

## Comedy

Friday, November 17, 2017

### My Kind of Comedy

#### Stand-Up Comedy: Jim Gold Show

#### Sit-Down Comedy: Writing

Best day I've had in months!

I started my new "comedy" routine.

After morning coffee and (mild) "warm-up" study, I did:

1. One hour of writing

a. Begin with original, wild, crazy, running wild on the lawn, babble,

loose, new writing. In Infant Vision

b. Then editing of bookmarked Infant Vision

2. Guitar

3. Exercise

Celebrate my new beginning. As a comedian who happens to ("on the side") play guitar, sing, gaida, dance, whatever, etc.

My own style of (stand-up) comedy. Etymological, historical, and intellectual play, imagination running wild, walking-off-the-table stuff, freedom to roam anywhere.

It comes out in writing. Could it ever come out in "stand-up" comedy? But what is my one man Jim Gold Show but a stand up comedy routine?

Jim Gold Show is a stand-up comedy routine. I've just been wishy-washy, undecided, and uncommitted, and have never seen it completely that way. And I have never committed to comedy. Humor, wit, off-the-wall, etc. are better words for me than "comedian" or "comedy." But maybe it's time to drop this graded nuance. After all, these type of subtle distinctions have been really ways of holding me back, ways of not committing myself to full-bodied, Victor Borge-type comedy. My own kind of comedy.

My Kind of Comedy is Really Running Wild on the Lawn

Thus begins a New Leaf. ("My Divine Comedy?")

On the other hand, it is a continuation of all my New Leaves. I've been doing this kind of comedy for years. Only I Never called it comedy.

Now, by calling it comedy, I'm redefining myself. This brings total clarity, definition, focus, and commitment to my every expanding, running wild on the lawn, wild-and-funny, comedy creating process.

I've been doing this all along.

Thus ends my search to run wild on the lawn, ends my search for running wild on the lawn.

I am now running wild on my lawn!

Privately, through writing. Publically through the Jim Gold Show.

I have succeeded!

Nothing new here. Yet, everything new here!

This new comedy attitude, approach, style will effect everything I do. The way I see myself, the way I do myself.

What is included in my public Jim Gold Show?

To begin, a "new" style of folk dance teaching. A comedy/teaching/leading style.

Spills somehow into entrepreneurship and tour leading as well.

Comedy. Me as a comedian. First.

It changes the color of everything.

Comedy, my kind of comedy, flows easy. It releases me into the stream.

I wonder what this comedy realization, and my left leg have to do with each other. With this realization success, I will definitely be walking in a different way.

Have I moved through this Sarnoian fear to the real deal?  
Is the my kind of comedy me the real threat and fear? And I have been  
distracting myself, for years, with left knee, ankle, leg pain?  
After all, to run wild on the lawn I do need my left leg.

The old word for comedy I've always seems as kind of crude. I'm not crude.  
That's why I would never call myself a comedian. (Re crude I see Milton Berle, Bob  
Hope, etc.)

However, I love Victor Borge, Tom Lehrer, etc. They are definitely not crude.  
They are my models, idols, etc.

Thus "muy kind of comedy" move along their lines. But mine it totally unique,  
not at all like theirs. But none of the three are crude. They are sophisticated, sweet,  
kind, and funny.

That is my kind of comedy: sophisticated, sweet, kind, and funny.

### Proving Myself

New Leaf Journal was partly written, and published because I wanted to show  
people I had a serious and sensitive side, Not all jokes and funny, Thus, in a sense, it  
was like performing classical guitar: I wanted to prove I was good, prove I could  
actually play guitar well, before I could start fooling around, joking, having fun, and  
show my true self.

Well, on all levels, I've now proven myself as much as I need to. I'm now moving  
beyond proving, both in performing and writing. I'm revealing, being, running wild  
with my true self.

Sunday, November 19, 2017

As Bulgarian and Hebrew are suddenly re-excited in my travel-study mind, am I  
reborn in the process. Seems either no fires are burning, or they all burn at once.

Thursday, November 23, 2017

### Thanksgiving Day

I'm tired of being in pain, and pushing. (Am I getting tired of suffering?)

How do I relax and take a vacation?

I want an easy day, one without suffering.

So I started this morning with Hebrew and coffee. Nice.

Now I'm playing classical guitar for fun and enjoyment. Why? Because it's easy and relaxing. (What a strange new thing to say!)

No pressure, no work. Just easy and relaxing.

Is that what vacation means? Maybe.

### Florida Vacation

What actually does relax me?

What is a vacation?

How do I take one?

I like learning. Maybe that's our upcoming "Florida Vacation" is all about.

1. What is a vacation?

2. How to take a vacation?

Truth is, I never take a vacation (because I proudly believe that my life is already a vacation since I "retired" early at 26.)

But I also constantly put pressure on myself to work and accomplish. Although I choose my work, and even the kind of pressure I put on myself, I must admit, it is still work. And even if self-inflicted, one may need a vacation, a rest, a change to get away and gain a new perspective, something new to free even my own "free" and entrepreneurial mind.

And truly, I've never learned how to do this. In fact, formerly, the very idea of "vacation" gets (got) me nervous because I'd have to give up doing all the things I love. But doing many of the things I love is often tainted with unpleasant pressure. (It is my

own self-created pressure, but it is pressure nevertheless.)

So I may well need to take a vacation from my own pressure. In the past, I've never recognized my own pressure. Consequently, I've never needed or tried taking a vacation from it.

