawn” state is my newest form of success. And as such, after the initial wahoo! Of achievement, it becomes a “been there, done that,” a dead heap of dull and boring.

Imagine that! I am able, as an adult, to run wild on the lawn! I have achieved a a lifetime dream. Well, no wonder I am depressed. After the momentary glory of high

achievement, the next step is down, loss, sadness, even anger, falling off the mountain top. Sliding into the next valley, the pit at the bottom of the abyss. Evidently, only there, groveling in the twisted enzymes of mud and slime, can I find the nourishment needed for the next direction upward.

Left Ankle and Psychological Down

I am now able to run wild on the lawn. And this in everything I do! Indeed, a major psychological achievement.

But now I have totally fallen from that psychological achievement mountain top.

And in my post-wahoo down, I feel stuck and down. I can;t move; I feel crippled. Crippled? Aha, I wonder if, in Sarnoian fashion, that is why my left ankle hurts.

But would my left ankle (my folk dance ankle) swell because of that? Would a visual symptom actually appear? Maybe.

It also feels like everything is going well. Plus running wild on the lawn has been achieved; its now a journal entry and success!

Success all around. Motivation and direction robbed. No wonder I feel depressed.

Reasons for crippling myself through folk dance ankle syndrome.

1. Force a break, a rest, a vacation. Absorb the transitions and running wild on the lawn self. And thus prepare the soil for the next level. This explanation feels much to placid and "reasonable."

2. Running wild on the lawn is too intense. I can't stand it. Therefore, I step away, crippled myself by returning to the old neighborhood, destroy my new self so I don't have to roast in the fires of running wild victory.

3. Crippled left ankle syndrome is the victory of fear over glory. I regress to avoid, deny, and rest in the old neighborhood rather than dive into blinding brilliance

of the Shining Light.

The Terror of Success

Everything is going very well. This terrifies me.

Especially that I can run wild on the lawn absolutely terrifies me.

It “makes sense” I’m crippling myself through fd ankle. (I’m even waking up in the morning with unexplainable back aches.)

Also slowly, over the past weeks and months, I’ve been allowing myself (the luxury) of becoming crippled, can’t walk well, can’t do stairs well, etc. A prelude, vague and inchoate, to the terror of running wild success.

Performing is my Greatest Terror

Which of my running wild successes is the most scary?

1. Classical guitar. I may have to perform!. Most scary
2. Stock market: Luck, fortune, little control. Scary
3. Tours: Relieving, annoying, deserving, less scary,
4. Folk dancing: Nothing

I think guitar is first, stock market second. Tours and folk dancing are “on the side,” basically out.

To repeat:

What’s most scary?

1. Classical guitar. I may have to perform!. Most scary
2. Stock market: Luck, fortune, little control. Scary

But why folk dance ankle? Because I have to perform!

Thus performing is my greatest fear!

Why is classical guitar so scary? Because, if I succeed, if I can really run wild on the classical guitar, then I will have to perform again!

I do perform in folk dancing, at least through my teaching and demonstrations. I

am out there in front of people. Tours, too. Therefore, running wild terror, and crippling folk dance ankle appear.

Performing is my greatest terror.

That's what folk dance ankle is all about.

That's why I once wanted to be a monk: To avoid facing my performing terror.

That's also the hidden promise of money and the stock market. If I have money, enough money, I won't have to work, won't have to face the public, won't have to perform. With enough money, I can stay at home forever, and thus avoid facing my performing terror.

Also cause most of my psychosomatic ills.

Terror and Running Wild on the Lawn

Performing, and Success

I wonder what part the energy of terror plays in my running wild on the lawn. Especially the wild.

Is my energy a mixture of excitement and terror? If yes, then (the energy of) terror an important part of running wild on the lawn.

This would make terror an essential ingredient of running wild on the lawn.

How would (and will) this knowledge affect my attitude toward performing?

Evidently, I need some kind of performing to enhance and enrich my life. (I now have folk dance "performing" and tour leadership "performing.") And of course I do it even though I'm nervous, scared, frightened, (terrorized?), afraid, etc. Maybe secretly, deep within, I know I need some terror. In fact, it may not be so secret. Witness my depression from the loss of motivation and direction that success brings.

What is success if not, among other things, the absence of terror?

Terror is a form of energy.

As such, it must be part of my running wild on the lawn.

Thursday, May 5, 2016

Bad news, as all the avenues have closed.

New Challenge Needed

I wonder if the problem is: I've lost interest in my tours. Oh sure, I'll do them, do the necessary work to fulfil their dictates. But at a minimum. And my heart, eyes, and nervous heart are no longer in them. Truth is, in both language, history, running them, and art, I've "been there done that." Truth is, this has been going on a long time and I hate to admit it, but they are no longer the challenge they used to be.

1. es, it's my business and my living and I'm good at it. Tours and even languages are no longer the challenge they used to be. Sure, I'll somehow continue doing them, but in a half-interested, half-hearted way.

Could it be true that even the grand tremolo challenge of playing Alhambra and attendant tremolo pieces (Leyenda, Alard, flamenco, etc.) is also over. Has run its course.

Yes, in terms of a vital challenge, I'll have to find something else. What else is my next huge question.

But no question, today I am at the bottom and on my way out.

I'm treading water in the stock market until the next challenge, as a breath of fresh, resurrecting wind, comes along.

Choices for New Challenge(s)

1. A totally new level.
2. Something totally new and different?
3. A bit of both.

At the moment, I'm leaning toward a totally new level. Is this due to a paucity of imagination? Or a real former love of my miracle schedule events?

Two reason for leaning:

1. I liked what I was doing.

2. I can't think of anything totally new and different. (Except the stock market.

But that's not totally new. Plus it feels "unhealthy." Why? That question and its answer is for another time.)

Wild Abandon

How strange: I've reached my long time hope: Running wild on the lawn level. I'm ready to roll on all fronts. But somehow, I'm totally stuck; I can't move.

Am I simply afraid to step over the cliff, take the reins, dive with wild abandon into the running wild abyss?

If I did, how would I lead my next life?

Goal: Dive Right In

As a next level, can I practice running wild in all my endeavors. How would I do

that? Dive right in: Practice diving straight in.

Example: One hour of dive in guitar.

My goal then would be to dive right in.

My goal is no longer to play well, succeed, or anything external. These are now relegated to secondary and peripheral, and besides the point.