But times change. I'm ready to see things differently.

And I start with our Florida vacation.

### Vacation Mode

First question: Can I make an public folk dance appearance (in Andi's class), teach a few folk dances, socialize, and promote my tours in "vacation mode?"

### New Vacation Adventure Life

#### Looking for (Miracle Schedule) Love

My so-called new "vacation adventure life" starts today. I hoping and looking for a new love in my playing.

Can a vacation be an adventure? An adventure into myself, into the deepest recesses searching to True Love.

Love of guitar playing.

### Secret Foundation

I wonder if the guitar is my secret foundation.

I know music is my foundation.

Friday, November 24, 2017

### Keep Practicing Speed, Strength, and Flexibility

Keep practice speed, strength, and flexibility.

Speed is next to exhilaration, which is next to God.

Strength and flexibility are probably the same.

The places for this practice is classical and flamencan guitar, running, gym and yoga.

### Morning of Hope

#### Combining Fast, Slow, and Control

Alhambra and tremolo actually feel different this morning.

Somehow I have combined fast, slow, and right finger control. Focus is equality of all fingers.

Thus, this morning is a morning of hope. Could yesterday's decision to have fun playing classical guitar be part of this? Seems so. The pressure to perform is off, gone. I am free to have fun!

### At My Own Pace

Actually, the order is slow, control, and a touch of fast. Actually, what I'm saying is, I've moving comfortably at my own pace! This is me!

Playing Alhambra, and everything else, at my own pace!

My own pace is my fun pace!

Sunday, November 26, 2017

I've got the Alhambra. Good.

Now I'm playing around with my old Alhambra fears. Daring them to come back.

Is this a good idea? I don't know, but it is happening.

Is it an act of courage that I dare to play with them? Or an act of stupidity that I'm even letting them in again, to check them out anew, see if I'm stronger than they are?

### Testing

Well, why question it? Why doubt myself? I am letting in the old fears. I

evidently want to, want to test myself anew against them. See if the walls of this new Fortress of Confidence I have built on top of the hill can hold off, withstand, and move beyond their evil spears.

Tuesday, November 28, 2017

### Obligation

God gave me a social, artistic, and organizational talent in order to lift the spirit of others.

I've chosen to develop my skills.

How to use them?

Obligation: I owe God and man for this gift.

How to fulfill my obligations? (And push, "inspire," and do what's good for me and others.)

1. Teach folk dancing

2. Give concerts

3. Get a monthly job:

a. Leading folk singing

b. Playing classic guitar in a restaurant, nursing home, other.

4. Get my writings out there. Promote, publish through readings, concerts, website, etc.

I've crossed the money line. It is no longer about money; its about obligation.

Obligation answers the "What is my purpose?" and "Why bother?" questions.

What is my purpose? To raise the spirit of others (Obviously, this includes myself: in the process of raising the spirit of others, I raise my own as well.

Why bother? Because I have to. It's my obligation, my job.

Should I go back to Barry for editing and because I have to? To help fulfill my obligations?

Perhaps I can just send it to him, or have private sessions?

Friday, December 1, 2017

We're in Sarasota staying at Phoebe's.

No internet connection in the house, forcing me to go to the clubhouse.

However, it also forces me to use the computer only to write.

This may be good. It is at least new.

### Knees

My knees still hurt, and are beginning to worry me. Am I going downhill, and soon will be out? Should I pay attention to this worry? Or instead, just say fuck it, life is full of pain and worry, and move on to "more important projects and ideas?" Probably the latter,

My knee pains will be forever. As the book says, "I don't give a fuck" and move on.

Find and focus on something more important than knees. Like running, dancing, yoga.

### Writing

Also, find an editor. Carol? Other? (Dee? Recommendations?) Both?

Should I also join a writing class? Or a writing class with a teacher?

Why?

1. To push me to improve my work. (But I could also do this through readings, which would force me to go over each word.)

2. To "learn something." But I don't want to learn anything.

3. To listen to others work, and learn from it. But I hate and am bored with listening to other people's work. I'm only interested in my own work, and hearing it read, and perhaps hearing comments on it, mostly good. But I am interested in hearing



about editing errors and improvements. But I could get most of this from an editor.

As for the fear and motivation factors, I could get these by doing public readings. (But will I ever? Good question.

Result so far: I need an editor. Whether I need a class or not is still questionable. And whether or not I will do readings is also questionable.

A good test here is, while editing my newest stuff, am I thinking about how it would sound if I read it in public? Hmm. If yes, this would mean slower editing and more focus on each piece.

Saturday, December 2, 2017

Three big questions this morning:

1. Why do I like, and study Hebrew?
2. How to reclaim my body?
3. Why bother with the ever-popping present question: Why bother?

What do I like about Hebrew?

1. Etymology. The idea of Mozeson, false or true, that all words go back to Hebrew.

2. I have several good books about Hebrew etymology along with good dictionaries.

3. I like history. Reading the Torah in the original to learn about history.

4. I have a Jewish soul, and love for Israel and the Jewish people, although I'm not sure where the study of Hebrew fits into this.

What do I dislike about Hebrew?

1. The sound of the language. Too harsh, rough, rugged, tough, and guttural. Of course, Arabic is the same. But somehow that doesn't bother me. Could my dislike have something to do with upbringing and ignorance? Maybe.

Of course, maybe my very dislike of the language sound might be its attraction! Hatred, dislike, discomfort, are, after all negative forms of distraction. And what's

wrong with harsh, rough, tough, and guttural? Good questions to consider.

Maybe it is time to reconsider my entire relationship with Hebrew. Even speaking it.

Maybe it's time to return to Hebrew study, but in a new way. And this, of course, is totally separate from my business and leading a tour to Israel.

Okay, question two: How to reclaim my body?

1. Mostly it is knees, and mostly my left knee. Yes, it has been in a state of hurt, pain, stiffness and collapse for years. But somehow, post Balkan Splendor tour, it has gotten much worse. Along with ligament stiffness behind the knee. Which has thrown me even further off, thus compensating on my right side, effecting my right knee as well. Basically, the whole thing stinks, and I've somehow stopped my exercises.

So, how to reclaim it? My total faith has been in my exercises, that they bring blood to the areas and not only heal them, but enable me to use them effectively.

Is this still true? Can I go back, or resurrect that faith? I shall restart my exercises, the exercise of my religion today and find out.

(Note: There is no reason to "find out." I know it works. If not, I am totally lost. Note: the appearance of doubt. And doubt causes worry. And worry leads to the Why bother? question. Thus the whole thing keeps going around in circles, with no answer ever in sight.

My best response to the Why bother? question is to bypass it and dive straight in!

Thus, don't bother with the don't bother question.

Perhaps I have been misinterpreting the meaning of the "Why bother? message. When I hear "Why bother?" it "means," is my signal, to dive straight in!

### Time and Religious Practice

Yes, I am stiff, and it is slower when you are older. But that doesn't mean the practice of my exercise religion does not work. It just means the practice of physical

things take a bit more time.

### Whip-Sawed

#### Balkan Splendor Success and the Old Neighborhood

##### The Path of Grand Success!

So why do I see my Balkan Splendor Tour as a watershed tour and watershed moment? I came back from that tour “different.” And I have yet to understand why, what happened, or recover from it.

So what happened?

1. I was mad because we had so few people.
2. It was the greatest program, the greatest bunch of travelers, truly the ideal type of tour I’d like to run.

So maybe I was whip-sawed. Hating the small number, but, on the other hand loving the tour program and the travelers themselves.

Can one have two directions at once? No.

Whip=sawed means two currents colliding. A divided mind. Stopped in its tracks. Stuck in stop. Dazed and wondering which direction to choose, which direction is right.

So which direction should I choose? Maybe best to drop the anger and hatred one (caused by the small number of registrants), and focus on the wonder of our trip. The beauty of the program, and travelers as well. Truth is, although I have little control who will register (some but little), I do have control of the program! And our program was a wonder.

So maybe part of this post-Balkan Splendor whipsaw confusion is a return to my old neighborhood. The program was so good, the tour so splendid, that I couldn’t stand looking at it, accepting it, and instead of appreciating its wonder, I stepped back into the old neighborhood of put-downs and non-accomplishments.

So perhaps this is why my body feels like its falling apart, my knee pains feel are intense, my exercise program feels throttled, and moving in half-gear.

I've been carrying the whip-saw confusion burden on my back. Brilliant, shining program success mixed with old neighborhood put downs equal locked in contrary movement, stiffness, stopped up and stoppage, along with its concomitant physical pain expression.

Time to choose a true and better path. I'll choose the shining and brilliant sun of grand success. And learn to live with it!

Learning to Live in the Shining  
and Glory

A Most Worthy Post-80 Task

What grand successes am I learning to live with?

1. Balkan Splendor fantastic tour program!
2. Most brilliant playing of Alhambra and Sor Study 12 playing yesterday.

Farruca, too. The best!

What to do?

I've been through all the shit in the last 80 years. I've paid my dues.

What is my path and direction after 80?

My next task and daily and future direction is:

Learn how to live in the shining and glory!

Working together with the Lord, the dazzlement of my creations. (With entrance of the word "my," ego just stepped in. Maybe that's a good thing. What else do I have but my ego? Part of my post-80 task is learning to not only accept it, but to embrace all aspects of self in wonder and glory.

Sunday, December 3, 2017

How to bottle that inspired first moment after morning coffee when my body and mind sing "Ready to roll!"

### Making my Peace with Segovia

I've made my peace with Segovia.

His version of Alhambra, with melody in the base, is right.

I've been fighting him, my ego has been fight him, for the past forty years. I wanted to stand up to him to be independent of him, have my own way of playing, be an entrepreneur of guitar, not have, never have someone else tel me what to do, etc.

Somehow this period, lasting forty Israel in the desert years, has ended. I'm making peace with Segovia; I'm making friends with Segovia. We are together now. I'm "imitating" him and his Alhambra, and somehow I am doing it with happiness and acceptance. I don't know why this is happening now, or why it took so long? And perhaps I never will. But it is happening now. And all I can say is: Thank God!

### Unifying Alhambra

#### That's What 80 is All About

Segovia and my father come to mind. But my father never told me what to do. But I love and loved my father. Now perhaps I love Segovia as well.

Segovia always "told" me what to do. And I rebelled with a "Never, never!". My mother also told me what to do.

Does Segovia represent my mother? Maybe an aspect. My father offers the unconditional love, my mother offers the discipline and its form of love.

In Segovia I now combine them both. Mother of discipline, father of love, thumb and fingers, classical music discipline with love of classical training, all combine in a beautiful, peaceful, and unifying Alhambra.