Fear of Performing Vanishes

The dive-right-in approach makes fear of audience and fear of performing “besides the point.” In fact, the audience itself is besides the point.

Dive-right-in (into the running wild whirling cauldron) “solves” the fear of performing, Why? Because dive-right-in is primary; this makes the audience secondary, peripheral, “besides the point.”

Body Fears

Improving my Focus Muscle

I wonder if fear of hurting my body during exercise (running, yoga, etc.) is similar and/or related to my former fear of performing (hurting myself through the audience.)

Are both of these due to the fear, resistance, and avoidance of the jump-off-the-cliff, dive-right-in approach?

Fear of hurting my body would be a distraction which distracts me from and masks the fear of diving right in.

But do I actually have a fear of diving in? How could I have one if the diving in is what dispels the fear?

So why would I create distractions, like fear of performing, etc, to avoid diving in?

Maybe it's related to the kabbalistic mysteries found in powerful, unbalancing dangers of intense joy, bliss, ecstasy, entering the Light.

No question that pinpoint focus, diving right in dispels and conquers fear. Of performing.

Why would I or did I ever resist it? Why did I let it distract me for so many years?

Or is it simply a mental focus muscle that is weak and under developed? Could be.

That would mean I could strengthen my muscle, that my focus and concentration could improve!

How would I practice improving it?

By performing for others? Even giving concerts? Grand hmm.

Friday, May 6, 2016

Stock Market Attitudes

My attitude toward the stock market: The words evil, greed, fear, and unhealthy come to mind.

Greed and fear, an evil wind and irrepressible force drives me in the stock market. I sense this uncontrollable force is unhealthy for me. Yet, in my idleness and boredom, I cannot stop myself from falling into its irrepressible lair.

Basically, presently I am nowhere challenged. My idle mind falls into the stock market, buffeted by the ups and downs of the stocks I own. Happy or sad, not by my own design, but rather depending on the whims of market tides.

What, if anything, can I do about this? Probably only be aware of my mind and attitude.

I do not feel productive or healthy or in control after a market day. Rather, even after a day of pleasant winnings, I feel I wasted my time. What productive thing did I do? Merely manipulate money. A waste of valuable time, a senseless effort.

And yet I fall prey.

Bottom line, it is because I am bored; I do not have a worthy and vital challenge

facing me. So my idle mind drifts to the market.

Is there a loftier, more challenging enterprise I can find?

Can I find it in my miracle schedule? (Or somewhere else?)

At the moment, no. But I am starting to wonder, even dream a bit. My better dynamic self want to find a loftier, dynamic, self-inspiring challenge.

But at the moment, zero.

Truly, the stock market has nothing to do with running wild on the lawn. Because I have so little control over it. My only control is to sell or buy, and this most often leads to some form of disappointment. (I either buy or sell too early, or buy or sell too late.) Once in a rare while I "get it right." But the whole experience is full of what feels like an unhealthy tension.

In any case, the market has nothing to do with running wild on the lawn. And the passion and love found in running wild on the lawn is my true purpose.

This running wild can be found in art and athletic forms. But not in the market. Money, which is a means to an end, is, in the stock market, an end in itself.

Money can represent the stability of the lawn on which I run but not the spirit of the running itself.

Safety and Security

Forever a Dream, Forever a Conflict

The stock market represents my hope for safety and security, the dream that I can eventually get enough money to safely give up everything I do! This includes my work, worries about money, even my involvement with the outside world. I could live in safety and security in my room, just reading, playing the violin, and once in awhile, going outside to play basketball. My happiest time.

A hope to return to my childhood and teenage years, the safety of my childhood home, with Mama and Papa taking care of me.

Do I, at the adult stage and time in my life, still want that? Secretly, in my unconscious, probably yes.

Can I actually get it? No.

Thus the stock market, at least the way I play it, represents an unrealizable hope, an impossible dream of returning to the imagined safety of the past.

Maybe I will always have this dream, always have this conflict. It is the nature of the life condition.

Lost and alone, without direction or meaning (I define this as “successful”), my life’s work completed, as an old man nearing eighty, I am ready to throw in the towel. Where can I go, in the miserable, hopeless, depressing state? Maybe the only safe place is back to childhood, teenage years, home of Mama and Papa, the place where I imagine I was once safe and happy.

Of course, this may all be an illusion, a figment of my presently depressed imagination.

Why am I imagining all this now? True, it has been a downen transitional “successful” year. And in its “successful” process, all my old motivations have been lost. This translates as giving up meaning, drive, ambition, hopes, dreams, all the spiritual meat of my former miracle schedule.

Why has this happened? What became of my be-knighted, miracle scheduled driven spiritual state?

It started with the Albanian tour. It went through the down of Bernice knee replacement, my kidney cyst operation, foot rashes, and recovery period. And it still hasn’t ended.

But why? What is the meaning of this year? Why and into what am I transitioning?

All the old roads seem to have changed. Have they ceased to exist? I doubt it. Yet they are lost, changed, and out of view. And I have dribbled into evil, greed and

fear, boredom and idleness stock market replacement therapy.

Bottom Line Terrifying Fear

The Threat of Success

I wonder what the reappearance of my folk dance ankle has to do with this. It could indeed be replacing, distracting me from the terrors of no direction, no meaning, no motivation, no life, and falling into the terrifying abyss of nothingness.

The market also serves as such a distraction.

And I have been (on the edge of) falling into the abyss all year. Into the What is the Meaning of Life abyss.

The divine state of running wild on the lawn is the antidote to this depressing state. But somehow my miracle schedule with its how, where, and in what to do running wild has slipped my mind and slipped away.

I remember touching the fires for a few days. (Those days even named this New Leaf!) And running wild in my miracle schedule forms! Guitar and folk dance flying, running, yoga and gym blasting, all fires lose on the writing, history, and linguistic fronts! Yes, it was a glorious moment! High realizations vibes came walloping, winding and whipping across my brain! For a few days I was on fire! But somehow, the whole thing has vanished.

Many personal journey victories took place during my six-month post-Albania transition. These included guitar Alhambra nd tremolo victory, entrance to running wild on the lawn, relative peace made with financial fears, end of performing fears, and probably some more. Six months of major victories. During which I saw the light. And then, in the last week to ten days, culminating with the “crippling” rise of my folk dance ankle, it all fell apart.