That's what 80 is all about.

Unifying all your parts: That's what 80 is all about

Lieft Knee and Unification

Could my left knee be a prelude to another kind of 80 unification.

Expressing Emotion: Left Knee, Left (Knee and Foot) on Footstool.

I know I'm right. There is a relationship. My positive emotions are opening up.  
Since grand success of Balkan Splendor tour.

Emotional relationship between my left knee (running, dance, also hurts on steps, dance "steps), left knee (foot on) footstool. Guitar playing beyond technique, playing classic guitar with emotion.

Left side: emotional shutdown side, holding back, holding it in. Left knee holding back the expressing of beauty, love, and serious unifying things.

But after 80, I'm ready!

Okay, that's the next path.

So how do I express my emotions on classical guitar and in folk dancing?

Start now.

Guitar: start now

Folk dancing: Aim for tomorrow's Monday night Sarasota teaching.

It's about allowing exhilaration level.

Alhambra, Leyenda, etc.

Monday, December 4, 2017

Nightmare, nightmare. What will save me from impotence and incompetence?

My limbs are drying up; I'm stiff and can hardly move.

My left leg is getting worse, worse, crippling me.

Is the a worry, or a reality?

Yes, my leg hurts, yes I am stiff, partly because my leg hurts.

But it could get better; it could go away.

But it could also get worse; I could end up impotent, incompetent, and crippled.

Which one is real?

No question, my dream, my nightmare was "real.:

But I woke up. To what?

On the one hand, yesterday was great. Good run, not bad weights and swim.

Then brilliant guitar playing! I shone in the brilliance. Really, what could be better?

Then the nightmare. Why? Which one is real?

I'm teaching today. Did that scare me? Yes. But I know I can do it. I doubt that's the reason for the nightmare.

Yes, I'm worried.

What is worry?

Worry is a doubt about the future, and the doubt causes discomfort.

The future is always unknown. Since obviously, we never know the future, doubt about the future never goes away.

Yes, maybe I'll never know the reason for my nightmare. And that's okay. Because (as I learned yesterday and the day before) the answer to worry is not to know why I worry – although it may not hurt to know and sometimes it may even help. The answer to worry is to dive straight in! To move, To shut off the brain and just do it.

This is the solution and I know it works.

So I'll do it.

Put Myself Before Others

Walking the Delicate Line Between

Protection and Exposure

Maybe it's better to put myself before others so I will better know, and deal with,

fear, embarrassment, and distraction.

Even though such activities make me very uncomfortable, why are they nevertheless, good for me? They will help me know and deal better with: The negatives: Fear, embarrassment, and distraction.

The positives: Improves power of focus.

This means:

New:

1. Perform classical guitar before others. (Where?)

A. Sing? (A compromise? Chickening out?)

B. Or a new development?

2. Read my writings before others. (Join a writing group where I must read my own writings to others. Montclair, Teaneck, other.)

Old:

1. Teach folk dancing before others. I do that now anyway, but note, how it helps me deal with the three biggies.

Truth is, anything done before others creates fear, embarrassment and distraction. But also strengthens and improves my power of focus.

What I am doing above is taking my deepest secret treasures public. Exposing these jewels to the critical and (potentially) destructive eyes of others.

How will I protect myself in public? How can I bring my innermost treasures to view, expose them, and still protect myself?

I definitely need protection in public. (My sense of humor is my, and has been my shield.)

But there is no shield in classical guitar. And half-shield in writing, and even singing.

Walking the delicate line between protection and exposure. I'm ready to take the walk. But I tremble as I start.



Indeed, this unites all the art forms, and everything else I do in public. Walking the line between protection and exposure. If this is the case, and it is, it really doesn't matter what I perform.

(This means in some way, I could combine classical guitar and songs, and even writing, in some public form. It would not be a compromise, but a Jim Gold Show development. I could introduce classical guitar, and even writings into the show.

And even folk dance, and tour, and gaida into the show.

First step: Learn to SHOW OFF!

Practice SHOWING OFF!

Impotence is about holding back that final drop on the index finger, not giving in to the (power of the) Alhambra. Resisting my power. Not showing off. Not showing off my power!

That's what my nightmare was about. Holding back. Fear of SHOWING OFF, of letting it all out, resistance to exhilaration and running wild on the lawn.

Will I always be fighting the resistance? Will it always be my daily struggle? Maybe.

Exhilaration, running wild on the lawn: That's what SHOWING OFF is all about.

And it's a good thing!

And it's not a bout practice, or practicing more. I already have this in me, It's more about getting used to it. Getting used to exhilaration, running wild on the lawn in public.

On that level, it's not even about showing off. The term "showing off" is rather self-conscious. B(That's why I don't like the word "showing off." It's actually a put down of the real me.)

Exhilaration and running wild on the lawn is simply the real me! I am showing

the real me.

A higher and best reality: The real, joyful, simcha me.

The post-80 me.

Tuesday, December 5, 2017

Lovely Sarasota folk dance workshop, indeed.

### Jim Gold Bio

Do you wonder why the world is a mess? What is the cause of human suffering, and how pain and suffering can be relieved? Do you wonder how to elevate the human spirit and save the world? (Or, in not the world, at least yourself.)

Do you dream of salvation, rebirth, regeneration? Improvement, personal growth, and expansion?

Is there a cure?

Once upon a time, searching for such an elixir, a student asked a (mountain) sage (living in the Catskills mountains in the cave of his mind): "Can folk dancing save the world (planet, earth)?"

After many years of teaching and research, this student (, Jim Gold,) now believes it can.

Jim Gold travels as a folk dance teacher and choreographer have helped him reach a similar conclusion. So have his years of playing classical guitarist, gaida, singing folk songs, writing books, and leading international folk dance international (to over ?>> countries, being president of his own company, Jim Gold International.

After writing ten books, creating CDs, DVDS, and hundreds of Youtube folk dance and tour videos, he believes that the positive vibrations of folk dancing can save, if not the world (planet), at least your world. (And since our world is all we've got, saving it is the most worthy cause!)

To help save the planet, Jim washes all his dishes by hand! This habit ecological grandeur stimulates his cardiovascular system and helps to conserve gas and electricity.

Recently, he received the prestigious "Save the Earth" award from Leslie Hirsch, ventriloquist and president of "Save the Earth."

In a speech to her members, she said, "Jim Gold's dances help to save the planet. The miracle of his choreographies is that even though they are all danced on the ground, none leave any carbon footprint! Also each dance comes with a non-harassment guarantee.

When Sarah Peabody filed an assault lawsuit, claiming that one of Jim's faster dances touched her heart, the judge threw out the case, claiming, along with many of Jim's fans, that his dances never touched anybody. Jim then counter-sued and collected a cool six million.

Jim hopes you will contact him to teach your local folk dance group. Or register to travel on one of his international folk dance tours.

Contact him at: [www.jimgold.com](http://www.jimgold.com)

Or "Save Vibrations," 206 Pholk street, Narodnitanz, New Jersey,.

Wednesday, December 6, 2017

### "Controlled Losing"

#### Flow, Exhilaration, Novels, and Classic Guitar

Reading novels. The "I can't put it down!" experience.      Puts me right in the flow. Exhilaration. Although flow and exhilaration are related, they are not the same thing.

The exhilarating flow of being pulled into a novel, the "I can't put it down" experience, may be related to my exhilaration guitar playing, the exhilarating flow of my fingers through my mind, and vice versa.

In other words, maybe reading novels will "help" my guitar playing. And of course, vice versa.

But I don't need help reading novels. I've been afraid to read them for years because of their pull in effect, where I lose control of myself.

Of course, I could recognize that it is a "controlled losing," somewhat similar to the controlled losing of myself when I dive into an Alhambra tremolo.

Is "controlled losing" similar to running wild on the lawn? Maybe, with advanced age and maturity, it is. And I'm at that stage, at that place, now.

Maybe I could, should, will add reading novels to my post-vacation, return to Teaneck, repertoire.

### Vacation Results

Results of my vacation: What can and will I bring back to Teaneck?

1. Exhilaration guitar: Classical guitar exhilaration playing.

A. Exhilaration folk singing. Add folk singing, too

2. Exhilaration running. Running daily. Morning relaxation, a la The Landings.

3. Reading novels. ven in the morning with coffee!

4. Find an editor.

### Editing as a Thing of Beauty

Editing my own works as a thing of beauty.

Editing as a form of relaxation, sculpting each sentence to my happy satisfaction.

Could I do it? How could I do it?

First, do very little. Small area. Perhaps print the pages. Read them, too. Also, consult with my editor. Actually, I'm not sure how to go about this, but it certainly is a worthy pursuit.

To make editing my own works and personal pleasure, like perfecting an Alhambra: What a lovely accomplishment that would or will be.

An afternoon relaxation work.

### Letting Go

### An Exhilaration Step "Forward"

To "give in" to reading novels, especially first thing in the morning, would be such a giant "letting go." An incredible exhilaration step "forward." Different and daring.

Am I ready?

Yes.

This couples with exhilaration guitar.

### Stocks: Take Smaller Positions

Take smaller positions. This will make me less nervous. Also I can drop my stop-loss guesswork strategy. And focus on whether the company is good or not. Or know I am taking a total chance.

### Humor Opens the Door to Exhilaration

Humor opens the door to exhilaration.

How?

By cutting away fear, and dumping it in the gutter, with a laugh.

Is there a humorous way to approach the Alhambra? Good question.

It all depends on Thumbby,

Tom Thumbby and the Rumpel Stiltson effect.

Thursday, December 7, 2017

### Reading Novels

#### The "I Don't Know" Adventure

As I'm reading my novels, the desire to write them, and even the desire to write, and even the magic of writing, of creating the written word, is dribbling away.

Yes, as I read novels, and perhaps poetry, too, my desire to write it is dribbling away. Most "sad" is that the magic and mystery of the written word and its creation by me, is dribbling away. I suppose it is because it is becoming "common."

Everyone does it and can do it. That's part of it, but only part. "Look at all these other writers. There are so many. Anyone can do it.

But, as I say, the dribbling away of uniqueness, along with the competitive and jealous aspects are only part of it. In fact, I feel little to no jealousy or even competitiveness. It is more that in the knowing, the knowing how, the knowledge itself, the magic and romance of writing is disappearing.

How strange. Why is this happening? I don't know.

Could this be why I never read novels? Somehow I doubt it. But it is a new feeling.

Is it because I need something meatier to dig my teeth into? Like history, language, or etymology? Where the wonder of the unknown stays alive?

I don't know.

Am I losing my ego strength by reading the works of others? I doubt it. But I don't know.

Something new and strange may be happening in this next adventure. But I don't know.