The answer to collapse of my miracle schedule and discomforts (Successes: Everything is coming together and is so good, how can I stand it!) of my transition might simply be: The fire was too hot and I retreated.

The threat of success:

Six months of major successes have totally terrified me. It upsets my world view, turns the personal concept of myself totally on its head. No wonder I feel lost.

How can I stand it! How can I stand such success!

Right now I'm naked, empty, bent, unprotected from these violent winds of success. I'm totally vulnerable. What would mother say?

I'll need a new self-definition in order to survive.

I'll have to drop my (crippled/crippling) folk dance ankle.

I'll need a new ankle to stand on my own two feet.

(It will symbolize my new foundation.)

Rising from the AshesA New Folk Dance Ankle!Powerful, Competent, and Confident

Rising from the ashes, a new folk dance ankle, symbol of the new self, powerful, competent, and confident.

Missing LinkTying (Combining) Old to NewWild Grand (Grand Pa) Self:Running Wild on the Lawn Grand Pa Self

The old running wild on the lawn concept had me as a four year old running wild on the lawn. Infantile, no boundaries, wild and crazy, somewhat out of control. (Old folk dance ankle)

The new running wild on the lawn me has me as a Powerful, Competent, and Confident self, with a totally new folk dance ankle.

This is the missing link.

With my new folk dance ankle, as my new folk dance ankle, I am combining the

old infantile, no boundaries wild and crazy, running wild on the lawn me, with my new powerful, competent, and confident me.

I am a mature eighty-year-old, running wild on the lawn me combining the qualities of wild and crazy, with confident and competent, uncontrolled energy of abandon with powerful controls of abandon, serendipity, flexibility and looseness.

Saturday, May 7, 2016

Reclaim my Dream and Fantasy Life
(Impolite Playing Classical Guitar in Public)

Maybe its impolite to play classical guitar before others. Instead of facing them directly, and saying hello, (as I would do by folk singing), it feels impolite to ignore them by playing classical guitar and being so inward.

But, like reading a book, writing, thinking, or dreaming, playing classical guitar in private is just fine, not impolite at all.

Thus, like reading, study, meditation, classical guitar is for private consumption. And like reading and study, it feeds my brains, and is totally vital for my spiritual growth and well-being. But it is a private, personal thing.

Yes, it seems impolite to go off into my own dream world in front of others. I own it to them to say hello, and deal directly with them. Classical guitar playing, as part of my fantasy life, belong in my private world.

Maybe that is why I feel so uncomfortable playing classical guitar in public. Even thought it is beautiful, like reading and meditation, doing it in public, and expecting others to pay attention and listen, is simply impolite.

But its fine, needed, and necessary for private life and private consumption.

Thus classical guitar is part of and belongs to my (private) dream world and fantasy life. Not a bad place to be.

Yes, I want and need to reclaim my dream and fantasy life. It is the foundation

of my miracle schedule.

Sunday, May 8, 2016

Slow Path to Renaissance

I have been through my personal Dark Ages, a pre-dawn Age of Change. Renaissance time is approaching.

After almost half a year of sliding backward and downward in long transition, its time to take the slow path back to a healthy, miracle schedule dominated life.

I had it right once. But somehow during the past six months, my vision, purpose, and meaning dribbled away.

I don't even know why.

Perhaps I just needed a cleansing, a purifying, to clear the away the brush of the old life.

Well, cleansing has been done. Its over. Time to move on.

Time for Renaissance.

Renaissance means a rebirth of miracle schedule life.

This Renaissance could be a good reason to celebrate my upcoming birthday.

Let's start with guitar.

How does guitar renaissance work?

1. Classic guitar renaissance: I'm free of my inner audience! I've gotten rid of them! (The only audience that counts.)

A major spiritual operation: Removal of my warped, critical inner audience mental cyst! That's what the larger meaning of this operation was really all about.

It means I can play the guitar any way I want!

Renaissance: I play the guitar only for me, only for my new inner loving audience!

I also wonder if yesterday's deadly fatigue in my legs signified the death of my old folk dance and running legs. Time for a rebirth, a renaissance. Where will my legs

lead?

How does folk dance renaissance and running renaissance work?

My New Loving Inner Audience

My new all-accepting all-loving Inner Audience

I finally have the mind of audience I want. And this for all things I do, and for the reset of my life!

Yesterday's heavy heavy legs: Perhaps I was in the process of extirpating, dumping in the gutter, the heavy, heavy burden of my old audience, my old critical, hateful, disgusting, vengeful, ever-rejecting audience.

Extirpating the Disease (Cyst) of Miserable Inner Audience

I do love myself and everything I do. But my old audience was ever telling me I don't, I shouldn't, something is constantly wrong with my, I must ever improve, and even then I will never reach their approval. Disgusting and awful was this ever-clawing ever-rejecting inner audience. How I hate them!

And now they are gone! Vanished out the back door. Totally flushed away! Hard to believe the freedom and ecstasy such a renaissance brings. But believe it I will because it is true.

Why did I ever carry such a burden? Why did I ever tolerate and constantly try to appease this miserable inner audience? Indeed, that old brain was sick, haunted by the ever present, almost incurable disease (diseased cyst) of Miserable Inner Audience.

Looking back, this extirpation was a six-month process.

But now the fucker is gone! Totally flushed down the toilet and disappeared!

Now to rethink all my activities in light of my new audience!

Monday, May 9, 2016

Renaissance: Happy in Limitations

I need and want to put life and glory back into my miracle schedule.

Some boundaries give me pleasure.

Have age and time stepped in to my miracle schedule.

Has my miracle schedule moved from limitless to limited? Does it now have a ceiling?

Has limitless been replaced by gratitude?

Am I being elevated (or succumbing) to the glories of the limited miracle schedule life?

If yes, not a bad place to be.

I can be safe and happy in a limited place and still run wild on the lawn!

On Performing

And That's the Way I Like It!

Maybe I don't want to perform on the guitar. Maybe I never wanted to perform. Maybe playing well and beautifully for myself and Lord of Music is enough.

I never wanted or needed to perform on the violin. If that was once true, why would guitar be any different?

I started performing on the guitar, I put the show together, simply because I wanted and needed to make a living. (Before that, I wanted to make a living as a writer.)

Yes, maybe deep down, as for guitar, classical, and even folk, never wanted or even needed to perform.

Maybe my public performances teaching folk dancing and running tours is enough. Maybe it satisfies whatever needs I have for going and to go public.

A wow thought and realization.

Yet group songs are fun. Starting the off, sparking them, and leading group

singing, just like leading group dancing, is a gas, a laugh, a humor, and lots of fun! (And from that I can easily move into songs, humor, stories, gaida, whatever, which is also lot of fun. (Only the classic guitar in public is a torture. Evidently, it was never meant to be. Classic guitar or classic anything is too stiff and staid and not my public personality. But I love it in private! I'd even say it is my foundation. This along with studies, which also are never directly revealed in public. Then only come out in humorous quips. And that's the way I like it. I somehow want, need, and even like to hide my studious/intellectual knowledge and guitaristic (classical) skills. But even though they remain hidden, the secret behind my smile, they are nevertheless my foundation. Like the iceberg, 1/10 visible, 9/10 unseen.

Leading group singing is my public calling. Getting the audience immediately involved, a la Pete Seeger. That's why I immediately loved what the Weavers and he at Carnegie Hall got the entire audience singing together. An ecstatic revealing moment which set me on a new direction.

Leading audiences, whether in folk dancing, folk singing, or as a tour leader is easy, natural, effortless for me. Nothing to it. I just get up and go.

What am I saying? Studies and classical guitar are my foundation. But they only leak out in public "on the side," in quips or funny lines, in easy bar chords on the guitar, or ease on the guitar in general. Classic guitar foundation gives me the confidence that I absolutely know what I'm doing while leading folk group songs (and solo songs, too).

And studies give me my intellectual base which again leaks out in funny, indirect, strange, off-the-wall, humorous ways. Its part of my fun constellation. And that's the way I like it!

My public personality is light and fun.

My private personality is dark, deep, and peppered with a rather off-the-wall imagination. I like to run wild with it.

Can I run wild in public? Should I?

Good question.

Tuesday, May 10, 2016

Making my Life More Interesting

Yes, my next big challenge is how to make my life more interesting. This means, as a start, how to make my tours more interesting. Thus, in the study portion of miracle schedule:

1. Study: Add the trilogy of history and geography to my language studies. Right there is enough to make the rest of my life fascinating!

2. Guitar: Pleasant, delicious playing.

With my new “beyond audience” style, attitude and approach, playing Alhambra and other tremolo pieces has become so pleasant! It’s not an elevation or a goal, but it certainly is a difference! For now, pleasant is amazing enough. Keep it that way for awhile until something else (a goal, direction, or other) emerges.

It’s about allowing myself to be “slow,” to play “slow.” Which really means play at my own pace!

Outside pressure to play “fast” is gone, falling away with the disappearance of the inner “outside audience.”

Playing my own way is not a curse or diminishment anymore. It’s just “different,” It’s my way!

My gift to myself is that I can play “slow,” at my own pace, and deliciously!

Everything is Open to Performance!

This means that everything is open to performance! Extremely slow, whether tremolo or other is just fine. It’s just a different way of playing. Tomorrow may be different, another way, perhaps even slower! Or even more my own way! And that’s just fine, too. Everything is open to performance! (Because there is no longer any inner and outer, no longer an inner audience and an outer audience. Inner audience has been disappeared, and if the inner audience disappears, the outer audience goes with it.)

(Because inner audience is outer audience in disguise.)

Slowest of slow, and even slower, is just fine. It just means it is more my way of playing. Everything is open to performance!

It's a way of seeing straight into my mind, seeing my thought process, and that is good. Seeing my thought process, even my guitar practice process, is a good show!

(After all, who ever sees such things. They are left for private, in private, not for public consumption. How, and how hard of works or thinks is supposed to be left out of the performance process. It's supposed to be hidden, a secret. But why? Wouldn't it be a great public service to show how the artist actually thinks? That's what playing "slow, and even more slowly" means: A total revelation of the performer, the thought and practice process of the inner man.

Wednesday, May 11, 2016

The Alhambra Test

(Guitar) Audience Therapy

How to play Alhambra slowly and/or very slowly before an outer audience.

(After Alhambra, other pieces slowly follow.)

Started with Phil, (He is now in my mind.)

I could also practice with Barry as my practice audience.

Guitar audience therapy. (I can start with guitar.)

I need an audience to practice this.

Weekly "practice" session in front of Barry or other.

Sunday, May 15, 2016

Results from our Princeton/New Hope vacation:

1. Slow is good; slow is the new mode.
2. Reintroduce Hebrew calligraphy

3. Finish up French history books
4. Stocks: Slowly sell off the losers.

Anger and Aches

Anger and aches. Along with my renaissance, I need. Want, and shall have a renaissance of anger.

Truth is, it seems haven't felt real anger for almost a year, maybe even more. What happened to my anger? Did it go away? No, absolutely not. It simply got submerged. And along with it went my energy and motivation.

Now that I am returning to life, I need to return to my old "miracle schedule" angers.

But what happened to my anger over the months, the year, even years? Where did it go? What do I, did I, and no doubt still do have to be angry about?

Well, for one. Losing my motivation. As I see it, one of the paradoxical results of my financial success is the loss my old motivations. Well, isn't loss of motivation, loss of my dreams, a good reason to be angry? Yes, indeed!

Along with that comes aging: I look at my legs and find all these wrinkles; I look in the mirror and find all these grey hairs – and they are increasing at a rapid rate. Suddenly, my beautiful body is aging, become ugly, falling apart. Along with this comes the ostracism of the aged.

Am I more angry about loss of motivation than I am about aging? Or vice versa? I don't exactly know. Perhaps I think that if my motivation returns, my focus on aging, my wrinkles and grey hairs, will go away. Or if not go away, at least my mind will be occupied with higher and better things. I'll have more control.

Well, truth is, I can't do anything about aging. But I can do something about motivation, about resurrecting my dreams, about my attitude.

Well, what shall I do? First thing (and perhaps the only thing) I need to do is recognize how angry I am about the paradox that along with success (which I always

wanted) come my loss of my motivation! I don't want to go back to failure; I want to learn how to handle and live with success. But I also want, and desperately need to return to my dreams and motivation.

And I return to the old question: Without financial fears and terrors to spur me on, what will motivate me? Now have some funds and don't have to worry (as much) about money, why should I bother doing anything?

Somehow I have to solve this conundrum. But first I need to recognize how mad I am about losing my motivation!