Perhaps it is the "I don't know" adventure.

Or could it be the writers themselves, their writing styles and their subjects?

I'm looking at two books, "The Sun Also Rise" by Ernest Hemingway, a famous book; and "Atlantis" by David Gibbins, a writer unknown to me. Gibbins so far is historical and richly worded. Hemingway is contemporary and a sparse style.

Too early to say more. We'll see where this leads.

The Alhambra/Leyenda/Prelude in dm/Villa Lobos Prelude no. 4 arpeggio struggle is over.

It's all in the bass. Period. End of struggle.

And it's so simple when I put it all in the bass, when I do it right.

But instead of feeling happy and victorious, I feel empty and drained.

Why is that? After all, it is a Wahoo and a victory. Is it an old neighborhood put-down returned? Possibly.

Okay, can I feel wonderful, victorious, and shout out a glorious "Wahoo!?" That would be the "proper" reaction. (But of course I have the "What's wrong with me that it took 40 years to find this out?" to knock myself on the head with.)

Should I try for the glory feeling? Or am I simply too comfortable and "happy" feeling low? Good question.

Maybe it's a health question: What is better for me? Feeling good or bad?

Feeling good makes me feel bad; feeling bad makes me feel good. Yes, I feel good about feeling bad, and I feel bad about feeling good.

So truth is, I don't know.

Since I'm a "maybe" and compromising kind of guy, maybe I need both.

### Comedy

Yes, feeling good makes me feel bad, and feeling bad makes me feel good. I feel good about feeling bad, and I feel bad about feeling good.

That's the comedy. This is the Comedy New Leaf.

Friday, December 8, 2017

Last day in Sarasota.

I'm looking forward to going home and improving myself through new study and new goals. It's been a great vacation and has served its purpose of regeneration.

Now I can't wait to get home and start again.

What will I start again? What will I improve?

All areas lie in the realm of miracle schedule. I'm ready to take the next step.

A Singer!

Note how I sang yesterday. My heart and soul poured out in a private wail of solitude and breakthrough.

I even considered becoming a singer! A new singer with a new voice! Imagine that! Where did this come from? And why? Why now?

Preceding it was again the realization that thumb and only thumb was the bass and basic of Alhambra. Then I tried Farruca, and Zapateado, thinking I now might even be able to introduce them in a JG show. But again, through stiffness, and perhaps self-consciousness, I failed. Then I thought maybe I'll play only sections, parts of them. That failed, too.

Then I thought maybe back to the Milan Pavane in C as my only entry. Along with humor, comedy, etc. That, along with a few rasgueados might work, and might even be enough.

Suddenly, I somehow felt released. Why, I'm still not sure. But somehow I thought now I'm ready to sing! With excitement and enthusiasm. I dropped into "Dark as a Dungeon" and wailed out the high notes with my "new voice." Somewhat embarrassed by this release, (Bernice and Phoebe just came into the room) I moved to another room where I could be utterly alone. There I wailed again. Adding Mule Skinner Blues! And Ox Driver's song, Orha Midbar, and Jerry, the Arkansas Mule, etc. Some Leadbelly songs, Rock Island Line, Midnight Special, even the Scottish Piper O'Dundee. I was rolling, rocking and rolling, wailing in wonder.

(Note the sadness of "wailing." What pains was I releasing? What pains did I release! But release I did. And I'm on my way to somewhere new. To a new voice release Singing Land.

Review and sing all my old folk songs. Group and solo.

Another gift of this pivotal vacation.



Vehicle for "Complete" JG Show

This is a vehicle for an evening, a "complete Jim Gold Show".

Start with comedy, group singing, even some solos, etc. Then go into footstool etc bit, talk about the Renaissance, 16<sup>th</sup> century Spain, etc, then say, "Now for a completely different mood", and go into a (full) classic guitar concert mode, starting with 3 (or 1 if wrong time or place) Milan Pavanese, the Villa-Lobos Prelude no. 1, then flamencan, and who knows what?

From there, either return to singing, group songs, comedy, etc. (Of maybe even a reading, if mood is right, or talk about who knows what).

Then return to singing, group songs, ending on a high note.

Present in library, or whatever, whenever, wherever, and whoever.

Point is, that once relaxed, I might be able to play Alhambra and Leyenda, although this is not necessary.

Grand Sarnoian Distraction?

Could I be using Alhambra, Leyenda, tremolo, and classical guitar itself (along with all my classical upbringing psychological baggage) as a Sarnoian distraction from the fear, terror, anxiety, and discomfort of plunging into my real talents?

What a horrible question, thought, and realization!

It's probably true, too. Anyone can see it but me.

Saturday, December 9, 2017

Sad but energized as I return home. I'm back in the fight.

Back to reality, whatever that means.

Suddenly, bills and money emerge as a question. Do I have enough? How will I earn more? Haven't thought about this for a long while.

How to keep the schedule of gains and directions I created and developed in

Sarasota?

On the one hand, my new bills cause me to think hard on how to make money. Of course, promote my tours In mid-January the tour-selling season starts. But I could start early, namely today.

Plus, can I make some money doing bookings, namely JG Shows? Now there is a new direction question! And I'm just about ready to start! I'm not only ready to dance, I'm ready to sing!

New money making ventures! They will display, develop, promote my talents, and make money! Wow! New, post-Sarasota directions, indeed.