And how this anger is distracting my brain by causing aches mostly in my legs, along with a gnawing fatigue which never seems to go away.

I need my anger energy back. And this with or without success. In fact, I'd say success has nothing to do with anger. They are two separate world.

I have been knocked on my head by my success, In fact, any success stuns me. Nevertheless, it is a stunning and stumbling block I have to learn to bypass.

In fact, I may have created the illusion of success in order to learn about the relationship between anger, success, and motivation.

I've always denied success in my life. Somehow, I've always seen success as a resting place, a stopping point, and thus a threat to my existence.

Now I know it is a threat to my dreams and motivation.

Thus the paradox: wanting success while hating it as well.

By passing success. Diving into anger energy as I move on to new dreams and motivations.

Maybe success is a real downer because my mother would never recognize it. Only failure brings (emotional) rewards.

Thus, this year's feeling of success is counteracted by the destruction of motivation downer. (I need to keep myself low in order to feel some kind of reward.

Losing my motivation certainly keeps me low. Thus the “reward” of Mama still loves me.)

It is my new, post-success way of putting myself down, of returning to the old neighborhood in my new, successful-self form.

The 2015 Bulgaria tour was a fantastic and great success, my most successful tour ever, a culmination!

Then came Albania. I was now already in self-destructing mode, retreating from grand Bulgaria tour success, returning to the old neighborhood.

I destroyed my motivation to keep myself down and thus stay in a familiar, “comfortable,” known, diminished place. I also ricocheted away from my anger at my inability to fathom and appreciate all the love, glory, passion, and wonder of my Bulgaria success!

And speaking of wonder, I wonder if my sense of wonder, awe, the so-called “miracle” feeling comes from my desire to face my own success. By making it a “miracle” I give the Higher Forces all the credit (which they deserve), but give myself none. By consciously making it a miracle, I diminish my own role, make myself small again, and return to the child-and-failure mother love mode of my past.

I’ve been in the old neighborhood for almost a year (since Albania) but never consciously knew it.

Success is a total threat to my self-image and infant past. And my castle is being attacked by the forces of success. No wonder I am frightened. But mad, too!

One year of hiding in my castle may be enough. Maybe I need this time to prepare my forces, gather my strength.

Why not let my angry canons roar, send my army sallying forth beyond my castle walls, and beat these fuckers!

Tuesday, May 17, 2016

Classical Guitar Problem Solved

Slow

If I play everything slowly, playing classical guitar is no big deal at all.

That means if I play everything “at my own pace,” which means slow, there’s no problem.

That means I’ll no longer plan or aim to perform in public.

But that’s no problem since I don’t want to perform anyway.

Basically, if I play classical guitar slowly, my classical guitar playing problems are over. Solved.

Drop my performing goal, which I don’t want anyway, play classical guitar slowly, “at my own pace”, and my many year classical guitar playing problems are solved!

Wednesday, May 18, 2016

Survival is the bottom line.

Fear of not surviving may well be the greatest fear.

Since my financial fears have diminished, even fallen away, (and my financial fears were fears about survival) I am now open, have opened myself up, to other fears, maybe even greater and more basic fears.

These fears are ‘beyond finance’ or perhaps rather they are survival fears but in a different, non-financial form.

But nevertheless, the fears are there, subtly and directly attaching me, and once again being deflected and distracted by body aches.

What then, if not financial, were these new fears, these old fears in new forms?

Old age or fear or mortality may well be one. After the success downer was handled, mortality and old age popped up almost immediately. It came in the old “Why bother?” form. of “Why bother making an effort? Why bother accomplishing

goals? Material life is so transient. I'll soon be dying. Why bother?"

Along with the mortality fear comes the "I'm getting weaker" fear. My energy is dribbling away, my muscles are diminishing, my legs hurt after I run, etc.

I used to believe that once I conquered my financial fears, other fears would step in to take their place. Well, this has happened. But once again, rather than face and deal with them, my clever mind is diverting them into body aches.

I am now aware of this.

What to do about it?

1. First comes awareness. Well, I am now aware.

2. Next comes motivation. Well, I have resolved that problem. My dreams and goals have been resurrected. (See a few days ago New Leaf Journal.)

3. Look deeply into each ache and pain. Peer deeply into its essence. Why now? What terror is it disguising, distracting? In this new post-financial form, know thyself once again.

Method: Perhaps start writing about the genesis of my aches and pains. Why now? Where do they come from? What do they mean? Get to know my new post-financial self.

Note: As I finished my emails, a sudden lower back pain appeared. And this while I was simply sitting at my desk!

Yes, start the process of getting to know my new ache creations, the new fear forms in my "post-financial" self.

(Post-financial self does not mean I no longer have financial concerns. It means rather that they have moved beyond the terror and panic stage, have become "normal" concerns, and are ready to be "replaced" by other fears and terrors, ones that do not concern finance and money.)

Survival Desires and Fear of Death

What new pains do I now have?

Neck, knee, and leg pains. That's it for now.

Looked at deeply, these are all new form survival fears.

Neck pain fears:

1. I'll return to my neck pain of two months ago which stopped me from exercising for several months. Since I can't exercise, I'll go downhill, lose my conditioning, and eventually die.

Knee and leg pains:

2. Again I won't be able to run; I'll lose my conditioning and eventually die. I won't be able to folk dance, or run tours. I'll lose my job, my income, my ability to make a living, my livelihood, drift into poverty and misery, and eventually die.

Mortality fears. Look deeply into the above pains. The aches and pains are hidden, distracted, redirected, misdirected fears of death.

Dealing with death: If I don't have to worry about dying, what's the difference?

If I can give up my fear of dying, make my peace with dying, what's the difference?

If I can make my peace with dying, what's the difference or big deal if I miss a few folk dance classes or tours? In the long run, the run of eternity, it's not a big deal. In fact, my work, my self, my identity, all of it, in the long run, is not a big deal. It will all be washed away and forgotten in the eternal fun play of streaming energy.

I really need a new attitude and philosophy about death, endings, eternity, and fun in the moment.

As a start, connect my physical pains to the terror and fear of my upcoming death. (I tremble at the very thought of it!)

A Real and Worthy Fear is the Fear of Death

Other fears pale in significance.

Therefore, put the worthy fear in front of your face.

Place the fear of death next to every ache and pain.

See how the fear of death minimizes and destroys every ache and pain.

Let the fear of death haunt your days and follow your nights. It is a good thing.

This trip to the bottom line fear of death began with Albania, with the fatigue and destruction of my tour vision, a vision which included financial motivation fear.

It continued through my MRI fear, my kidney operation fear/annoyance, and the dismal annoyance of my acute foot rash and immobile for three-week recovery. But all these operational annoyances were really breaks, “vacations” from the truth destruction of financial motivation fear. And the fear and motivational vacuum it created.

That vacuum has now been filled by fear of death.

Why did I fear the vacuum? Perhaps because I unconsciously knew that the biggest fear of all, the fear of death, would and could rush in to fill it. I would have to face death, the Great Vacuum, the greatest vacuum.

Well, it’s been a long transition. But now I’m facing it.

Thursday, May 19, 2016

Warm-Ups as Respect

Respect and honor my body by warming it up.

Warm-ups as respect to the art, a preliminary to prayer.

15 minute warm up – for each art form.

Guitar warm-ups

Pre-yoga, gym, and running warm-ups

Pre-dance class and teaching warm-ups

A vital habit.

This morning’s guitar practice proves it: If I play slow, slowly, or very slowly, I can play anything.

I wonder if this holds true in other fields.

A slow Alhambra is truly simple. So is a slow Leyenda. Or any Flamencan piece, any Bach, or anything else, for that matter.

Slow, in Depth, and Totally Competent

I have to give up the idea of playing fast and fiery flamenco. And that's okay.

Slow, in depth, and totally competent is the next step.

And it's totally fine with me.

Will this apply to languages, history, and other fields?

Is "slow, in depth, and totally competent" my new direction?

Seems so. And it's totally okay with me.

Vocals

Would I, am I ready, to add singing to my daily habit practice repertoire? Of course, I'd start with warm-ups.

Vocal warm-ups to respect and honor my voice.

The idea of respecting and honoring my body and voice with warm-ups puts vocals on a personal level, a level beyond performance. And that is very good, and necessary.

New Life Routine

I feel, and am hoping, that this is definitely the beginning of new life routine. Starting off with respect and honor through warm-ups. With an addition of slow.

I'm hoping my next life routine will add singing and editing to my routines.

The Jim Gold Show name is too self-conscious and personal. I'm really not comfortable with it.

I need another name. Then I can say, "Presented by Jim Gold." I'm comfortable with that.

But what name?

The Gaided Light

An Evening of Folk Songs, Gaida, and Guitar

with

Jim Gold, Dmitri Zlatov, Jimenez del Oro,
Arany Janos, Jakov Zahav, and Jacques d'Or.

Still

Maybe I need to be very still.

Maybe my body aches because a new one is forming to fit the new mind and self that is in the process of being born.

Growing pains, changing pains, transformation and new direction pains.

Hopefully, seeds of this change are found in The Gaided Light show.

A step in the right direction.

Practice, Improvement, and The Gaided Light

Writing (editing), singing, and gaida practice and improvement are part of The Gaided Light.

Friday, May 20, 2016

The Gaided Light

An Evening of Folk Songs, Gaida, and Guitar

with

Jim Gold, Dmitri Zlatov, Jimenez del Oro,
Arany Janos, Jakov Zahav, and Jacques d'Or.

Resurrecting Old Repertoire

Start going over old repertoire, resurrecting old repertoire. In both folk songs and classical guitar.

Why?

For self-improvement.

Saturday, May 21, 2016

Editing is Happening!

The slow down, the stopping, the gaided light, the small-step concentration, the focus on small increments and resurrection, is this the kind of depth and challenge, the new opportunity to excel that I am talking about?

I need a changing world.

Well, it is right in front of me!

Note: *With my new slow*, depth focus. and every day new and dynamic, editing is happening! My wishes are coming true.

Today's Words of Wisdom

1. Slow, slow and depth focus.
2. Plus the blessings (respect of the art) of warm-ups.

Follow them.

Monday, May 23, 2016

Avoiding (Retreating from) the Public

I wonder if I am losing something, cutting off my own leg, by not wanting to bring my creative work to the public, by avoiding (my desire?) to performing on guitar, to do readings, or basically, to avoid (retreat from) the public in general.

Am I cutting off a vital energy source and fount of inspiration in the process,

going backward to the negative aspects of my monk/retreat Greenwich village life.

Is connection with the public and energy and emotional upper, which for some strange reason, I am denying myself?

Avoiding and denying it is a source of depression, But entering and embracing it is a source of anxiety. Or is it still? Perhaps, at this stage, it is more an energy source than source of anxiety? Perhaps I have bypassed anxiety and am ready to enter the energy. I am, after all, at a new stage, in a new place.

Embracing the Swirling Energy of Going Public

Am I ready to embrace the swirling energy of public entrance, public performance, of going public?

Am I ready to substitute depression and meaninglessness with the former world of fear, anxiety, panic, and its commitment to higher energy? Am I ready to use this energy "differently?"

It would mean courting public performance, actually going out there and pushing to perform, to display myself in public, to open myself to the barbs of criticism.

But really, for some strange reason (am I fooling myself?), I no longer fear those barbs of criticism anymore.

It would mean searching for a performance, asking for one, making the effort to put myself at the edge of the abyss. But somehow again, the abyss doesn't bother me the way it used to.

In fact, the idea of falling into it puts me to sleep! (Do really believe this?)

Moving Beyond Criticism

Am I bored by the abyss? (What did I just say?) Bored by the idea of criticism by others? Somehow I feel that criticism can no longer hurt me. I have become bored with it and is so feeling have somehow moved beyond it! (Wow, do I really believe it? What does this mean?)

Diving into and sopping up the energy of the public.

Reorientation of my Attitude and Life

I don't have to practice for this. I just have to do it.

Criticism is getting boring. I hate being bored.

It means plunging into the public because I'm getting bored with my life alone, in retreat, in avoidance, cowering in fear of public criticism.

Perhaps this monk-like retreat existence, this in-room need and attitude has served its purpose, run its course. My in-room practice and imagination life has gotten boring. And I hate boring.

I need some pricking, prodding, a little energy booster. Perhaps this means I'm ready to jump off the cliff (exciting active mode) into the abyss.

This means a total reorientation of my attitude and life.

It means I'd court the public rather than avoid it.