### New Money-Making Directions

1. Sell tours
2. Sell choreographies: Book folk dance workshops.
3. Sell JG Show: Book club dates.
4. Sell my books: Develop website page.

How to go about this?

1. Daily postings on Facebook
2. New Leaf blog?
3. Other?

When I got up, my knees hurt. (Indeed aggravated by so much running, running daily, in Sarasota. Overuse, plus.

What about my hurting knees?

Forget about them. Time to move on!

Monday, December 11, 2017

No tour registrants. For a long time. And it's is so quiet. I'm beginning to hate it.

It makes me so sad to see my tour business go down the drain. I can either give it

up, or fight for it.

Well, I'm evidently not giving it up. That leaves fight for it. Which I shall.

I'll combine all the new Money-Making Directions into one tour fighting weapon: All one grand tour sales show.

1. Sell tours. Call tour people.
2. Sell choreographies: Book folk dance workshops.
3. Sell JG Show: Book club dates.
4. Sell my books: Develop website page.
5. Daily postings on Facebook

Tuesday, December 12, 2017

### Obligation to Perform in my Backpack

Motivation is the great mystery and secret.

What will motivate me to perform? It used to be money. Money still plays it part, but now evidently I need a second reason, another reason. I can only think of obligation. I have been given certain talents, which I, with the help of God, have developed. To bring them to others, in other words, to place myself before others, face their potential criticism, deal with their likes and dislikes, in other words, to perform, is very frightening. So I try to avoid it at all costs.

First, it would have cost me my wife. So I decided to work, that is, perform. Then my desire for money helped conquered, or rather bypass, my fear of performing, and I built up a business.

In the past few years, my savings have grown, and I reached a point of "success" where I don't have to always panic about not having money. With this "success," my motivation to perform slowly diminished. Why face my fears, if I no longer have to? Why not relax, take the easy life, "retire" into reading novels, and only doing exactly what I want?

Well, evidently this is not in my nature. I will stay in motivation conflict for the

rest of my life. And this conflict can only be “resolved” by the decision to dive in, bypass my hesitations and fears, and perform.

But if not money and fear, what now will motivate me to do this?

The only thing I can think of is obligation: I owe it to others. To use my talents, the beauty of music, dance, art, and more, to bring joy and happiness. That is my God-given skill and talent. It is a universal crime not give in to my fears, and not use it. Evidently, I “must” use it. Much as I love to be free, to run wild on the lawn, I have an obligation.

Somehow I must learn to run wild on the lawn with a heavy load of obligation in my backpack.

To fulfill my God-giving talents, I’m moving from fun to obligation.

Therefore, as a start, I must prepare my New Year’s party performance. Gaida, group songs, solo song, humor, and more.

A “Comedy of Errors.” (Maybe that would be a good title.)

Wednesday, December 13, 2017

Grand mop-up and lots done yesterday. Went to gym, too.

I feel a bit more together today.

I actually feel good this morning, at peace at least for a few moments.

I look at “things to do” as see add Specialty tours, George’s tour pages, and books to my website. But I’m not into websites at the moment.

What am I into?

Could it be guitar, songs, and performing, putting my improvised comedy show together? (And reading novels.) Strangely, yes.

How will that work?

Improvising Comedy Show

Living in the Moment

Just as I create and improvise my dance program just before and during the class, so must I “create and improvise my comedy show” just before and during, the show.

I may also make videos to learn about how I perform. But show itself is improvised, made up on the spot before an audience. Thus it will depends on the audience and my mind at the moment.

My so-called “job” is to go over all my old repertoire, so I have it at my finger tips, close at hand, ready to pull out and use at any improvising moment.

Truth is, it’s no fun or dynamic if its not improvised, if it doesn’t live in the moment.

Shouldn’t this improvised approach be used every day of my life? Yes. And it mostly is.

Another post-eighty development. Maybe the pressure is off, or at least much diminished, and I can now more easily go in any direction, at any time. Jump from one thing to another. In other words, live in the moment.

This is true in my JG “comedy” show as well.

The Divine Comedy.

Thursday, December 14, 2017

Living in Suspension and Frustration: Get Used To It

Hebrew: Unresolved questions of translation, meanigns, etc. will be forever. Some things I will never understand, or may take days, weeks, months to understand. Frustration, unresolved questions, waiting mucho time for answers – if they ever come, are all just part of the game if learning languages, and life.

Get used to living in suspension.

Get used to it.

No One Is Listening. Yes!

The Alhambra – and all tremolos – are so simple, if I only play the base, and make the tremol – the treble – only 10% (or even less) of the music. And note, no one is listening! (And that's a good thing!)

Most important.

1. Almost totally the base.
2. No one is listening (while I try out this radical radical revolution in playing!)

Friday, December 15, 2017

### Finding Fulfillment and Happiness in the Search

Could I ever in my life make the search itself my fascination, and not the results or goal of the search

Thus the search itself for the answer to my Dropbox syncing problem would become my focus and pleasure, rather than the results, my goal of fixing it.

Or searching for the meaning of an unknown Hebrew word. Or other. Or the sales search for (our or other) customers. Or the search for gains in the stock market. Or other.

Rather than hoping, praying, aiming for results (which come by themselves anyway, are mostly not up to me, but are up to the higher forces) plunge happily into the search. And find fulfillment and happiness by focusing on the search.

### Loving and Living In The Search-in-Itself

#### Good-In-Itself Equals Search-In-Itself

Instead of getting rid of it, trying to immediately free myself from the chains of its obligation, to finish the task fast so I am free of it, rather forget about results and find my freedom by plunging into the search itself.