Tuesday, May 24, 2016

Push "a Bit" Beyond my Limits

I can't do more than I can do. (Or can I?) I can only do so much. However, I can move beyond fear. I can step into the discomfort zone. This is the way to grow and expand. How?

Push "a bit" beyond my limits.

Note the "a bit." Not extreme, not unrealistic. I can reclaim my enthusiasm by pushing a bit beyond my limits.

I don't need a new business to do this. I simply need to deepen my old business, deepen my miracle schedule.

How?

Push "a bit" beyond my limits.

Start today.

The Happy Discomfort

In a sense, I have been in my “comfort zone” all year. And part of me has always wanted that. I wanted to be able to stay home and study, live the life of a happy hermit, lolling around in my living room reading, studying, practicing, etc. And this with no financial worries, in fact, doing it with no worries at all. This has been one of my dreams and “secret goals.” (Actually, not so secret.)

Well, this year I achieved it. With finances improved I did stay home, a long time, with few to no worries. I lived somewhat within the limits of my comfort zone.

Result: I am now quite thoroughly bored. I miss the old energies boiling in my gut, searing my stomach with what I used to call performance fear and anxiety. I miss my old discomforts.

Well, I must admit I succeeded once again in reaching and fulfilling my goal: To have the ability to stay home with no worries and just study and practice all day.

Goal achieved. First time every (as a married man) I have achieved such a goal. And with my success, I’m now mired in the usual post-achievement feeling of boredom.

Was I deceived by this goal? Was it a false direction, a mask covering the development and my potential and the fulfillment of my destiny? I’m not sure. Perhaps. Maybe I’ll never know. But all that doesn’t really matter anymore.

Truth is, whatever goal it was, it has now been achieved. The transitional or whatever-you-call-it year is over. I am bored and ready to move on.

So I ask: Now what?

Back to the happy discomfort of pushing “a bit” beyond my limits.

What is the challenge of “happy discomfort” in guitar?

Playing Alhambra, and other tremolo pieces, “a bit” faster.

Wednesday, May 25, 2016

I Love Philosophy!

Study, Philosophy, Language, Etymology

I love philosophy, and I have always loved philosophy. Ever since my father first told me about it when I was seventeen and going off to college. I sat there in front of him fascinated. I thought: "You mean such a thing actually exists! Wow."

I've been fascinated by it ever since.

Studying Hebrew is, to me, really studying philosophy. My etymology studies are also about philosophy. Words, their origins and deeper meanings fascinate me, and they are all about philosophy. How the world works in its deeper way with its inner meanings.

That's why I constantly look up words and their origins. Sounds and letters symbolize philosophy, which of course means "love of learning." Since I love learning I am a philosopher and lover of philosophy.

All knowledge is subsumed under philosophy, and since I love knowledge, all knowledge and all learning, I love philosophy.

It's important to know this about myself. It is, after all, the bottom line and bottom reason why I am always studying, why study is such an important aspect of my miracle schedule.

If philosophy is my bottom line, that's a good reason to talk about it. And a good reason to tell others about language, words, and their etymology. And why their etymology means something!

Who knows, I might even be able to talk about politics. (How? What is the root meaning, etymology of "politics?" etc).

My study of Hebrew is the study of philosophy through Hebrew etymology. Same is true of other languages. (Although I don't have as many etymological resource books as I do in Hebrew.)

Something Meaningful to Talk About

I love philosophy.

How will that realization change my present life?

Maybe I'll talk to others more about meaningful things. Going public with my knowledge and on my terms. (Wow, that just shot a scare through my stomach!)

Now I'll have something meaningful and important to talk about! Now that right there would be a huge life change.

How?

Love is the big thing.

What do I love?

Philosophy.

I talk about love.

How? By what means?

I talk about it through language and etymology.

Saturday, May 28, 2016

Two Great Questions

At the end of each day, or even at the beginning, or continually during the day, all day long, here are two great questions to ask:

1. What have you learned?
2. How have you improved?

Tours and More

I'm feeling rather quiet, confident, empty, with little stress and pressure. And yet my tours are coming up.

Is there another way to run a tour? A quiet, confident, calm, "easy" way? (Or am I kidding myself?)

I'd like to add "focused" to the menu.

Am I focused? Maybe, but perhaps quietly and differently. And on nothing in particular.

Could this be the next post-Albania step, the result of my "year off?"

I'd like to think so.

Okay, let me say I'm ready to take this new path.

My "goal" is a quiet, calm, confident, focused, "easy" tour running/leading way.

I wonder what that means. And how it will be implemented.

What Are My Dreams?

Today I feel quiet, calm, and confident.

Am I focused, too? Not exactly. My new place in life feels rather strange.

Does it have to do with how to focus without the motivation of fear?

Yes, my fear level is lower.

Can I even say it is gone? (If yes, is that a good thing? (And am I again fooling myself?))

Well then let me state: Today my tour fear is gone!

Old questions emerge:

Without fear to motivate me, will I have the energy and interest to run my tour?

Without fear to motivate me, will I have the energy and interest to focus?

Mine is not the state of fearlessness, bravery or courage. To be brave, courageous, heroic, you must first be afraid of something. Bravery and courage come when surmount your fears and do it anyway.

My "without fear" state is more like total drainage. I have simply lost interest in fear. Somehow it has dribbled away. Like an old friend gone on a happy, long, even "permanent" vacation. Will he ever return? In a new form? I don't know.

In any case, now I'm alone, no longer accompanied by Mr. Fear.

Can I function without him? He pushed and motivated me with his constant threats of doom, poverty, humiliation, and destruction. The threats definitely worked! Or at least they used to. But now somehow, Mr Fear has dribbled away.

Tours to France and Greece are coming up. I'll have to lead them without Mr. Fear. How to do it?

Will I even bother running them? Perhaps I'll just fall asleep and drift away in a happy, relaxed, uncaring dream. Would I do that? Is that what I really want!

What exactly are my dreams?

Simply to fall asleep and dream?

Perhaps I fear dreaming itself.

If I follow my dreams, could I end up doing absolutely nothing?

Is doing nothing one of my dreams? Maybe.

But after doing nothing for awhile, I know I'll eventually get bored and want to do something. What will that something be?

Would I bother running a tour? I like the money but still, isn't running a tour just too much work, too much trouble?

Today the question is: What are my dreams?

I have a change to realize my dreams.

The only question is: What are they?

Was running a tour ever a dream?

What part of running a tour was a dream?

The "running wild on the lawn" part of it.

But I run wild on the lawn leading a group? I can leading my folk dance group.

How to run wild (on the lawn) with a tour group:

Sunday, May 29, 2016

Traveling in Depth

A New Beginning Direction on my Birth-Day

Slow, slow. Can I edit, and play guitar, and even sing with and in the same

depth as I study Hebrew?

And even run a tour in such depth? (Now there is a wish!) However and after all, I did entitled this "Traveling in Depth."

If I did this, it would indeed signal a Post-Albania, post-transition, post everything new direction.

And note: Today is my birthday!

Is it the birth of a new day? Well, why not!

In order to really be the birth of a new day, I would make a commitment to this new direction.

Shall I make this my birth-day, the birth of a new day?

Well, why not!

This birth-day "slow down" has little to do with money or success. It's about pace and philosophy, about a slower, love of learning (philosophical) approach to life.

It might create more money and more success or it might not. But that, although it would be nice, is besides the point.

Can I do it?

Is there even a choice?

It's About Passionate Love

The idea of study is not necessarily to make me smarter, although that would be nice.

But rather, it is to find a path full of passionate love. A path that touches, brings out, and helps me express the passionate love within me.

"Running wild on the lawn" is passionate love.

Go for it! Everywhere.

"Slow, slow" is another way of (expressing) focus.

Monday, May 30, 2016

Live in the Roots

Live in the roots.

I'm becoming root man. Hebrew roots, linguistic roots, etymology and etymological roots, guitar and writing roots. Perhaps roots in all things I am studying.

When I learn, I improve. Improvement is inherent in learning, part of learning, subsumed under learning.

My goal is to learn.

As an older, wiser, and more experienced person who has cover much of the field, my present learning direction is downward and deeper, plumbing the depths.

No problem saying older and more experienced. But wiser? I hesitate. Is it hubris to use that word?

A shade of insecurity? Dare I say I am wiser?

But what else can I be?

Depth in Alhambra, Other Tremolo Pieces, and More

Depth in guitar: Take Alhambra, for example:

The roots of Alhambra, and other tremolo pieces, are in the bass. Depth may subsume speed, be "beyond speed," since I know where the roots are anyway.

Tuesday, May 31, 2016

Guitar is About Philosophy

Roots are about others, universal.

Right hand thumb is about roots.

It's all about philosophy. Cosmos versus individual, universal versus self.

Leaves are about self, individual.

Index finger is about leaves. Leaves (Leaf) is about ego, self, the individual.

(Thus is concerns how others think of you.

Alhambra bass is about roots and others.

Alhambra treble (tremolo) is about is about self.

New Leaf is about self and its individual struggles.

(Would New Leaves be about roots and others? If yes, that might give me a reason to publish it. Or is this just another hope and rationalization?)

This is about my life's journey, question, and problem. And no one is going to be able to figure out the answer but me. I am totally alone on this one.

Along with the fact that no one can help me, I may not even want any help. I want to figure it out on my own.

There's also the possibility I will never be able to figure it out, that there is no answer. Its a universal question, a daily problem, one that must be faced daily, solved daily, over and over again.

That's why every day starts a fresh, why I'm writing New Leaf Journal, why everyday I turn over a new leaf.

Tortured Soul

Maybe its just better if I see myself as a tortured soul and leave it at that.

Of course, Bernice says its my tortured soul that makes me so lovable.

Maybe I'm just a tortured soul who also likes to smile a lot, talk to people, and dance and sing.

Do I like to lead people? Not necessarily, but I do it anyway. I wonder why.

There must a deeper reason than making money. But what could it be?

Leading people, organizing and leading a tour partly (mostly?) belongs in the tortured soul category. Maybe its part of my duty and purpose on earth. Something I have to do but I'll never really know why. Just like I don't know why I torture myself with questions of direction and purpose, why so much of y being is, by nature, is a tortured soul.

Maybe tortured soul is simply part of the dual nature of human existence in the

cosmos, and singing, dancing, smiling is the comic relief part of the show.

Wednesday, June 1, 2016

Land of Art

The Lost and Found Department

Who am I?

Art is my core; artist is my being, art is my essence.

Somehow, during this post-Albania year of operations, transitions, and “resting”, I have forgotten my essence and my path.

Back to being an artist.

This somehow means guitar, writing, dancing, and even art.

Languages, studies, stock market, these ethereal aspects of my miracle schedule, and even the hard core, material, down-to-earth business of leading tours, and my tour business, are all vital. important, fascinating, and lovely parts of my security and foundation and necessary to my being.

But nevertheless, they are secondary forms.

Art is my essence. Go with it and I will no longer feel lost and listless. I’ll wake up with enthusiasm instead of sleeping late, wondering what to do with my day.

To stand fully in the Land of Art is where I have always longed to be. Money, studies, even athletics, even as I love them, were and are nevertheless means to this end.

I am ready. This transitional year has prepared me to stand fully in the Land of Art.

I start today.

“Perhaps” and “Maybe”

Note: Suddenly, my back hurt after I wrote “I start today.”

Evidently, I first had to recover from writing the above paragraph. Perhaps I am better off if I write “Perhaps I start today.”

Somehow the concepts of “perhaps” and “maybe” are very important words in my vocabulary and philosophy. They maintain the ethereal, indefinite, dream state of flexibility and possibility.

They are the words I evidently use before I leap.

Art is like Breathing

Don't confuse making a living with art. Although artistry and work obviously overlap.

Art has nothing to do with money, or even communicating with others. It can exist alone and in a vacuum and still remain vital. (This answers the Berkeley question: When the tree falls in the forest and no one hears it, does it exist? The answer is yes!)

Art is like breathing. Whether others, an audience, the public, is looking or not is besides the point.

Art is like breathing: I can't exist without it.

Art is my “Running Wild on the Lawn”

Art is my “running wild on the lawn.”

(And it is one of the few places I can practice it.)

Not an ending, but a self-knowledge discovery and conclusion to this “Running Wild on the Lawn” New Leaf.

I could thus rename this leaf: Art New Leaf.

But it is too early to do so. First, art and running wild on the lawn need to coalesce further in my mind.

Perhaps my next New Leaf will be called Art New Leaf.

Yes! I am ready.

This leaf has served its purpose. On to my next leaf!

So ends a New Leaf.