Wow, if I could only do this! What a great practice!

Saturday, December 16, 2017

I am, for some reason, drained, empty, and vacant of goals. I don't feel good or bad about it; I feel somewhere between mellow and semi-comatose. Basically, vaguely blah.

What does this mean, if anything?

Is it a transition? A permanent state? (I know nothing is permanent, even though it feels like it might be.)

I'd love to move on to some energizing and inspiring goals. But at the moment, I'm somewhere in limbo, between mellow and semi-comatose.

I don't want to jump the gun. But what possible new places or goals could I be headed to? Anything new or good on the horizon?

### Alhambra and Square One

How depressing. I'm back to square one with the Alhambra. Slow, focused, strong and relaxed seems to be the only way I can approach it.

The words strong, focused, strong, and relaxed are all good and positive words. So what's my problem?

The word "fast" is gone. And so far, a slow Alhambra is not a real Alhambra. Thus I have to accept an inferior position. All those good words are supposed to lead up to fast (and dynamic.) But after so many years of trying, I see they do not lead anywhere but back to themselves. There is no progress or improvement.

This goes against my entire philosophy of self-improvement, that by working hard enough, I can not only improve, but also reach my goals. This has not been the case with Alhambra (and tremolo). Years of work, of practice, and I am right back to where I started. The sun goes up and comes down in the same place. No progress, no improvement, no nothing.

Have I learned anything from this?

Only that I am depressed about it.

That's my limit. That's how I play. And that's it.

Can anything good come out of recognizing – and accepting – my limitations?

Well, truth is, I haven't accepted them. I am only depressed by them, down because I have them.

### The Power Within Limitations

In this post-eighty state and stage, can anything good come out of recognizing and accepting my limitations?

Wisdom: Some struggles are useless and thus a waste of time.

1. Giving up a useless struggle: I won't waste my time climbing the Sisyphian wall.

2. Maintenance: I'll fight/work to maintain what I've got, and what I had. Moving forward by going backward. Exercises, yoga, etc.

Maybe eighty has to do with recognizing and accepting my limitations. But I hate this philosophy. Yes, I obviously have limitations. Everyone does. But why should I accept them? Besides, no one knows what they are!

Maybe the better approach is to see something good in the slow, focused, strong and relaxed way I play the Alhambra!

Just the very saying of this better approach lifts my spirits. Thus it must be the better and right way!

Yes, my "limitation" is I can only play it slow, focused, strong, and relaxed. But is that so bad? Maybe it's got a hidden goodness in it that I have not yet discovered or accepted.

The power within limitations.

Proud/happy with strength within limitation.

Believing in my (strength of limitation), my slow, focused, strong, relaxed Alhambra.

Demonstrate this new strength of limitation before an audience by playing



Alhambra slowly, focused, strong, and relaxed.

Perform it.

The Jim Gold Alhambra

I am bending “reality” to fit my mode, my self, rather than the opposite. Is that legal? Isn’t that artistic?

Bending “reality,” actually creating a new reality, is what artists do.

Bending “reality,” actually means creating a new reality.

The Jim Gold Alhambra

A Jim Gold Alhambra

A Jim Gold Leyenda

A Jim Gold Everything

I am creating an Alhambra, a totally different Alhambra. For the Modern Museum of (my) Art. True of all my other guitar pieces as well.

This is a true artist.

Starting Over

Rebirth. . .or Birth at Eighty

It means in music and guitar dropping everything I used to do, used to think, a completely new approach. Starting totally over. From the absolute beginning.

Writing is my Calling

Maybe I’m down and empty because I’ve forgotten my calling.

But what is my calling?

It definitely is not my guitar, although guitar is nice as a sideline.

“Unfortunately,” I have to admit, the only time I have heard a calling, the calling, is in writing. While writing.

And I have been denying and running away from it for years.

I've even used the excuse that my books aren't selling to help me convince myself I'm wasting my time when I write. "Only when and if other buy it, will my writing skills be confirmed. Then I'll become a writer."

But purchase and outside success have nothing to do with a calling. After all, Jesus never made any money.

What about my skills as a dance teacher, and especially choreographer? Also a "sideline." Maybe more important and creative than my classical guitar, and somehow even my folk guitar, although I once wrote songs. But I never felt a calling to become a folk singer. Truly, the only time I've ever felt it was when I was older, and was writing. (And this was in my forties!) Maybe I "sensed" it when I graduated college and wanted to become a writer. And took my St. Marks Place apartment and wrote in the mornings.

But is it true? Do I dare even face it and admit it? If my true calling is writing, which means the full and free flourishing of my imagination, what does it mean for my path forward?

As a start, what kind of time commitment can I, will I, should I make?

Barry symbolizes my writing life. Do I hesitate to see him because I hesitate, don't want, refuse to face the desertion from my writing commitment?

### Classical Guitar the Jim Gold Way

#### Improvising: Fit the Piece to my Technique

First, in order to play classical guitar the Jim Gold way, it has to fit my technique. I used to try to fit my technique to the piece. Now I'll fit the piece to my technique.

The piece was made for me to play with, for my happiness and pleasure, and to fit my technique at the moment, not vice versa. The moment:" That will be the "improvised" part of the art form.

Thus, what does "improvising" mean? Fitting the piece to my technique at the

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moment.

So ends a New Leaf.